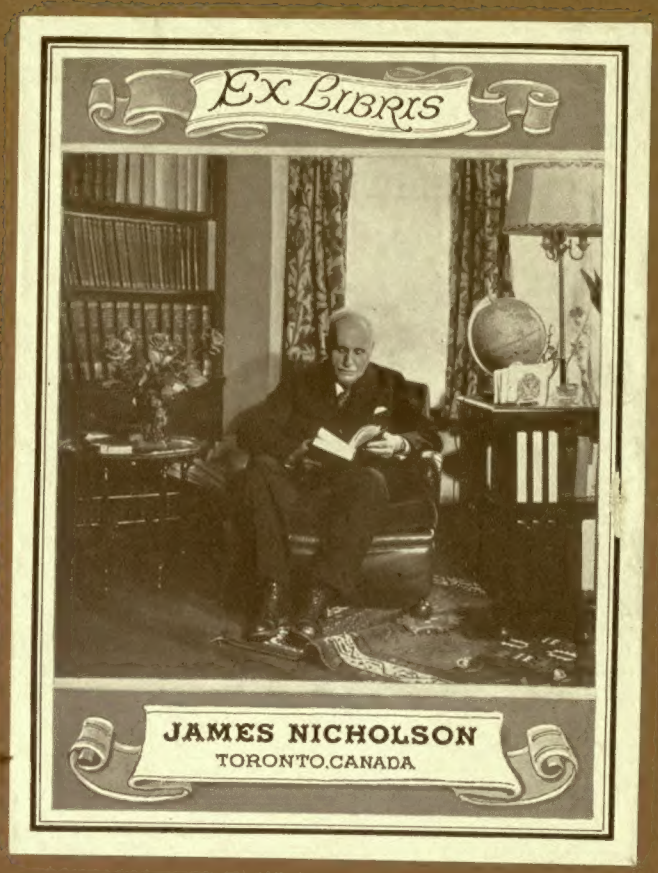
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JAMES NICHOLSON
TORONTO, CANADA

VOL LIV.

LONDON:

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1868.

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EVERYBODY knows how hot it was that June Wednesday, and that the thermometer stood at 84° in the refrigerator, but everybody does not know—assuredly MR. PUNCH does not—how many times he had replenished with iced Hock-cup—and emptied—that big silver tankard which was brought unto him from America by HORATIUS PONNIUS, the Hermit of the Haymarket. Somehow, MR. PUNCH subsided upon the grass by the river side, and burying his grand nose in a mole-hill, dreamed. He dreamed that he was CADMUS. Perhaps he had been looking at CHARLES KEENE's sketch, above.

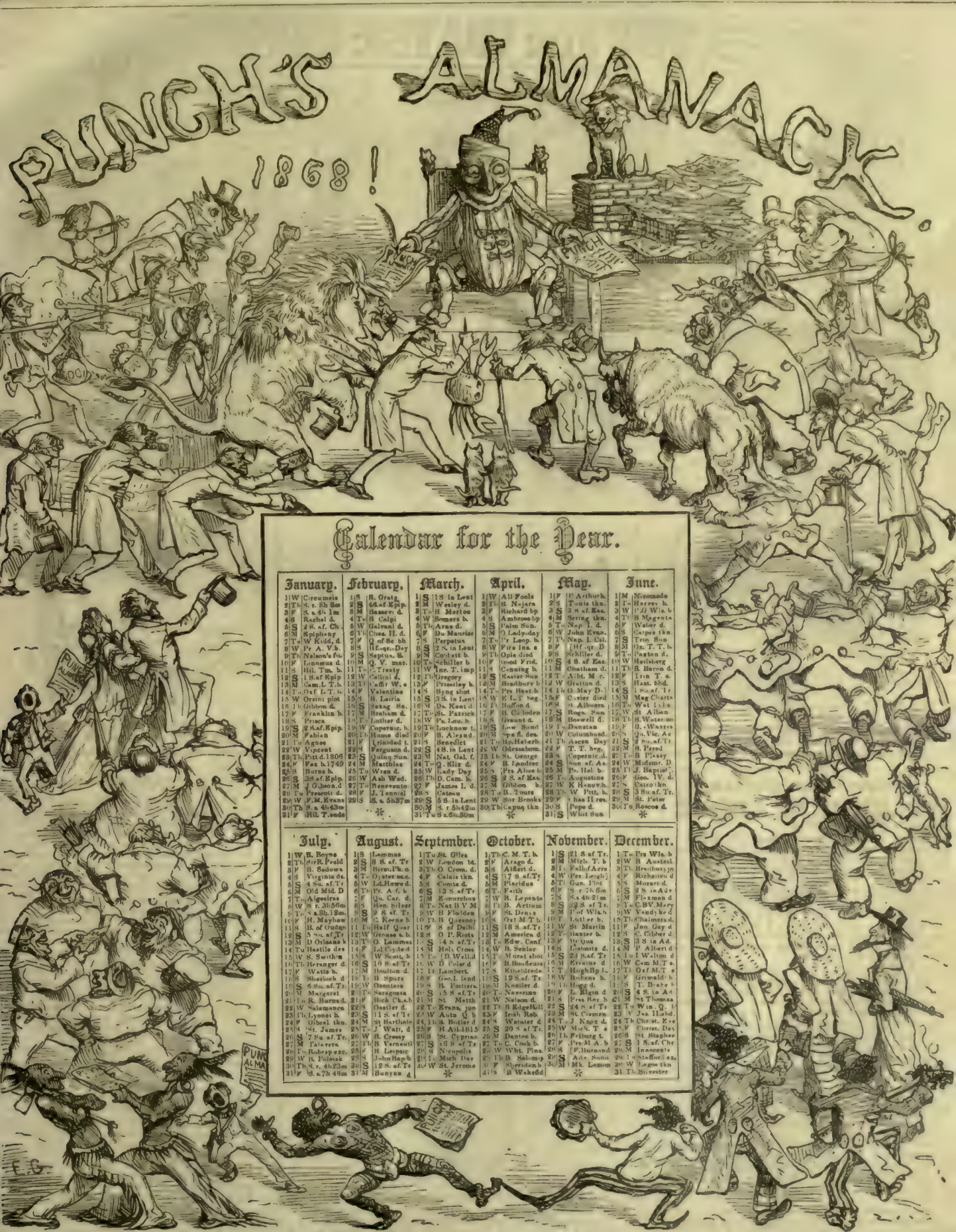
"I know I am CADMUS," to himself; "but why am I CADMUS, and what put CADMUS into my mind? And if you come to that, which CADMUS am I,—the son of AGENOR, or the son of PANDION, or the executioner mentioned by the other HORATIUS—*aut tradere Cadmo?* I ought to know that, you know, but I don't. Perhaps I am all three, like ORION—no, I mean CERBERUS, or at least DIANA. It 's very unpleasant not to know who you are. Who am I, you mole,—you old mole in the cellarage? Can't you speak, you blind old fool? You can't see, but decent people don't speak with their eyes, except young ladies. What do you say?—I am to run after a cow till she stops, and then I am to call the place Bœotia? But suppose the cow runs after me, who 'd be the Bœotian then, do you think? Ha! have I got you on the horns of a cow—I mean a dilemma, but the moral 's the same? I am so thirsty. Then a dragon will eat up all my servants—well, I see no particular objection to that, and the dragon is the child of Ares, and that is why he is partial to servants, who are also children of areas—tell you what, mole, you 've been reading LEMPRIERE's Lies and not DR. WILLIAM SMITH's Well-authenticated Statements—I shan't talk to you. I shall kill that dragon, and extract his teeth, and sow them, and then I shall have a crop of letters, and the double teeth will make double letters. I am so thirsty. And the men in brass are to be called Sparti, or the Sown. But men in brass, —I didn't say anything about men in brass—I think you are all drunk. When the letters have fought and all killed one another they are to be the ancestors of the Thebans. O, decidedly you are all drunk. Next I am to marry a beautiful maiden called Harmonia. Well, that 's all right, only mind that JUDY don't hear of it, or the harmony of this meeting might be disturbed. I am to give her a necklace and a peplus? Anything to oblige, but what 's a peplus?

Ear-rings? If you call me a fool I'll punch your heads. I am so thirsty. A long loose robe, without sleeves. I know that without your telling me. Four daughters and a son, who might as well be a daughter too, because his names's POLLYDORUS, and then I should have five daughters, which is just the right number, and I despise every man who hasn't five daughters. After which I am to be changed into a serpent—then I shall not. I undo it all. There. I won't be a serpent, so get out. I am as wise as a dove and as harmless as a serpent; and I am so thirsty. What do you mean by only sixteen letters? I mayn't be quite right, but I know there are six-and-twenty, and you've stolen ten letters—police!—here's a mole been robbing the post-office, I mean the alphabet. Six-and-twenty letters, and sometimes W and Y, also the digamma and amperzand. HARMONIA, my dear, where are you, and can you play the harmonium in church? Hush, heathen country and no churches? I'll convert it and build a lot; but no ritualism, mind that—none of that. I am so thirsty. Where's that cow gone? I can't see her, and I should like some milk-punch. Where's the dragon, and where are the three jolly post-boys a drinking? I wish I was with 'em. I am CADMUS, am I? Where are my letters,—think you I meant them for a slave? Give me my letters. What do you mean by all wrong, and that I did not sow teeth to grow letters?—tell you it's all right; look at the picture, a picture can't be drunk, can it? though it may be a little cut. Ha! ha! your only wit o' the world. Come out of your earth-closet, mole, will you? and let us hunt the cow. DR. WILLIAM SMITH says we are to hunt the cow, and he knows all about it. I am so thirsty. I wish it was the cow with the iron tail, then I should get a drink, you old pump. Why am I not changed into that serpent, according to the Doctor's orders, I should like to know. I'll choose my own skin, though, mind that. I'll be a boy constructor. No, I'll be an adder, because I'm fond of arithmetic; put down one and carry two and let the rest walk. I'll be the Serpent of the Old Nile and go and see DR. LIVINGSTONE, my dear brave friend. Only he might chop my tail off, not knowing me to be CADMUS-PUNCH. He'd be sorry, after, but all the sorrow in the world won't sew a serpent's tail on. I'll be a viper, that's it—a pen-viper—in allusion to my mordant writings, and my vife shall be a viper—which indeed she is. I am so thirsty. My vife is a viper——"

"I have borne much, MR. PUNCH," said MRS. PUNCH, lifting him somewhat suddenly to his feet, "but I never thought to hear myself called names. As, however, you are in no state to talk, I think you might be better on a sofa indoors. Pray let no person witness your humiliating condition."

He felt that he had deserved it that time, and obeyed in silence. He must have been very far gone, for he actually forgot to publish his

Fifty-Fourth Volume.

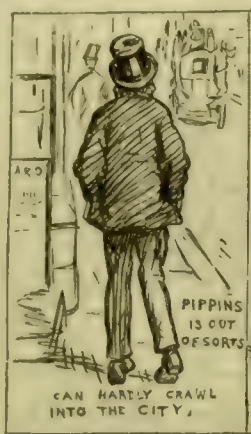


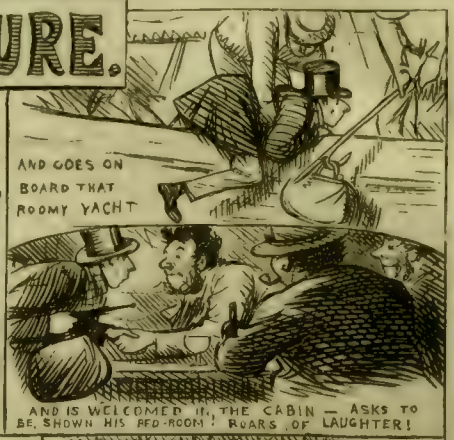
Calendar for the Year.

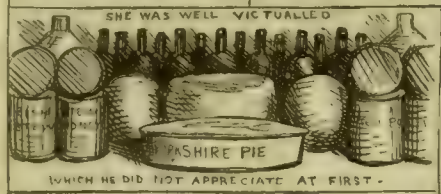
January.			February.			March.			April.			May.			June.		
1	W	Circumcis	1	S	B. Ordg.	1	S	1 S in Lent	1	W	All Fools	1	F	P. Arthur b.	1	M	Nicomede
2	Th	S. r. 8h 8m	2	S	4 S. af Epip.	2	M	Wesley d.	2	Th	B. Nejara	2	S	Tunis tkn.	2	Tu	Harvey b.
3	F	S. s. 4h 1m	3	M	Bassevi d.	3	Tu	B. Merton	3	F	Richard bp.	3	S	2 S. af. Eas.	3	W	P. O. Wis. b
4	S	Rachel d.	4	Tu	B. Calpi	4	W	Somers b.	4	S	Ambrose bp	4	M	Spring tkn.	4	Th	B. Magenta
5	S	2 S. af. Ch.	5	W	Galvani d.	5	Th	Arae d.	5	S	Palm Sun.	5	Tu	Nap. I. d.	5	F	Water d.
6	M	Epiphany	6	Th	Chas. II. d.	6	F	Du Maurier	6	M	D. Ladyday	6	W	John Evan.	6	S	Caipe tkn.
7	Tu	W. Kidd, d.	7	F	Q. of Sc. bh	7	S	Perpetua	7	Tu	Tr. Loop. b.	7	Th	Nap. I. Cit.	7	S	Tren. Sun
8	W	Pr. A. V. b.	8	S	Hf.-qr.-Day	8	S	2 S. in Lent	8	W	Fire ins. a	8	F	Hf.-qr. D	8	M	Ox. T. T. b.
9	Th	Nelson's fu.	9	S	Septua. S.	9	M	Corbett b.	9	Th	Opie died	9	S	Schiller d.	9	Tu	Paxton d.
10	F	Dunegus d.	10	M	Q. V. mar.	10	Tu	Schiller b.	10	F	Good Frid.	10	S	4 S. af. Eas.	10	W	Heilsberg
11	S	Hil. Tm. b.	11	Tu	T. Treaty	11	W	Inc. T. imp	11	S	Canning b.	11	M	Chatham d.	11	Th	B. Bacon d.
12	S	1 S. af Epip	12	W	Cellini d.	12	Th	Gregory	12	S	Easter Sun	12	T.	Abt. M. c.	12	F	Trin. T. e.
13	M	Cam. L. T. b.	13	Th	Caffr. W. e	13	F	Priestley b.	13	M	Bradbury b	13	W	Gratton d.	13	S	Hast. bhd.
14	Tu	Orf. L. T. b.	14	F	Valentine	14	S	Byng shot	14	Tu	Pre. Heat. b.	14	Th	O. May D.	14	S	1 S. af. Tr.
15	W	Orsini plot	15	S	B. Lauria	15	S	3 S. in Lent	15	W	E. L. F. beg.	15	F	Cavier died	15	M	Mag. Charts
16	Th	Gibbon d.	16	S	Sexag. Sn.	16	M	Dr. Kent d.	16	Th	Buffon d.	16	S	St. Albans	16	Tu	Wat. Lyle
17	F	Franklin b.	17	S	Braham d.	17	Tu	St. Patrick	17	F	B. Culloden	17	S	Roga. Sun	17	W	St. Allen
18	S	Prisca	18	S	Luther d.	18	W	Pa. Lou. b.	18	S	Grant d.	18	M	Boswell d.	18	Th	B. Waterloo
19	S	2 S. af. Epip.	19	W	Copernic. b.	19	Th	Lucknow t.	19	S	Low Sund	19	Tu	Dunstan	19	F	B. Waters
20	M	Fabian	20	Th	Rome died	20	F	B. Alexand.	20	M	Spa fl. den.	20	W	Columbusd.	20	S	Qu. Vic. Ac
21	Tu	Agnes	21	F	Trinidad t.	21	S	Benedict	21	Tu	Bp. Heberb.	21	Th	Ascen. Day	21	S	3 S. af. Tr.
22	W	Vincent	22	F	Ferguson d.	22	S	4 S. in Lent	22	W	Odessa bom.	22	F	T. T. beg.	22	M	B. Perod
23	Th	Pitt d. 1806	23	S	Quing. Sun.	23	M	Nat. Gal. f.	23	Th	St. George	23	S	Copernic. d.	23	Tu	B. Plassy
24	F	Fox b. 1749	24	M	Matthias	24	Tu	Q. Eliz. d.	24	F	B. Sandtec	24	S	Sun. af. Asc.	24	W	Midsmr. D
25	S	Burns b.	25	Tu	Wren d.	25	W	Lady Day	25	S	Pts. Alice t.	25	M	Pr. Hel. b.	25	Th	J. Baptist
26	S	3 S. af. Epip.	26	W	Ash Wed.	26	Th	D. Cam. b.	26	S	2 S. af. Eas.	26	Tu	Augustine	26	F	Geo. IV. d.
27	M	J. Gibson, d	27	Tu	Benevento	27	F	James I. d.	27	M	Gibbon b.	27	W	K. Hanov. b.	27	S	Cairo tkn.
28	Tu	Prescott d.	28	F	J. Tennial	28	S	Cateau	28	Tu	B. Tours	28	Th	W. Pitt, b.	28	S	3 So. af. Tr.
29	W	F. M. Evans	29	S	S. s. 6h 37m	29	S	5 S. in Lent	29	W	Sir Brooks	29	F	Chas. II. res.	29	M	St. Peter
30	Th	S. s. 4h 43m				30	M	S. r. 5h 42m	30	Th	Capua tkn	30	S	Pope d.	30	Tu	Roscoe d.
31	F	Hil. T. ends				31	Tu	S. s. 6h. 30m				31	S	Whit Sun			

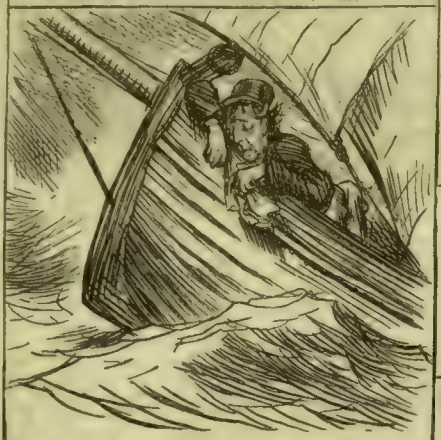
July.			August.			September.			October.			November.			December.		
1	W	B. Boyne	1	S	Lammas	1	Tu	St. Giles	1	Th	C. M. T. b.	1	S	21 S. af. Tr.	1	Tu	Pre. Wis. b
2	Th	Sir R. Peel d	2	S	8 S. af. Tr	2	W	London bd.	2	F	Arago d.	2	M	Mich. T. b	2	W	B. Austen
3	F	B. Sadowa	3	M	Birm. Pk. c.	3	Th	O. Crom. d.	3	S	Albert d.	3	T.	Fall of Acre	3	Th	Bradbury n
4	S	Virginia da.	4	Tu	Oyster sea.	4	F	Calais tkn.	4	S	17 S. af. Tr	4	W	Der. Leigh	4	F	Richelieu d
5	S	4 Su. af. Tr	5	W	L. Howard.	5	S	Cornia d.	5	M	Placidus	5	Th	Gun. Plot	5	S	Mozart d.
6	M	Old Mid. D	6	Th	Pr. A. d. b	6	S	13 S. af. Tr	6	T.	Faith	6	F	S. r. 7h. 6m	6	S	2 S. in Adv
7	Tu	Algesiras	7	F	Qu. Car. d.	7	M	Kamurchus	7	W	B. Lepanto	7	S	Sa. 4h. 21m	7	M	Fl.-man d
8	W	S. r. 3h. 56m	8	S	Hon. Silver	8	Tu	Nat. B. V. M	8	Th	B. Actium	8	S	22 S. af. Tr.	8	Tu	C. B. V. Mary
9	Th	S. s. 8h. 12m.	9	S	9 S. af. Tr.	9	W	B. Flodden	9	F	St. Denys	9	M	Prof. Wilson	9	W	Vandyke d
10	F	H. Mayhew	10	M	C. Keene b	10	Th	B. Quesnoy	10	S	Out M. T. b.	10	T.	Luther b.	10	Th	Chalmers d.
11	S	B. of Oudgn	11	Tu	Half Quar	11	F	S. of Delhi	11	S	18 S. af. Tr	11	W	St. Martin	11	F	Jno. Gay d
12	S	5 Su. af. Tr	12	W	Grouse s. b.	12	S	O. P. Riots	12	M	America d	12	Th	Baxter b.	12	S	C. Gibber d
13	M	D. Orleans b	13	Th	O. Lammas	13	S	14 S. af. Tr	13	Tu	Edw. Conf.	13	F	Qu. Qua	13	S	3 S. in Ad.
14	Tu	Bastile des	14	F	Ad. Cycle d	14	M	Holy Cross	14	W	B. Senlac	14	S	Dionysius d.	14	M	P. Albert d
15	W	S. Swithin	15	S	W. Scott, b	15	Tu	D. Wild	15	T.	Murat shot	15	S	23 S. af. Tr	15	Tu	Walton d.
16	Th	Beranger d.	16	S	10 S. af Tr	16	W	D. Colet d	16	F	B. Boulogne	16	M	Erasmus d	16	W	Cam. M. T. e.
17	F	Watts b.	17	M	Boulton d.	17	Th	Lambert.	17	S	Ethelfreda	17	T	Hugh Bp. l.	17	Th	Orf. M. T. e
18	S	Sherlock d	18	Tu	B. Spurs	18	F	Geo. I. land	18	S	19 S. af. Tr	18	W	Rubens b.	18	F	Grimaldi b
19	S	6 Su. af. Tr.	19	W	Dunbar	19	S	B. Poitiers	19	M	Kneller d.	19	Th	Hogg d.	19	S	T. Brown b
20	M	Margaret	20	Th	Saragossa	20	S	15 S. af. Tr	20	Tu	Navarino	20	F	L. Elgin d	20	S	4 S. in Ad.
21	Tu	R. Burns d.	21	F	Buck Ch. a. b	21	M	St. Matth	21	W	Nelson d.	21	S	Pres. Roy. b	21	M	St. Thomas
22	W	Salamanca	22	S	Oastler d.	22	Tu	Evans, jun	22	Th	B. Edgehill	22	S	24 S. af. Tr	22	Tu	Wim. Q. V
23	Th	Lyonet b.	23	S	11 S. af. Tr	23	W	Auto. Q. b	23	F	Irish Reb.	23	M	St. Clement	23	W	Jas. II. abd.
24	F	Gibraltar tkn.	24	M	St. Bartholo	24	Th	S. Butler d	24	S	Webster d	24	T.	J. Knox d.	24	Th	Christ. Eve
25	S	St. James	25	Tu	J. Watt, d	25	F	B. Aji. 1815	25	S	20 S. af. Tr.	25	W	Mich. T. e	25	F	Christ. Day
26	S	7 Su. af. Tr.	26	W	B. Creesy	26	S	St. Cyprian	26	M	Danton b.	26	Th	Felburg t.	26	S	St. Stephen
27	M	Talavera	27	Th	B. Vernonil	27	S	16 S. af. Tr	27	Tu	C. Cook b.	27	F	Pres. M. A. b	27	S	1 S. af. Chr
28	Tu	Robespierre	28	F	B. Leipsic	28	M	Nicopolis	28	W	Wht. Pins.	28	S	Hartwood	28	M	Innocents
29	W	R. Pulaski	29	S	John Rep. b	29	Tu	Mich. Day	29	Th	B. Salamip	29	S	Adv. Sunn	29	Tu	Stafford ex.
30	Th	S. r. 4h 23m	30	S	12 S. af. Tr	30	W	St. Jerome	30	F	Sheridan b	30	M	Mr. Lemon	30	W	Lagos tkn
31	F	S. s. 7h 48m	31	M	Bunyan d				31	S	B. Wakefd				31	Th	Silvester

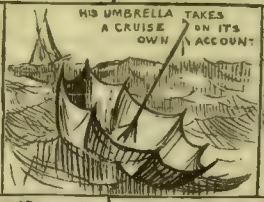
THE BLUE WATER-CURE.

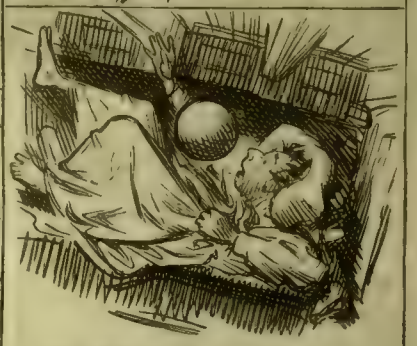












AGRICULTURAL GROWLS.

January. No turnips for cattle. Everything dear. No grain. Country going to ruin. Don't know where we shall be in two years' time.

February. No beef or mutton soon. "Have to live on bacon," you say? Lucky to get it, is my answer. Why every litter, of as fine pigs as ever you see, all round about us have every one of 'em dropped off on account of cold. "No proper care taken!!" Wasn't there. You can't provide against such storms as blow your own house about your head, and knock all your sties and out-houses, roofs and all, to the winds. "Dear me, you don't say so!" I *do* say so. Now then, where's your bacon? Gammon! There won't be any Spring this year. Ruin, utter ruin, unless this stops pretty quickly.

March. Floods, of course. Just as everything was getting to-rights. Distress fearful. There won't be any grazing land this year. No birds—nothing. Grass utterly ruined. Land soddened. We'd better, all we farmers I mean, emigrate.

April. Things beginning to grow: good prospects. Three days' sharp frost nipped everything again. No grass for the young calves. Cows feeble. Price of labour enormous. Ruin to the farmer. Can't get any work done. Weather so uncertain, requires double the number of hands to get it over quickly. Ruin, Sir. Better emigrate.

May. Well, we had looked forward to this month. But there——. Country's in a precious state. Rain, rain, rain, a deluge, Sir. What we want now is fine weather, and plenty of it.

June. "This fine weather?" It may be fine for folks in town. But *they'll* know what that means when *winter* comes on. Only wish we could get rain. That's what *we* want, rain. Beans shy. Oats not to be depended upon. Barley a'most safe to fail. Rye promising.

AGRICULTURAL GROWLS.

July. Yes, here's the end of the month; an there's what's called a Glorious Harvest,' ever sign of it everywhere. So it is if we could on pay for the *labour*. But the farmers, Sir, can get the labour. It's no good my saving twent fields ripe with corn if I haven't the hands to cu it: nor the horses to cart it: nor people to buy i and only make a loss by exportation. Why, a Gl rious Harvest is absolute *ruin* to the farmer.

August. Thanksgiving services everywhere, c course. Sheaves hung up, and the like, becaus we've got three weeks of fine weather. We war rain, Sir, rain. The farmer, Sir, (I speak as farmer, and reverently) is as thankful for sma or large blessings as any one else. But what the good of a plentiful harvest to the farmer now I know there won't be any wheat in the countr by November. No, Sir, times and seasons hav changed, and the farmer loses every year.

September. Frosts and heavy dews (dews tak 'em!) injuring the milch cows. Scarcity of tha now. Frost the other morning. Seems like winte setting in already. If it does, there'll be a famine We want a week or two of fine, dry weather.

October. Hot as summer. Play the very mischie with everything.

November. Seasonable weather—*apparently*: bu bad for cattle. There'll be the disease again wit a fortnight's time. What we want is rain.

December. December! more like April. Wha we want is dry, fine weather. "Turnips, Sir? Confound 'em. Watery. Serious injury to th cattle in consequence. It's not many peopl that'll have beef this Christmas, mind that "Sheep?" In a bad state: very. "Nonsense! you say, do you? I say *rot*. Salt, oil-cake, no old remedy seems to do. Never knew such times.

ECONOMY FOR SWELLS.—Two sixpences are better than a shilling. You must sometimes tip your inferiors, and you cannot ask them for change.

AGRICULTURE AND PEACE.—"I'd a precious dale rather," remarked a Hampshire farmer, "ha' my fields grazed by ship than wi' bullets."

MENTAL EXERCISE FOR IDIOTS.—If the Great Seal is in the keeping of the Zoological Society, who can sit on the Woolsack?

THE SPUDGROVES GO TO WOBBLESWICK THIS AUTUMN, BECAUSE IT IS QUIET AND UNFREQUENTED. AND SO THEY FOUND IT. AND ON WET SUNDAYS THE ONLY COVERED CONVEYANCE THEY COULD GET TO TAKE THEM TO CHURCH WAS THE BATHING MACHINE!

ARGUMENT FOR SHORT SKIRTS.—They give plain girls a chance. What Nature has denied the face, she often gives to the understanding.

ALL IN THE TRADE.—Our Tobacconist, who has lately retired to a little villa in the outskirts, speaks of it—as his Snuff-Box.

THE HUMAN TRINKET.—"And clasped him to her bosom:"—see any Novel. Is it not rather derogatory to man to be treated as an article of jewellery?

A FEW EDUCATIONAL DEFINITIONS

Mental Arithmetic. — Abstraction.

Book-Keeping.—Not returning volumes lent.

Land Surveying.—From the top of Mont Blanc.

Elementary Drawing.—Of babies in perambulators.

Free-hand Drawing. — Thief abstracting a purse from your pocket.

Shorthand.—Giving two fingers to shake.

Reading and Elocution.—Good speaking in Berkshire.

Use of the Globes.—To cover the gas-burners.

Composition.—Half-a-crown in the pound.

Dictation.—"Richard, you *must* take me to the Opera to-night."

The Art of Illuminating.—Rouging dexterously.

Political Economy. — M. P. in cheap lodgings.

Fencing.—Answering questions in Parliament.

A THOUGHT BY A TEETOTALLER.

AT dinner many do entreat
A blessing, ere they carve their meat:
But few, if any, ever think
To ask a blessing on their drink.

ADVICE WITH A PRESENT OF EARRINGS.—If you want your ears pierced, pinch the baby.

THE PATRON SAINT OF AUCTIONEERS.—St. Francis of Sales.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER!

Clara. "OH, LAURA! LOOK AT ME! I'VE USED ALL MY 'IMMOVEABLE GYPSY TINT,' AND THERE'S NO MORE TO BE GOT IN THE PLACE!"

SHORT NOTES BY A PROFESSIONAL ENGLISH CRICKETER.

Prepared for a Lecture to the French Cricket Club.

Note 1.—Mossoos, *il fo* standy-uppy devong your stumps—*lay stomps*, comprenny?—and prenny *ler bat don' lay mangs*—voo underconstumble, nez par?—*Ay, dong*, ler *Boler*. Bowler, comprenny? Aim at you with his bal de crickay—cricket-ball, voo voyay?

Note 2.—*Lorsker voo voyay* a cove a-goin' in for your—*pour votre meedle wekay* — middle wicket, *comprenny?* Regarday ay garday vous like winking or out you go—*oo dayhor vous alley.*

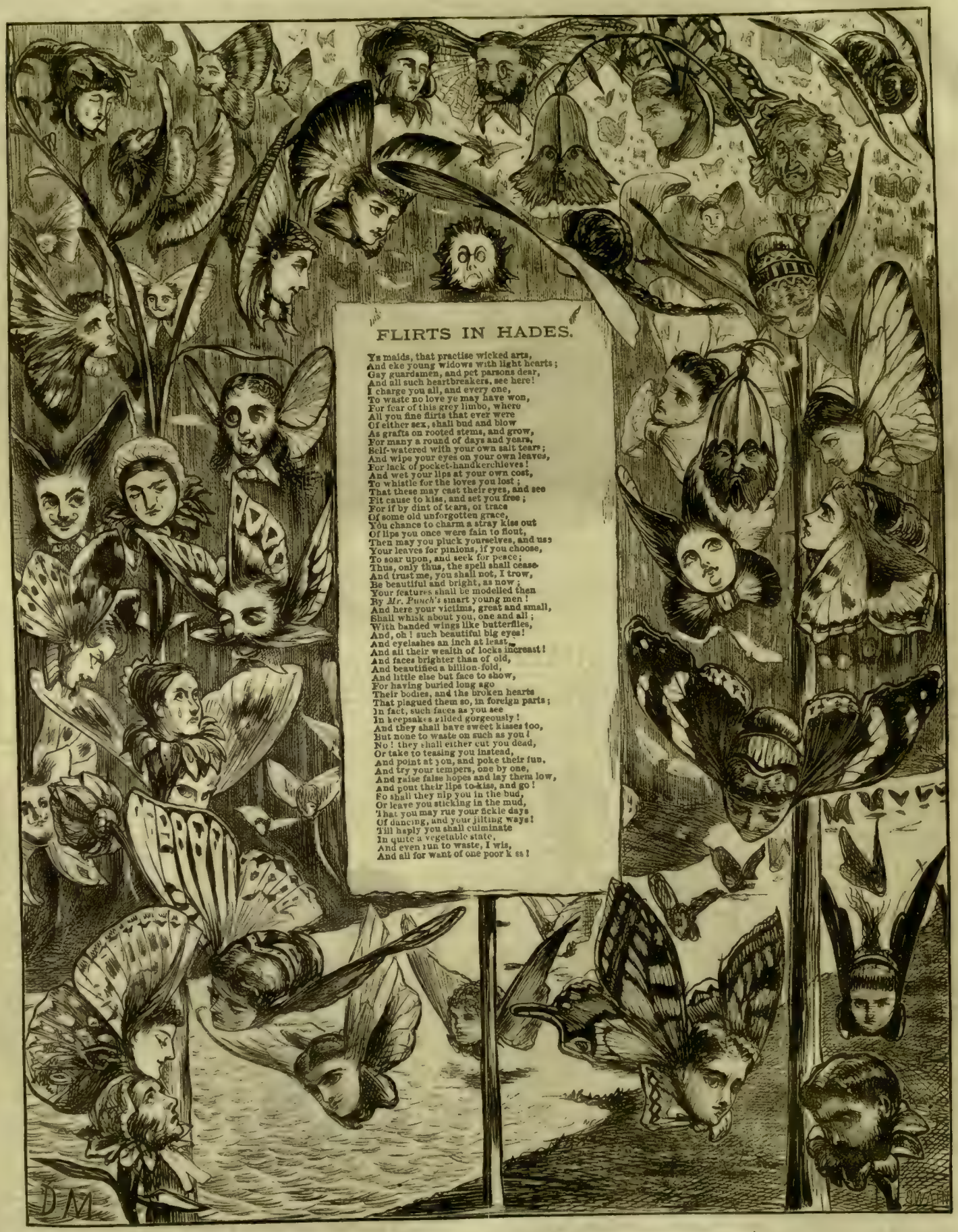
Note 3.—Lorsker ung bal de crickay come at *votre* eye, comprenny?—*attemptay* (comprenny?) "try" to catch him and put the follow who's in out. In your own language, which you'll *comprenny* betterer, *attemptay vous der cashy ler bal, ay metty le persong key ay daydong dayhor.*

BALLADS BY AN ECCENTRIC.

The Cloud with a Penny-a-lining.
The Moon's Blind Side.
Meet me in the Wangonette.
I would I were a Walrus!
Beautiful Scar!

THE DEBTOR'S PARADISE.—Crediton.

"MEN WHO HAVE RISEN."—Aëronauts.


FLIRTS IN HADES.
Ye maids, that practise wicked arts,
And eke young widows with light hearts;
Gay guardamen, and pet parsons dear,
And all such heartbreakers, see here!
I charge you all, and every one,
To waste no love ye may have won,
For fear of this grey limbo, where
All you fine flirts that ever were
Of either sex, shall bud and blow
As grafts on rooted stems, and grow,
For many a round of days and years,
Self-watered with your own salt tears;
And wipe your eyes on your own leaves,
For lack of pocket-handkerchieves!
And wet your lips at your own cost,
To whistle for the loves you lost;
That these may cast their eyes, and see
Fit cause to kiss, and set you free;
For if by dint of tears, or trace
Of some old unforgotten grace,
You chance to charm a stray kiss out
Of lips you once were fain to flout,
Then may you pluck yourselves, and use
Your leaves for pinions, if you choose,
To soar upon, and seek for peace;
Thus, only thus, the spell shall cease.
And trust me, you shall not, I trow,
Be beautiful and bright, as now;
Your features shall be modelled then
By Mr. Punch's smart young men!
And here your victims, great and small,
Shall whisk about you, one and all;
With banded wings like butterflies,
And, oh! such beautiful big eyes!
And eyelashes an inch at least,
And all their wealth of locks increast!
And faces brighter than of old,
And beautified a billion-fold,
And little else but face to show,
For having buried long ago
Their bodies, and the broken hearts
That plagued them so, in foreign parts;
In fact, such faces as you see
In keepsakes gilded gorgeously!
And they shall have sweet kisses too,
But none to waste on such as you!
No! they shall either cut you dead,
Or take to teasing you instead,
And point at you, and poke their fun,
And try your tempers, one by one,
And raise false hopes and lay them low,
And pout their lips to kiss, and go!
So shall they nip you in the bud,
Or leave you sticking in the mud,
That you may rue your fickle days
Of dancing, and your jilting ways!
Till haply you shall culminate
In quite a vegetable state,
And even run to waste, I wis,
And all for want of one poor kiss!
DM

AMATEUR THEATRICALS. AN OTHELLO "BREAK-DOWN."

OTHELLO, WHO AS IAGO SAYS, "IS ALWAYS UP TO SOME FOOLERY OR OTHER," UNDER THE COMBINED INFLUENCE OF SHERRY AND THE BLACKNESS OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES, FINDS THE "NIGGER BUSINESS" UTTERLY IRRESISTIBLE. SCENE RISES SUDDENLY. TABLEAU! DISMAY OF DESDEMONA, IAGO, &C., AND DELIGHT OF THE AUDIENCE.

HISTORICAL PARADOX.—Some writers are accustomed to extol the reign of QUEEN ANNE; yet there are vile quibblers who do not scruple to call it an anarchy.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.—No lawyer, who is worth his pounce, ever takes the Will for the Deed.

MODERN ARMOUR.—Black-mail.

WHERE would be the place best calculated for supplying timber for our Navy? *Fleet-wood.*

GREEK W(H)INES.—Complaints from Athens.

NEW OLOGIES.

Buyology.—How to get great bargains at sales.

Electro-buyology.—How to purchase the best substitute for silver.

Comparative Fizzyology.—Moselle after Champagne.

Fellology.—How to make a good dinner.

(In)toxicology.—How to find your way to the Police Station.

Pathology.—How to find your way where four roads meet.

Sighcology.—How to make known your passion for ORYNTHIA ANNE.

PARENTAL EXPERIENCE.

TRUTH, so the ancient legends tell,
Rests at the bottom of a well:
My son, how many rogues I've known
Careful to let that well alone!

Question.—Why may Scot-h-men be supposed to like policemen?

Answer.—Eh, Sirs, it 's just because they're vera fond of the *Bawbees.*

WHICH TOOL OF A CARPENTER IS A MISER'S COACHMAN?—A Screw-driver.

EPSOM SPRING MEETING.—Ducks lay eggs—geese lay wagers.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Hungary wine for thirsty people.

THE GLUTTON'S PARADISE.—Eaton Place.

FLOATING CAPITAL.—Venice.

CRUEL!

DEDICATED TO THE PROFESSIONAL TEETOTALLERS WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!

REMARKABLE DAYS.

JANUARY.

6. Twelfth night. General rejoicing in the Land of Cakes.
7. Great Frost: ox roasted whole on the Thames. POPE'S Bull burnt by LUTHER.
13. Dead Letter Office established. *Rejected Addresses* appeared.
24. Invention of Pomatum by the Heads of Houses.
30. Calves' Head Club established at the Hôtel de Ville.
31. Pheasant and partridge shooting ends. Legislation begins.

FEBRUARY.

13. STRYPE'S Works edited by the Seven Head Masters.
14. ST. VALENTINE. All Girls' Day. LOVER born.
20. Potatoes introduced into England by A. MURPHY.
29. Great Leap by a four year old on the Course of Time. MRS. HARRIS born.

MARCH.

14. N.W. Passage Discovered by CAPTAIN CUTTLE.
17. DANIEL LAMBERT born at Broadstairs. Stout and Size first made.
21. BENEDICK. All Old Bachelors' Day. Spring soup begins.

APRIL.

2. Pluralities suppressed. Steeple-chasing begun to decline.
8. Lamb begins. Quarter Sessions commence. NEWTON made Master of the Mint.
29. SHAKSPEARE vaccinated. MRS. CAUDLE born.

THIS GENEALOGICAL PICTURE OF MR. PUNCH'S FOREFATHERS (AND FORE-MOTHERS),
MATTER THROUGH NATURAL SELECTION, &c.,

SCIENCE.

Professor Parallax (enthusiastically). "OH! MY DEAR MRS. S., IF YOU CAN MANAGE TO STOOP DOWN, HERE IS 'CAPELLA' SHOWN MOST BEAUTIFULLY!!"
[*But by this time, it being a fine frosty night, poor* MRS. SPUDGROVE, *having seen the Moon, and Jupiter and his Satellites, and Saturn, and Double Stars, and no end of Nebulæ, had had almost enough of it!*

A BALLA

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DIRECT LINE FROM 1066 TO 1868, ILLUSTRATING THE GRADUAL TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. DARWIN.

BEDLAMITE.

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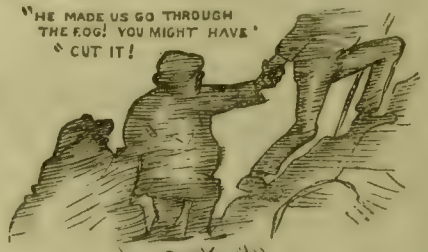
TOO LATE!

BROWN HAVING LOST HIS HEART TEN MINUTES AGO!

"BUT WHEN HE'D GOT US UP TO THE TOP AND THE FOG CLEARED OFF LAWKS! IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT WORTH ALL THE MONEY AND TROUBLE, THAT IT WAS!"

"WE SLEPT AT A HUT AND HE ROUSED US UP EARLY TO SEE THE SUN RISE."



"HE MADE US GO THROUGH THE FOG! YOU MIGHT HAVE CUT IT!

"WE COMMENCE THE TERRIFIC ASCENT!"

WEATHER WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS

If Candlemas Day be bright and fair,
It will sooner or later rain here or there
If Candlemas Day be dark and foul,
Expect fine weather, at times, ere Yule.

If the storm-cock sing on Lady Day,
Some showers will fall 'twixt then and May.
On Lady Day if the Tom-cat mew,
Fine days will follow—many or few.

On Easter Eve, if skies do frown,
The sheep will graze on the Southern Down;
If fair upon Easter Eve it hold,
The sheep will graze on the Northern Wold.

At Whitsuntide, when the hawthorn 's white,
Ere Midsummer dew will fall at night.
At Whitsuntide, when the hawthorn 's green,
Ere Midsummer dew will at morn be seen.

At Lammas, an it ever hail,
At Martinmas beware a gale.

At Michaelmas, if the wind be high,
Look for thunder and lightning before July.
At Michaelmas, if the wind be low,
Look out for frost if not for snow.

When the moon at Yule doth shine,
An wet do come not 'twill be fine;
When the moon you cannot see,
Then, thereafter as may be.

MOTTO FOR FRENCH CRICKETERS.—As every soldier has the bâton of a Field-Marshal in his knapsack, so every player has the bat of a Lillywhite in his portmanteau.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—"Persons" may be forbidden to approach the hustings, but the chignon cannot be kept away from the poll.

A THOUGHT IN CHANCERY LANE.—The Statutes are said to be "at large" because they are so difficult to apprehend.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—Chap-books are dangerous reading for young women.

MILITARY TRIMMINGS.—Horse Guards' reprimands.

"BUT OH! THE FRIGHTFUL PRECIPICES WE SAW A COMING DOWN!"

"AND THE WAY HE WENT ON WITH THAT BOAT-GIRL ON THE LAKE, JUST LIKE THE ITALIAN OPERA!"

"HOME AGAIN AT LAST!"

"HE SHEWED US THE BOW THAT WILLIAM TELL KILLED HIS SON WITH!"

"WE HAVE TO BUY A LOT OF ALPINE CLUB THINGS!"

"IT WAS OUR TOM PERSUADED US TO GO SAID HE'D TAKE US UP THE ALPS!"

HOW CAPTAIN BETTINGTON BINKS "WON HIS WAJAH, BY JOVE," AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Jones. "HULLO, BROWN, WHAT 'S THE MATTER WITH YOU AND MRS. BROWN?
Brown. "MATTER? WHY DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL US DOWN HERE? THEY CALL US BEAUTY AND THE BEAST! NOW I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT MY POOR WIFE HAS DONE TO GET SUCH A NAME AS THAT!"

THE HONEYMOON.

FULL MOON.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE Council of the Zoological Society will be glad to obtain, either by gift or purchase (the former mode of acquisition preferred), the following interesting animals in which their collection is at present deficient:—the boomerang, bugbear, great cantancherus, chaffwax, cockatrice, cocktail, coon, henroach, hypothenuse, mandrake, pair of stevedores, parasang, piccalilly, rhomboid, toadeater, troglodyte, and lesser backbiter.

INFORMATION WANTED.—At what time in the morning are Barristers called?

PROPERLY DRESSED.—There is an obvious propriety in going out to dinner in a swallow-tail coat.

MOTTO FOR SHEFFIELD (WHEN WELL-BEHAVED AGAIN.)—"Foremost in the files of time."

FIRST QUARTER.

A CODE FOR FIRST-CLASS CABS.

BY THE EMPEROR OF UTOPIA.

IN order to distinguish him, every first-class cabman must be dressed in a court suit: white silk stockings, satin breeches, shoes with silver buckles, jewelled sword, embroidered waistcoat, gold-laced coat, frilled shirt, and powdered wig.

Every first-class cabman must wear lavender kid gloves, and none of larger size than eleven and three-quarters will be passed by the police.

He must be conversant with English, Scotch, French, German, and Italian, and, as a civil servant, must have a civil answer ready in any of these languages which his hirer may prefer.

For the usage of bad grammar, every first-class cabman will be fined, upon conviction, the sum of half-a-crown; and will be sentenced to a month's imprisonment for any stronger imprecation than "Bless me!" or "My eyes!"

If found smoking in his cab, while waiting for a fare, he will be fined half-a-guinea or imprisoned for a week.

He will, however, be permitted, when off duty, to smoke upon his box, provided that he smokes only sixpenny cigars, and is careful to ignite them with wax *allumettes*.

Every first-class cabman must provide some first-class literature for the benefit of his hirers; such, for instance, as the *Times*, the *Quarterly*, and *Punch*.

He must on all occasions be able to give change, and to a lady must deliver it in a clean, soft, scented envelope.

In case any dispute arise as to the fare, a first-class cabman must produce a gilt-edged book of distances, with a map and ivory rule to measure every mile.

First-class cabs must all be furnished with yellow satin cushions, and a crack of an inch long in any of the windows will be held sufficient cause why the licence be annulled.

Every first-class cabman must carry in the luggage, not merely to the hall, but up to the top attics, if he is asked to do so: but for this extra service he may claim, if so inclined, a glass of dry champagne

In order to insure rapidity of transit, every first-class cab-horse must be lineally descended from a winner of the Derby, and a pedigree to prove this fact must be displayed inside the cab.

A FOGY ON THE FREEZING POINT.

'Tis bitter cold, and lo, the mercury
In Fahrenheit's thermometer has gone
Down below thirty-two. Ha, quicksilver!
Now, in the frosty winter of mine age,
Would I could do the same!

A SHRUB IN SEASON.—It is all very well to decorate your walls with holly and mistletoe, but an evergreen more appropriate for the festive season of Christmas would be the Box.

PROVED BY QUOTATION.—The antiquity of some of our great legal firms is remarkable. For instance, MILTON (let us hope not under pecuniary pressure) says, "To-morrow to FRESHFIELDS."

THE GROOM OF THE *Stole*.—The man that forgot to shut the stable-door.

POLITICAL CHEMISTRY.—Although Parliament may be dissolved, it cannot be crystallised.

FARM NOTES.

How to Winnow Corn. 1st. Method.—Get some corn. Get somebody who knows how to winnow it. Let him do it.

2nd Method.—If *you* know all about it, do it yourself.

3rd Method, for Beginners, given in Agricultural Terms. Place a steward near the blower, and let him drive the blower while the hopper is filled with a large wecht. (This is called the system of *Hopperation*.) Then let a woman with a small wecht slide down on a wheel crushing the blower with her shoes. This should be done in a neat, cleanly way until the scum has been swept with a besom through a wire screen, while another lot go on riddling, when it is the duty of the fanner to answer each riddle as it comes out. The fanner's chief work is, however, to prevent any labourer becoming too hot. When a labourer is very warm, he sits down before the fanner who soon restores him to coolness.

Treatment of Fowls in Winter.—Roast them.

For the Volunteer-farmer in Winter.—Attend turnip drills.

How to Pickle Pork.—Get the hog into a proper temperature. To bring this about make him swallow a small thermometer. This 'll warm him. Rub him with paper dipped in oil, give him a uniform coating of barley, tar, syrup of squills, pitch, and gold tin-foil. Paint his head green with orange stripes, and by that time he 'll be in a pretty pickle.

Breakfast.—Always visit your poultry yard before breakfast. If unable to find a fresh egg, go to the cattle sheds. Remember that, where eggs cannot be obtained, a *yoke* of fine oxen beaten up with a cup of tea is most invigorating.

THIRD QUARTER.

PARENTAL ADVICE.

MY son, if with a fool you dine
Take heed you drink but little wine:
Nine times in ten you 'll find, be sure,
Though he be rich, his wine is poor.

POETICAL PROPHECY.—Has it ever been observed that POPE must have foreseen our modern practice of leaving London to reside near a railway?—for he says,—"and lives along the line."

APPARENT ANOMALY.—It may seem strange, but it is ruin to an Opera lessee to introduce to the public very successful singers, for they are sure to bring the house down.

CIVIL SERVANTS OF THE CROWN. — Obliging Hatters.

THE FRENCHMAN'S OWN WINE.—Champagne *Mousseux*.

SENTIMENTAL GASTRONOMY. — The sweetest cheek is that which has never blushed. What is it? Pig's.

NO MOON.

IN THE HOME COVERTS AT LUNCH TIME.

JOHN THOMAS SHAKES IN HIS SHOES, AND WISHES THEY WERE BOOTS.

IN CRITICISING AND CORRECTING HIS PRETTY COUSIN'S PERSPECTIVE, OF COURSE FREDERICK'S FACE MUST BE AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE IN THE SAME PLACE AS HERS!—TABLEAU!—PA (IN THE BACKGROUND) IS EVIDENTLY MAKING UP HIS MIND TO SEE ABOUT THIS! *Note.* FRED *hasn't a rap!*

A SIMPLE STORY.

THERE lived a youth (he liveth yet),
And RICHARD was he christened;
And well he played the flageolet,
And all the ladies listened;
And some were even heard to say
His brow was handsome (in its way).

But RICHARD met BEN BALL, a man
All chest, and cheek, and shoulder,
And ever so much bigger than
Himself, though little older;
Whose bicops RICHARD felt and found
It measured fifteen inches round!

Now this demoralised him quite;
And then he took to reading
The naughty books that ladies write
And found there, with exceeding
Dismay, that ladies' heroes are
Wild, wicked men, and muscular!

Then in high dudgeon did he use
To feel himself all over;
But little sinew, and no thews
Could RICHARD'S thumbs discover;
And wickedness is rarely met
In men that play the flageolet.

But 'twas not yet too late to mend;
He got dumb-bells, and shyly,
He took the counsel of a friend
("*Experimentum vili*")
And tried them first on his left arm,
And found they acted like a charm!

Much bigger waxed his biceps, but
When this left arm was finished,
The left lobe of his occiput
Had sensibly diminished;
So then he went it, right and all,
To make his nut symmetrical!

His nut soon got so hardened that
It hurt you when you hit it;
Nor could his hatter find a hat
(Already made) to fit it,
So marvellously small it grew,
As all may judge from this back view.

At length a happy day came round
(Which *I* was there, and drew it)
When RICHARD lifted from the ground
A paving-stone, and threw it
Almost one foot three-quarters high!
And that with ladies standing by!!

Not only that; he, on his head
So dexterously caught it
That all the ladies present said
They never should have thought it!
And even I could not but own
'Twas hard lines for the paving-stone!

Next day he caught a cold, alack!
And all his muscles vanished,
But none of his old brains came back
Which his dumb-bells had banished;
And not a rack was left behind
Of what he chose to call his mind!

Poor RICHARD now (O have you met
Him lately) has grown bitter;
For when he plays the flageolet
The ladies talk and titter;
And no one ever thinks his brow
In *any* way good-looking now!

O little men, who wish to please,
Be wiser than poor DICK! shun
Big friends with brawny bicipes,
And female works of fiction;
But stick to music all your might,
Or be cut out. And serve you right!

THE LATEST CRITICISM.—There is one word in our language which, with a slight alteration, expresses all that can possibly be said in praise of a certain class of TENNYSON'S poems, which are simply—Idyllicious.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE FACT.—It is astonishing what ugly women you do sometimes see with a ring on the left fourth finger.

ADAPTATION OF LEGAL MAXIM TO SOCIETY (BY A MATCH-MAKING MOTHER).—"*Position* is nine points of the Law."

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—Our jeweller, rather sentimental and a bachelor, never speaks of himself as a single man, but as a *solitaire*.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.—A young lady is in want of a husband. She is intelligent, amiable, and accomplished, but not pretty. She advertises for a blind man.

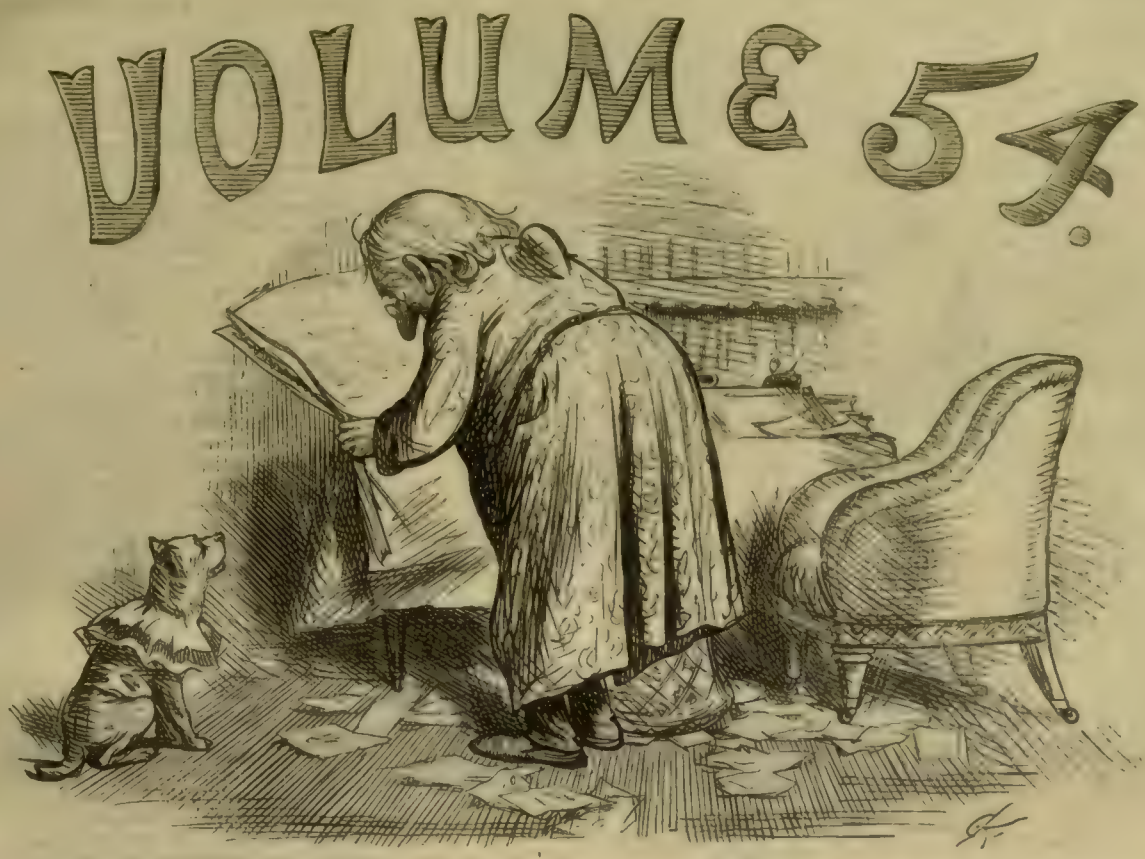
THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A literary friend was overheard the other evening requesting his landlady to put clean proof sheets on his bed.

AN ASTONISHED FOREIGNER.—A Neapolitan was greatly surprised to hear that the upper classes in England were fond of "Fresh Laver," and that the lower classes were not averse to a drop o' the crater.

Question.—When is the Monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens like a bouquet of artificial flowers?

Answer by our Idiot.—When there 's a Sham-Pansey in it.

COMFORT FOR CONVICTS.—The place for good red wine undoubtedly Port-land.



MR. PUNCH'S ALLOCUTION TO MANKIND.

BRETHREN AND PERSONS,

HERE we are again, and how do you do at the beginning of another New Year?

I am quite well, I thank you kindly.

Nevertheless, Brethren and Persons, it cannot be denied that there are many things which we must regard as misfortunes.

Oysters (I hope you all like oysters) are much too dear.

The old Opera-House (*àpropos* of oysters) has been burned down.

We have only an armed truce with the Cabmen.

The Walrus is dead.

So are the dear little Hippocampi, that were like the Knights of Chess.

The miscreants who mend the roads won't roll them.

Women of the inferior class have not learnt from their betters to discard Dorothy Draggletail dresses, and they be-plaster you with mud as they come into an omnibus.

WHALLEY sits for Peterborough.

Postmen are insufficiently paid. If they should strike?

There is very little holly this winter.

Music-hall slang-songs are sung by ladies and gentlemen.

The Street-Organ still rages, unstamped out.

Ritualism is rampant.

A good cigar is frightfully expensive.

So is matrimony.

The porters on the Underground Railway will *not* sound their H.

Mayors of Dover assail sea-sick Notables with addresses.

Young ladies write novels which make bearded men blush.

NAPOLEON is arming Twelve Hundred Thousand soldiers.

They have spoiled the beautiful front of the Travellers' Club.

Scotch bairnies are refused sweeties all through a four hours' service.

Irish stew is rarely made good.

Welsh rabbits are less digestible than ever.

People who had better hold their tongues—talk.

Smart stock-jobbers make slow puns.

THOMAS CARLYLE has published nothing lately.

You know who I mean has published a great deal.

Parliament meets in February—the only compensation (I admit a grand one) is My Essence.

Half-crowns have not been called in.

The Christmas-box extortion is not made felony.

Bumble is still blatant.

Crossing-sweepers beg.

Shaving is incompatible with comfort, and soup with moustaches.

Few servants can boil eggs. Slush or stone.

Boys learn Greek instead of French.

Gas is bad, and worst on Sundays.

I cannot publish myself every day.

These be griefs, but there are many consolations, Brethren and Persons. You have much to be thankful for. I am among you. My *Pocket Book* is stupendous, and my *Almanack* gigantic; and, guided by these, and by a reverent study of my hebdomadal pages, you will be preserved from all sorts of evils too tedious to mention.

I wish you a Happy New Year. It is sure to be a lucky one, for it begins on a Wednesday—the day of my issue to the World.

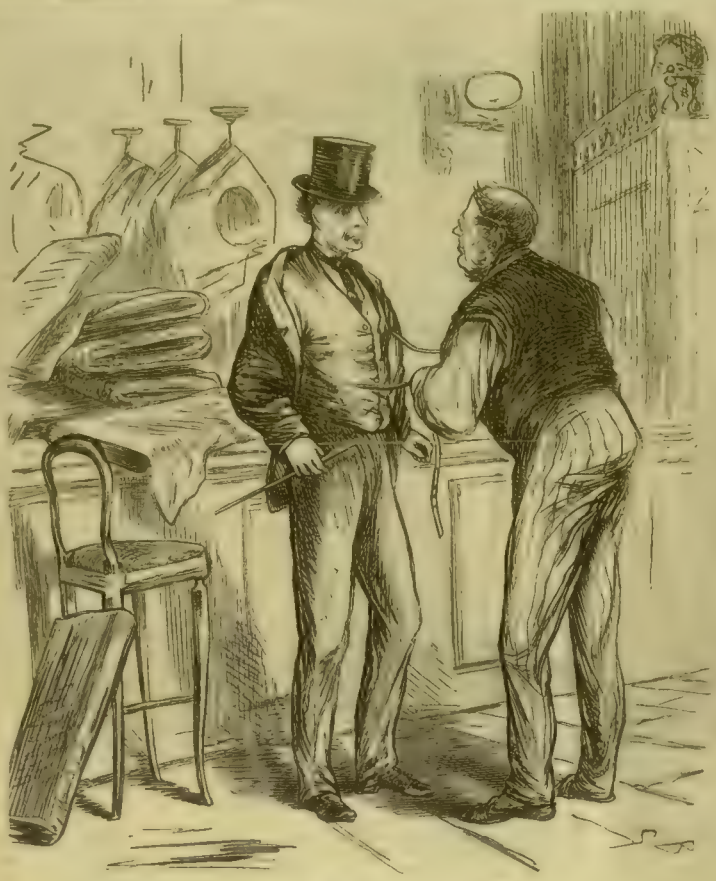
Begone dull Care, and begone all of you.

Early Satire.

A YOUNG lady sends us this. We don't see much in it, but it is accompanied by so pretty a petition for its insertion, and by a photograph which proclaims so much prettiness in the original, that we do not like to refuse. She says, that at her Papa's table there was discussion on the last horseflesh dinner, and her Mamma said, "Dear me, how nasty! They'll eat donkeys next." "I hope not," said her brother. "N.B. My brother is rather stupid."

Something like a Miracle.

A GENUINE double miracle has been worked in Brussels. Three miscreant carpenters got into a church, and stripped an image of the Virgin of all its jewels. They got off at the moment, but not only was a policeman inspired with the power of seeing them, but he was miraculously endowed with intellect which enabled him to fetch assistance, and seize them. There is something in Catholic miracles after all. We are seldom favoured in the above way.



CONSIDER OUR FEELINGS!

Swell Tailor (to new customer, not from Belgravia). "YOU'LL EXCUSE MY ASKING, SIR—BUT—A—YOU DON'T MEAN TO WEAR *OUR* CLOTHES WITH THAT HAT?!"

WORKHOUSE CURIOSITIES.

AT a Conversazione of the Poor Law Commissioners, the following curiosities were the other evening shown:—

Facsimile of the entry made in the Visitors' Book at Farnham, stating that the Guardians had found the workhouse "in good order," five days before the probe of the *Lancet* was thrust in.

Photograph of a Poor-Law Inspector, as he appears when "inspecting" a workhouse with his eyes shut.

Model of the "rabbit hutch" which the Farnham Guardians considered in cold blood to be quite "good enough for tramps."

A pair of damp sheets, from a poorhouse infirmary.

A bit of one of the hot bricks by which a girl was scorched severely, and was so weakminded as to die in consequence.

Samples of workhouse wine in various stages of emaciation, showing its increasing weakness in every hand through which it passes, from the master of the workhouse down to the pauper nurse, until at length it reaches the poor patient for whom it is prescribed.

Specimen of an infirmary blanket, warranted not to keep the cold out.

A slice of pauper Christmas pudding, curious as showing how much pudding can be made with how few plums.

One of the toys broken by the order of a master of a workhouse, in order that the children might not be too happy there.

Sketch (coloured) of the cesspool into which the epileptic Farnham pauper fell perversely, and so died.

A specimen of hard, tough beef, administered to toothless paupers, when they are ordered by the doctor a tender mutton-chop.

A bottle of air taken from a workhouse bedroom. In proof of its impurity, a light being placed in it immediately goes out.

One of the newspapers removed by the late Master at Farnham, who feared that the paupers might really be too comfortable.

A few stalactites found in the "Stalactite cave of filth" referred to in the *Lancet* Commissioners' Report.

LE BLOCUS.—A French work has been reviewed in the *Times* called *Le Blocus*. If translated into English, will it be entitled *The Old Bloke?*

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

I.

'TIS the time
For Pantomime;
Spend your well-stored farden;
To "the Lane," now young 'uns come,
To enjoy *Fee, Faw, Fum,*
And own that BEVERLEY
Does the trick cleverly;
That in all Pantomimes,
Produced in our times,
Never did CHATTERTON
Out-do this latter one:
Then leaving "the Lane,"
As brisk as Cham-paigne,
You will find real PAYNE
At "the Garden!"

II.

Advertisements had said
The Pantomime of Town
Was to be the Holborn one;
I paid my money down.
Affliction sore
Long time I bore,
Musicians were in vain,
The "business" slow
It didn't go,
Nor I, to it again.
I only said I am a-weary,
The fun comes not, I said.
I am a-weary, I am a-weary,
I would I were in bed.

III.

Genuine good old Pantomime,
Very rare in this our time.
Now they are, as they've not been,
Getting few and far between.
And there are, pray note it down,
Only two Burlesques in Town
And but one Extravaganza—
All fled, p'raps, to the 'Nyanza,
Or some other distant clime,
With the shade of Pantomime.
To the Adelphi hosts repair,
Making stoppage on each stair,
Till the cry's "*No Thoroughfare!*"
Elsewhere *ballets*, plays and dramas,
Music Halls and Serpent Charmers,
Men who eat up swords like pies,
And do dreadful things with eyes.
Holborn Circus full of steppers—
Polytechnic lectures, PEPPER'S.
Round and round and round we go,
Theatre, Opera, Concert, Show.
And when Twelfth Day comes, we sigh,
"Dear me, how the time does fly!
To-morrow gone, to-day we're here,
Christmas comes but once a year."

SATURN FINDS SOME MISCHIEF STILL.

THEY can't get their Astronomy right at Rome, but they are improving. His Holiness says in his Allocution:—

"Saturn, his satellites, and his suns, do not cease to unchain their fury in the most horrible manner against our religion."

Saturn, if we might hint as much to the careless secretary who prepared this document, has eight satellites, certainly, but no suns, only three rings, which revolve, and which are probably hateful to the POPE from their habits of revolution. But how the illustrious party unchain their fury we do not understand. Saturn was always thought to be rather a dull bird. TOMMY MOORE says, more or less,

"Only think what a world we should have of it here
If the haters of punch and the lovers of tea
Would but fly up to Saturn's cold comfortless sphere
And leave earth to such spirits as you, Mr. P."

Saturn ought to have been more kindly treated by the POPE, since Mentana, if only for the sake of the classical image of an aged party destroying his own children.

GREAT DAYS AND EVENTS.

BOXING DAY. As BURKE says, the age of Christmas Boxes is past—for me: no servility of attention, no parade of civility would procure me a single shilling. But it procures me a holiday. The Public Department to which I am attached (devotedly) is liberal in the article of holidays, and Boxing Day is one of them. I occupy it in recording a few current reflections suitable to plum-pudding season. Could I do better? No, especially as the fog outside is so thick that I can scarcely see across Woobyrne Place, and grey horses in cabs emerge from the mist like phantom steeds. If the Society of Arts, who are laudably placing memorial tablets on those houses where eminent men have lived, and loved, and smoked, wish to know the number of the mansion occupied by your contributor, *Mr. Punch*, with a view to inserting a neat enamelled slab in the outside brick-work inscribed "Here * * * * * * lived," he will be glad to communicate it to the Secretary.

To revert to Boxing Day. I hope it will be made clear on this foggy anniversary of it to every foreigner who is passing his first Christmas in London, and who may have read that *la boxe* has been put down in this country, that the shops are not closed and a holiday given to those employed therein to enable them to spend Boxing Day in fist-fighting, an old English sport and pastime not now kept up, except under the influence of an excess of liquor, Pugi(n)lism being mainly restricted to conflicts on the question of who was the architect of the Houses of Parliament.

Envy is not among those emotions of the mind (see DUGALD STEWART and SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH *passim*) which ought to be the liveliest at this season, but I have detected myself envying WALTER FRANCIS, age 15, coming home from school for six, or rather five weeks' revelry—for the last week is embittered by the thought of returning to DR. CANE and OVID'S *Metamorphoses*—with his Christmas Box, if in these times of general gentility there is such a thing, and it is not thrust aside by the gentlemanly portmanteau and the polite valisse; and I foresee that I shall be envious of MINNIE, age 10, MARY, age 12, and PHILIP, age 14, in their Christmas Box at the Royal Palatial Theatre, enthusiastically delighted with *Harlequin Little John, Sister Anne in the Tower, and the One-eyed Gnome;* and I should also envy the same little party those Christmas boxes of bon-bons which Uncle ADRIAN will supply, did I not still retain my relish for crystallised fruits, which, if I please, can be gratified to repletion at SWEETNUM AND JASON'S. One more thought comes with Boxing Day. I hope it is not inconsistent with the regulations laid down by the Police Authorities, for members of the Force to receive those well-earned gratuities which I apprehend everybody just now, will be disposed to give them ungrudgingly.

NEW YEAR'S DAY. What do I hear? The rustling of all those new leaves we are turning over. What do I see? The inscription upon them in a firm hand of all those excellent resolutions we have moved and carried *nem. con.*, without the formality of a public meeting, to get up earlier in the morning, to read through the entire works of SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, GIBBON, and ADAM SMITH, in the course of the next twelve months, to take more exercise, to lay by something, however small, for the pluvious day, to leave off flirting, to keep a diary, to put down all our expenses, never to play more than sixpenny points at Whist, gradually to give up smoking, and to discontinue that last tumbler.

Is there anything remarkable about the incoming 1868 to distinguish him from the outgoing 1867? I carefully scrutinise a certain *Pocket-Book*, not unknown to you, *Mr. Punch*, which in the language of BLAIR, ARCHDEACON PALEY, DR. JOHNSON, and other standard authors, felicitously combines instruction with amusement, and is calculated equally to inform and delight, and I find that this is Bissexstile, or Leap Year. Many reflections are the result of this discovery in the Calendar.

Imprimis. Take any party of well-dressed, well-mannered people who will assemble within the next week to dine or dance, and ask them, when the conversation flags, for an explanation of the term Bissextile. Do I leap to a conclusion when I predict that their answers would frequently be vague and incorrect? My next thought is of the ladies. Leap-year brings round again their quadrennial privilege of making, instead of receiving, matrimonial proposals. Is there any well authenticated instance, say in the archives of the Statistical Society, of a single woman availing herself of this traditional prerogative? Just as SIR GEORGE LEWIS doubted the existence of a modern centenarian, so do I doubt, not that ladies make offers, but that they make them because of, and only in Leap-year, which year will of course be *the* year for those who joy in the diversion of hunting, and the occasion of a great many more tremendous jokes, exhumed after four years hybernation, as I suspect that you, *Mr. Punch*, will know to your sorrow before the infant year is many days old. Were I on your throne I should without delay make it public that you have contracted with one of your regular purveyors for a supply of levities amply sufficient for your wants, and must decline to deal with any other jokester. Lastly, I recollect with sorrow that persons condemned to hard labour in Public Departments will have to serve an additional day in 1868 without the stimulus of extra remuneration, but, as a compensation, I remember the excellent dinner I shall get on the 29th of February in the Albany with PINKIE WHITE, who is only born once in four years.

On further reference to the *P.-B.* mentioned before, I make myself master of a great mass of useful information dealing with the Golden Number, the Epact, the Dominical Letters, which are not in any way influenced by the Post-office Sunday Regulations, and the Solar Cycle and Solar Ingresses, on all which subjects I should be glad to have the opinions, between the courses, or preparatory to the last figure in the *Lancers*, of those festive parties to which it has been proposed to refer the Bissextile difficulty. I do not neglect also to ascertain the exact day when the Jewish year commences, and the year of the Mohammedan era begins, and for purposes of abstinence I carefully note the date of the recurrence of "Ramadan." (Ladies and Gentlemen, what is Ramadan?)

The Stamp Duties on Leases or Tacks, "with or without any sum of money by way of fine, premium, or grassum," look interesting, but they must be passed by for the Astronomical Notices in which I regret to observe the same partiality for other countries, to the neglect of England, which is too often noticeable in the behaviour of the Eclipses. If the assiduous watchmen on the hill at Greenwich, who it is reported have never had a night's rest for years, wish to see the total Eclipse of the Sun on August 18th, they must take their smoked glass to the Cape of Good Hope or Mauritius, and even the far inferior performance on February 23rd, the annular (MRS. MALAPROP is warned not to confound this with annual) eclipse of Sol, is grudged to a country which has produced a DOLLOND and a FLAMSTEED. There will be no irregularities this year in the conduct of the Moon, but a transit of Mercury over the Sun's disk, which reads like one railway being allowed running powers over another, will be *partially* visible at Greenwich (notice again the unwillingness to give us full measure) unfortunately in November after the Whitebait Season is over, or the Astronomer Royal would have been happy to see all the London stars (of the first and subsequent magnitudes) to dinner at the Observatory.

ALTER ET IDEM.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*—which has a relish for the discovery of literary mare's nests, not quite in keeping with other characteristics of one of the best journals of the day—lately echoed—with that cheerful alacrity which distinguishes its note in such cases—a cry of "stop thief," first raised in the *Athenæum*, against a certain unlucky DR. BURETTE, accused of producing as his own, in *London Society*, under the title "How I fell into the clutches of KING THEODORE," a translation from the German of F. H. APEL, published in Zurich last year.

It now turns out that DR. BURETTE and F. H. APEL are one and the same, in short that it is a case of identity of person with a mere difference of *Appel*-ation. Of course the *Athenæum* and *Pall Mall* have done penance for their slander in their own sheets.

ADVICE TO SERVANTS OF ALL WORK.

"Learn to labour and to wait."

HAIR-BRUSHING BY MACHINERY.

"PLEASE, SIR, I THINK THE MACHINE WANTS OILING."

MR. BRUSH GOING TO OIL THE MACHINE.

THE MACHINE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE year is dying in darkness and damps,
That shroud and chill the face of day,
The clinging fog-wreaths muffle the lamps,
Till you scarce can see them over the way.
Darkness—as if hope's light in doubt
And fear was dying far and wide:
Damps—as if Nature was weeping out
The sorrow that loads this Christmas-tide.

"Peace on Earth, and goodwill to men,"
So still ring out the Christmas chimes:
"Warfare on Earth, man's hate of men,"
So clangeth the tocsin of evil times.
At home or abroad, when the world we scan,
Or north, or south, by land or sea,
'Tis every man's hand against every man,
The Cyclone let loose and the Earthquake free.

Not for worship, but watch and ward,
In "merry" England we muster and meet,
From terror of fire our homes to guard,
Lest the mine be sprung at our children's feet:
The Nemesis of ill-deeds of old,
The curse that ever survives the wrong,
Are gathering round us, fold on fold,
With a sob and a shriek for their Christmas song.

Scared Authority stands aghast,
At sight of Anarchy's hideous face,
And sound of her shattering trumpet-blast,—
"Class against class, and race against race!"
Even our Gold and Labour fail,
In thousands on thousands of pauper-homes,
And fetid lazar-house, crowded gaol,
Throw a gloom on Capital's palace-domes.

Never was sorrier Christmas time,
Since Christ lay a babe in the oxen's pen;
Ne'er was worse discord of Christmas chime,
And the doings of Christian men.
Ne'er was it harder to feel the life
Christ lived on earth a living thing,
Peace more than war and love than strife,
And present Winter the nurse of Spring.

Is there a blessing in this bale
That deepens round the dying year?
Shall Christ o'er Mammon yet prevail,
And love o'er hate, and joy o'er fear?
Shall eyes be cleared God's ways to trace,
Love in his chastening own confest?
His lessons to read, his laws to heed,
So rarely learnt, until transgrest.

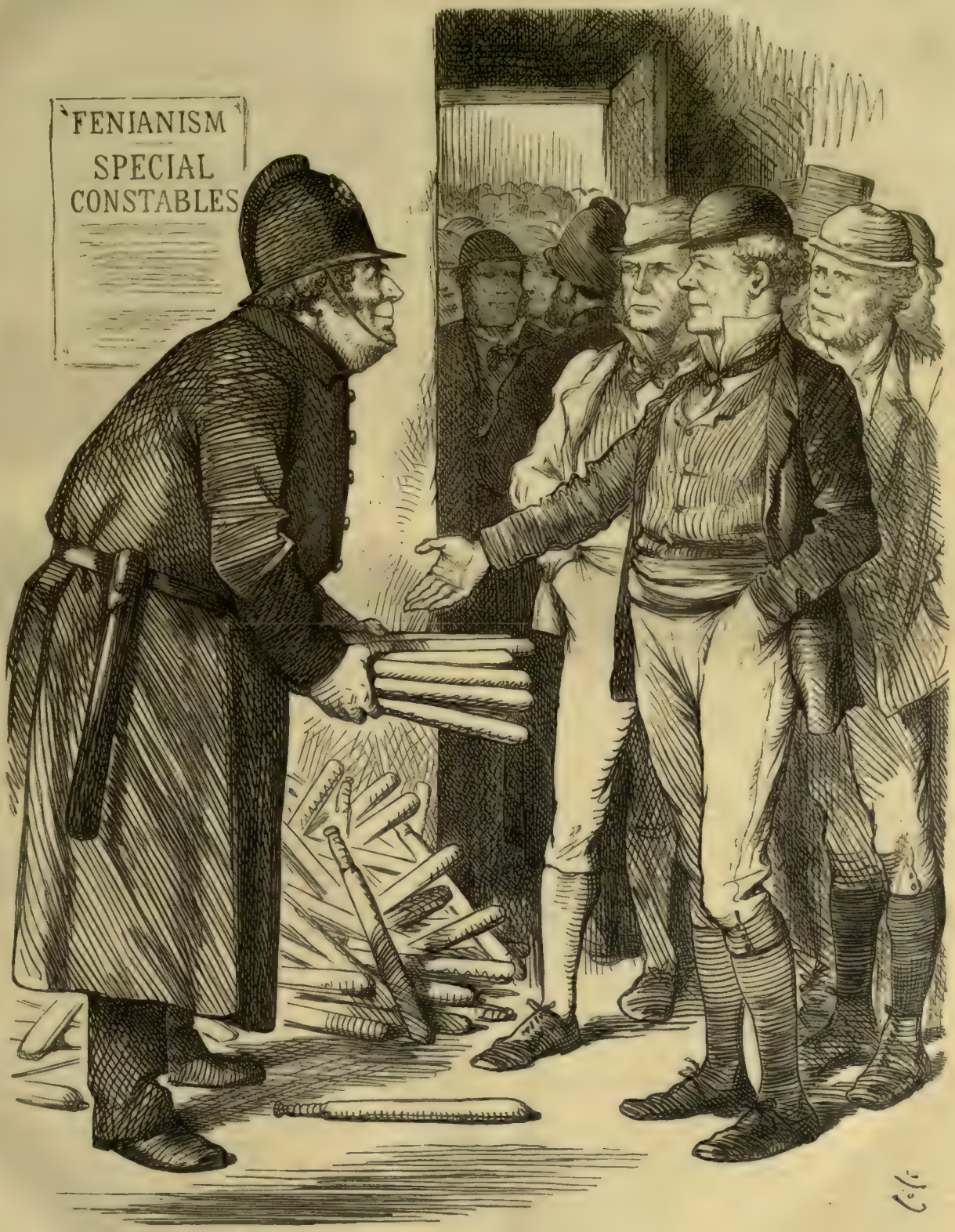
If strength in Christ's word still may be,
As we believe such strength abides,
The sin and sorrow that we see
Are seed of brighter Christmas-tides.
False trusts so sorely shaken now
Stronger foundations shall replace;
Anarchy, Fraud and Force shall bow,
Law, Love and Truth reign in their place.

"Obstinati Mulati."

IT is seldom worth while to correct an error of the Press, and we cannot think that it was at all worth the while of MRS. KAYE DE STANTON, an American lady, to complain that in a recent anti-nigger speech of hers, in which she meant to call her countrymen white males, she was made to say white mules.

HIS BROTHER—YOU STUPID.

NEW name for the Member for Birmingham.—JACOB'S Ladder.



A HINT TO THE LOYAL IRISH.

"AH, THIN, MISTHER BULL! GIVE US THE OATH AN' SOME O' THIM STICKS. SURE, THERE'S HUNDHREDS O' THE BOYS AS IS READY TO HELP YE, SOR."

FENIAN FRIGHTS.

A SHORT DOMESTIC DRAMA.

SCENE—*The Guards' Club.*

Captain Hawkerly (*to* ENSIGN SHAKO, *who is going down with his men on Bank duty*). 'Spose you've heard the news 'bout these c'founded fellars, eh?

Shako (*who has been studying the papers*). The Fenians, you mean?

Hawkerly. Ya-as. They've sent to the-ar-whathisname—

Shako (*thinking he's read it in the last edition*). Oh, to the gas-works.

Hawkerly. No, no, to the-ar-Governor of the Bank—

Shako (*interested*). Eh?

Hawkerly. Yaas; to say they intend blowing up the place.

Shako (*uncomfortably*). Blow up the Bank? Why—why—I've asked some fellows to dine with me on guard.

[*Wishes he could put them off, and himself too.*

Hawkerly (*carelessly*). Have you? Very jolly. Ta-ta.

[*Saunters off to another Club, where he has great pleasure in announcing that young* SHAKO *has got some fellars dining with him on guard at the Bank, and that the Governor, &c., &c.*

SCENE 2.—*The Civil Service Club. Time,* 6 P.M.

BUNSBY, *of the Foreign Office, and* KYRTE, *of the War Office, at the writing table.*

Bunsby. I must finish my letter off. Got to dine with little SHAKKY at the Bank to-night.

Kyrte. Are you? I'm going too. I must just go to my rooms and dress, and I'll call for you if you like.

Bunsby. Very good.

[*Exit* KYRTE. *Descending the steps he meets a Friend with* CAPTAIN HAWKERLY. BUNSBY *nods to Friend.*

Friend. Any news in the latest editions?

Bunsby (*supposed to have read them all in the Club*). No.

Captain Hawkerly (*delighted at the opening*). You haven't heard, &c.

[*As they haven't heard, he tells them, with various additions about the Governor, &c.,* SHAKO, *&c., and the two fellars, by Jove, Sir, dining with him. Exit* BUNSBY *thoughtfully.*

Friend (*leaves the* Captain *and enters Club. Seeing* KYRTE *just leaving*). Seen the latest, &c.

[KYRTE *hasn't: therefore* Friend *repeats the* Captain's *story as "an official communication from some one who knows all about it," &c., about the Governor of the Bank, young* SHAKO, *and the fellars to dine with him, Sir.* KYRTE *ponses, then sits at table and writes. Rings.*

Enter Servant.

Kyrte. Send a Commissionnaire at once with this to the Bank and when MR. BUNSBY calls for me tell him not to wait, but to go without me. [Servant *bows and retires. Exit* KYRTE *to dine at another Club.*

SCENE 3.—*Hall of Same Club.—Enter* MR. BUNSBY'S *Servant.*

Mr. B.'s Servant to Porter. Oh, you're please to tell MR. KYRTE that he's not to wait for MR. BUNSBY, as he can't go.

[Porter *nods, writes it down, and exit Servant.*

SCENE 4.—*At the Bank.* ENSIGN SHAKO *on guard. Dinner ready.*

Shako. Hang these fellows! Wish they'd be punctual. *Thinks he'd rather not dine alone to-day. Has also a sort of vague notion that there's more safety, under the circumstances, in company.*

Enter Servant, *with two letters.*

Shako. Hullo! BUNSBY'S writing. (*Opens it.*)

Dear SHAKKY, Very sorry can't come to-night. I am *obliged* to leave town suddenly. Explain when we meet. Compliments of the Season to you, old boy. Yours ever, JIM BUNSBY.

Confound it. "Obliged to leave town suddenly." Bosh! He might have sent this afternoon, and I could have filled his place. What's this? (*Opens second letter.*) From Old KYRTE.

Dear S. Can't come. Laid up. Cold. Awful. See you soon. So sorry. Bore a cold is! This by Messenger. Envy your jolly party. Yours, heartily and Christmassily, FRED. KYRTE.

[SHAKO *uses strong language implicating his friends and his enemies.*

Servant (*announces*). MR. VERDE.

Enter VERDE, *pleasantly.*

Shako (*heartily*). That's right, old boy. (*To* Servant.) Dinner. JONES, at once. Cold, isn't it, eh?

Verde (*warming himself*). Yes. (*Pleased with himself.*) I'm the first, I see.

Shako. Yes, you are. (*Makes light of it.*) T'other fellows aren't coming. Cold, or some dashed nonsense.

Verde. Ah, I've had a bad cold. (*Says this to show to what inconvenience he has put himself in order to dine with* SHAKO.)

Shako (*cheerily*). Dinner will set you all right. (*They sit.*) Oysters.

Verde (*after swallowing six natives*). Oysters deuced dear.

Shako. WILTON charges for 'em, no end. Chablis.

Verde. When I'm about the Strand (*Says this as if he only got there by losing his way,*) I drop into RULE'S, in Maiden Lane. As good oysters as any, if not better, and a shilling less a dozen. (*Drinks.*)

Shako. Potage aux œufs?

Verde (*pleasantly*). Oui, s'il vous plaît. (*Both laugh.*)

Jones (*waiting briskly*). Sherry, Sir?

[VERDE *takes Sherry, and they warm to their work. Conversation leads itself up through the bad times for oysters to the bad times generally, then to Fenians in particular.*

Shako. I believe those fellows, KYRTE and BUNSBY, stopped away because they'd heard about the Fenians.

Verde (*amused at the notion*). Oh, absurd!

Shako. Of course: it's deuced cowardly. (*Thinks he wouldn't have minded being on duty somewhere else.*) Why what on earth good would it do those infernal scoundrels if they did blow the Bank up?

Verde (*pulled up short in the middle of his second glass of Sherry*), Eh? What?

Shako (*explaining*). Why, they've sent to the Governor to say that they mean to blow this place up.

Verde (*upon whom a sense of his situation is gradually dawning*). Not—not—this—I mean not here?

Shako. Yes. It's true. If there was any advantage in it to them, that would be another thing, but there isn't the slightest.

Verde (*doesn't see this point, and looks at his watch, so as to pave the way for saying presently, that he must be off now, got to go and dress for a party in Bayswater*). But they wouldn't——

[*Pop—bang—whizz. Both start up.*

Verde (*pale as his napkin*). What the——

Shako (*infected by his Friend's nervousness*). By—I——

Jones (*entering and going to Verde*). Champagne, Sir?

[*The sound is explained. The conversation is resumed with difficulty.*

Verde. 'Pon my word, we live in awkward times.

[*Bang bang, flop whop, against the door. Rattle of arms outside. Both jump from their seats.*

Verde (*paler than two napkins*). What was the—

Shako. It sounds like—

Verde. Your men's arms——

Enter JONES *penitently, with fragments.*

Jones. Beg pardon, Sir, but I slipped in opening the door, and the tray's gone, with all the things on it.

[*A pause: they have to wait. They drink.*

Shako (*to his Friend*). What a nervous fellow you are.

Verde (*annoyed*). No, I'm not. But (*excusing the fact*) I'm not very well to-night. I-I-I shan't stop long—I mean, I can't—in fact—a party at Bayswater. (*Crack, crack, sputter, and something hits him on the cheek: he jumps up.*) Good heavens! (*Is about to exclaim he's wounded.*)

Shako. It's only a chestnut—I put some on the hob, and quite forgot all about 'em.

[*Rises and removes chestnuts. After this the dinner continues, but is hurried over.*

Verde (*after cloth is removed*). I-I'm sorry I must be off—really—but (*looks at his watch*)—party at Bayswater. Good night. Enjoyed myself immensely. See you again, soon.

Shako (*annoyed*). Good night.

[*Exit* VERDE, *and departs in the quickest Hansom.* SHAKO *returns to his Guard, and indulges in the solitary pleasures of the table. Thinks over friends, foes, theatres, the Derby, pigeon matches, chances of hunting, debts, and finally sleeps peacefully before the fire.*

END OF DRAMA.

Come, Wake Up!

CHRISTMAS will soon be over, let us get ready to pitch into one another again. MR. JOHN BRIGHT is a public benefactor. He has prepared the way for a jolly row when Parliament meets, or sooner. In alluding to LORD DERBY and the way the Tories had "done" their friends on the Reform question, MR. BRIGHT said, "Turf Morals will not do in politics." Hooray, and LORD DERBY has race-horses. There'll be wigs on the green and Tories too. We will take care to keep the epigram before the eyes of all whom it can possibly annoy. "*More Atès*—stir them on."

NOT SO BAD AS THEY SEEM.

MISTRESSES show more consideration for their servants than is generally supposed. Not long ago MRS. FIDGITT was heard telling MARY ANN that she had been scouring the whole house for her.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

Lady. "EAU-DE-COLOGNE, MR. SMITH! BUT ARE YOU SURE IT IS GENUINE?"
Worthy in Country Shop. "O YES, MA'AM; QUITE CERTAIN: WE MAKE IT OURSELVES!"

AN UNUSUAL LOYAL TOAST.

HERE'S a health to the Army and Navy,
Likewise to the Volunteers!
When the red wine follows the gravy,
'Tis a toast that one often hears;
But forget not our best protectors,
Our battles who fight in peace,
Whose Colonels are their Inspectors,
Let us drink to the brave Police!

From the grasp of the foul garotter
It is they our throats that save;
They are down on the Fenian plotter,
And collar the traitor knave.
Good speed the Policeman's truncheon,
When he biddeth the Roughs bear back,
And they shrink, lest like cudgel of *Punch* on
Their heads it should come down whack!

And good speed the Policemen mounted
If a robber they need pursue!
We have not too many, all counted,
Of our guardians clad in blue.
Should you not augment their number,
Seeing rowdies so fast increase
In the British Lion's slumber?
Drink "The Bobbies—and more Police!"

The Scales of Charity.

WE are annually edified at this season by published specifications of the number of "oz." of beef and pudding generously allowed to the inmates of the metropolitan workhouses. How are those quantities ascertained? Is each pauper's ration of pudding and beef weighed out to him? If so, the last served must have cold dinners. It would interest one to know how many "oz." of turtle and other good things were consumed by each of the Aldermen and other guests at a civic dinner. Peradventure the "oz." would in some cases amount to lb.

HOW TO LESSEN YOUR WEIGHT.

O'BEASEY, who is very stout, and always trying to reduce himself, invariably stays late at parties, his reason being that he likes to be there when the room's thinning.

"BEGGARS OF BETHNAL GREEN."

IT is not all dark in East London. In spite of low wages and short commons, hard Guardians and promise of bitter winter, looms out of labour, hearths out of fire, cupboards out of victuals, and toilers out of heart and hope, there are some good soldiers of God even in that all but dead level of ill-requited toil and soul-and-body crushing poverty, who have still pluck to fight the battle not only of benevolence against starvation, but even of culture against ignorance, of beauty against ugliness, of taste against squalor. With the stout Rector, the REV. SEPTIMUS HANSARD—who deserves a Parliamentary Record of his own—and who, with a catholic courage and cheerful charity that inspire all about him, is to be found, where a pastor should be, at the head and in the heart of every good work that goes on in Bethnal Green for the souls or bodies, minds or morals, comforts or manners, education or edification, reformation or recreation of his flock, a knot of gallant and good men have banded themselves to bring into the East-End one of those humanising institutions which have hitherto been thought a special West-End luxury—a Museum of Science and Art. South Kensington is to have an opportunity of radiating some of its superfluous light into the outer darkness of East London, and the Brompton Boilers are to be made to boil in Bethnal Green, if the four stout stokers under-written, can but get up the steam. *Mr. Punch* records their names, not for their glorification, but for the information of all who are inclined to aid in their good work. They are—

ANTONIO BRADY, J.P., F.G.S., Maryland Point, Stratford, Essex, E.
SEPTIMUS HANSARD, M.A., Rectory, Bethnal Green, N.E.
JOHN MOXON CLARON, 21, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.
J. MILLAR, L.R.C.P. Ed., F.G S., F.L.S., Bethnal House, Cambridge Road, N E.

These four have made a conditional purchase of 4½ acres of land at Bethnal Green—being part of the Green itself. This site they have offered to the Government, for the purpose of erecting thereon a Museum of Science and Art, and it has been accepted by the Government as admirably adapted for the purpose, being within an easy walk of upwards of a million of people, mostly of the artisan class.

This Museum is intended to be educational in the widest sense of the word; and it is hoped that it may be the means of enabling our workmen to compete on more equal terms than at present with the skilled workmen of foreign countries, especially in matters of taste.

Government—the Circumlocution Office and Red Tape to the contrary notwithstanding—has come heartily into the scheme. Parliament has voted the money. The plans of the buildings have been prepared, and the Government has already entered into a contract for their erection. All that remains to be done, to secure for ever this great boon to the East-End of London, is to pay for the land. The four whose names we have given, have undertaken to raise subscriptions for this. A further sum of about £2,000 is required, to cover the cost of the land, and all other expenses.

All else is ready. The contractor and his workmen are anxious to begin, and, in anticipation of the completion of the purchase, the vendors have even permitted the materials to be placed on the ground, so anxious are they to facilitate matters. In one sense, therefore, these energetic four have possession of the land, but obviously not a brick can be laid upon it until it shall have been paid for.

In view of the winter, and the desirability of finding employment for the poor, so many of whom are out of work, time is also an object. Under such circumstances, these "Beggars of Bethnal Green"—not "*blind* beggars," assuredly—make their appeal for funds. If *Mr. Punch's* "Roo-too-it!" can serve as a trumpet-call in such a cause, these gentlemen shall have it. He echoes their appeal, and begs his readers to answer it first, and echo it afterwards.

Subscriptions may be paid to the "East London Museum Account" at the Bank of England, or they will be thankfully received and acknowledged by any of these four above-named trustees of the fund and promoters of the scheme.

Finally, we may mention that they have made it a condition with the Government that the land not actually occupied by the Museum buildings is to be laid out and kept up as an Ornamental Garden, and that the Museum be open every week-day until ten o'clock in the evening.

So that, unlike most similar institutions, this Museum will be able

to fight the gin-shop and tap-room on fair terms. Both will be open when the people, whom the one is meant to educate, and the other serves to brutify, are released from work. The usual English rule is to drive the people into objectionable places of recreation by shutting up the unobjectionable ones when they are freest to resort to them. But these promoters, knowing the place and the people they are serving, have arranged matters otherwise. Hitherto, the only flowers grown in Bethnal Green have been those sad ones, which cheer the gloom of the poor weaver's garret, or the still sadder ones that glow with a mocking splendour on the silk or velvet in the loom, at which twelve hours' daily toil hardly keeps life and soul together. These are surely funereal flowers—flowers of sorrow and despair. The flowers that blossom in the Museum Garden should be flowers of Hope. These blessed flowers may be made to grow even under that sullen and smoke-laden sky, and this effort is sowing the seed of them.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XI.—THE LONG-ENGAGED.

JUST to run over her family, and have done with them.

By the way, a cruel form of expression the above.

I said SOPHIA was the youngest of four, and the eldest of five. The three first we have seen. The five after SOPHIA form the tail of the CHERTTON family, its tip (not speaking as my Funny Friend would say, in a sporting sense) being GEORGE FRANCIS AUGUSTUS, one year and a half old, who cries whenever he sees me, causing MRS. CHERTTON to explain to him in infantile language what I am and why I am there, with little ill-natured remarks thrown in *to* the baby, but *at* me, on my general personal appearance or my manner.

The other four are LYDDY, a pert, sharp girl of fourteen; JOHNNY, twelve years old, who's always at home on account of some illness at school, and MILICENT, aged seven, who is of a malicious disposition, and entirely under her brother's coercion. They are dreadfully deceptive children, so quiet and demure when in their Mamma's presence, so rude and boisterous when she's away.

Once, on MASTER JOHNNY coming up slily and knocking a book out of my hand, I boxed his ears.

Never again will I take upon myself to correct other people's children. His two sisters (then ten and five) set upon me, he howled, and ran straight to MRS. CHERTTON to complain. Down she came in a tantrum, "What had JOHNNY been doing?" and "Why did I hit him?"

I couldn't lower myself by saying, "Well, he hit me first," which was the truth; and I felt that I should be including myself among the children if I entered into an explanation. On the other hand, to suggest that the little brute was howling for nothing, would only elicit the reply (from *him*) "That he wasn't," and from his Mamma, that "Her children didn't cry for *nothing*."

So I said "I thought he deserved it," and offered no further remark. Then there arose a storm. The elder sisters came in: all joined, even SOPHIA THERESA herself, and the engagement was on the point of being broken off then and there, had not old CHERTTON suddenly come home from the City and brought unexpectedly two friends to dinner. The old goose saved the citadel. JOHNNY got his ears boxed again by his Mamma for getting in her way, and subsequently meeting the child on the landing, on his way up to bed, I made vengeful faces at him, and then ran down-stairs as quickly as possible, in order to establish an *alibi* in case of inquiry.

We (THERESA and I) fell in love with one another in the country—at a pic-nic. She was seventeen then. Everybody said it was too young to marry. We were to wait till I was settled. For six years I've been trying to get settled. Becoming Inspector under the Olfactory Act was most unsettling. Before that, I tried every appointment ever offered for public competition. Four years ago, I thought my fortune was made, in consequence of the interest possessed by a distant connection of mine with the Governors of Bedlam. I mean, I was to have got the post of Secretary to the Lunatic Asylum. But, unfortunately, on my presenting myself to the Governors, I found that there was some mystification somewhere, and on mentioning the name of my distant and influential connection, the gentlemen looked at one another, then referred to an entry in the Hospital book, and there, sure enough, was the name of my unfortunate relative figuring among the least hopeful class of patients recently submitted to their care. I bowed, and retired. I hadn't the heart to ask for the Distant and Influential. It was a severe blow to my Great Aunt, who had always spoken of him to me as "the cleverest member of our family, who will be of great service to you one of these days."

My Great Aunt could settle me, I believe, if she liked. But she won't; and I haven't the smallest idea what's in her will. She can't allow me anything to marry on, she says, and, for my part, I believe she doesn't want to lose my companionship. I don't think she takes lax views of society, but she is decidedly averse to my marriage. Sometimes she becomes pathetic, and says, "Ah, you're getting tired of me; I'm a nuisance and a trouble, I know;" and all I can reply, is, in a tone of kind remonstrance, "My dear Aunt!" though what I am expected to say beyond this, I don't precisely know. She has lately taken to driving into the City twice a week, to see her broker, and has one penn'orth a day of the *Times* newspaper, from nine till eleven, for the sake of the money article. Formerly, from economical motives, she only had a ha'porth of *Times per diem*; that is she only took in the advertisement sheet with the births, deaths, and marriages in it. However, she won't settle or make any provision for me. She points out to me that I've got my Olfactory Inspectorship, and that's enough.

This being the state of affairs for six years, I have got so accustomed to being engaged to SOPHIA THERESA that I scarcely realise any other position.

During the first three months of our engagement, we were always together. Gradually, we didn't see so much of one another. I didn't miss her. I had begged old CHERTTON to let us correspond. It was delicious—in its commencement. A letter a day, crossed and re-crossed. Verses, too. Then gradually it came to "Dear THERESA,—Sorry I have not time to write more, but must go out now on business. These dreadful Factories! Your ever devoted," &c.

Then, in the next stage, I would say, suddenly, "Confound it, I haven't written to THERESA," and I'd apologise next day. Two weeks passed without a letter, and then, going down at the end of the month to meet her by appointment (a deuced bore, as I wanted to dine with some fellows in town, and 'twas my last day's holiday) I missed the train, and she was kept waiting for two hours. I brought her a bracelet on that occasion, but it was acknowledged with a frigidity which I felt, under the circumstances, I deserved.

Once I called on her, very hot and uncomfortable, and said, in an injured tone, after seeing her receive the attentions of a good-looking young man in the Artillery, at a ball, "If our engagement wearies you, THERESA, let us break it off. Don't let *me* stand in the way of your happiness." It was no good: she stuck to it, they stuck to it (I mean the CHERTTONS) like leeches.

I once hinted to my Aunt, confidentially, that *she* might take upon herself to call upon the old CHERTTONS and refuse her consent. She did call; but, owing to the high state of nervous excitement she was thrown into, fainted, and on recovery was supplied with such unusually strong brandy as to render any communications on her part utterly unintelligible.

On the day when my Late Friend prevented my departure for the Continent I called at the CHERTTONS.

Old CHERTTON was at home. Would I speak with him? alone? decidedly: not being afraid of Old CHERTTON. Well, then, what he had got to say, was, in fact—it was—ahem! delicate. It took him an hour to break the intelligence to me that SOPHIA THERESA had fallen in love with somebody else, and he left it to my kind sense of, &c., &c., honour, &c., &c., and so forth. At that moment I felt I could have done anything for SOPHIA THERESA. As for the man (it *was* the Artillery officer) I could have wrung his hand and called him my true friend. I believe on meeting him I complimented him on behaving like an officer and a gentleman; but I haven't a notion of what I meant by it. Old CHERTTON wept, and said I had a generous noble nature. This pleased me, and I have allowed him to remain under this impression. I saw SOPHIA THERESA for two minutes that evening: pressed her hand; said "Good bye," turned away, and hurried off. I went to a supper party the same night, and never was in such spirits. I said such funny things that even GRIGG laughed, and at last I utterly outshone him in his own peculiar line.

As I write, I am free, free as air, I mean as an engaged man. I send back her letters with pleasure. The presents among them, a set of studs and wrist-links, I am bound in honour to return. I regret it. But on the other hand, back came my bracelet, two rings, a brooch. They'll do for another time.

To-morrow I go for my holiday, whether my Late Friend will come or not. I've only got one call to make, that is on my Portable Friend (*this next picture*), who wishes to give me some advice about travelling, and then I close my photograph book for the present.

The Only Way to Rome.

ITALY is said to be organising an army on a footing of 1,641,000 men. "This tune goes manly." In applying this quotation to the Italian army we simply mean that the Italians, in organising the army by means of which only they can get to Rome, are playing the man, and not the grinding organ.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.—It is understood that the subject of the next Bakerian Lecture, to be delivered before the Royal Society, will be the Earth's Crust.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—Making a Railway.

ART AND SCIENCE IN THE WILDERNESS.

PAINTING.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MUSIC.

ASTRONOMY.

THE PRIDE OF THE JUSTICES.

CERTAIN functionaries have gone up in the world's market. MR. THOMAS CARLYLE has been made a Justice of the Peace for Dumfriesshire, the county that has the honour of claiming him as its son. Justices of the Peace not being invariably selected from the Articulate Classes, an inaugural address on appointment is, mercifully for many, not customary. But we hope that the philosopher of Chelsea will, if he condescends to take his place, favour his colleagues with a few ideas. One thing is certain, he will not

> "Shake the country bench with clumsy wit,
> When he the dullest of dull things has said,
> And then ask pardon for the joke he made."

We should like to hear him imparting to a culprit the fact, that as the latter managed his Can do in a way his fellows can't stand, he must withdraw from the activities, and it may be not without hide-cutting, study to be quiet. Many a happy new year to True THOMAS.

VERY IRISH RENDERING OF AN OLD SONG.

"'Tis my *Day*light on a shiny night!"

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

OUR friend and neighbour, the *Morning Star*, in giving its Christmas greetings, used language so exactly expressive of *Mr. Punch's* own sentiments in regard to his own young men and his own public, that he cannot forbear from reproducing his contemporary's words:—

> "The readers of this journal have, indeed, a closer communion with those who fill its columns than is frequently the case with the contributors and constituency of a daily newspaper. *Those who favour us with their confidence are the best and most thoughtful of the active politicians throughout the empire.*"

Just so, and therefore, arm in arm, together let us range the fields, dear friend and neighbour, and laugh to scorn any inferior creatures who may hint that nobody need favour the *Star* or *Mr. Punch* with confidence, seeing that it may be thought they have nearly enough of their own.

"AS JEREMY TAYLOR MIGHT HAVE SAID."

THERE was a report that the Fenians meant to seize the rifles of the Devil's Own. We hope we may say, without irreverence, that if those rascals "ask for arms at the beautiful gate of the Temple," the reverse of a healing process will follow.

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A SLAP AT THE FRENCH STAGE.

DERILY, whatever Anglophobiacs may say, there are some things which they do *not* "manage better in France." For instance, take the Censorship, both of the Press and of the Play-house. How would free-born Britons like to go without their *Punch*, if only for one week, because it had said something obnoxious to the Government, and had therefore been suspended? Or, how would playgoers in England like to go without their SHAKSPEARE, because the Censorship had found out that he wrote not for an age but for all mortal time, and that such a line, for instance, as

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"

might be interpreted to mean a sneer against the reigning Sovereign?

VICTOR HUGO'S *Ruy Blas* has been prohibited in Paris, for the reason, it is thought, that the play contains a speech against the Ministry of Spain, and the Ministers of France have found that the cap fits them. If Censors are so sensitive, it will be difficult for playwriters to avoid giving offence, for sneers against a Government might be plausibly detected in most commonplace assertions. In a nautical drama, all allusions to a vessel might be looked at as referring to the vessel of the State, and such an innocent command as "Clear away the top hamper" might be viewed as recommending a clearance of the House of Lords, as hampering the State vessel.

Fond as are our playwrights of adapting from the French, they would hardly like to see the French Censorship adapted here. How BROWN would stare on hearing that his burlesque was prohibited because he had inserted a pun on the word "Sovereign"! What expletive of vehemence would JONES use in his wrath, when told that his fine comedy—the work of half a life-time—could not be produced, because the Censor had discovered that the words "Oh, hang that king!" were spoken in a scene where a game of cards was played? If the French Censors were but half as strict in looking to the morals of the plays which they permit, as in examining the language of those which they prohibit, we English should consider that they really did some service to the State.

ONE THING QUITE CERTAIN.

UNTIL further informed, *Mr. Punch* is uncertain whether he should begin the next paragraph thus:—

"There is a well-meaning person trying to raise money for charitable purposes,"

Or thus,

"There is a photograph-seller trying to get off his wares."

The fact being that *Mr. Punch* knows nothing about the party, except that he advertises in one paper that he wants to sell photographs for one charity, and in another expresses similar wishes in regard to a different charity. Therefore, *Mr. Punch* neither assists nor exposes. But he has one thing to say. One of the advertiser's baits offers an alternative, namely:—

"Portraits of Twelve English Bishops,"

Or, if preferred,

"Twelve Copies of your own *Carte de Visite*."

Distinctly, should *Mr. Punch* accept either, the Latter. Most distinctly. He prefers his own portrait to the likeness of any twelve hierarchs in the universal world, bar none, from PIUS THE NINTH to CROWTHER the Negro. Ha! ha! He should think so. No doubt *there*.

A Lather of Naples Soap.

THE *Mediterraneo*, a Bourbonist organ at Naples, advocates the claims of that city to be the capital of Italy, enumerating, as grounds of its superiority over all rivals, "its blue sky, its burning Vesuvius, its lively and intelligent population." We wonder it did not add to the list of recommendations, its stinks, its sirocco, and its lazzaroni. These would seem to be at least as good grounds of preference as a scorching sun, an active volcano, and a feather-headed people, hot as the one, and liable to eruption as the other.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

LADIES, please to look at this important news from Paris:—

"It is evidently the determination of our modistes that fur shall play an important part in toilettes during the ensuing winter. A fancy of the moment is for ladies to wear not only the skin but the head and paws of a sable, an ermine, or a Canadian marten on their muffs, and strange enough these look, with the pointed head and sharp piercing eyes of one of these little creatures, flanked by its two paws, peering over their tops. It is further a fancy to wear one of these little animals round the neck, with its tail thrust into its mouth as it were."

Happy the animal whose fur is out of fashion! How many little creatures will be hunted down this winter, simply for the cause that their fur happens to be fashionable! The modistes determine that ladies shall wear muffs with a sable or a marten on them, and of course the ladies bow to the imperative behest, and never dream of thinking of the deaths which it occasions. Merely to gratify "a fancy of the moment," sables, ermines, and martens are slaughtered by wholesale, and if the fashion did not change, would speedily be numbered with the mastodons and mammoths, and other extinct animals.

Another piece of Paris news may also interest you, Ladies:—

"Plain silk sashes terminating in a deep fringe, and tied in large bows at the waist behind, are worn with redingotes and ordinary *toilettes de promenade*, made of some richly-embroidered silk, worked over with flowers, buds, insects, anchors, horse-shoes, and even such things as a highland bonnet; and with their long ends passed at the back of the waist, through gold rings encircled or surmounted by gilt ornaments of a more or less grotesque character, they are largely in favour for evening wear. These ornaments comprise such objects as a banjo, a sailor's hat and anchor, a yacht and a coil of rope, a group consisting of a peaked cap, whip, dog, and gun, with a twisted hunting horn beneath, a strung bow, arrow, and quiver, rings, chains, and fetters, monster dragon-flies and bees with their wings in gold filigree, the latter intended of course to be worn with such scarfs as are perfect parterres of flowers, and a lock and key, both large enough for a prison-door."

Dressmakers have queer ideas of what is ornamental. Imagine any lady, with the slightest sense or taste, wearing any of the ornaments here spoken of as fashionable! Monster dragon-flies and bees appear to us about the best of them, and perhaps we next may hear of monster frogs and cockchafers. But fancy a girl wearing a banjo, or a horse-shoe, or prison lock and key, and being under the delusion that they prettily adorned her! Why, if this ugly fashion spreads, we shall hear of ladies wearing a trombone at their waist, or coming to a party with a poker at their back, or a bootjack or a coal-scuttle dangling down behind them.

A REMARKABLE REQUIEM.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Fenian Irish newspaper relates that "a solemn requiem mass" was performed, the other day, in the Parish Chapel of Ennistymon, Clare, "for the souls of our martyred fellow countrymen," as he calls the criminals hanged at Manchester. Subjoined is an extract from his bletheremskite:—

"The choir performed MOZART'S *Requiem* amid solemn silence. A half-smothered 'amen' broke from out that silence when the good priest said, 'My dear people, pray for the souls of those noble-hearted men, and also pray that God may save Ireland.' Scarcely a dry eye was to be seen in the church, and I said within myself, 'Ireland is not yet dead—all are not yet gone with a vengeance.' The people were now standing up to leave the chapel, when, like a thunder-clap, broke on their ears the chorus '*Tramp, Tramp.*'"

It is wonderful that such a service as that above described should ever have been celebrated. What necessity was there to sing a mass for the souls of martyrs? Is not martyrdom a direct passage to Paradise? Surely the "good priest" who called BRETT'S murderers "noble-hearted men" must think BRETT'S murder an act of Christian heroism—an act of faith. Let us hope that such is not the view taken by the priesthood in general of rebellion against the constituted authorities, and shooting an officer in the execution of his duty.

The chorus of "*Tramp, tramp,*" is rather a remarkable sequel, one thinks, to a *Missa pro Defunctis*. We shall see, by-and-by, perhaps, whether or no this kind of thing takes place "*permissu superiorum.*"

But perhaps the whole story of this alleged mass is an Irish hoax. "The choir performed MOZART'S *Requiem* amid solemn silence." Very likely.

Remigius of the Black See.

WHEN Lichfield's Bishop was no more,
Said DERBY, "Who would be,
Among our Churchmen, the best oar
To put in the Black *See?*

"SELWYN'S a man of boating fame;
Be he the man for us.
And as the Popes take Latin name,
Be he REMIGIUS."

A MUSICAL BURGLAR.—One who breaks into a tune.

A DESPERATE CASE.

Dick. "FRIGHTFUL TIE, DID YOU SAY, MOTHER? PERHAPS IT IS; BUT I'M SO AWFULLY POOR, I'VE LOST ALL PRIDE IN MY PERSONAL APPEARANCE."
[*Mother recollects an odd Five-pound Note in her Workbox.*

GILLOOLY THE GUFFIN.

"DR. GILLOOLY, Roman Catholic Bishop of Elphin, at a Meeting to express sympathy with the POPE, held at Roscommon, has expressed astonishment at the 'mania of blind, remorseless hatred against the POPE which exists among the great English people.'"

THERE was an old DOCTOR GILLOOLY,
Whose tongue was a member unruly,
And he talked at Roscommon,
Like any old woman,
Or worse, like a bigoted Fooly.

GILLOOLY's inveterate bias
Induces that cove to belie us,
He does so in stating
That England is hating
A kindly old priest like POPE PIUS.

Should his foes (when the French will not bang 'em)
Drive the POPE to Mivart's or the Langham,
And assassins conspiring,
One bombshell come firing,
The "great English people" would hang 'em.

GILLOOLY's a muff and a Stultus
In so stupid a way to insult us;
The Protestant nation
Has due veneration
For our Catholic countrymen's *cultus*.

But if we must own to it, truly,
Not pressing the Pontiff unduly,
We'd hint that a Father
Makes enemies, rather,
By not flogging such boys as GILLOOLY.

A Surprise Cracker.

WE don't look for epigrams in the *Times* City Article, because that would be an improper place for them. But there was something uncommonly neat the other day, and we make our compliments to MR. DE MANOAH, or whoever may be the author. Baffling somebody who wanted to know the name of somebody who had found fault with some railway transactions, the article-writer protested against that way of meeting a complaint, and added "*It used always to be so in the time of Mr. Hudson.*" Out of the strong came forth sweetness.

THE SWORN BROKERS.

A LADY writes to ask *Mr. Punch* the reason "why six or seven columns of the *Times* were filled the other morning with a list of Sworn Brokers of the City of London," and she also wants to know "what they are." Ever happy to oblige a lady, *Mr. Punch* replies that this publication is a very convenient thing, as persons often wish to purchase some article of furniture in a hurry, and do not always know where to go for it. All these Brokers are certified to be respectable, and our correspondent, when she wants to lay out a few shillings for her house, can safely go either to the business or private residence (stocks of furniture are, by law, kept at both) of any of the advertised persons and be certain that she will be fairly used. Chair-legs will not come off, the insect creation will not be illustrated, keys will fit locks, and second-hand carpets will have been carefully cleansed. We have never had complaint to make of any furniture we have bought of the Sworn Brokers of the City. But if such a thing should happen, a note to the LORD MAYOR will ensure his Lordship's personal attendance at our correspondent's house, and he will examine the bargain, and if she has been wronged, the Broker will be prohibited from playing a single practical joke on Change for a month, and if he survive that deprivation, he will have to find security against his making a pun for the rest of the year. We advise her to visit any of these Sworn Brokers, and judge for herself. They are extremely civil, except when they want refreshment, which is four times during business hours.

THE AMERICAN FENIANS TO THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

"Help us to get Ireland, or——"

THE BRITISH PEOPLE TO THE AMERICAN FENIANS.

"You shan't have Ireland, and if——"

THE PATRON SAINT OF TRAVELLERS.—St. Martin of Tours.

A PLEASANTRY OF PENNY-A-LINING.

IN the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the other week, appeared a letter from "AN ISRAELITE," complaining that whereas when a Christian of any denomination is charged before a Magistrate with any act of dishonesty, reporters never mention his religious creed, whenever the person accused of such an offence is one of the Hebrew community, they always take care to describe the prisoner as a Jew. But surely this practice ought to give no offence to "AN ISRAELITE." When a member of the Church of England, a Roman Catholic, a Methodist, a Baptist or Dissenter of any kind picks a pocket, robs a till, breaks open a house, passes bad money, or receives stolen goods, he does no more than what people in general know well enough that many others of his persuasion are quite capable of. They see nothing extraordinary in the commission of any theft or fraud by a fellow-Christian. But when a rogue or a thief happens to profess the Jewish religion, that does appear to them a very extraordinary circumstance. As such it strikes the reporters. When they note that the culprit is a Jew, what they mean to denote is that he is a scandalous exception to the generality of Jews—a pretty fellow, as the familiar saying is, to call himself a Jew. On consideration of this way of putting the case, "AN ISRAELITE" must see that the Children of Israel have cause to acknowledge a compliment, and not to resent an insult, in the practice which he reprehends on the part of the historians at a penny-a-line.

More Good News.

THE war in Paraguay has suddenly collapsed, and after two years and a half of fighting, somebody has granted something which was all somebody else wanted, and there's an end. We believe—at least the boys home from school say—that Paraguay is in America, and it's as likely to be there as anywhere else. We know nothing more on the subject, but that does not make us less rejoiced at this happy pacification, and we are quite equal to see fireworks if there is a Paraguay Ambassador, and he likes to treat us.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

SIR,—The Civil Service Examination Commissioners beg to inform you that in future Candidates will be required to pass in the more important duties of the particular branch of the service they may enter; for instance, the Foreign Office Candidates will have to pass "in Hair-Dressing and the Cultivation of Moustachios." The Home Office in "The Use of the Umbrella," and so on. The Commissioners wish it to be understood that all Candidates will have to pass in the following:—Three Commissioners will be in attendance with gimlets, skates, printed forms, and a Surgeon, from 11 till 3 o'clock, at the Bridge, St. James's Park (3*s.* 6*d.* will have to be deposited in the Commissioners' hands till the skates are returned).—Yours, &c.

1 THE CRACKSMAN.—STATE YOUR FEELINGS IN THIS POSITION.

2. THE BUSTER.—IS THIS CONSIDERED A DIGNIFIED POSITION?

3. THE LADIES' SETTLE.—GIVE NAMES OF VARIOUS LADIES OF DISTINCTION WHO HAVE FALLEN IN THIS POSITION, WITH DATES.

4 THE ARROW.—IT BEING A POSITION FULL OF POETRY, GIVE YOUR IDEAS ON POETRY.

5. THE MUGGER.—GIVE THE REASON THIS WAS SO NAMED.

6. THE SIDE SLOM.—STATE REASON FOR ASSUMING THIS POSITION.

7. THE RHODIAN.—THIS IS, OF COURSE, FROM THE COLOSSUS, WRITE HIS HISTORY AND UNFORTUNATE END.

8. "WALKER."—STATE THE NUMBER OF TIMES YOU HAVE HEARD "WALKER" USED DURING YOUR LIFE, AND THE NATURE OF THE CONVERSATION AT THE TIME?

9. THE SPREAD EAGLE.—DESCRIBE SENSATION.

10. THE CHURCHWARDEN.—STATE WHETHER YOU CONSIDER A CHURCHWARDEN A MAN AND A BROTHER.

11. THE MONUMENT.—GIVE THE DATE WHEN NELSON'S MONUMENT WAS FINISHED.

12. PASSED.—3*s.* 6*d.* RETURNED, LESS 6*d.* FOR SKATES.

THE POPE ON THE PEA-HENS.

THE POPE has issued a decree against the extravagant style of dress adopted by the Roman ladies. He complains that the Romans seem to forget that a church is the House of God, and that "probably the cause of the evil is to be found in the conduct of the women, who when they go to church dress as if for a theatre or fashionable promenade."

Poor, dear, old PIO NONO! If he feels all this about the ladies at St. Peter's what would he say if he saw them at St. Barnabas'? * Suppose Protestant pastors were for once to take a leaf out of the book of the Papal pastor-in-chief, and to pour from their pulpits, on a set Sunday, a combined volley on the vanities of butterfly bonnets, the enormities of chignons, and the sinfulness of sweeping tails?

The Cardinal Vicar, publishing the POPE's decree, announces that women with extravagant head-dresses are not in future to be admitted to the Communion-table. English ladies may argue that they would not fall within that prohibition, seeing that their head-dresses, so far from being extravagant, are becoming small by degrees and beautifully less, till they threaten to vanish altogether—unless, indeed, "hair" be considered as head-dress, in which case it must be owned that *chignons are* extravagantly dear, and Auricomous fluid as costly as if it were, indeed, the liquid gold whose name it usurps, instead of chloride of potassium.

Perhaps, when pulpit eloquence becomes practical, we shall hear sermons preached from a certain well-known passage, in which one of the greater prophets has relieved his mind against the fine ladies of Jerusalem, with the necessary adaptation to the fashions of our own day. Whenever and wherever that text is properly handled, *Mr. Punch* will be found with his Judy—to point its moral, as pulpit morals should be pointed, at the wife of his bosom.

In the meantime the fact that the POPE has led the way in the crusade against the fantastic extravagance of ladies' toilettes, supplies the best argument we have ever met with in favour of the celibacy of the priesthood. The Roman Catholic priest *can* afford to pitch into the pet sins of the sex. The unfortunate British Clergyman, a model paterfamilias in enjoyment or expectancy, knows that *that* ground is *taboo* to him, and is reduced to dilate on masculine enormities.

* To say nothing of the officiating ministers.—ED.

By Name and Nature.

THE late ROBERTS and STEPHENS branches of the Fenian faction in the States are henceforth to be known as the ROBERTS and *SAVAGE* branches. The latter is evidently the branch at the bottom of such Fenian exploits as the Clerkenwell explosion.

A BIRD OF GOOD OMEN.

THE old Army Stick-in-the-Muds have got it now. Hooray for the new Controller-in-Chief! Down with the Logs, and up with the STORKS!

A FENIAN WITH A CHIGNON.

ALLOW me, *Mr. Punch*, to congratulate you (although somewhat late) on the gallantry which has induced the Fenian conspirators to make women partakers of their plot. Of course we know all about it. Thank the "American Fenian" who, in addition to the enlightenment which she afforded us on that subject in *Tinsleys' Magazine*, has been so kind as to give us a little more in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Why do I take that writer to be a woman? In the first place because she has let the cat out of the bag. In the next, because she writes in the spirit of a woman who is as mad as a snake, venting her spite in taunts of the same import as those which, spoken by low females, sometimes occasion wives to be stamped upon by their husbands, and account for the black eyes exhibited by many of the weaker sex in the slums. Thirdly, the unreason of this American, that is, of course, American Irish, Fenian is more than Irish! It is feminine, too. It transcends that of the Irishman. It plainly bespeaks an Irishwoman. Let us call her BIDDY.

BIDDY will have it that we are all a set of hypocrites for saying that the Fenians who murdered BRETT were hanged for mere murder. She insists that their punishment was a political execution. BIDDY seems never to have asked herself whether, if the accomplices in rescuing whom they shot a policeman, had been mere thieves, her Fenian friends would not have been certainly hanged all the same.

Because the murder of BRETT was committed on behalf of fellow-traitors instead of fellow-thieves, BIDDY argues that it was the mere incident of a political act, and not murder at all at all. Killing is no murder when it is treason besides, according to BIDDY. Treason makes murder justifiable homicide. At this rate the assassination of MR. LINCOLN was a political act, and what sanguinary tyrants the American Government were to hang the confederates of WILKES BOOTH!

Then BIDDY calls the hanging of the Manchester Fenians a political execution. If it was not a political execution, a merely political execution, why, asks BIDDY, were soldiers stationed to guard the scaffold? Och, sure, not because it was a political execution, but only because it was thought to be one by some spectators of BIDDY's way of thinking, who would, as BIDDY knows, then and there have repeated the very crime for which the convicts were to suffer, if fear had not restrained them.

Why, if the killing of BRETT was murder, inquires BIDDY, don't we demand of the United States Government the extradition of those Fenians concerned in it who ran away, and got off to America? Whether or no that deed was murder the American judges, she says, might be trusted to decide. Might they? No doubt they might in a parallel case—if a party of conspirators, engaged in a plot for Southern independence were, in the attempt to rescue an accomplice from custody, to shoot an officer of the United States in Washington or New York—particularly in case any of them were British sympathisers. Does BIDDY entertain any doubt that American judges would send the performers of such a political operation to the gallows? Performed at Manchester by American Irish Fenians they would possibly consider it quite another thing.

For one hint which BIDDY is so kind as to offer us, we are her debtors. She says that the English people are no longer loyal, and suggests that they have become disloyal from not seeing so much as they once saw of Royalty. This is so far from being exactly true that the demonstrators in Hyde Park would probably, on invitation, have at any time given three cheers for the QUEEN. But the disaffection of a minority, which exists, has certainly grown up in Royalty's absence, and most of it might, doubtless, be very soon dispelled by a due exhibition of the light of the Royal countenance. Let us be grateful to BIDDY for a hint which she will be vexed to see most graciously taken.

Poor BIDDY! She, and the men she is mixed up with, would fain taunt or frighten us into treating Fenians, even if assassins also, as prisoners of war. Oh yes, and give them the position of belligerents! As if we were, as the schoolboys say, so jolly green. But perhaps, *Mr. Punch*, I am mistaken all this while. The "American Fenian" may be no BIDDY, but a loyal Briton, masquerading in green petticoats. Others also, who want us to treat Fenians as belligerents may really be their deadly enemies in disguise. Talk to us of acknowledging the Fenians' belligerent character, and allowing them belligerent rights! With the view, perhaps, of causing us to take very good care that there shall be no mistake upon that point—by hanging without mercy every Fenian we can catch. But we won't lose our temper. Only when policemen are shot dead in the discharge of their duty, whether for the rescue of a traitor or a thief, we shall continue to treat their assassination as murder, by the lave of BIDDY, darlint, and her associates, or widout their lave, bedad, and by

JINGO.

A Plant in Season.

Now is the time of year when Managers of Theatres show a botanical taste, for there is not one of them who does not do his best to have a great rush at his doors.

THE ANTI-FENIAN ORATOR.

THE moments of wise hesitation are past,
And the Bromwicham Statesman has spoken at last,
To say, in grave times, just the thing that is right
Whom could you expect, if not loyal JOHN BRIGHT?

How mild and forbearing the censure he throws,
In dignified strain, on political foes!
Their acts with what candour and justice he weighs,
And qualifies blame, where he can, with due praise!

How little resentment you hear him express
Of free comments made on himself by the Press!
As ready at taking or giving a stroke,
He simply refutes them, or passes with joke.

And now, when good men, of all parties and creeds,
Unite against doers of villanous deeds,
How nobly, above the mere demagogue's view,
He soars in denouncing that infamous crew!

JOHN BRIGHT has a heart, and he is not ashamed
To say that he pities the killed and the maimed,
And hates all the dastards who plot and conspire
To blast and blind women and children with fire.

He dares to speak out like a true man of peace
Against Fenian traitors who shoot the Police,
For law and for Order, he takes his firm stand:
You heard his voice, trumpet-like, ring through the land.

He's no man to offer a ready excuse,
With weak condemnation of treason broke loose,
On stump and on platform he ever contends
Against England's foes, on the part of her friends.

This patriot, eloquent, noble, sincere,
A hundred miles would not the wise go to hear?
How great is their wisdom who lend him their ears,
And hail his right loyal orations with cheers!

A COMPETITOR FOR THE PLATE.

MR. PUNCH,

WHERE, it is asked by people apparently concerned about us rather than themselves, do we go to when we die? They mean to inquire what becomes of our carcases, proverbially never seen. They deny us spirits—otherwise than as the United Kingdom Alliance would deny gin and whiskey to people sufficiently like ourselves to be content with mere water. Yet who knows that it is not our ghosts who rap the tables through which some persons think, with some reason, that they correspond with their deceased relatives?

We do not die; we disappear. That would do pretty well for the first line of a "spirit-song," of average quality. It would, however, express only partial truth. We die fast enough; though it is true that we disappear in an unaccountable manner. Now, Sir, allow me to propose our claim to have our disappearnce visibly accounted for. Intercede for us that we may be decently put out of sight. I do not propose a plea for any funeral rites. Those who care about the disposal of their earthly remains, as such, have less head by half than we have, and two fewer legs. But do not let us go to the dogs—and the cats. Hippophagy, I see, has just been imported from France. Why should not Onophagy be tried in England? I will venture to back myself for tenderness and flavour, to afford as good a steak, a round, an aitch-bone, a sirloin, to yield quite as good a *consommé*, an *escaloppe*, an *eminée*, a *culotte*, a *filet piqué*; yes, or as good oil as that noble animal the horse, as he is offensively styled. I am as a clean a feeder, and a daintier drinker. Why do I want to become food for Man rather than any of the other carnivora? Not because I have so little sense as to desire a fancy sepulchre in the human stomach. Not with any silly concern for this carcase, dead and senseless, but with a sensible regard for it living. If you eat me, you will take good care that I shall be well and comfortably stalled and fattened when past work, and you will have me dispatched at once by the butcher, instead of being left to perish almost as wretchedly as a pauper is. You will, on the contrary, make my latter days as easy as those of the horse whom you mean to devour. I think, then, you will see that, in asking to have the flesh of us fellows tried to see if it is not equal to horse-flesh, I am by no means an unwise animal, although you may write me down

AN ASS.

P.S. How do I contrive to write? How do some other donkeys?

CONTRARY TO EXPECTATION.—It is rather disappointing at a Christmas party, when you have been told that a girl is pretty certain to come, to find when she arrives that she is certainly plain.

DENSE DARKNESS AT FARNHAM.

WHEN ploughboys are illiterate, blame the Bishop of the diocese. According to this rule what will MR. BRIGHT say of a right reverend prelate who lives at Farnham, and under whose nose the following address was composed, the *Times* informs us, by a body of gentlemen:—

"To the Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and Guardians of the Farnham Union.—We the undersigned ratepayers and inhabitants of the several parishes constituting the above union desire to convey an expression of our entire confidence in you as the representatives of the ratepayers, and that (*sic*) you have, in our opinion, at the sacrifice of much valuable time and anxious labour (although fettered with legal and official restrictions), performed the duties of your office in a most just and conscientious manner. We at the same time beg to express our extreme regret that you should have been subjected to the serious charges recently made against you, and which (*sic*) have occasioned the late painful inquiry."

What may the state of education among the rustics in the neigbourhood of Farnham be supposed to be, when a number of gentry are found capable of writing such grammar as that above annotated? Will the Honourable Member for Birmingham omit to take the opportunity afforded him by the publication of the foregoing address of denouncing the Bishop of Winchester?

It will probably, however, be questioned whether the intelligence, evidenced by the specimen of English written by a body of Farnham gentlemen, is not very considerably higher than the moral qualities with which it is associated. By what conduct have the Farnham Guardians and their Chairman earned the confidence of the ratepayers? By making all proper arrangements for rendering their workhouse a healthy and comfortable abode? If so, the "painful inquiry" into the state of that institution will issue in a report which must give all parties to its management extreme pleasure. Of course they will be gratified to hear their asylum for the infirm and sick poor everywhere referred to as the Model Workhouse. In that case beneficence will prove to have been *supra grammaticam*—only a rather too exalted beneficence. But the enthusiastic recognition, in bad English, of a mere saving of rates, argues a stinginess not above bad grammar—a not too exalted stinginess.

However, the gentlemen in question may indignantly deny that they are stingy; for—

"A subscription list has also been opened for the purpose of raising a fund for the purchase of a testimonial to be presented to MR. S. NICHOLSON, Chairman of the Board, the contributions to which are limited to 5s., and solely collected from the ratepayers and inhabitants of the parishes comprised within the union."

Solely collected from the ratepayers of the Union, and the inhabitants of the parishes therein? Surely, if the workhouse of Farnham Union is the model workhouse, the subscription for a testimonial to its Chief Guardian should be open to the universe. The Farnham Workhouse is at any rate universally celebrated. The amount of subscription should also be limited to the lowest coin, to enable poor people on the brink of pauperism gratefully to join in it. A handsome service of gold plate might be provided with their united coppers.

As it is, perhaps the testimonial most suitable for presentation to the Chairman of the Farnham Board of Guardians would be a copy of the New Testament, handsomely bound, together with an equally well got up volume containing the complete description of Farnham Workhouse compiled from the *Lancet*.

A DEAL IN A NAME.

WE learn from the *Pall Mall Gazette* that a vivacious *Vet*, called CLARK, advertises a lotion for strains by the euphonious title of CLARK'S "Neurasthenippouskelesterizo." The name, if not the physic, is evidently extracted from Greek roots, and resolved into its elements means, "I strengthen the weak nerves of horses' legs." . . . Well may this be called CLARK'S medicine! It needs a "learned clerk," indeed, to swallow such an amount of heathen Greek, and still more, to get it up again.

We should like to hear the Whitwall or Black Hambleton version of this cacophonous compound. If *crack-jaw* constitutes a title to trial on *cracks' legs*, MR. CLARK may claim such a trial for his lotion. We should recommend him to offer a prize of a dozen bottles to any trainer or stud-groom who succeeds in pronouncing the word, and two dozen to any one who achieves the tremendous feat of writing it.

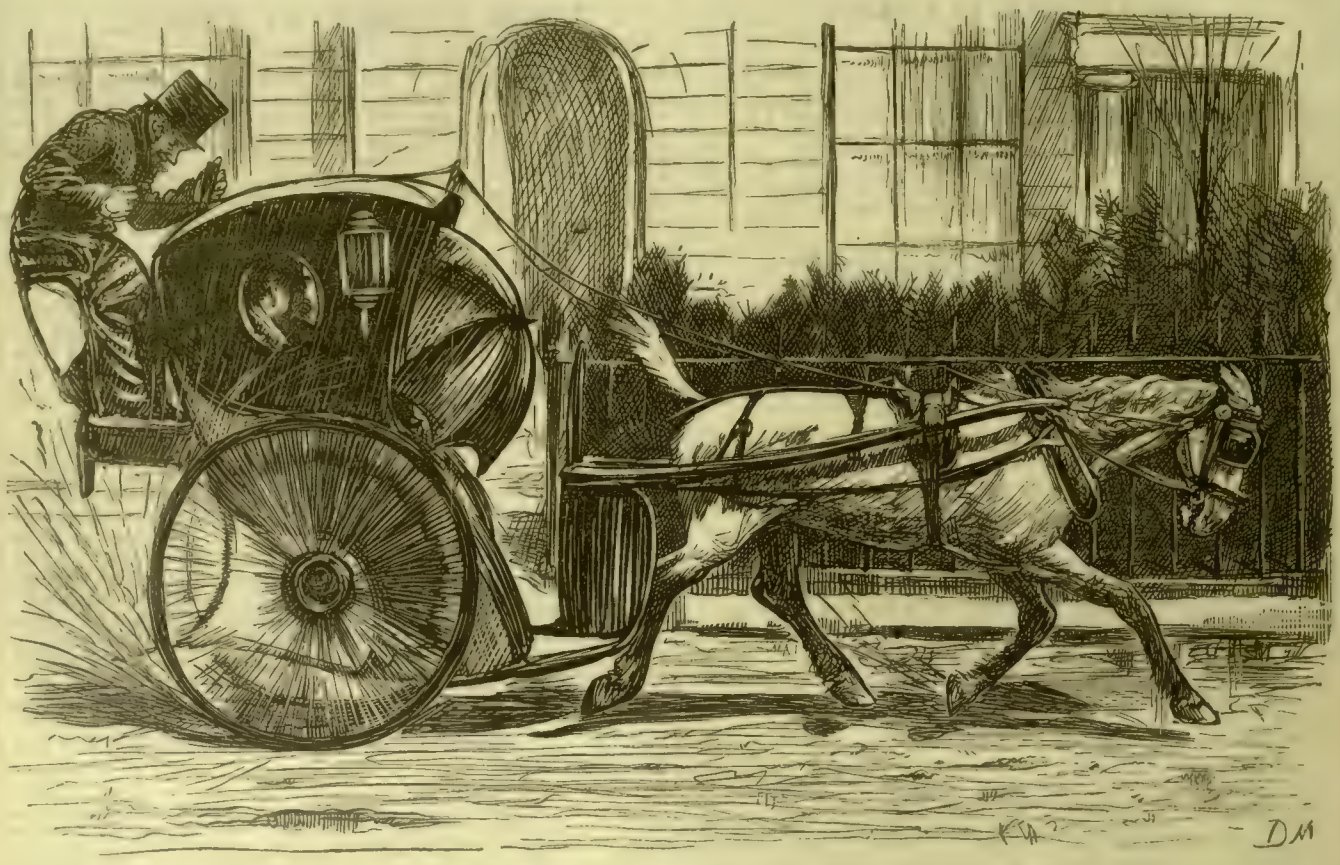
A DESIDERATUM.

THE new Master of Eton is named HORNBY. Considering how Eton boys spell, a better name were HORNBOOK?

WHERE is Pale Ale mentioned in *Horace?* Give it up?

"Non ego te, *candide Bassa*-reu,
Invitum *quatiam*."—*Odes*, I. xviii. 11.

Please don't *shake it*.



EDWIN AND ANGELINA

ARE UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT IT IS STILL "RAINING CATS AND DOGS;" WHEREAS THE SUN HAS BEEN SHINING BRIGHTLY FOR THE LAST TWENTY MINUTES. CABBY'S DELIGHT AT THIS TRANSCENDS ALL BOUNDS.

OUR COMBUSTIBLES OF COMMON LIFE.

In the good old days departed,
Before Chemistry had started
On the fast career of progress which 'tis travelling at now,
There was naught that went bang louder,
Did more damage than gunpowder.
We have things that far exceed it both in violence and row.

Modern chemic science culminates
Not only in the fulminates
Of mercury, and silver more destructive of the two;
But in compounds less expensive,
And in use thus more extensive
Than are those which can be got but by comparatively few.

There's the chloride of ammonium,
To be named with small encomium,
And the iodide of nitrogen, employed that ne'er have been,
For they both consist unsteadily;
Unlike girls, go off too readily:
But in common application we have nitro-glycerine.

Then the public hold hath gotten
Of that other stuff, gun cotton,
Which for sport, or war, or mining, is a substance good at need.
When our housewives used to sew up
Cotton garments, of a blow up
With that peaceable material they little dreamt indeed.

We've all sorts of little matches,
To be fired by rubs or scratches,
And many of them, off, when they are trodden on, will go,
These are all so many dangers
Whereunto our sires were strangers:
And moreover, add to these the spirit-oils they didn't know.

There are hydrocarbons various,
Naphtha volatile, precarious,
There are paraffine and petroline that light unsafe afford;
And in warehouses these matters,
Which, inflamed, blow all to shatters,
Are in quantities immense amid our crowded cities stored.

Would the Romans and Athenians,
Had they had amongst them Fenians,
And explosive preparations and combustibles that flare,
Not, with wise and prompt decision,
Have made competent provision
Against having docks, marts, arsenals, and houses blown in air?

LAST ECHO OF CHRISTMAS.

All her foreign Representatives are ordered to come rushing into Russia. The *Telegraph* is severe, and hints that Russia either means mischief, or wants to make Europe think she does. Christmas is over, but let us be charitable for a minute longer. Is there not fearful distress in the South of Russia? Are not contributions being begged for in England in aid of the starving Russians? Let us hope, dear *Telegraph*, that the question for this council is not Turkey, but Beef. Russia is not desirous to prepare for murdering foreigners, but to take Steppes to save her own children. And this is the last bit of charity we mean to indulge in for a long time. Who'll tread on the tail of our coat?

Darkness that May be Smelt.

We don't exactly know what Mr. Matthew Arnold means by "Sweetness and Light," but we can give that accomplished gentleman a capital illustration of the opposite of both—London Gas.

Motto for Travellers by 'Busses.—"*In Omnibus Caritas.*"

"WHO'S AFRAID?"

MR. PUNCH. "ON BEHALF OF MYSELF AND THE REST OF THE NATION, MAY I ASK—IS YOUR MAJESTY AFRAID?"
THE QUEEN. "AFRAID! O DEAR NO, MR. PUNCH! ARE YOU?"

TRUTH IN BLACK AND WHITE.

PUNCH is once more in the black books of the Black Country for his lines on the translation of BISHOP SELWYN from New Zealand to Lichfield and Coventry.

He had the same crow to pick with the same cavillers some twelve months ago, when, in an article entitled "The Black Country: is it as Black as it is painted?"* he gave his reasons for what he had said in some lines on the inauguration of PRINCE ALBERT'S statue at Wolverhampton, as to the state of morals, manners, and education among the workers of that region of coal and iron. He begs to refer MR. LAWLEY, of 27, Broad Street, Bilston (correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post*), to that article. It would be superfluous to reprint here the extracts from the Report of the Children's Employment Commission of 1864, therein quoted. But if MR. LAWLEY has not got that report, let him get it, and read, mark, and inwardly digest it.

MR. LAWLEY keeps up the character of Bilston for strong language. We give his letter the benefit of such publicity as *Mr. Punch* can help him to, though we hardly see how that will help him, if we are to accept as gospel the comment which the editor of the *Daily Post* has appended to his letter:—

"[There is one consolation. *Punch* is only looked at for the sake of the pictures; nobody *reads* him now.—ED. *D.P.*]"

If this be true, we cannot understand how MR. LAWLEY came to know of our offence; and, above all, why he should be so angry at it. Perhaps, even if *Mr. Punch* is not worth reading when he writes *in propriâ personâ*, MR. LAWLEY'S letter may gain him *some* readers. MR. LAWLEY charges *Mr. Punch* with writing—

"Of 'Wednesbury roughs,' 'Tipton cads,' and 'Bilston Bullies,' as though he had been asleep, *à la* Rip Van Winkle, for half-a-century, and was describing people of that remote period. Associated with such characters, one wonders he did not mention 'cockings,' 'bull baitings,' 'highwaymen,' and 'blunderbusses.' They would have made excellent materials for such poetry (?) as his; but even *Punch* knew that that would have been a little overdoing it.

"If *Mr. Punch* believes that the Black Country is the same now as it was fifty years ago, he must be a very antiquated old fellow indeed. He knows well enough, I take it, that 'moral' standards—unlike commercial ones—change whenever education and religion are brought to bear upon a people; and that these levers have been used *Punch* may or may not believe. Ill does it become a moralist to preach of sin and crime when he is guilty of charging a people of crimes which are as unfounded as they are mean, and which he knows to be so. I had always thought that the first principle in journalism was truthfulness, but *Punch* seems to consider its antipodes the primary qualification, at least so far as the Black Country is concerned. He has, in his character of satirist, stooped from his proper sphere to attack an industrious people, who, it may be as well to say, take their distinctive title, not from their social, moral, or spiritual darkness—in the latter of which *Mr. Punch* seems to be deeply dyed, or he would have, at least, a drop of the 'milk of human kindness'—but from the nature of their employment, and the appearance of the country. Surely there can be no reproach in this.

"However much *Mr. Punch* may ignore the true state of the Black Country people, it is certain intelligent men will never believe that Staffordshire Englishmen are more savage, more brutal, more ignorant, and more beastly than the poor aborigines of New Zealand."

Mr. Punch would be but too glad if, like *Rip Van Winkle*, he *could* fall asleep, not over the Black Country only, but over every manufacturing district of England, to wake, in fifty years, and find education for ignorance, thrift and comfort for improvidence and squalor, gentleness and refinement for coarseness and brutality, in man and womankind: health and happiness, rosy cheeks and childish glee, for sickliness and suffering, stunted body and pallid cheek, decrepitude of body, and deadening of mind—bitter fruits of premature and unwholesome toil—among children. We say it with deep conviction, and with a shame of which we are quite ready to take our full share, that there is to be found, in those sad reports, on one of which our lines were founded, such a picture of English labouring life, not in the Black Country only, but in the lace-making and straw-plaiting, the cotton and silk-weaving districts, among the seamstresses and milliners of London, and the miners of Durham and Cornwall, as should make all English hearts heavy, and all English faces hot with remorse and shame. If there were no Nemesis for such things, there would be no beneficent Power to guide the universe, and mete out to men a just measure of consequences.

Where the blackness is so wide spread, it may be that *Mr. Punch has* been unjust in singling out any one spot in the sable waste. God knows, it would not have been hard to widen the application of his lines, and to insist on what he blushes to believe, that there is *no* industrial district of England but calls more urgently for real Christianising influences than New Zealand, or any outlandish Missionary station in the world.

The savagery at home *is* sadder than the savagery over sea, because it is savagery in the bosom of a so-called Christian land; because it is savagery at the elbow of civilisation; because it is ignorance, privation, childish over-toil, premature death, side by side with culture, luxury, and pampered enjoyment. Worse still, because our home-savages are savages of *our* making—savages bred of our unhallowed greed of gold; the *prolétariat* swarmed by a sordid system that dealt with human beings as *hands*, and ignored heads and hearts alike, for generations.

* See the Number for December 15, 1866.

We never said, or meant to say, that things were as bad in the Black Country now as they were fifty, forty, or twenty years ago. We are quite ready to believe, with a more courteous and kindly Black Country correspondent than MR. LAWLEY, that much has been done, and that much is doing, for religion, education, and civilisation in that region as everywhere else. We did not need this correspondent's assurance of the fact; but we are glad to put on record what he tells us of Tipton:—

"A Parish three and a half miles long by two and a half miles wide. Population about 30,000, and containing over thirty churches and chapels, to all of which Sunday Schools are attached, and Day Schools to many (one of which I know to have an average attendance of over 300), all this does not look like New Zealand aborigines. Statistics of crime smaller than in agricultural districts. Pray do not libel us by confounding the blackness of ignorance with the necessary blackness of occupation—an occupation very essential to England's greatness."

Yes, the working up of coal and iron is "very essential to England's greatness," no doubt; but not so essential as the working up of human hearts, now blacker than coal and harder than iron, into the beauty and strength and shapeliness of an instructed and well-ordered people.

If *Mr. Punch* has been unfair to the Black Country, he has, at least, been sinning in good company. Hear what MR. JUSTICE KEATING spoke from the Bench, in a Black Country case, not three weeks ago:—

"At the Stafford assizes the chief witnesses in a case were two young girls about fourteen years old, who are employed in canal boats. In cross-examination they both said they could neither read nor write; they had never been at school, church, or chapel, and they had never heard of the Bible. MR. JUSTICE KEATING, in his summing up to the Jury, thus remarked upon the subject—'I cannot help noticing the most deplorable state of matters shown by the evidence of these girls. We call ourselves a Christian people, and pride ourselves upon being a civilised nation. These two girls have said that they could neither read nor write; that they had never in their lives been at school, church, or chapel; that they had never heard of the Bible; and, as the learned counsel had suggested, in all probability they had never heard of a Divine Being. *We send out missionaries to the heathen, but what avails all this when we see such a state of things at home?*"

Mr. Punch echoes the learned Judge, in the last of those very lines of his which have given such offence to MR. LAWLEY, and asks again, "What 's the savage o'er sea, to the savage at home?"

THE "SPECIALS'" PROCLAMATION;

OR, TWO WRONGS MAKE ONE RIGHT.

WE have hitherto believed this logical contradiction to be beyond the possibility of any other solution; but we live in strange times, which produce results of a like character. The proclamation below speaks for itself: it is composed of two Fenian proclamations; (Manchester and Clerkenwell) and when read separately there can be but little doubt about there being two outrageous "Wrongs;" but let them be read as one whole Specials' Proclamation, (as "Hurrah for old England") and it cannot be denied that they are one "Noble Right."

Hurrah for	Old England
Fenianism	Is a curse
We fight for	The QUEEN and Constitution
The Fenian brotherhood	Is a league with Satan
We love	Free Speech
This Rebellion	Is treason
We glory in	a Free Press
Shooting and plunder	Will not be tolerated
We will not fight for	The "Centre's" freedom
England's welfare	must be secured
We must succeed	at every hazard
The Union	We love
We Love not	Such wreck and waste
And never said	Let the Union sink
We want	The Union
Foreign intervention	cannot be allowed
We cherish	The British Flag
The Emerald green	Is a flaunting lie
We venerate	The powers that be
Fenian Chivalry	Is hateful mockery
Down with	Mob Law
Law and Order	Shall Triumph.

Vivat Regina!

Literary News.

THE success of the pretty book called *The Six Sisters of the Valleys* has induced the author to announce *The Seven Brothers of the Lady's Maids.*

HORRIBLE IDEA

SUGGESTED BY THE TWISTED CHIGNON.

A MOST UNSEASONABLE IDEA.

DID you not shudder, my dear *Mr. Punch*, when you read CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN's letter in the *Times*, advocating a voyage of Arctic discovery at this time of the year? The thermometer is now down below the freezing-point. I am sitting near a fire, but can hardly write, my fingers are so benumbed. The cold in England is more than intense enough. I am much too far North to think, without horror of going any farther in that direction now. At present I should suppose that, if anybody entertained an idea of an exploring expedition, he would rather contemplate researches in the interior of Africa. I should very much prefer the Equator to the North Pole for myself.

If this were Midsummer now, instead of Christmas-time, and if it were blazing hot instead of bitterly cold, I could understand a man's wishing to be afloat in the Polar sea, if not ice-bound. When ice is a luxury, one feels a natural inclination to get into it. Now our feelings prompt most of us to envy the inhabitants of the Torrid Zone. CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN must be a man of very ardent temperament to be capable of conceiving the suggestion that makes me shiver. That is it. He is fired with the professional enthusiasm of a British Naval Officer, who wants something to do. Perhaps that would suffice to keep him warm at zero. He can be actuated by nothing else but mere geographical curiosity. Sir, however, I respect that. I am no Philistine, although I confess myself

A SYBARITE.

Warming-Pan Villa. New Year's Eve.

A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD WORK.

MR. GROVE, the zealous secretary of the Palestine explorers, complains that funds are not forthcoming for their interesting work. Specially he murmurs that the Clergy are not liberal in subscribing, to which the Clergy—at least, some of them—may possibly reply that, while so many a poor Curate is wanting help in England, they can hardly be expected to send money to Jerusalem. Still, the parsons might subscribe a sermon to the fund. The exploration of the Holy Land is surely a fit theme for comment from the pulpit, and a collection for the fund might follow the discourse. Further small subscriptions might be fittingly obtained, if every diner-out this Christmas would but kindly give a guinea to the Palestine explorers after every occasion of his swallowing a plateful of Palestine soup. All who do so may be sure that the fund which they are helping will be wisely and well spent. MR. GROVE has well explained the object and the benefit of the work he has in hand, and every one who knows him will certify, if need be, that he assuredly is not one of the GROVE of Blarney.

BRITANNIA DOING PENANCE IN HER BALANCE SHEET.

SAID PUNCH to BRITANNIA, gloomily brooding
O'er her balance-sheet squared, for the twelvemonth just past,
"Why that frown, dear Mamma, on your forehead intruding,
That sigh, up and down as sum-totals you cast?

"True, a few hundred thousand Excise may have dwindled,
Nor does Income-Tax show so plethoric a purse;
But still, for a year, when finance has so swindled,
And credit collapsed so, things *might* have been worse.

"There's the 'Customs,' you see, show a rise on the quarter,
And the 'Post Office,' still, has a surplus in store;
'Miscellaneous Returns' aren't perceptibly shorter,
And 'Stamps' might have really fallen off more.

"Then cheer up, old Lady; Threadneedle Street owns
No cause for thus clouding your new-year felicity,"—
But the Old Lady will not cheer up, only groans,—
"What are 'Customs' and 'Stamps' to my lost elasticity!

"Time was that my income kept swelling and swelling,
As if 'twas the law of its nature to swell,
Without docking taxes, or outward propelling
Of trade, still each year the same tale used to tell.

"Still I bought more and sold more, ate heartier, felt stronger,
And found every year more I'd spent and more made:
But that's at an end—I'm elastic no longer;
No, 'go' in my commerce, no tide in my trade.

"My business is on its beam-ends for the present,
And harm done that can't be so easy repaired,
For what with financing and making things pleasant,
My credit I've crippled, and capital scared.

"Oh, had I but stuck to hard toil and fair trading,
Not taken to paper and kite-flying games,
For advances in cash looked to good bills of lading,
Not to 'pig-upon-bacon'* straw-men and their names!

"Had I ticked rogues as rogues, branded swindlers as swindlers,
Nor at rascaldom winked, if for millions it threw,
My commerce and credit had not both been dwindlers,
My balance-sheet minus, my look-ahead blue.

"For my turkey and chine I had still felt inclined,
Nor to the sad fact given shameful publicity,
That poor old BRITANNIA is knocked out of wind,
Out of credit, and commerce, and—worse—elasticity!"

* City slang for accommodation bills, in which A draws on himself under different names, right hand on left, and *vice versâ*.

GETTING ON BY DEGREES.

IT appears that, annually, about thirty-six thousand Tramps pervade England, and are good enough to patronise the Union Hotels established by the rate-payers. But there be Tramps and Tramps. There are lazy rascals who like a lounging life, and are content to eat dirty bread; that is, bread that is not earned. There are honest fellows who are obliged to wander in search of work, and who deserve to be holpen on their way. Some of the counties—fifteen, we read in the *Standard*—have devised a Test, and it seems to work reasonably well. Honest Tramp, when leaving a Union, must take a ticket, appointing him his next halt, which is a good way off, and when he gets there, he must do a good bit of work. Then he receives relief on what is called the First Class Scale, sufficing food, decent bed. Rascal Tramp, who neglects these formalities, is relieved on the Second Class Scale, which can by no means be called luxury. These are prosy details, but *Mr. Punch* is so pleased to see any exemplification of Brains in relation to the treatment of the poor, that he gives himself leave to note the facts, adding that, according to the reports, many of the Tramps who can't take a First Class, become Wranglers.

A Very Ill Bird.

M. THIERS, in his war-speech, protested against defensive war. He said, "A defensive war begins when one has been unfortunate. I add that it is *little in accordance with our national character*."

Which, then, must be Offensive.

The deduction is M. THIERS's, not ours. We adore French persons.

L'EMBARRAS DU CHOIX.

Well-armed and deliberate Party (aside). "NOW, JUST LET ME SEE! THE QUESTION IS SIMPLY THIS: SHALL I USE MY SWORD-STICK, MY LIFE-PRESERVER, MY NEW 12-CHAMBERED REVOLVER, OR THE KNUCKLEDUSTER IN THE LEFT TAIL-POCKET OF MY DRESS-COAT?"

A NEW HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE Reform Bill being passed, there is properly a cry for extending education among the poorer classes, that they may become worthy to be trusted with a vote. But in order to be educated, children must be fed, for brains grow weak and useless unhelped by bread and meat. Our ragged schools do wonders in their teaching of poor children, and would do greater wonders still if the children were well fed. A child that hungers after knowledge can, however, hardly pay attention to his lessons, supposing he be also craving after food. So a new Humane Society has sensibly been formed for the purpose of providing weekly dinners for poor children, whose—

"Almost constant destitution of food is not only laying the foundation of permanent disease in their debilitated constitutions, but reduces them to so low a state, that they have not vigour of body or energy of mind sufficient to derive any profit from the exertions of their teachers."

This new Humane Society is conducted by LORD SHAFTESBURY and a dozen other gentlemen, whose names afford a guarantee that what they do will be well done. What they have already done is modestly thus stated:—

"Experience has proved that one substantia meat dinner per week has a marked effect on the health and powers of the children. Such a meal may be supplied with facility, and with little danger of abuse, in or near their school-room, under the management of the teachers and local committees. Fifteen thousand good solid dinners have been supplied in Westminster and Chelsea by means of this society at a cost of four-pence per dinner, all expenses included, of which one penny has, according to a rule of the society, been paid by each child before obtaining a dinner ticket."

Among the middle classes, and the upper too, perhaps, children as a rule have too much to eat at Christmas, and the same thing may be said of many an "old boy" who is a constant diner-out. In their plethora, they hardly will much pity the poor little ones, whose appetites are rarely blest with dinners made to match. An Alderman who never has been hungry in his life can scarcely have much sympathy for people who are starving, because hunger is to him an agreeable sensation, forerunning a luxurious and copious repast. Still, Christmas is a season when the organ of benevolence is usually in tune, and the Poor Dinners Society is surely a fit theme on which an overture of purse-strings may be founded or proposed. If all who over-eat or over-drink themselves this Christmas will but fine themselves five shillings in their next morning's repentance, and forward them to MESSIEURS RANSOM, Bankers, Pall Mall East, many a little ragged scholar will get a Christmas dinner, and be all the wiser, and the healthier, and happier for having the good meal.

"BENE VALE, OCULE MI."

AN accident to a prime face is not, *primâ facie*, a thing to joke about. But *Mr. Punch* is so resolved to congratulate MR. GLADSTONE on his escape from a serious disaster, that the compliment shall come in anyhow. He was watching a woodman who was not sparing that tree at Hawarden Castle, and was no doubt saying to himself that he would take an early opportunity of taking a chop like that at the present Democratic Cabinet, when a bit of Bark flew at him—just as if DIZZY had been answering him. We rejoice to learn that his eye, which was struck, is not likely to be permanently injured. He can see more with one eye than most men with two, but we shall want him for PREMIER, some of these days, with all his faculties about him, and not as *monops inter cœcos*.

A Foolish Fairy.

DEAR OBERON,

WHEN MR. PLANCHÉ, in his charming song, "*Over the dark blue Waters*," wrote "Fairest of Araby's Daughters," did he refer to BESS ARABIA?

Yours,

TITANIA.

ANOTHER WAY TO AVOID USING A FOUL WORD.

IT were an insult to the memory of one who never murdered a baby, or we would call them Fieschinians.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XII.—MY PORTABLE FRIEND.

MY Portable Friend is a dodger: an artful dodger. Not in a bad sense; far from it: he wishes to benefit his fellow-creatures—specially his travelling fellow-creatures.

Being, therefore, about to leave England (without my Late Friend), I call on SEYMOUR, the Portable.

I've got so accustomed to designate him as the Portable, that it does not occur to me until I see the word on paper, that few people, except his immediate friends, will understand my meaning.

Well, everything with him is comparatively valueless unless it is somehow or other a dodge, a portable dodge.

His hat, for instance, would be unworthy to bear the name of my Portable Friend, unless it was capable of being turned into a cloak, a warming-pan, an umbrella, or something equally startling, unexpected, and, in *his* opinion, "the most useful thing possible."

I will just premise that, Head Quarters having sent to say they wanted my attendance in London for some extra duty under the Olfactory Inspection Act, I was obliged to put off my departure from autumn until winter. Having said this much, I call on my Portable Friend.

I find him (it is winter) wrapped up in a variegated dressing-gown, and seated before the fire.

In front of him is a large glass cylinder on brass legs. By means of a handle he is turning this cylinder round and round slowly, eyeing its revolutions with an air of solemn, melancholy interest, his general appearance conveying the notion of a man testing the powers of a barrel-organ by its performance of the Dead March in *Saul*, or of a deaf gentleman under the impression that he is eliciting beautiful sounds from the instrument at hand.

"How d'ye do? Sit down," says he, without rising, or leaving off his grinding.

Not liking to disturb him, I take a seat, and watch his proceedings with some interest. If this were a private room in Hanwell, the performance would be an easier one to understand.

I say I take a seat—I should say the seat takes me, for no sooner do I attempt to place myself comfortably upon it, than its arms and legs suddenly join, seize me in a sort of embrace, and down I come on the floor.

"Ah!" says my Portable Friend, "that's a good dodge, isn't it? that's my sofa walking-stick, only it's a little out of order now. Take any other. No, not that," seeing me about to take a very easy-looking chair with a large back; "that's what I call my 'bath chair,' and if you sit on the centre button—exactly on the centre, mind,—it opens out into a large bath, and the water flows in from the back. The back is a tank."

Having escaped Scylla after my fall into Charybdis, I settle myself on a camp-stool, where, as the conjurors say, there can be no deception.

Presently crack, crack, crack, noises from somewhere like bon-bons being pulled. Thinking it the camp-stool, I jump up.

I am reassured by my Portable Friend, who tells me he has been expecting this result for the last two hours. It appears that the noises proceed from the glass barrel he is turning. Apparently satisfied, he commences putting away this infernal machine (nothing less apparently, only I hope my Portable Friend is not turning his peculiar talents to a bad use, in which case he might end on another curious invention), but I don't offer to assist him, being afraid of touching the apparatus.

I am about to try my camp-stool again, when he takes it up with an air of pride, and remarks, "There that *is* a camp-stool, a real camp-stool. A stool for a camp?"

I ask him what he means.

He explains. "In each of these legs is a revolver and a dagger. You are attacked at night when in camp, you are sitting down quietly. Well, instead of having to rush away for your sword and pistols, here you are, ready to hand, all loaded."

"And this is what I have been sitting on?"

"It is," he returns, "only perfectly safe. We live in such dangerous times that precautions are necessary."

"But," I inquire, "what were you doing when I came in?"

"Oh," says he, "that's an idea of mine for pipe-lighting, or cigar-lighting at a party. Galvanic battery to fit in the piano, then you turn a handle, it plays a tune and sends sparks round at the same time to everyone who wants to smoke. Capital notion for Christmas party, isn't it?"

I admit its excellence, but can't help asking if it wouldn't be more simple to adopt the old expedient of paper lights or matches.

"No," says he, rejecting such an idea disdainfully, as unworthy of the nineteenth century. "What's the good of galvanism if you can't utilise it?"

I own there's something in that.

He goes on to tell me that he is having a galvanic portmanteau fitted up, which is, from *his* account, to do everything except pay the expenses of a journey. It will mark the time, the distance, tell the day of the month, cook a dinner, be a bed, a carriage, a boat; perhaps he has even some idea of making it a horse. On occasion, with a little extra galvanism, it may be made to bark like a dog, or some other feat equally useful.

"So you're going to travel," he says. "Well, I'll tell you; you should get——"

But as his directions involve a great deal of explanation, I will leave them until the next time.

OYSTERS; A SPIRIT-WARNING.

(*Communicated to our own Circle by* DANDO, *the Oyster-Eater.*)

A MESSAGE from the Spirit-sphere,
List, ye who linger yet behind;
I found not any oysters here,
Which did at first disturb my mind.

The natives that I loved so well,
At Colchester which had their birth,
When in these climes I came to dwell,
At first oft drew me back to earth.

And oh, regretfully I cried,
Would I were in the world again,
To tuck into my dear inside
Those sweet molluscs as I did then!

But Spirits that have newly come
Where all of you will have to go,
Inform me what is now the sum
A dozen oysters cost below.

True, that would have been nought to me,
As I was in my mortal day,
But now it is not right, I see,
To eat your fill, and then not pay.

To point a moral is the care
Of all us disembodied souls;
Your oysters fail you. Now beware,
Says DANDO, how you waste your coals.

IRISH FOR IRELAND!

WHAT a set of boobies are those raving editors of Irish newspapers to keep up such a clamour as they do about their nationality, and to howl for separation from England on the ground that Englishmen are "the Saxon." The proper answer to this cry of Saxon is "You're another." The names of many of the fellows who raise it are as Saxon as SMITH and BROWN. Besides, what is the lauguage in which these frantic noodles vent their ferocity and mad disaffection? They inveigh against England, and the authority of England's Queen, in the Queen's own English! Language is the test of nationality. The very Yankees call themselves Anglo-Saxons. What are the Paddies who use the same speech but Hiberno-Saxons? If Irish were their native tongue, of course they would talk Irish. Do the writers of the *Irishman* and the *Nation* want to convince us of the reason and justice of their demand to have an Irish republic? Let them ask for it in Irish. "Ireland for the Irish!" is their war-cry, is it? Very well, then, they should shout it in the Irish language. Let them write leading articles in Irish if they want to be understood. Of course Irishmen understand Irish, and if Englishmen don't, so much the better for the purpose of journalists who want to write up treason, and incite savages to murder.

"Twopence More, and Up Goes the Donkey!"

PERHAPS. But the rule don't hold of the mule. We *have* paid our "twopence more" (Income-Tax), and the mules, at Zoulla, are not "going up" at all, but eating their heads off,—or dying of starvation, if they can't manage that feat,—on the sea-shore, bolting into the bush, poking themselves into the mess-tents, or wherever else they think there is a prospect of food or water. Altogether our mules in Abyssinia don't seem to answer. Perhaps we should have tried donkeys, and then, on the principle of "like to like," the authorities might have managed them better.

"PAINLESS DENTISTRY."—Drawing the Stumps at "Lord's."

OUR RAILWAY AT CHRISTMAS.

TIME—Dusk.

Season-Ticket Holder. "WHAT O'CLOCK WAS THAT STRUCK? FIVE? COME ON, THEN. IF WE MAKE HASTE, WE MAY BE IN TIME FOR THE 2·15!"

A SONG BY AN OLD FOGY.

AIR—"*I like to Sing the Old Songs!*"

I CANNOT sing the old songs,
For the fact is I've no voice;
But could I sing, the new songs
Should never be my choice.
I hate the vulgar ditties
That each Music Hall delight;
'Tis a thousand, thousand pities
Men such silly stuff should write.

I hate that "*Champagne Charley*,"
With its stupid, jingling air:
It makes me feel quite snarly,
For 'tis whistled everywhere.
I hate that "*Not for Joseph*,"
Which is every bit as bad,
But alas! 'tis hummed, or sung, or strummed,
By every Cockney cad.

Some old songs have been silly,
I am willing to allow:
Most stupid all with "tol de rol,"
Or else with "tow row row;"
Still I'd rather hear the old songs,
Tho' they may not wholly please,
Than vulgar squalls at Music Halls,
Which cads esteem "the cheese."

SPOTTING HIM.

THERE is a hitch in the improving of Park Lane. A contemporary says that this is due to the vaccination of LORD JOHN MANNERS. We can't make this out. The heads of the house of Rutland were notoriously model parents, and how LORD JOHN can have been allowed to go from 1818 to 1868 without vaccination, we cannot understand. However, better late than never, and we hope that the operation has been successful, and that we shall soon hear that LORD JOHN is attending to his business again.

[Since writing the above, we have seen the same information in another contemporary, only he spells the word "vacillation." The moral is the same; and we cannot think of cancelling our own admirable remarks.]

THE STAGE AND ST. STEPHEN'S.

THE following mottoes for Ministers, &c., will be found, on examination, more applicable than they appear at the first blush:—

The EARL OF DERBY.—*The Game of Speculation.* There is much fitness in this. The noble Earl's premiership will be distinguished by the passing of a measure which (quoting *Punch*) he has himself termed "A leap in the dark."

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—*A Winning Card.* Though we thought he had a bad hand, BENJAMIN kept his great card till the last, and there is no question about its being a winning one. He might have played it fairly when he ought to have done, though.

LORD STANLEY.—*Perfection.* This, of course, must be true, when both friends and foes are trumpeting his praises.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY.—*The School for Tigers.* Amply proved by his treatment of FINLEN and his companions, and the treatment he is prepared to give others of a like calibre.

MR. WALPOLE.—*Kind to a Fault.* Even his worst enemy will say this of our poor male Niobe.

LORD JOHN MANNERS.—*Caste.* The extreme propriety of this motto will not be denied when we remember that the noble Lord once wrote:—

> "Let laws and learning, arts and commerce die,
> But leave us still our old nobility."

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.—We had some thoughts of writing *He's a Lunatic*, but beg to substitute *Still Waters run Deep*, having especial reference to the attachment SIR JOHN has always borne to Household Suffrage, but which he never allowed to bubble up to the surface until recently.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. *Allow me to Explain.* The Right Hon. Gentleman, it will have been observed, is particularly anxious that his proper share in the "Reform Bill" should be distinctly understood, and consequently he is always asking to be allowed to explain. His proper position, however, stated briefly, is this:—that at the commencement of last Session he vowed he could never consent to Household Suffrage, whilst at its close he was a member of the Cabinet which passed it.

MR. WHALLEY.—*Man is not Perfect nor Woman neither.* The former is sometimes a long way from it. N.B. Note the present instance.

The Adullamites.—*A Little Flirtation*, illustrating their position with the present Government.

The Tory party.—*The School of Reform.* We say nothing respecting this, as the Schoolmaster recently said enough respecting it at Edinburgh.

FUSTIAN FROM FRANCE.

AMONG other manufactures our neighbours, the French, are certainly rivalling us in fustian. A specimen of this article was exposed the other day in a column of the *Times*. Its producers were French democrats, who addressing their British brethren on the subject of the Manchester martyrs to murder and treason, said, amongst other things altogether untrue:—

> "Ces trois hommes ont ét condamnés, non pour avoir tué deux chevaux et un agent de police! Ils ont été condamnés pour avoir délivré a leurs risques et périls deux chefs patriotes, le COLONEL KELLY et le CAPITAINE DEASY, revenus d'Amérique au secours de l'Irlande et pensant qu'après avoir affranchi les noirs, il était juste d'affranchir les blancs."

Fellows who assert that negro slaves and Irishmen are as black and white would be perfectly ready to declare the former colour the latter. They call DEASY and KELLY two patriots. What would they think of prisoners in custody on the charge of freeing a gentleman of his watch and chain, and would they approve of shooting a constable in order to rescue them?—

> "These three men have been condemned not for killing two horses and a policeman."

Horses first; policeman afterwards. This looks like supreme contempt for policemen; but what M. PYAT and his associates more likely feel is fear of them.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

HIS Evening is passed a considerable way from home; at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris. The Theatre is very full, the Second Act is just about to commence as we take our seats in the fauteuils d' orchestre. Behind us sit two young Englishmen, who, having mistaken the character of the place, appear in full evening dress, with white ties and gloves, and are generally supposed by their French neighbours to have been assisting at a wedding. They are about as conspicuous as they would be in Court dress in the stalls or front row of the pit at the Victoria Theatre, New Cut, Lambeth.

1st English Swell (*with a sense of his mistake*). The people never dress here, I notice.

His Friend. No. (*Looks round about him.*) But what queer sort of people to be in the Stalls.

[*On his left is a very fat Frenchman, who appears to have put off washing till to-morrow morning on account of the intensely cold weather. Behind him are three middle-aged, good-tempered looking females, evidently bent on a holiday amusement.*)

Woman (*with basket of oranges, apples, and sweet-stuffs, enters the row where they are sitting*). Messieurs, (*in a shrill, nasal tone*) des oranges, &c., pardon, M'sieu. [*He has to rise to let her pass.*

1st English Swell (*taken aback*). Hang it, we haven't made a mistake, eh? Fancy allowing this sort of thing in the Stalls!

[*Reflects on the idea of his going into the Drury Lane Gallery at Pantomime time, indulging in apples, oranges, and ginger beer, and becomes melancholy.*

His Friend (*suddenly inspired*). Ah, I see, this is a sort of Transpontine Theatre (*looks at his Friend*). We oughtn't to have dressed.

[*Three raps are heard, the Theatre is re-filled, the orchestra commences, and the curtain rises upon the Second Act of*

LES CHEVALIERS DU BROUILLARD.

SCENE—*A Carpenter's Workshop.*

1st English Swell (*who has evidently seen part of the First Act, and is somewhat mystified*). I say, ask for a book.

His Friend (*beckoning to a boy who appears at the entrance of the Stalls*). Garçon!

1st English Swell (*horrified*). I say, don't; he's not a waiter.

His Friend. Garçon, est-ce que vous avez un livre de la pièce?

[*Is evidently nervous as to the result of his question.*

Boy (*sharply, and in a very high pitched tone*). La pièce? Ouim'sieu. Cinquantecentimes (*all in one word*).

Friend (*takes Book, pays, and looks proudly at his Friend, as much as to say "See what it is to speak the language"*). There!

1st English Swell (*reading the cast*). Hallo! do you know what it is we're seeing, eh?

His Friend (*sorry to be obliged to own it after his recent triumph of language*). No.

1st English Swell (*utterly astounded*). Why, it's—it's—(*is uncertain*) no—it's—(*looks again*) yes, it is—it's *Jack Sheppard!!*

His Friend. Eh! What? (*Looks at book.*) Why, so it is. (*Reads the cast.*) MISTRESS SHEPPARD, JACK SHEPPARD, BLUSKINE,—why, it's HARRISON AINSWORTH'S.

1st English Swell. Yes; but (*points out other characters*) look here, who's LORD ROWLAND MONTAGU?

His Friend. Don't know.

Audience (*in Stalls, who have become interested*). Sssh!

[*The Friends are silent.*

Jack Sheppard (*to* BLUSKINE, *telling him how he got out of window and went to Covent Garden Theatre*). Quelle belle chose qu'un théâtre! J'étais là!.... Sur la scène, il y avait une forêt.... trois sorcières paraissent.... l'une d'elles, étendant la main vers celui qui marchait en avant, lui dit, "*Macbeth*, tu seras roi!" et comme à *Macbeth* elle me disait aussi, "*Jack Sheppard*, tu seras roi!"

1st English Swell (*who has been puzzled by the pronunciation of Covent Garden as "C'oang-gardong," and "Shack Sheppar."*) What was that?

His Friend (*explains, and adds*). It's all in HARRISON AINSWORTH'S story. (*Having made this statement, he begins to feel uncertain on the subject.*) At least, I think so.

[*The Play continues, with* MONSIEUR *et* MADAME VOOD (WOOD), TAMISE (THAMES) DARREL, *and the rest of the characters.*

Jack (*after, in a fit of jealousy, trying to stab Tamise, and being forgiven by Tamise and Cecily Vood, says to her*). Vous êtes bonne miss!

Audience (*breathing again after the excitement*). Ah!

1st English Swell (*languidly*). The audience seem to enjoy this sort of thing immensely. (*Looks at the Entr'acte.*) By the way, what's the meaning of *Les Chevaliers du Brouillard?*

His Friend (*who knows all about it*). Oh, it means, the Chevaliers—the Cavaliers—the Cavaliers——(*is satisfied so far*)

1st English Swell, Yes. *Du* "of the"——

His Friend. Yes, of the—um—of the—in fact—of the Brouillard. It's hardly translatable. (*His Friend is satisfied. At the end of the Act, however, he goes into a corner, refers to a small pocket dictionary, and looks out "Brouillard" hurriedly. On his return he says carelessly*), Oh, by the way, I've thought of what Brouillard means: it's a sort of slang phrase; it means literally, "waste-paper basket."

1st English Swell (*prepared not to be astonished at anything French*). Oh, I see perfectly. (*Translates*) *Les Chevaliers du Brouillard.* "The Cavaliers of the waste-paper basket."

[*Satisfies himself that it's a slang phrase, and determines to use it when he returns to London. They subsequently discover the real meaning, when a Friend meeting them, suggests that they appear to be completely mystified on the subject.*

Bluskine. Il y a cent guinées pour chacun. Le rendez-vous derrière l'hôtel de SIR ROWLAND.

Shack Sheppar. SIR ROWLAND! Je sauverai Tamise! partons!

[*Stage direction—"Wood paraît au fond suivi de Policemen."* JACK *gets out of the window on the right, and then* MONSIEUR VOOD *exits by the door, followed by the Policemen of the period. Entr'acte. Newspaper cries, oranges, apples, sweet-stuffs, exeunt more than half the audience. We enter the Theatre café, and "command" an echoppe of beer.*

Enter ALPHONSE, *a Friend of the Garçon's.*

The Garçon (*assisting Alphonse to allumettes for his cigarette*). Comment aimez-vous la pièce?

Alphonse (*ecstatically*). Magnifique! MARIE LAURENT est . . .

[*Is overcome by emotion, and raises his eyes and hand to heaven. The Sonnette is heard. We return. After a view of the Tower of London at Greenwich, we are shown the Thieves' Quarter in Old London. (Some confusion apparently with Alsatia.) Enter all the Chevaliers du Brouillard with lanterns and flags. Then follow Dancers and Danseuses. We are rather astonished at this display of the Thieves in the open street, but become perfectly reconciled to the manners and customs of this class in* GEORGE THE FIRST'S *time on seeing* MONSIEUR SHACK SHEPPAR *enter on horseback.*

Tous (*avec les trois cris anglais*). Hup! Hup! Hup! hurray!

Swell (*astonished for once*). Why they say hooray!

His Friend (*explaining*). Yes, it's supposed to be the national custom.

[SHACK SHEPPAR, *who suddenly appears as if he'd been taking lessons of* DICK TURPIN, *makes his horse rear three times by way of acknowledging the salutation. Then descends. The dancing commences.*

1st English Swell (*recognising the music*). Hallo! I know that.

His Friend. Yes. It's—(*suddenly hits upon it*)—why, it's the Nigger air, "*Hoop light, Loo, and show your pretty feet!*"

[*A selection admirably adapted for a national dance in the time of* GEORGE THE FIRST.

Audience (*enthusiastically*). Bis! Bis!

[*Encore taken by the two Music Hall dancers from London, announced as "from the principal London theatres." Between the Acts Irish jigs are played.* Swell *and his* Friend *nudge one another, and try to look as if they'd never heard them before.*

1st English Swell (*to his Friend, speaking of us in front*). I wonder these fellows don't dress to come to a theatre.

His Friend. Oh! I dare say they're only a better class of Shopkeeper, (*&c., &c., not decidedly complimentary to our personal appearance*).

Ourselves (*later on in the evening, in very plain English*). It's very dangerous for Englishmen to speak their own language in Paris if they

are making remarks on other people. Their best plan is *always to talk in French*, and then there's very little chance of their being understood. [Swell *and* Friend *shut up.*

LAST ACT.—*L'intérieur d'un cachot à Newgate.* SHACK SHEPPAR *is having his portrait taken by* SIR WILLIAM HOGARTH. (*Why not* SIR JOSHUA HOGARTH *while they are about it?*)

Sare Veellearm 'Ogarth (*to Shack*). Un très-illustre personnage a désiré connaître votre physionomie, et ce portrait que je fais de vous est destiné . . . .

Shack Sheppar. A Sa Majesté GEORGES PREMIER, n'est-ce pas?

Sir William Hogarth. C'est vrai.

[*After a while enter* GEORGES PREMIER *disguised as one of the chief Magistrates of London. He makes various discoveries from papers given him by* SHACK SHEPPAR.

1*st English Swell* (*puzzled*). What's he say?

His Friend. Well, I'm not quite sure; but (*determined not to be beaten*) I think from those papers he finds out that JACK SHEPPARD is the rightful heir to the throne of England.

1*st English Swell* (*doubtfully*). But it wasn't so, was it?

[*Evidently has hazy notions of history and* HARRISON AINSWORTH.

LAST.—JACK *escapes out of prison, goes in a boat at a tremendous pace down the Thames with the tide, and immediately afterwards, at an equally rapid pace, back again, against the tide, is pursued by* JONGATANG VILD, *escapes up the side of London Bridge,* JONATHAN VILD, *in a London fog, shoots* BLUSKINE, SHACK SHEPPAR, *stabs* JONATHAN, *and all ends happily with the arrival of a pardon from* GEORGES PREMIER, *when every one says for the last time, "Hup, Hup, Hup, Hooray," and the Orchestra play "God Save the Queen."*

MRS. GLASSE ON EDUCATION.

You have read my book? and you remember my preliminary precept, "First catch your hare?" Well, my directions are quite as applicable to the head as to the hare. Education sets one trap, employment another; but a knowledge-box is not baited with toasted cheese, and how to tempt a hungry little bumpkin to put his head into it, would puzzle a Chancellor.

Having caught your hare by hook or by crook, now as to dressing it. Some esteemed friends will recommend for this purpose a professed cook, sincerely believing that unless the cook is well dressed—say, in lawn-sleeves and a silk apron—the hare cannot be. Some zealous advisers will insist that what you require is a plain cook, and will perhaps refuse an invitation to dine if you engage a *chef* whose thoughts run in a jelly-mould, and who has a discriminating taste for syllabubs and trifles. What do *I* advise? Well, I don't pretend to lead you out of this dense mist. Your own good sense must be your guiding-star. Only take care lest while the cooks are chattering in the hall, your hare, suspended in the pantry, should become a little too gamey.

Whose sauce do I recommend? Reading, of course. It makes a "full man." With respect to Puddings, it has been suggested that the *Cabinet* might be improved by putting *Punch* in it. No doubt *Punch* would give the Cabinet a very rich flavour, but then you must bear in mind that the Cabinet don't agree with every one, although *Punch* does. I have taken it myself regularly for five-and-twenty years, and can say with confidence that there is nothing which contains so much pure spirit, or gives so much comfort and support to the constitution.

Bacon is nourishing, but rather difficult to digest, and should be taken sparingly by those who suffer from mental dyspepsia. You should go to Milton if you wish to astonish the natives.

An important branch of education is that which relates to the knowledge of tongues. In WALPOLE's time, as you have read, a brisk trade was carried on in tongues. Ministers went into the Borough Market and bought them—some, I believe, with a bit of riband. Whether this practice prevails now, I have no means of ascertaining—have you?

Many tongues which out of doors are distinguished by a strong flavour—so strong, indeed, as to be unpleasant—become very mild when brought into the House. They also lose a good deal in weight, and this will apply to those which are smoked in Town as well as to those which are sent up from the country. An excellent way to preserve a mild tongue is to hang it up in an office—the higher the better.
—*Conversations on Economy, Domestic and Political.*

"Very Good Taste, Mr. Punch."

HER MAJESTY, by the advice of MR. ARTHUR HELPS, has published a Diary which would, were such a thing possible, endear her still more to the loving hearts of her people. Praise, even from *Mr. Punch*, were an impertinence, but he begs leave to say with his usual adroitness, that MR. HELPS's advice was admirable, and that *Mr. Punch* hopes the QUEEN may always have such Friends in Council.

SEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY THIEVES.

BEFORE we pay our Christmas bills, it might be wise in us to ascertain if any of our tradespeople are included among those referred to in this notice of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"An easy and safe method of making money in trade appears to be offered by the use of unjust weights, scales, and measures. During the past year 740 South London shopkeepers have been convicted of that offence—and have had to pay in fines £1,070 15*s.* 6*d.*, or rather less than £1 9*s.* per conviction. The general prevalence of the practice and the lightness of the fines imposed make the speculation a good one—especially as in many districts there is no supervision of any kind exercised over the retail dealers, and as in all districts the supervision exercised is superficial and perfunctory. For every dealer who is fined, there must be scores who deserve to be fined, and who would be fined were the supervision exercised active and real."

The Forty Thieves were few, and their thievery a mere fleabite, compared to the rascality of these Seven Hundred and Forty Thieves. The Forty Thieves robbed only those who could afford to lose, and they robbed openly and boldly, and at the risk of being hanged. But these infamous South London Seven Hundred and Forty Thieves have been robbing the poor, probably, more even than the rich, and have been thieving secretly and sneakingly, at no risk to their necks, merely paying a small fine if they have chanced to be found out. To a small tradesman who chooses to act as a big rogue, a fine of nine and twenty shillings is nothing of a punishment, and never will deter him from cheating all he can. We can fancy him, indeed, keeping an account of the profits of his roguery, as an insurance fund for payment of the fines which he incurs. The pillory of old was a more sufficing punishment, for except by honest dealing, no one could insure himself against the inconvenience of standing to be pelted with dead cats and rotten eggs. But the present age is too refined to suffer such a sight as a rascal in the pillory, and the only way to punish him is to have his name exposed in the pillory of the Press. Of every cheating tradesman convicted of the usage of false measures, or short weights, the name and the address should be advertised in the newspapers, and placarded conspicuously in the neighbourhood of his shop. But the present is an age of universal easy whitewash, and, when gigantic railway swindlers are allowed to go unpunished for using false accounts, one really can scarce wonder that petty cheating shopkeepers should expect to escape punishment for having used false weights.

A RELIC OF THE OPERA.

"BY JOVE, I'll write a puff of SANTLEY!" said *Mr. Punch*, as he heard that artist conclude his capital Rendering of a capital song (words by MR. LATEY, music by MR. SMART) at the Monday Concerts.

He forswore himself, however, only as there is no such party as Jove now, the sin does not perturb him. The reason was this. He found on his desk, through the kindness of some correspondent or other, four printed verses in honour of MR. SANTLEY, and they appear to him to be so remarkable that he inclines to give them to his readers, instead of a lyric of his own. They were written before the fire at the Opera House, and it is a mercy they were not consumed in it. Now, they are imperishable:—

SANTLEY.

Oh! sing, my good friend, jovial SANTLEY,
With voice sympathetic and clear,
The homage to artistes most grateful
We'll give you, a smile, and a tear.

I'll think of thee always with pleasure,
What style, so expressive, and fine,
So heart-touching, feeling, and tender,
Here's thy health in a bumper of wine.

Let *us* to Her Majesty's go, friends,
This night glorious SANTLEY to see.
Besides there's the gem, charming TIETJENS,
DE MERIC, and rare MONGINEE.

For when FLOTOW's sweet *Marta*'s perform'd,
The house then is glorious to see.
And when TIETJENS sings charming "Ardita,"
The applause is both frantic and free.

There! MR. SANTLEY should be proud, *Mr. Punch* is proud, and the author, whoever he be, must be proudest of all.

But this shall not prevent *Mr. Punch* saying that he hugely admires MR. SANTLEY.

A Certain Specific.

HAS it been observed by the Faculty that punctuation is an infallible remedy for a bad cold, provided the patient *stops* at home?

THE EFFECTS OF EATING HORSE-FLESH FOR SUPPER.—Night Mare.

PRETTY INNOCENT.

Lady. "OH, MR. MASTIC, WHY DO ARTISTS HAVE SCREENS ABOUT THEIR STUDIOS?"
Artist. "TO BACK UP THE FIGURES, AND SO ON."
Lady. "OH, REALLY! WELL, I THOUGHT IT WAS TO KEEP THE BEDSTEAD AND ALL THAT OUT OF SIGHT, YOU KNOW."

PAX LOQUITUR:

"WHEN Freedom dressed in sunlight vest
Bids every patriot bare his glaive,
Let him who loves her strike his best,
And him who falters die a slave.
But, Man of the Mysterious Brow,
What means this mighty arming now?

"Whom dost thou fear? Who threatens France?
Make answer, her Elected Lord:
Fall where it will, that look askance,
Where does it spy a hostile sword?
Why all these legions in array?
Peace, whom they startle, bids thee say.

"Dost dread the German's stubborn line,
The German phalanx dark and stern,
(The King whose claim is Right Divine,
While thine is in a juggling urn)
The Lutheran soldier's deadly gun—
Art thou not told its work is done?

"Dost deem Italia's sons may come
To teach the lesson France forgets,
And marching with a Roman drum,
May pay by Seine their Tiber debts?
The only gage they dare to fling
Is insult to their Soldier-King.

"Once there were left no Pyrenees,
Now lours their frowning range again,
No WELLESLEY lives each pass to seize
And cleave the way for thankless Spain:
Nor peril hath thy vision spied
From that dead land that gave thy bride.

"No dread hast thou of Austria's raid,
The Prussian swept her from the path,
And MAXIMILIAN'S blood hath paid
Thy ransom from Columbia's wrath.
Dost fear to meet the Russ once more?
That vulture thirsts for Turkish gore.

"And England? Nay, the jest were weak,
She lives by me, and loves me true.
Nor bids her children vainly speak
Of Agincourt and Waterloo.
Man of December, be at rest,
She strikes no unsuspecting breast.

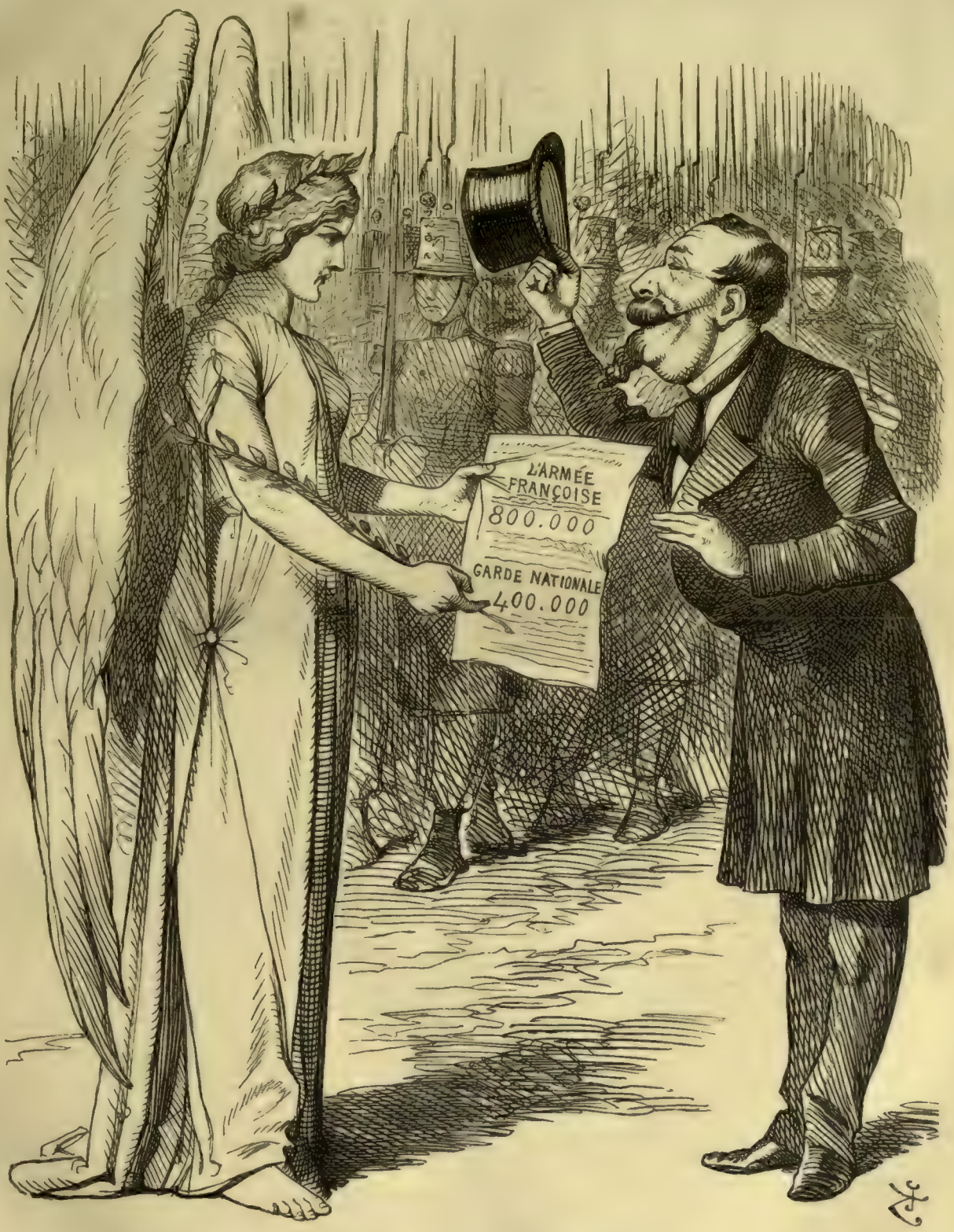
"See where Conscription's hand unfurls
The cursed scroll, thy Marshals' claim!
Why dare thy Marshals tell the girls
To wed the maimed, the blind, the lame?
There is a GOD OF JUSTICE. Smile.
There was a Moscow—and an Isle."

Fenians and Foreigners.

So American-Irish Fenians want to be tried by a jury *de medietate linguæ*, do they? This wish would be intelligible if *medietas linguæ* were, for their half of the jury, to be the habitual language of treason, distinguished by Yankeeisms and an Irish brogue. But if it is only to mean a jury one half consisting of respectable foreigners—have they asked themselves what advantage they are likely to derive from it?

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

WHEN TOOCOATES, the House-painter, came courting our Cook, he told her all his history without any concealment or coloured statements, delivering "a round unvarnished tale."



A PEACE MOVEMENT. (?)

PEACE. "PRAY, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, YOUR MAJESTY?"

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. "ENTIRELY IN YOUR INTEREST, DEAR MADAM. SPECIAL CONSTABLES, MERELY.—*MY SPECIAL CONSTABLES.*"

TWELFTH NIGHT THOUGHTS (DESULTORY).

HARDLY connected, indeed desultory, because I had been to a Circus, and seen a great feat of horse-womanship — MADAME ANGUOSCIOLA HIPPIA leaping from steed to steed in the midst of fireworks and fog-signals. See ARCHBISHOP TRENCH'S Etymological Works.]

First and overmastering thought, the thought that thinks up all other thoughts, Christmas is over! At least, the regular season is, for there will still be some extra nights, under the patronage of Mlle. Terpsichore, M. Momus, and others of the more light-hearted deities, before we go back to school, and work, and getting up early in the morning, and the worship of Plutus and Mammon, and the more business-like divinities. But the lawful period during which anybody, even a dun, may salute you with "A merry, &c., and a happy, &c." has ceased with the last stroke of twelve by Big Ben; and they are all this moment gone—I have just lighted them to the door—Old Father Christmas, and the Lord of Misrule, and the Abbot of Unreason, and Saint George of Cappadocia, and the Mummers, and the Wassailers, the Fairies and the Goblins, the Waits and the Hand-bells, and the Twelfth-Night characters in their masquerade dresses, leaving me alone with *Clown* and *Columbine*, who are to remain for a few weeks longer on board-wages. There is a crossing-sweeper in Russell Square who will wish me a happy new year till about the middle of February, and from whom I can at any time obtain a very warm benediction by the expenditure of a penny, but with this exception I feel that I am safe from the compliments of the season until another December, and am relieved by thinking that the other festivals of the Church recur unaccompanied by any formulary of politeness, and that there is no precedent for my laundress wishing me "A Merry Easter and a Happy New Whitsuntide."

I am not one of the popular writers of the day, and there is a reason why I am reconciled to the absence of that distinction—I escape being invited, in the calm, sentimental autumn, when holidays are realities, and work seems more than ever the badge of a fallen state, to dash off a story (a ghost preferred), or a dream, or a poem, or a double acrostic for Christmas numbers and Christmas annuals. And as everything has been said about Christmas and the New Year that can be said, from the meaning of the word Yule and the antiquity of plum-pudding to the exact number of tons of mistletoe supplied for the London market, and the statistics of Lincolnshire geese and Norfolk turkeys; and as I have never spent Christmas Day in a weighing-machine, or a lighthouse, or a lunatic asylum, or a coal-mine, or on an uninhabited island in the South Pacific, or even in a London tavern; and as I never had an interview with a ghost, and possess no family tradition of a white bird that flutters against the window-panes in a storm of wind and rain whenever the head of the family is going to die; and cannot speak from personal experience of the domestic habits of fairies; and was never in a baronial hall in my life, except under charge of a housekeeper, to whom I had to pay a fee; and do not even know what joint or joints a baron of beef represents; and did not become engaged to my wife in consequence of a chance encounter under the Druidical parasite in an old-fashioned country-house in Nottinghamshire; and have never been reconciled to a rich but unreasonable uncle, softened by boiled turkey, plum-pudding with blue lights, and respectable port wine, in Upper Bedford Place, I feel that my contribution to the literature of the season would be thin and vapid, and am content to be obscure and unsought, the question of compensation always excepted.

I can imagine that there are those who really find their Christmas merry, and commence their New Year happy. MANSFIELD WOODHOUSE, who, towards the close of the third week in December, received a letter from a highly respectable firm of country solicitors, announcing a legacy of ten thousand pounds left him by an elderly gentleman, a stranger in blood, whom he had once helped through a crowd at a contested election; NORTON DISNEY, who arrived with his beautiful bride from a foreign tour of long duration, on Christmas Eve, at the family mansion, built in the Jacobean style in a well-timbered park, amid the greetings of an hereditary and punctual tenantry; my capital City friend, KINGSTON HULL, who made, about a fortnight ago, that lucky speculation in linseed, by which he cleared more money than I shall amass all my life long; the young lady, the bright new *Starr* in the horizon of Art, who won the Academy gold medal for the best historical painting—the only one of her sex who has so triumphed since SIR JOSHUA first took snuff in the Presidential chair; HOLME PIERREPONT, who finished the last chapter of his tri-volumed novel, and brought the fortunes of *Godfrey Sutton* and *Gwen Ashburnham* to a successful and hymeneal termination, as the Waits for the last time were waking up the better half of Captain Coram Street—the most exquisite music HOLME thought he had ever heard; CLEFFE SHARP, who, not a month since, made another loud hit with his "*Upper Ten*" Waltz and "*Abyssinian*" Galop;—these, and a few other exceptional beings, can, I believe, give and take the customary compliments with cordial sincerity, and brave the horrors of an English Christmas with cheerful fortitude. But—but I will avoid any appearance of cynicism (convivial parties to track this word to its source), on an evening when the nine o'clock post has brought me something very agreeable, particularly as I have this moment said farewell to the whole of the Christmas bevy, whose voices I can now hear dying away in the distance; for, as CICERO said to the junior PLINY when they were supping together at the *Three Taverns*, a celebrated *restaurant* of antiquity, being three single public-houses rolled into one, and LYDIA, who was waiting, told them the news of NERO's death that evening, from a surfeit of stewed lampreys and mulled metheglin, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" So, as the "Wheel of Life" has fairly rolled into the New Year, I will set down one or two thoughts on 1868, in part suggested by the revolutions of a lively instrument, which amused me to-night as much as it did CYRIL and DICK, ALICE and FAN, and a great many more.

Will the Conservative droll again jump clean through the Liberal balloon? Will the accomplished acrobat take another leap? Shall we see strange tricks and transformations, wonderful surprises and combinations? Will there be anything to match the performance of Tory Ministers carrying a Radical Reform Bill to the steps of the Throne? Perhaps the College of Physicians will announce their adhesion to homœopathy, or the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House will turn pirates, and destroy all their Lights and Beacons or the two Houses of Convocation will sanction the practice of Mormonism by the stipendiary clergy. Perhaps MR. BRIGHT will attend Her Majesty's Levee in a new Court suit, or MR. WHALLEY become a convert to the Romish faith, or DR. PUSEY place himself at the head of Positivism in England. Perhaps we may see the formation of a *Happy Family* Ministry, with ARGYLL, and BRIGHT, and CAIRNS, and CRANBORNE, and STANLEY, and LOWE, and MILL, and PALMER, and BRUCE, and FORSTER, and STANSFELD, and GRANT DUFF, and RAWLINSON, and *all* the best men, with GLADSTONE as Captain, manning the good old ship *Britannia* for another long and prosperous voyage.

But I must remember that mine is only a crow-quill. Certain events are sure to happen before the wassail bowl is sent round again. About the middle of February we shall be told that more Valentines have passed through the General Post-office than in any previous year since the invention of Love and Penny Postage, and the exact tonnage of those inflammatory documents will probably be calculated. Several new singers will be brought out at the Opera, the majority of whom will not prove dangerous rivals to PATTI, or LUCCA, or GARDONI, and a new Opera may be expected the last five nights of the season. There will be an exhibition of a musical salmon, or a mermaid who can paint in water-colours. In July the Wimbledon Meeting will be a greater hit than ever. About August the newspapers will insert letters on some popular grievance or popular whim, the deleterious character of London sausage, or the superiority of horse-flesh over the ordinary sorts of animal food. As Winter approaches, that is to say about the end of Summer, Illustrated Books will be announced for Christmas, and Specimen Plates appear in shop windows, CRABBE'S *Seasons*, or POPE'S *Ancient Mariner*, or GAY'S *Elegy in a Country Workhouse*. Later on there will be the usual signs of an unusually severe winter, the hedges bright with unlimited hips and haws, and flocks of wild geese flying over the Mansion House. An infallible cure will be discovered for sea-sickness, several new methods of swindling will amuse the Town, a fresh man will be found for the *Letters of Junius*—TOM PAINE, or "Old Q."—a priceless Titian will turn up in Houndsditch, ladies will discontinue wearing bonnets, the Master of the Buckhounds will be made Secretary for the Colonies, and the President of the Poor Law Board go out to India as Governor-General, the streets of London will remain as dangerous and dirty as ever, several persons will die at the age of 100 or upwards, one of whom knew a man who knew another man, who knew a third man, who knew one of the men who smothered the young Princes in the Tower, *Mr. Punch* will hold his usual Durbars, and immortality is attainable by anybody who succeeds in devising a new set of figures for the Quadrille, a feat only inferior to the taking of the Quadrilateral.

REASON FOR POST-OFFICE BLUNDERS IN NON-DELIVERY.—*Litera scripta manent.*

PROBABLY THE NEXT ABSURDITY

IN LADIES' WINTER COSTUMES.

MORIARTY'S MILK FOR BABES.

SURE, one chief of the Romanist party
Has behaved like a gentleman—very;
The good Doctor, by name MORIARTY,
Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry,
He addresses his own priests, indeed,
But appears to be talking at others
Who have not the instruction they need
From his tacit episcopal brothers.

Information he gives them, which news
Would be reckoned amongst us by few men,
And by none who did ever peruse
Romish treatise for young catechumen.
In his letter he speaks, to their shame,
Simple truths of religion and reason,
Saying "Martyrdom isn't the name
Fit to give death for murder and treason.

"For a criminal's soul, beyond doubt,
'Tis in private all right to say masses;
But the State with your prayers to flout,
You're no better than Catholic asses.
Not in triumph should requiems be sung
For the men to whom justice was meted.
If the deeds for which those men were hung
Were good deeds, they'd be rightly repeated.

"Who can be, than all those who complain
Of political hanging, absurder,
All the while when they will not abstain
From committing political murder?
They should shoot not who wish not to swing,
Keep their hands clean from assassination—
Due concession a short time will bring,
In these days, to all just agitation."

Milk for babes above all things is good,
When as yet they can live but by suction;
Donkey's milk, as it were, is the food
For grown men who want children's instruction,
And such food MORIARTY supplies
To the priests who've to feed lay believers.
He, the mitred purveyor, is wise;
But how much otherwise the receivers!

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XII.—MY PORTABLE FRIEND.—(CONTINUED.)

"Now, I tell you what you should have for travelling in this weather," says my Portable Friend; and therewith he takes up what appears to be a sort of travelling-cap, not unlike the smuggler's pattern in a melodrama.

"A travelling-cap," I say.

"Yes," he answers, "that's one use of it; but you'd find it a little heavy for that, until you're accustomed to it. But you fill it with air, and round the sides there's a lining of india-rubber, so that the hot water won't come through."

"Hot water?" I exclaim.

"Yes," he returns, apparently astonished at my interruption. "When blown out it serves as a foot-warmer, don't you see? That's a new dodge, isn't it?"

I suggest that what between its being a travelling-cap and a foot-warmer one wouldn't know whether one was standing on one's head or one's heels.

He doesn't like joking on his favourite subjects, and says, seriously, that if I don't want his advice he'll talk about something else.

I assure him that I *do* want his advice, and tell him that the joke was GRIGG'S, not mine; I *had* heard him say something of the sort once, but I forget the occasion.

"Well," he goes on, still with this cap in his hand, "you want a portable bath: blow it out more and more, there you are!"

He produces a small pair of bellows, and, true enough, in less than five minutes, "There," as he says, "we are."

"So far there's nothing particularly dodgey about it," he goes on. "But now comes the triumph of art. By merely removing this screw it becomes at once a waterproof coat, thus—"

He does something with a screw, and such a waterproof coat ensues! You'd be hooted in any capital in the world. I don't *say* this, but smile, and remark that it *is* very ingenious, as indeed it is, but that's all.

"Then," says he, "say you're in Norway, and want to cross a swollen torrent——"

"Good Gracious!" I exclaim, involuntarily. "You don't mean to say——"

"Yes, I do," says he, triumphantly. "The lower part comes out thus (he takes it out); these separate pieces of wood join together like a fishing-rod——"

"Yes," I say, breathless with interest; for it's better than any trick change in a pantomime.

"Yes," he continues; "you fix it in this screw-hole, and there you are at once, mast, sail, and boat. Then you cross the swollen torrent."

"In Norway?" I say, meditatively.

"In Norway," he answers, affirmatively.

"But," I say, "I'm going to Paris, and perhaps to Zurich."

"Equally useful," he replies. "Travelling-cap, boat, waterproof coat, hot-water bottle, and sponge-bath, all in one: what can you want more?"

"True," I admit, "I don't think any one could want any more."

"I'm not quite sure if you couldn't use it as a portmanteau."

Being prepared for anything, I ask, How?

"Well," he says, scrutinising it carefully, "a false bottom would do it. And then" (here he lights up as with the fire of inspiration) "by Jove, it might be a bed; or, if you could only carry a set of wheels, all inside one, it would make a car. I'll call it the Wheels-within-wheels, and take out a patent."

He is quite excited. The excitement is contagious. I actually find myself assisting him to invent some additional advantages for what was originally a travelling-cap, with a (so to speak) foot-warmer to follow.

It doesn't take us ten minutes to turn it (in theory) into a piano, then to carry inside table and chairs, and finally, as far as I can follow the intricacies of the invention, the entire furniture of a bed-room.

"Look!" says my Portable Friend, enthusiastically; "There you are independent of any one! You don't care what sort of a room you get. Top story, attic, no furniture, out you come with your *wheels-within-wheels-travelling-cap*" (he has already adopted the name) "there's the bed, out comes a screw; there's a wheel, take out the spokes, there are the legs of your table, cover the top with this part (the sail) there's the top of the table, let out the water from the bottle sides into

the centre, take your bath, empty it, blow out the other side,—small piano—sit down—play a tune—it refreshes you—play another—you're tired of that—exhaust the air, and set it up as a bed; then go to sleep. When once the thing's in working order, you'd be independent of everything and everybody, which is after all the great point in travelling."

I think if it could be made into a free gratis railway and boat ticket real independence would be obtained.

"You ought to have one made at once," is my Portable Friend's advice to me.

I excuse myself on the ground that there won't be time, but if he'd tell me of some simple contrivance to secure a certain amount of comfort in travelling, I should be much obliged. By which I mean to hint, "Let's be practical, not portable."

BEALES AND HIS BUBBLYJOCKS.

THOUGH the QUEEN is not frightened, we are. The Bubblyjocks of the Reform League rush at us in a terrible manner, and never was a poor little boy more terrified by their namesakes in a farm-yard than *Punch* has been by their last demonstration. We are too much astounded to write about it; but they are going to throw away Ireland, and put down the German royal family, and have a republic, and do all sorts of things. Will no good GUY FAUX blow up the Adelphi Terrace before something worse happens?

They — they — excuse our agitation, we shall be better presently, we dare say. The Reform League Council met again after the holidays, and apparently quite sober.

The noble BEALES addressed them:—

"The CHAIRMAN said: My friends, I am happy to meet you again after the recreation of the holidays, and trust that you are prepared to encounter the labours of the present year in the same spirit of sound and sober patriotism and judgment, and inflexible firmness, in what you believe to be right, as that which has hitherto distinguished the proceedings of the Reform League."

No harm in that, you'll say. Bumptious, perhaps, but BEALES has been awful bumptious ever since SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN turned him into the cold. Well, he went on, made a very long speech, declaring that the Reform Bill must be reformed, that all its Tory clauses must be taken out, and that Irish difficulties must be adjusted "to the satisfaction of the Irish." Their Reform League has been suspended, out of compliment to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and BEALES allows that this was right. Then he made a dreadful fuss because a letter to him had been cut open somewhere. Of course, he said it was done in the Post-Office, but there was not the least proof that it had not been done for a lark by one of the League errand-lads who wanted to rile his tempestuous patron. Finally, a resolution of Deep Sympathy with Ireland was proposed.

Then the Bubblyjocks began to gobble:—

"MR. GUEDALLA said that nothing would ever satisfy the Irish people except a national Parliament sitting in College Green. (*Hear, hear!*) He hoped the League would soon help the Irish people to agitate for a repeal of the Union. They were not to be carried away by this Fenian craze, and he hoped they would pass a resolution that they would help the Irish people to agitate for a repeal of the Union, and let them wish God speed to the Parliament which would sit in College Green. (*Hear, hear!*) The Chairman spoke of 'Fenianism run mad,' but they had lately seen loyalty 'run mad.' (*Hear, hear!*) He was glad to see that a number of working men had declined to be sworn in as special constables."

An amendment breathing GUEDALLA sentiments was moved:—

"MR. MUDGE said he saw no liberty in England at all but the liberty to do as the powers like—the right to keep a lot of German cut-throats in the country."

MR. BEALES, M.A., who thinks it a hardship that he is not one of the QUEEN's little judges, immediately rebuked this brutal insolence. Did he?

"The CHAIRMAN said he would not pledge himself for or against the repeal of the Union, but he thought the addition to the resolution was out of place."

Those were MR. BEALES's sentiments. We don't blame his caution, considering the wigging he got from his Bubblyjocks for having written something supposed to reflect on Fenianism, but we do think that he might have hinted that "German cut-throats" was a little—eh? Never mind. Then arose the terrible MR. FINLEN, bullyer of the Home Office, and as bould a speaker as if he had served an apprenticeship to a Judge and Jury Club.

He wanted to speak, but the League did not exactly like his bouldness:—

"MR. COOPER moved that MR. FINLEN be heard.

"MR. ACLAND moved that he be not heard. On the last occasion that MR. FINLEN spoke in that room he concluded his speech with the words, 'Success to Fenianism.' MR. FINLEN had been the greatest enemy to the League. ('*No, no!*' and '*Hear, hear!*') In fact, MR. FINLEN's conduct had been most prejudicial and dishonouring to the League. ('*No!*' and '*Hear, hear!*')

"MR. MUDGE knew no man who had done so much for Democracy as MR. FINLEN had. (*Hear, hear!*) (*A Voice, Mr. Punch's 'Such men are likely to do for it altogether.'*)

After some discussion the Chairman decided that MR. FINLEN was not a member of the council, but that through courtesy they would hear him.

"MR. FINLEN said he would not address any observations upon the resolution on sufferance, but he protested against the unmanly insinuations of MR. ACLAND. (*Hear, hear!*) MR. ACLAND seemed to forget the course which he (MR. FINLEN) had adopted, viz.; that he acted altogether upon his own responsibility. (*Hear, hear!*) He had taken extreme views of subjects, and had been a thorough Republican—(*cheers*)—in sympathy and persuasion for many years past."

These loyal gentlemen, having cheered the Republican, passed the sympathy resolution, minus GUEDALLA's tag, and then got up the great ODGER. This is the tremendous shoemaker who threw MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT into such terror by announcing his disapproval of their conduct. He now removes the QUEEN from Ireland, unless the Irish should happen to wish to retain her.

"MR. ODGER then moved, and MR. HALES seconded—'That this meeting is of opinion that the Irish people should have an opportunity afforded them of voting by manhood suffrage the kind of Government which they, as an intelligent people, think wisest and best for the happiness and prosperity of their country.'"

Thereupon, there was what the reporter of the *Morning Star* (a capital and fearless reporter, by the way, who showed great spirit when the League tried to dictate to him) calls a warm discussion. At length MR. CREMER suggested a way by which we can keep Ireland. Hear it, DR. MANNING; hear it, DR. NEWMAN!—

"MR. CREMER declared his belief that the Irish people did not want liberty. It was not a question of liberty with them, but a creed, and MR. WHALLEY, M. P., was not, after all, very wrong in many of his remarks. They denounced GARIBALDI and MAZZINI as fiends, and said they would welcome the banners of France flying upon the mountains of Ireland. It was not that the Irish hated the English because they were Saxons, but it was because they were of an opposite creed. ('*Oh, oh!*') He believed that if the English came into the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church—(*a laugh*)—those Irishmen would hug the chains which bound them now. (*Cheers.*) There were State and geographical reasons why he could not support the resolution, as if it were carried out Ireland might be placed in the hands of a foe to this country. (*Hear, hear!*)"

Sense in that last sentence, MR. CREMER, and we suspect that you have too much brains to be long tolerated by the Council of the League. But up and spoke the portentous MUDGE:—

"MR. MUDGE protested against the religious element being introduced into this matter. People said that the Clerkenwell outrage was a Fenian one, but he believed it was far more likely to have been a police outrage. (*Hear, hear!*) He believed it was a ruse got up to prevent the people of this country from expressing sympathy with the Irish people. (*Hear, hear!*) He believed that the ultimate object of the Government was to stop all free expression of opinion in this country, and to put down all public meetings. (*Hear, hear!*) He had no doubt that, if they could, they would prevent that very meeting of the council."

We should have been very sorry if they had. For what the Clerkenwell outrage has done for Fenianism this meeting, we suspect, has done for the League. It may be interesting to know that further discussion was postponed, and that HER MAJESTY cannot be informed, for some time, whether she is to be allowed by BEALES and his Bubblyjocks to retain Ireland.

The Apocrypha has a text which may be cited without irreverence. BEL (supposed to be the original of BEALES) and a sham Dragon, burst. "And DANIEL said unto the People, These be the Gods ye worship."

The Turin Business.

Russellio. Give me thy hand, HUDSONIO. I do protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Hudsonio. It hath not appeared.

Russellio. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. [*Popular applause.*

A SLIPPERY SPECULATION.

SKATES have proved a good investment to purchasers, who, having laid them in last summer, realised their advantages during the late severe weather, although including many who have suffered as operators for the fall.

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

"A CITY Clerk and a Naturalist" asks whether there is not a bird called the *Ditto Ditto*. Is he not thinking of our old acquaintance, the Do-do?

AWKWARD!

FLITHERS SPENDS HIS CHRISTMAS AT A COUNTRY HOUSE, AND THE FIRST DAY, ON THE LADIES LEAVING THE TABLE AFTER DINNER, HE JUMPS UP, AND OPENS THE *WRONG DOOR!!*

LAME DUCKS.

MR. PUNCH—DEAR SIR,

THOUGH a very young man, I would, from feelings of humanity, raise a warning voice against a system of gaming, which is no less pernicious than polite. Don't let me be mis-understood. So far as "book-making" is concerned, my mind is a perfect blank. No man, I believe, who can write a book ever makes one. My speculations have been simple, my winnings, as I find on reference to my tablets, during the past season are as follows, viz.:—

10 Pairs of Paris gloves.
1 Perfumed Sachet.
Seal-skin Gauntlets and Collarette.
1 Diamond Ring (rose-cut-gipsy set).
TENNYSON'S *Idyls of the King*, morocco gilt.
20 Complete Copies of *Punch*, from the Conquest downwards.
TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy* (half-calf).
3 Gold Pencil Cases.
Box of Cigarettes.
1 Jar of Preserved Ginger.
1 lb. of Ratafias.
1 Ivory Fan.

There! Am not I fortune's favourite? Ought not your correspondent to feel flattered by the smiles of that whimsical arbitratrix, who blindfolded at the wheel, might be taken for the twin sister of Justice on the Bench? Bear in mind in every instance where I have been a winner, I have not given, but accepted a challenge, and learn with incredulous surprise that all the challengers are my country-cousins. Girls of spirit I admit, but so imperfectly educated in the ethics of Tattersall's as to exhibit an ignorance of turf obligations, which to my moral sense is positively startling. *They have lost, but they don't pay.* And what makes it still more painful is not merely the gay tone of indifference in which these defaulters refer to their debts of honour; but the absence of those roseate tints which are the legacy of departed innocence, and afford some slight consolation to sufferers like myself who ineffectually mourn over its remains.

Perhaps you may have observed, as I have done for some time past, when contemplating the countenance of Beauty, that the crimson banner which conscience adopts as her peculiar signal of danger is now rarely exhibited, and when displayed, is far more fugitive than formerly. Speaking for myself, long after I arrived at man's estate, I turned scarlet when accused, whether justly or not, of revoking at short whist, while the cousins aforesaid have been detected in offences equally heinous, and remained as passionless and pale as marble.

In conclusion, I would ask—as a man and a brother—are these irresponsible "persons" qualified to sit in a representative chamber—to revise our codes and digest our statutes? Can legislative functions be safely vested in "lame ducks," and should not all who answer to that description be required to discharge their honourable obligations, before they bring in their bills?

JUSTINIAN.

Albany.

From a Standard Author.

THE tradesmen who give insufficient weight are not likely to be students of BEN JONSON, or, as they chuckle over small fines and great profits, they might turn to him, and find that he says (ironically, of course),

"And in short measures life may perfect be."

Juvenile Intelligence.

AN Association has been formed by a number of small boys, home for the holidays, for the purpose of obtaining parliamentary reform. In accordance with their enlarged views on that subject, it is their determined intention to compel gingerbread-bakers to concede Reform in *parliament*.

SHORT AND SWEET.

The Periodical Meteors. What are these? Magazines that make a flash for a time or two, and then suddenly disappear?

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, January 18, 1868.

"A HORSE! GIVE ME ANOTHER HORSE!"

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As it seems all the rage at present to give what I call Horseman-feeds, I and two or three other fellows have determined to get one up in better style than is usually attempted. We have rescued a venerable cab-horse (*dun* of course) from the knacker's, and named KNAGG Chairman, because of his name; it seems so suitable, don't it? Well, you see, that's just what we mean it to be, symbolical, illustrative, and that sort of thing. I just want you, dear *Mr. Punch*, to cast your appreciative eye over a rough sketch of a kind of Programme KNAGG and I have been making out, and tell us what you think of it. *I* think it don't sound bad.

First place, KNAGG issues the invitations for a *feed*, next Saturday, in his dining-room—BLACK, that's another of our fellows, wanted us to call it a "sally manger;" but that's only to show off his French, because he was at the Paris Exhibition, and we weren't. He says "A horse is far more in its place in a *manger* than in a room." I can't deny there's something in *that*. He says he'll send us a cheval-glass to decorate the sally manger. Of course he can if he likes. We mean to have a band, of course; that's to say we've got SKWEEKER to promise to come with his fiddle, and give us a tune at the proper intervals. He has composed a grand martial air expressly for the occasion, entitled "*To Horse, to Horse!*" This he will play while we seat ourselves at a horse-shoe table, spread with a fair saddle cloth.

First Course.—Saddle of horse, with capers; vegetable—grass.

Second Course.—Curried horse.

Obligato accompaniment from SKWEEKER on one string.

Issh . . . ssh . . . ssh . . . (as like a groom as he can make it.)

This we expect to be very effective, and cause so much emotion that probably no one will eat the curry. *Still hock* is now to be handed round.

Third Course.—*Entrées* of horse's trotters, and other kickshaws.

Air, "*Trab, Trab,*" to which they will be sent trotting.

Salad.—Horse-radish.

Towards the close of the banquet there will be a dish of bridal cake handed round, and the *stirrup cup* will be set on the table; but before this KNAGG and I have agreed he's to ask me to sing. Of course I shall say *I'm a little hoarse*, and couldn't get through an air. KNAGG is to reply, he's not particular to a *horse hair* (good, that, isn't it?), and to press me again, and then I'm to say, "*Nay!*" We reckon on some of our guests here rising and saying something good about our *horsepitality*. We can't very well introduce that ourselves, but we shall take care to get up a horse-laugh. Well, then the stirrup-cup is to be sent round, and KNAGG, rising, will give the toast of the evening, Gentlemen, *charge* your glasses, "The Horse, and Peace *to his Mane-s!*"

What do you think of it, *Punchey?* *I* think it'll do.

Yours, admiringly,

JOHN TROTT.

P.S. I can't help thinking something good might be got out of de-*canter*. Canter's plain enough, but what the *d* to do with the *de*. I'm a moral man, and shouldn't wish to swear.

J. T.

MENDING OUR WAYS.

ANY Londoner who chances to be driven about Paris must be struck with the extraordinary smoothness of the streets, and must sigh for French steam-rollers when he returns to England. However, it is never too late to mend. After being bumped, and bruised, and shaken, and driven to distraction in every drive we have taken for many a year past, we are happy to see it stated that:—

"The Commission of Sewers have resolved to substitute asphalt, or gas-pitch, as a cement for the usual granite pavement of the roadway, in place of the ordinary grouting. This plan will prevent the soft bed from passing up between the stones, which will remain firm and level much longer than at present while the formation of mud will be rendered impossible."

Fancy London without mud! What a blessing to look forward to! Certainly, if gas-pitch be of service in keeping the streets clean, we hope that no time will be lost in endeavouring to bring them to such a pitch of excellence. The crossing-sweepers possibly may ask for compensation; but with the saving in our clothes, from having no more muddy streets, we could very well afford to compensate the crossing-sweepers.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—Old PAYNTER never neglects any opportunity for advancing Art. Every evening he has the cloth drawn.

BLACK MONDAY.

WHAT means this throng of maidens
With boxes canvas-clad,
Which porters see
Expecting fee
And wait on mothers sad?

Mammas, papas, and brothers
Beside the carriage pace,
So much they try
To check a sigh
And keep a cheerful face.

Ah! Christmas-tide is over,
The holidays are done,
Each ball-room belle
Young lady swell
Is mournful, woe-begone.

For hath not MRS. NIPSKID,
With pædagogual craft
Enclosing bill
That bitter pill
Precursor of a draft,

Sent forth an invitation
To make young ladies tremble
On such a day
She hopes she may
See young friends re-assemble?

The joy of many mansions,
The pride of many a home,
By road and rail,
Express and mail,
Unhappy girls they come.

When manly hearts are failing,
And mothers sit in tears,
Oh! hardest fate
For JANE and KATE
To combat with their fears.

The journey little comfort brings,
Such trials are in store,
They almost drop
When cabbies stop
A-front o' th' hated door.

How kind the Dowager appears
Till the first night 's expired,
"The journey 's long,
You are not strong,
I 'm sure you must be tired.

"Your holidays you have enjoyed,
Your friends are well, I trust;
Now come with me
And have some tea,
Be hungry 'deed you must."

Some five-and-twenty perhaps sit down
Around the smoking toast:
A sorry sight,
No appetite
That any one can boast.

Teetotallers may prattle;
It 's very plain to see,
The cup which cheers
These doleful dears,
Is *not* the cup of tea.

When left alone the old ones seem
A little more resigned;
The new girls meek,
Afraid to speak,
But little comfort find.

Now Night, the old Confessor, comes
To listen to their woes:
What tears are shed,
When they 're in bed,
He never will disclose.

AN OLD REVOLVER.—The Earth.

SHOWING WHAT A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT THE HOLES IN THE RAILWAY CARRIAGES ARE, PARTICULARLY DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

ALL THE WORLD A CRAB.

THERE is an operation
On 'Change called Backwardation.
To human civilisation
That word doth well apply;
Alas! we sadly sigh
In better days, gone by,
The world was onwards speeding;
'Tis now as fast receding.
The news is heavy reading,
And doleful as 'tis dry.
Whilst rumours fly alarming,
The nations go on arming,
The means each other of harming
Is now their chiefest care.
For bloodshed all prepare,
And warn us to beware;
Though there 's small cause to mention,
In Europe, for dissension,
No big bone of contention:
They 'd soon fight if there were.
America, confounded,
Into a smash self-pounded,
We look upon astounded;
And here we are at home,
With parsons aping Rome,
Each Ritualist coxcomb;
Strikes, in, and out, of season,
Mob meetings without reason,
And frantic Fenian treason,
From o'er Atlantic foam.
Then business from depression
Is making small progression;
In general retrocession
Our part we have to bear,
But still, as yet, our share,
When cases we compare,
Of troubles and of labours
Is smaller than our neighbours'
On bayonets and sabres
No cost, no lives, who spare.

CENTRE OF GRAVITY.—A Judge in Court.

A CRY FROM THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

MY DEAR LORD DERBY,

As first Lord of the Treasury and the Premier of England, you have probably a fair amount of work upon your hands, and it is probably as much as ever you can do to look into your *Punch*. However, taking it for granted you do not neglect this duty, I wish to ask you privately what you mean to do for the poor clerks in the Customs, who have appealed to me to get them an increase of their salaries? They tell me that so far back as last March they had the honour to memorialise your Lordships of the Treasury, with the object of convincing you that they were sadly underpaid; but then, of course, you were too busy with reforming the Commons to pay heed to reforming the poor pay of the Customs. So they repeated their memorial on the 13th of December, doubtless hoping that your Lordships would, with seasonable benevolence, have given them a Christmas-box to help to pay their Christmas bills. My good friend SIR THOMAS FREMANTLE, the Chairman of their Board, would doubtless willingly have joined with me in backing their request had there been any prospect that by doing so he would have profited himself. But SIR THOMAS has a salary of £2000 a year, and I fear could hardly furnish you with grounds for its increase.

With Abyssinia and Ireland and some other things to think of, you may not find the time to think of helping these poor clerks, although I make no doubt you would be glad enough to do so. A Conservative just now is pretty certain to be liberal, and Lancashire well knows you have a big bump of benevolence. Among their various grievances the principal are these:—

"The Customs Department, though one of the most important branches of the Civil Service, collecting upwards of £22,000,000 annually, and furnishing commercial statistics of great value, is the worst paid of the Revenue and other large Government Departments.

"The examination for admission to the Customs Service is identical with that of the Inland Revenue; the members of both departments are drawn from the same class in society, derive their appointments from the same source, and are engaged in the performance of duties of a very similar character; yet the average salary of clerks in the latter department is forty-two per cent. superior to that of clerks in the former."

My good old friend SIR THOMAS has, himself, no grounds for grumbling, for he pockets the same salary as the Chairman who presides over the Board of Inland Revenue, whose clerks, upon the average, get £235 a year, while the poor Clerks of the Customs are paid upon the average £70 per annum less. Why, if the Boards are paid alike, the clerks' pay should be different, is a riddle which your Lordship perhaps will beg their Lordships of the Treasury to solve, and the best thing they could do would be to say, "We give it up;" and then, by making the pay equal, prevent the question being put to them again.

Another fair cause for a grumble on the part of the poor clerks, who help to pay into the Treasury some two-and-twenty millions sterling every year, is that:—

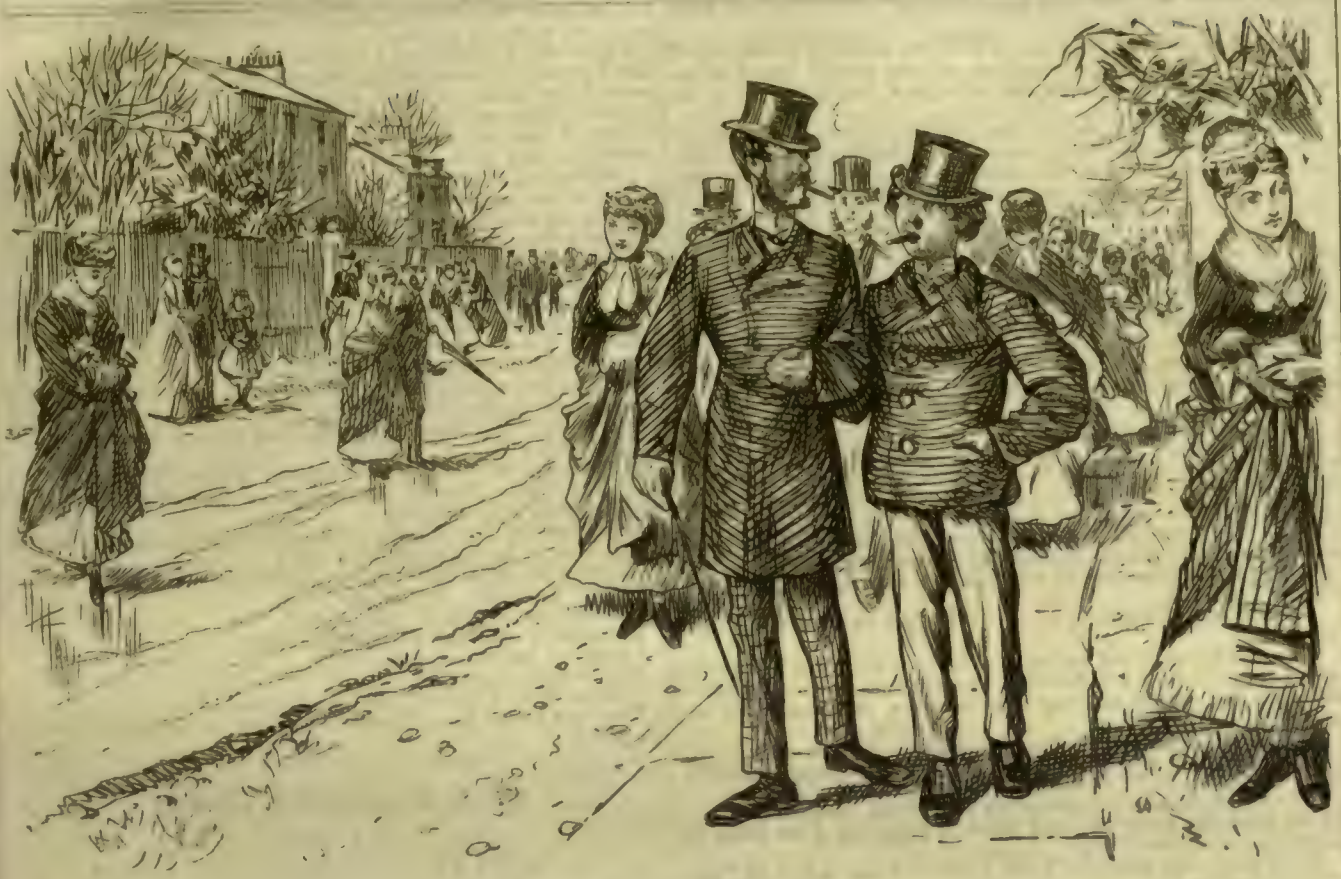
"While the salaries of clerks in many branches of the Civil Service have of late years been considerably increased, those of clerks in the Customs have remained nearly unchanged, notwithstanding that the educational standard of qualification has been materially raised, and that the difficulty in obtaining admission into the service has been greatly increased by competitive examinations."

Men with a large income, like you and me, my Lord, of course have small occasion to trouble our fine minds by thoughts about the price of bread, and beef and mutton, and other things which poor folk call the "necessaries of life." But a newspaper informs me, in an article which advocates the cause of the poor clerks, that:—

"All the necessaries of life have risen from twenty to twenty-five per cent. within the last seventeen years; but the salaries paid to the officials in the Custom House are almost exactly as they were seventeen years ago. In some respects the prospects of the senior clerks are positively worse."

Surely, then, your Lordship will agree with me in thinking that JOHN BULL, in common justice, ought to give his Customs' clerks an increase of their salaries, to balance the augmented cost of bread and meat. Honesty in such matters is clearly the best policy, for servants who are badly paid are rarely zealous in good work. Men who have the charge of collecting twenty millions every year for MR. BULL should not be stinted in their salaries, but encouraged by good pay to do the best for him they can. Let a liberal per-centage be added to the income of the poor clerks in the Customs, and, depend on it, the income MR. BULL gets from the Customs will also be increased. So well-to-do a gentleman should really feel ashamed to be a stingy skin-flint in the payment of his servants; and, as his best adviser, I would beg him in this matter to listen to the voice of justice and of wisdom, as uttered to your Lordship, by your Lordship's servant,

PUNCH.



COMMON PRUDENCE.

Snob. "OH, LET 'S GET OUT O' THIS MOB, 'ARRY; THEY 'LL THINK WE 'RE A GOIN' TO *CHURCH!*"

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XIII.—MY REGRETFUL FRIEND.—A GROUP, "MY COMMISSIONERS."—AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

IN turning over the leaves of this Photographic Book, the portrait of my Regretful Friend may strike your eye.

He is the man who is always wishing he hadn't done it, whatever it is.

He regretted having had his likeness taken; having given me this one instead of another; and, as he had parted with it, regretted generally the art of Photography, which had, so to speak, imposed on his trusting nature.

I meet him on my way home from my Portable Friend's. I tell him that I am off for a holiday. He is delighted. "Where?" He should so much like to go.

Being without a companion, and liking WINIAMS, I say, "Come." I describe to him the pleasures of travelling, omitting the sea-voyage. He thinks it an excellent idea. When am I going? he wants to know. "To-morrow morning." Can I make it to-morrow evening? he inquires. For the sake of his company. "Yes," I answer, "decidedly."

"Ah!" he sighs, "I'm very sorry I can't come. I wish I could. If it had been the week before last——"

"No time," I put in, "like the present." A weak observation at the best, and not at all calculated to decide an irresolute man. He points out that there have been many times very like the present; the week before last, for instance, which was *so* like that it might have been mistaken for it. He regrets not having met me yesterday night: if we'd only met *then*, it would have been all settled. He regrets meeting TUMPSON then instead of me: he explains that this is *his* peculiar luck.

Finding him so melancholy, I wish him good-bye. He is still so full of regrets, that I am sure there is a chance of his coming. "Will it do," he asks, "if he follows me in a couple of days?"

"Capital," I answer.

He brightens up. "He will, certainly: I may depend upon him." I don't depend upon him in the least, but wish him good-bye, heartily. I know that within half-an-hour afterwards, or certainly after dinner that evening, he is regretting having even committed himself to so much of a promise.

I'll wait for no one any longer for my holiday.

Having settled (as before explained) my little affairs with THERESA and family amicably, I call in, there, to say good-bye.

The Family are at home. All. I say I am going to Zurich, but shall take Paris and Brussels on the way, or return by them. They are all enthusiastic, and it appears that I am about to do something very clever. Perhaps this display of freedom of action before THERESA and the Young Officer in the Engineers, who is, metaphorically, tied by the leg, is somewhat galling. Aha! *ainsi soit-il*, as our lively neighbours say in church. Talking of lively neighbours, I ask in a burst of good-nature, Can I be of any use to them in Paris? To *them*, collectively! I saw the pitfall in a minute.

Had I been my Regretful Friend, I could not have been sorrier for the *lapsus*.

They begin, of course, by saying, "No, thank you;" they are much obliged to me all the same.

Whereupon I am bound in courtesy to press my point. "Are they sure, because if I *can* be of any service, &c., &c., they 've only to name it, and—&c., &c."

"By Jove, old fellow," cries the Young Artillery Officer, suddenly. "I wish you 'd go to TIRALLIER'S for me, will you?"

Will I? I handn't included him, confound him; but, "Of course I will, with pleasure; only," I add, smiling, "he must tell me exactly where What's-his-name's is." I call TIRALLIER'S "What's-his-name's" advisedly, to show him how careless I am about names, and how unlikely it is he 'll get his commission properly executed at my hands; "also, exactly what you want,"—*exactly* sounds formidable; "and I 'll do my best."

"Thanks," he returns, heartily, "I 'll write it down."

While the ingenious creature is doing this, the High Church Sister of Mercy asks me if I won't mind kindly going to a small shop near St. Geneviève's, where they sell embroidered prints of a religious character; she wants some for her schools; also what she calls two small chaplets for children, and if I see any inexpensive but effective articles of a devotional character, small candlesticks, for instance (such a frown from old CHERTTON), "will I get them for her? And oh, if I please, some

painted tapers, and very very small censers." She, too, will write these articles down for me.

MRS. CHERTON just hints that if I *do* see anything in the way of reasonable fur cloaks and wrappers, not to trouble myself about buying them there and then, but to write a line to her as to the price.

I make a note of this, and the Artillery Officer gives me his instructions. Two seven-chambered revolvers, pea-bullet size for drawing-room use; a telescope rifle, with cleaner, powder-flask, and everything to match, on the three-times-a-second principle. He adds, that he doesn't know exactly what the price will be, but if I'll kindly settle, he'll square up with me on my return; as if *that* was a noble and generous action on his part.

I rise to go; I remind myself of the merchant in *Beauty and the Beast* who takes his daughter's commissions.

Beauty, I mean SOPHIA THERESA, comes up last. May she trust me, she says, winningly, to pick her out the newest shape in bonnets?

"In for a penny, in for a pound:" in for devotional candlesticks and three-times-a-second loading revolvers, and in for a bonnet or two, more or less.

I will. Good-bye, all round.

"Oh!" says the eldest daughter married, suddenly recalling a fact; "you'll be there (meaning in Paris), on *le jour de l'an*, the first day of the year."

"I think I shall be," I say; "why?"

"Oh!" she returns, "I shall be *so* much obliged if you'll go to that shop on the Boulevard des Italiens—the great shop you know, and get me a lot of bonbons for the children: you can't get anything like them in England."

The little boy of twelve is there. By instinct he cries out, "And pop-guns."

I promise pop-guns and bonbons, and begin to think I'd better start with a train like *Blue Beard* used to appear with at Covent Garden, of elephants and camels carrying treasure-boxes as presents for his numerous friends.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" all most heartily.

"I won't forget, will I?" "Oh, no." "It's not too much trouble, is it?" "Not a bit." Of course, delighted.

Old CHERTON, who *has* some sense in his head, grasps me warmly by the hand, and says, "My dear fellow, it's too bad of the ladies to bother you in this way."

He is right; but naturally I say, "Oh, dear me, not at all," and "Don't mention it."

Still holding my hand, he says, kindly, "You know Paris well, no doubt?" I see that he is going to give me some paternal advice as to my conduct in that gay metropolis, so I at once tell him (with not perhaps an exact regard for truth, but a great one for expediency), that "I know it almost as well as I know London; and shan't go," I add, smiling knowingly, "very wrong there."

It's just what I oughtn't to have said.

"Then," says he, "what I want you to do won't give you any trouble?"

"Not in the least. What is it?"

"Merely to go to the Private Bureau of the *Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest* (it's on the right-hand side—any porter will tell you—of the Rue d'Amsterdam), and just see the head *employé* (he's there nearly all day), and ask him for the number of the Bordereaux makers, near either the Sainte-Chapelle, or in the direction of the site of the Exposition, in the Champ de Mars. And if you would, in the course of your walks, just look in there—TAPELIN's the fellow's name, I think—and ask when the deuce he's going to finish that leather case for fishing-tackle, same size as for bank-notes and coupons, that I ordered nearly two years ago."

This is old CHERTON's last request. One sensible thing he *does* add, which is, that if it bothers me very much, I needn't do it.

Once more, "Good-bye." They continue thanking me over and over again, as if I'd brought all the things back. I tear myself away.

I'd half a mind to ask them for the money for these things. When I get them, how on earth shall I ever pass the Custom-House?

I dine hurriedly with my Regretful Friend, who is wishing he was going (there's nothing to prevent him), and keeps on envying me up to the last. "Then," says he, "if I'd only have packed I'd have come with you."

A late train to Dover. I am rather late even for the late train. The Guard slily wants to know, "Do I want to smoke?" Why is it you always *do* want to smoke in a train? Why is it that nothing will content the traveller (specially the younger traveller) but a carriage to himself?

"Only one gentleman in, Sir: he's going to have a smoke, too, Sir." One shilling to the Guard not to tell the Company. It is very cold. I don't mind one other gentleman, too, specially if he's going to have a smoke.

The other gentleman is covered with furs and rugs, like an enormous Polar bear. I can't see his face, but this is The Gentleman who is going to have a smoke. There are no signs of the smoke at present, but he must soon, with naturally generated heat, if he continues enveloped as closely as this.

I light up. I should like, I think, as I open my evening paper, to have a photograph in my book of that creature as he is: name, underneath, "The Gentleman who is going to have a smoke."

I have hardly puffed two puffs when there is a low growl from his corner. I look round; I can't be mistaken; from his corner, undoubtedly. No, he's perfectly still.

I whiff again, trying to read the evening paper.

A lower and a more savage growl.

Not a dog in with the gentleman who is going to have a smoke? No.

I hate a row; and before I take the initiative in a case of this sort, I always find it advisable to think once or twice, and reason the matter out thus: "We both having paid, have an equal right to be here. True. I gave the Guard a shilling for the privilege of smoking: why shouldn't he have paid a shilling, or even more, for the privilege of growling. I don't know. Again, smoking *is* against the regulations: growling isn't. So far, in an argument he would get the best of it. Only, I've been admitted here under false pretences; the Guard ought to have told me that this was not 'the gentleman who was going to have a smoke,' but 'the gentleman who was going to have a growl.'"

What shall I do?

He is—yes, he is rising from his seat gradually: an invalid. I can't see his face. His cape and overwrapper are a perfect bear's skin, with head and paws complete.

Good gracious! has he lost anything under the seat that he descends suddenly on all fours, exactly *like* a bear?

Where's my umbrella, or tobacco-stopper, or—

"Sir!" I exclaim. "I really—"

I don't know what to do; strike him?

He suddenly rises with a tremendous roar.

I jump up, on the defensive.

The bear-skin drops off.

"Hallo, Cocky! Oh, ain't you in a jolly funk!"

That voice!—My Funny Friend!!! GRIGG!!! Bound for Paris!! Oh, dear!

ON A SEASONABLE LETTER.

BY A VICTIM.

HERE it is here—the birth of the year,
And with it my tailor's letter.
If he'd spared his penny, nor sent me any,
For himself he had done much better.

Oh, foolish man, skin a flint who can,
Who shall bleed a stone, I pray you?
With the cash I sank in the Agra Bank
I might very freely pay you.

The fall of stock was an awkward shock,
Most blue looked my bland attorney;
For a precious lot went to hopeless pot
When OVEREND failed (with GURNEY.)

To Egyptian Trade then I turned for aid,
And in WASHOE's Mine I rested;
But they came to grief, or some swindling thief
Ran off with the sums invested.

"You want your due." I've no doubt you do,
And I wish I may live to see it;
But I'm up a tree you may plainly see.
If it must be so—so be it!

That life is brief is some slight relief,
As your bill my last pipe kindles;
And my Snip, my Snip, we'll at least agree,
We hate their shams and their swindles.

The Complete Letter-Writer.

PUFF preliminary announces that EARL RUSSELL is going, next month, to write a letter (of course) On the State of Ireland. We thought Ireland was not a state, but a kingdom. Clearly, the Earl knows no more about it than he did about Abyssinia or Education, and we have sent him, by book-post, the Geography used in the Irish schools. It is an excellent work, and we will trouble him for the eightpence (trade price) and the postage.

NO FICTION.

THE other day a great disappointment befel LAURA DASHLEIGH. She sent to her Circulating Library for the *Secret of Hegel*, thinking it was a sensational novel. She took it anything but philosophically.

MAZEPPA.—PART THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—THE HALL OF THE CASTLE. MAZEPPA AND OLINSKA ARE SURPRISED IN A TÊTE-À-TÊTE BY THE JEALOUS COUNT AND HIS ATTENDANTS.

SCENE II.—COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE. AFTER SOME SLIGHT RESTIVENESS ON THE PART OF THE WILD HORSE OF THE UKRAINE, MAZEPPA IS BOUND UPON IT, AND AWAY THEY GO.

SCENE III.—A DARK AND DREARY FOREST. TIME: SUNSET. MAZEPPA AND THE WILD HORSE PURSUED BY WOLVES AND BIRDS OF PREY.

Nurse. "PERHAPS, MA'AM, YOU'D LIKE TO COME AND SMOOTH YOUR HAIR IN MY MISTRESS'S ROOM?"
Little Innocent. "OH NO; DO STAY HERE!—AT LEAST, IF YOU DON'T MIND TAKING OFF YOUR HAIR BEFORE ME."

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

LET cynics scoff and worldlings sneer,
And cold aristocrats condemn;
Their censure weighed not in her ear,
Her counsel was not ta'en with them.

A wiser, womanlier thought
Whispered within her woman's heart:—
"They that my solace would have wrought,
They in my grief shall have their part.

"The love I mourn, for whom I go
In mourning, ever, to the end,
What England lost in him they know,
How sure a guide, how firm a friend;

"But what the loss the wife, and Queen,
Had in that nature, pure and sweet,
That judgment, steady and serene,
That counsel swift all needs to meet,

"That light of joy within the home,
That fount of peace beside the hearth,
That gravity, which ne'er was gloom,
That glee as pure as maiden's mirth—

"All this my people cannot know,
All this I only can make known,
That they may gauge the joy and woe
I knew with him, now know alone.

"So my past life, my walks and ways,
The wife's and mother's, not the Queen's,
My treasured tale of happier days,
My record of love-hallowed scenes,

"I'll open to my people's eyes,
And therein bid them take their part,
That they may weigh the weight that lies
On my lone life and widowed heart.

"Till feeling what my joy has been,
They feel how vast my grief must be:
And, when my treasure they have seen,
May measure what its loss to me."

What Queen like this was ever known,
To take her people to her heart?
When was Queen's household-life so shown
With modest truth and artless art?

The Royal Widow has done well
Thus on her people's love to call,
Her simple wifely tale to tell,
And trust her joys and griefs to all.

Ne'er since VICTORIA felt the Crown
A weight upon her girlish brow,
Have Heaven's best blessings been called down
About her path, as they are now.

A Model Uncle.

A SMART Pawnbroker that, at Ratcliff, who was nevertheless too smart and came to smarting. He takes a poor woman's clock in pawn. Yes, that is his lawful business. But it was not his lawful business, but his unlawful pleasure, to divide the clock into three parts—face, weights, and pendulum, and issue three tickets, for each of which he charged, and each of which bore interest. The Magistrate told him so, and by way of impressing the fact on his memory, fined him heavily. Thus poor wives are cheated, while their husbands go gaping after POTTER and BEALES.

OUR AUSTRALIAN COUSIN.

PRINCE ALFRED. "WELL, MISS AUSTRALIA, I KNEW YOU WERE A *GREAT* GIRL, BUT I'D NO IDEA YOU WERE SO BEAUTIFUL."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

N Another Evening, some way from home. Au Bal de l'Opéra, Paris. Ascending the stair-case to the foyer.

Anatole. Du monde ici, n'est-ce pas?

Ernest (slily). Et sa femme? (*Elbows a Domino, accidentally.*) Parrr-don, ma petite chatte.

Indignant (?) Domino. Ne me touchez pas, M'sieu! (*In an audible aside.*) Prenez garde; v'la, mon ami.

Ernest (mechanically). Mais, ... après? . . . Trois heures à la porte d'entrée, n' est-ce pas?

Domino. Bien entendu. (*Is saluted by* son ami.) Ah!

[*Utters a little scream of pretended surprise, and carries him off, looking back once at* ERNEST.

English Visitor (who has heard so much of this Ball). It's very hot. (*To his Friend.*) Where does the fun go on? (*In a disappointed tone.*) I thought it was a regular Carnival.

English Habitué (nodding to Friends). Mon cher, see this once (*nods to more Friends*) and it's always the same. (*Nods again.*) You ought to know a lot of people here. (*Recognises and nods to male Friends.*)

English Friend (who knows nobody, feels the truth of the remark). Yes. (*Sees a French Swell, with a Domino on his arm, coming up to his Friend.*) Who's this?

[*Feels he'd like to be introduced to anyone, and especially when such a pair of eyes shine from beneath the mask.*

Habitué. This? (*Aside to him.*) He's the little MARQUIS DE LONGUEPÉE: fought fifteen duels.

English Friend (feels that he'd rather not be introduced; or if he is, that he must mind his p's and q's with the Domino). Oh! indeed!

Marquis. Ah, mon cher! (*Whispers in his ear.*)

Habitué. Vraiment?

Marquis. Je l'ai vu. Tenez! (*Takes his arm.*)

Habitué (to Friend). Excuse me a minute. I'll join you again here by the door of entry.

[*Disappears with the* Marquis *and the Domino in the crowd.* English Visitor *experiences a dreadful sense of isolation, and wishes he was at home. Thinks how gay he has always heard these balls are. Expects to hear sparkling wit from the Masquers. Listens for it.*

Domino (with very light hair, to Domino brunette). V'la ces petits crevés!

Brunette Domino. Tiens! (*Stops English isolated stranger.*) Ah! mon bébé! te voici!

English Visitor (trying to pump up French lightness and gaiety). Quel bonheur! On a vous attendu tout le soirée.

Brunette. You speak English, n'est-ce pas?

English Visitor (slightly disconcerted). Moi!—I—oui—yes.

Light Domino. Il est un Ruski.

English Visitor (catching at the word). Ruski? bien. (*Thinks he's had enough of this wit.*) Au revoir.

Brunette Domino (giving the whole point of the interview). Nous offres-tu à souper?

English Visitor. Nous verrons. (*Taking a leaf out of* M. ERNEST's *book as recorded above.*) Trois heures à la porte d'entrée.

Both Dominos. Bien.

[*They pass on to see if they can get a better engagement.*

English Visitor (to himself). Catch me.

[*Thinks he'll see what the merry dancers are doing. Enters the lobby, and stands at the top of the steps leading into the Pit part.*

Superb Official (peremptorily). Il faut que vous descendez, M'sieu!

[*English Visitor unwarily goes down, and subsequently finds that once among the gay masquers he cannot return, except by going all round and back again to the other side of the Foyer. Experientia docet. He comes against a Friend.*

English Visitor (delighted). Hullo! JENNINGS, old boy!

[*Doesn't care about "*JENNINGS, *old boy," at home.*

Jennings. Ah! you here? (*With intense enjoyment of La Vie Parisienne Quadrille now being performed.*) Nothing like this in London, eh?

English Visitor. No, you're right.

Jennings. I say, look there. (*They look there and are much edified*). That's over. Now let's walk round.

[*Bows to a veiled Lady in a private box.*

English Visitor. Who's your friend?

Jennings. English people. I've just been talking to the Lady and her husband. They find it awfully slow.

English Visitor (honestly). This part of the Masque *is* slow. No *real* fun. [*They re-enter the Foyer.*

Habitué (joining them). Oh, here you are! (*Slily, with an "Ain't-I-a-gay-dog" sort of face.*) Such an intrigue! Do you see that Domino there? I hear it's the PRINCESS —— But I'd better not say the name. She's coming to speak to me again.

Jennings (who knows Paris). I know her. Elle est petillante d'esprit.

Habitué (with the pride of a Don Juan). Now, look here. (*Domino approaches.*) Ma petite chère——

Domino (haughtily). Monsieur! (*Then abruptly.*) Allez vous en chez votre femme.

[*Habitué doesn't like this remark about "sa femme," which happens to be true. The Domino passes on, and is joined by two other ladies.*

Little Domino (aside, nudging Habitué). C'est elle!

Habitué. Elle?

Little Domino (laughing). La PRINCESSE DE STEINERWITZ, n' est-ce pas?

Habitué (disgusted, to his Friends). Let's go and sup.

English Visitor. Supper by all means.

[3 30 *a.m. Cafés all alight in the upper parts. Discreet waiters moving about with dishes and wines. Paris all alive by night, until breakfast time, when Les Jolis Viveurs retire, the Church doors open, and the ouvriers go to work as usual.*

English Visitor (to Friend at same hotel). Must go to bed, I suppose. (*Yawning.*) Rather fun, though. [*Wonders where the fun was.*

His Friend. Yes (*doubtfully*). Rather. (*Gives the moral.*) Wouldn't do every week; though they do it. (*Thinks over the point.*) Good night.

English Visitor. Bon jour.

[*Turns to sleep in the peaceful consciousness of having seen a Bal d'Opéra in Paris, and at all events done the correct thing.*

Habitué (strolling to his apartments). "Votre femme!" Odd. Couldn't have known!—By Jove, I must write home.

[*Retires to rest, Dimanche* 7·30 a.m. *being in Paris "on business of the utmost importance."*

The Wrong Animal.

THE delayed replacement of the Hyde Park railings at Knightsbridge is the fault of somebody. A correspondent of the *Times*, whose letter is signed "WILLIAM LYON," contends that the parties to blame are not the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, nor the Metropolitan Board of Works, but the Government. He concludes his statement by saying that he trusts that it "may have the effect of placing the saddle on the right horse." Ought he not rather to have said, the right donkey?

SPORT FOR *US*.

THE favourite game of the Spanish Merchant might be varied for the delectation of the lighthearted—a definition which of course excludes anybody who has trusted Spain. "I am a Spanish Minister, and I have something to *sell*." "Is it alive?" "Just." "How many legs?" "None to stand on." "Is it rational?" "No." "Give it up." "A creditor."

Sketch from Fashionable Life.

Morning Call: Saturday.

1*st Lady.* Do you intend going to Church to-morrow, dear?

2*nd Lady.* Well, dear, that *entirely* depends upon my bonnet.

WRECK NEWS.

THE *John Russell*, in Hudson's Bay. Tried hard with Pumps, but in vain. The *Elliott*, going to assist, went to pieces. Assurance large. Men picked up by the *Pall Mall*.

FROM THE ABORIGINAL COURT CIRCULAR.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, while in Australia, is reported to have been present at a "Coroboree." Has this been corroborated?

THE CLERICAL PARADISE.—Parsonstown.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Teatotaller. "DISGRACEFUL! AND AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, TOO, WHEN THERE'S SO MUCH DRINKING GOING ON!"

AN EMPEROR'S LITTLE GAME.

WHAT he wants his Army for
Do you wish me to explain?
That, if needful, he, by war,
May the papal power maintain.
Though an Empire he commands,
And on Freedom's neck doth tread,
Not as yet have priestly hands
Placed a crown upon his head.

SEVENTH PIUS did not stick
Pliantly to knuckle down,
Hold a candle to Old Nick,
And NAPOLEON FIRST to crown.
Principles may scarce be meet
For a Sovereign Pontiff's grub,
But NINTH PIUS, too, may eat
Syllabus like Syllabub.

PIUS NINTH, within his breast,
Cardinals has hatching got,
Eggs, as in a goose's nest,
And a Cousin 'mongst the lot;
Cardinals of Gallic race:
When the present POPE they lose,
In his Holiness's place
Won't they well know whom to choose?

Scheming Uncle could not quite
Get a POPE to be his tool;
Haply, Nephew thinks he might,
Through a papal kinsman, rule,
Getting underneath his thumb
Nations which the French do call
Latin, so as to become
Lord and master of them all.

"Arm!" his word is, therefore, still,
Who declared his Empire peace.
Fighting men it is his will,
Consequently, to increase.
Chassepôt rifles overthrew
Those who fought to set Rome free.
Next what wonders they may do
Will the Germans wait to see?

CAPITAL CURE FOR IRELAND.

SCENE—*The Stock Exchange.* STUMPEY. DIBBS.

Stumpey. Any more Fenian outrages?

Dibbs. Not that I know of. Am in hopes the panic is subsiding.

Stumpey. But what are we to do with Ireland?

Dibbs. Colonise it. Didn't you read ALIQUIS's letter in the *Times?*

Stumpey. Who's ALIQUIS?

Dibbs. I don't know. But he says he is somebody, and that he knows what's what about Irish affairs. And he says, "Colonise Ireland."

Stumpey. Well, but are not the Irish population emigrating? and isn't that considered a good job?

Dibbs. Why, yes. There are too many Irish in Ireland—but not enough English. At least, that's what "ALIQUIS" thinks. His idea is, that the truth of the matter about Ireland, and the root of the evil is that the Irish people are all crazy.

Stumpey. Oh! but that's a joke.

Dibbs. No, indeed, he is quite serious. He gravely gives it as his opinion that the only way to deal with Ireland is "by spreading over an impracticable, almost a lunatic community, such little colonies as we could of sane men." And he puts it still stronger when he asks the question, "How can you spread a sprinkling of sane men, like wheat, over the insane human chaff of to-day?"

Stumpey. Insane human chaff! Is that what he calls the Irish? No, come; they are not mad—but some of their editors will be as being chaffed like that.

Dibbs. Great wit—who is it says?—to madness nearly is allied. Many Irishmen are men of first-rate ability. But still the Irish are as a race—well—peculiar.

Stumpey. What's the wheat which he proposes to scatter over the chaff?

Dibbs. Well, he says something about English convicts.

Stumpey. That's complimentary. English convicts the wheat to Irish chaff!

Dibbs. He doesn't exactly say that he would colonise Ireland altogether with convicts. He speaks of the "representatives of the extreme of our social system," and the "rescued scum of the United Kingdom."

Stumpey. Won't he have the Irish hornets about his ears!

Dibbs. But then he would have the scum "helped towards regeneration by men of proved probity and self-restraint from the Army, Navy, and Constabulary of the United Kingdom." He also mentions Deal and Yarmouth boatmen to work the fisheries. "Many and many hundreds of miles of coast swarming with unmolested fish."

Stumpey. The fisheries would pay. But how about the land?

Dibbs. There are millions of acres, he says, that would pay for reclamation. He would plant them with trees and stock them with game. Then, he says, they would rival the Scotch forests.

Stumpey. There's something in what MR. ALIQUIS, or LORD ALIQUIS, or whoever he is, says: Englishmen and Scotchmen in Ireland would very likely develope its resources. But they'd want English capital.

Dibbs. What do you say to an Improvement of Ireland Company (Limited), to colonise and cultivate Ireland?

Stumpey. Capital idea.

Dibbs. For capitalists—eh?

Stumpey. You don't mean that for a joke?

Dibbs. Quite the reverse.

Stumpey. Then I do think it capital.

Dibbs. Will you go into it?

Stumpey. I'm good for a million.

Dibbs. Ditto.

Stumpey. The money is now all lying idle.

Dibbs. Very well, then. Let's set to work instantly, and draw out a prospectus. Improvement of Ireland Company. Just the thing wanted to bring about revival of confidence and legitimate speculation.

Science Gossip.

TRAVELLERS, on their return from America, have told us, that when watching the wonderful agility of the opossum in its native forests, they could but exclaim, in conscious inferiority—*Non opossumus.*

IGNORANCE; OR "DRAWN BLANK" EXPLAINED.

Cheerful Party (rushing about on pulling brute). "WHAT! HERE STILL, CAPTAIN? WHY, I'VE TAKEN A GALLOP ROUND THE WOOD!"
Disgusted Foxhunter. "AH! AND WHEN YOU TAKE A GALLOP *OUT* OF THE WOOD, WE MAY FIND A FOX!"

THE POET'S PAGE.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING has afforded a proof that a Poet is what the name implies, somebody who can Make. He has made a tribunal do justice, and a tradesman eat humble-pie. A MR. PAGE charged him—sued him—for two bottles of port wine, at four shillings each, bottles included (O lor!), and had the bard before the Marylebone Court. The proof broke down, MR. BROWNING stating that he never drank port wine, and never had ordered any of anybody. That a Jury, notwithstanding, did not instantly find for a brother tradesman is to be accounted for only in one way. The Judge decided for the poet. Then came out the poetical nature—he gave the costs to the poor-box. But he justly complained that he had been obliged to waste a day, because a tradesman did not use proper caution in his business. There was no implication that the charge was intentionally fraudulent, and on the whole PAGE should be proud that his name has been coupled with BROWNING'S, unwelcome as may be the lesson which the poet has scrawled on the page. What say the Philistines to a poet teaching caution to a tradesman?

Church News.

DR. GRAY'S in his glory,
He's caught one MACROARIE,
Who 'll go, a Sham Bishop, to drive
From Natal the wild boar,
Who says twice two is four,
And to preach "the Church Truth"—that it's five.

SAME ANOTHER WAY.

SWEET thought, to send to Afric (South)
One in whose name Succession glows:
CHRYSOSTOM comes from Golden Mouth,
MACROARIE comes from Brazen Nose.

HOW TO GET AN ELASTIC REVENUE AGAIN.—Tax India-rubber.

MAKING IT UP.

"WELL said, old mocker, I must needs be friends with thee." So, in Shakespearian phrase, remarks *Mr. Punch* to MR. BEALES. Early in last week the latter statesman was in a great rage with the former, called his remarks by vulgar names, and declared that he did not heed them at all, so long as he had "his praises chanted" (*sic*) by MESSRS. GOLDWIN SMITH and FAWCETT. How far these accomplished gentlemen like MR. BEALES to cry "chant" to them, *à la* PAUL BEDFORD in *Blueskin*, is their affair. But MR. BEALES made, towards the end of the week, so lofty and aristocratic an apology, at a League Council, that there is an end, until he offends again. We recognise the blue blood, and drop the point of our rapier:—

"MR. BEALES, the Chairman, said if he had anything to tax himself with in conducting the discussions of the League it was that of being too lax. If the meetings had been composed of gentlemen of his own class, he should not have allowed many things that have occurred; but as they were composed mostly of working-men, he did not like," &c., &c,

Just so—and we have done. *Mrs. Candour* could not have let her friends down more agreeably than PRESIDENT BEALES drops his Council. Is the same rule to be adopted when the Council gets into Parliament, and is the SPEAKER to rebuke, say MR. BRIGHT, for characterising distinguished personages as unpopular aliens, while MR. MUDGE is to be smiled on when terming the same personages German cut-throats?

"I go to the Play in a Mask!"—*Lady in Congreve.*

ANOTHER bit of French humbug. An athlete in a mask having drawn the Parisians, we read that a lady vocalist (of course, of the highest family, and greatest beauty) is about to appear, "but stipulates that she shall sing in a mask." Only?

PROBLEM FOR MATHEMATICAL BOBBIES.—Find the Centres of the Fenian circles.

BRITANNIA TO AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

YOU have come out. You have been presented to my sailor Prince. You have pleased your old mother vastly by your splendid celebration of this one of the greatest events in your life, and she is eager to offer you her thanks and congratulations.

I hear you are a fine, handsome lass, with a bush of golden hair, blooming and buxom, who have not yet done growing—figure rather fuller than mine, but features much the same. I hope the family likeness will be preserved through many centuries and cycles to come, and that when you are as old as I am you may look as well as I do, and have as few wrinkles and furrows, as after all my years and trials, my time-beaten visage shows.

So young, too! only four-score! for Sydney will keep her eightieth birthday this very year. I am conscious that when I was your age I was not able to give balls and banquets, or dazzle with transparencies and illuminations (piping times for your gas-fitters), or breed Mayors and Corporations, or erect Exhibition buildings as big as your old friend Westminster Hall. I am afraid I was subsisting on acorns and berries, and painting myself a warm blue, and going and coming nude as your own aborigines. So spread, so developed at 80, what will you not be at 800? You are the superb young beauty, the rose on your cheek, the brilliant in your eye, full of life and expectation, with many squires to hold up your train of cloth of gold, and a long and triumphant career before you. I am the mature matron, with a silver thread here and there in my glossy hair, and a line or two on my ample brow, but handsome and stately still, proud of my bonny daughter, proud to be told that she resembles her mother, wondering whether she will make the great conquests I have made, or stand amidst the affluence of possessions that I can command, and wishing her with heart and voice all the happiness that I have known, without a tithe of my suffering, or a tenth of my sorrow.

My Daughter, do not listen to those who will tell you that I have seen my best days, and that there is no prospect for me but decrepitude and decay. I mean to be the Methuselah of nations, the evergreen of kingdoms. I have no intention, at present, of dismantling London Bridge, or converting St. Paul's into a picturesque ruin. I mean to live to see your future prosperity as far exceed your present, as your present does that forlorn time of COOK and BANKS from which our own is separated by such a scanty handful of years. You, in your turn, will have to colonise and emigrate, and you will bless me with lusty and vigorous grandchildren. Your stride will lengthen, your pace will quicken; but don't make the running too soon, don't go too fast.

You resemble your mother in many things. Like her you have your Ministers, your Parliaments, your Speakers; your Rechabites, your Druids, your Odd Fellows. You would not be a woman if you had not your Opposition; you would not be my child if you were without your jobs and blunders. I doubt not that you have your Usher of the Black Rod, your Beadles, and your Waits. I am sorry that you have no Lord Mayor, but I hope, as some compensation, that you are not Vestry-ridden. I notice that you have what I cannot afford, your "Free Gardeners," and "Free Banquet." Send me the Gardeners' address, and some dinner tickets, will you? and a case or two of your beef (without bone) would not come amiss. Are your Metropolitan streets as dirty as mine? In the bustling thoroughfares of Melbourne, or Sydney, or any other of your several capitals, do you take a human life nearly every other day in the year, as indifference and stupidity do in London? Are you old enough to have vested interests and a National Debt?

In some points I cannot compete with you. I possess no marsupial creatures for an active young Duke to stalk down (partridges at Sandringham, and pheasants at Osborne, will be tame sport after elephants at the Cape, and kangaroos in the Bush); I cannot emulate your emus, except, perhaps, in the enclosures of the Zoological Gardens; the Ornithorhyncus is not one of my domestic animals; there are no auriferous diggings in Regent Street, and at present I have not heard of nuggets being picked up in the Strand by zealous agents of the Goldsmiths' Company; my sheep-walks and cattle-drives are mere toys and playthings compared with yours; you enjoyed a Session of Parliament lasting exactly three-quarters of an hour; "and not a single person was put into the lock-up that night for misbehaviour." Bravo, Melbourne! and not a teetotal population either. Hull, and Newcastle, and Nottingham, and other towns of mine of about the same size as Melbourne, mark, learn, and copy. But, my Daughter, we have one necessary of life in common; there is one great banner of which we both hold a pole, and the blazon that sparkles upon it is *Punch!*

I wish your geography was rather simpler. My young men, whose education has been carefully neglected—wealthy foundation schools, wealthy Universities, and so forth—complain that they are perplexed by Victoria, and New South Wales, and Queensland (is not *all* Australia Queensland?), and South Australia, and Western Australia, and Van Diemen's Land, *aliàs* (convict-like—I congratulate you on being free from that settlement on you) Tasmania, and New Guinea, always staunch to the Old Sovereign; and they would be relieved if you could fix on some one city as your capital, and cease to divide your favours between Melbourne, and Sydney, and Adelaide, and Ballarat, and Brisbane, and Perth, and Hobart Town, whose respective geographical positions they find great difficulty in accurately discriminating.

Send me home my young Salt of a Duke, my "Queen piccaninny," when he has had enough of boomerangs and waddies, whoops and coroborees, unless you determine to place him on a throne of your own virgin gold, as Australia's first king, to be, perhaps, the second ALFRED THE GREAT. *I* don't advise him to exchange his epaulets for a crown.

I must not keep the mail longer waiting. Only a word about those rumours from time to time blown to us over the sea, that when you are a little older you mean to leave me, and set up for yourself in life. I have no wish to part company, I should like to keep you and all the rest of my children by my side all my days. But if there should come to you that aspiration for freedom which dignifies all noble youth, though there may, though there must be sorrow at my heart, there will be no feeling of displeasure at your independence, no thought of resistance to your wishes. *Floreat Australia!*

Your affectionate Mother-Country,

BRITANNIA.

P.S. (Woman-like.) I have addressed you by your usual name, but properly, you know, you ought to be styled Australasia. So let it be *Floreat Australasia!* Have you any pet name? What say you to Kangarooia?

PUNCH'S EVIDENCES.

THEOLOGIANS (until rich) tell us that the proof of the small value which Providence sets upon Wealth is shown by the sort of persons who get the most of it. We suppose that the same rule applies to Honours, for

Doo is a Baronet.
Doodle is a Baron.
Diddle is a Viscount.
Dawdle is an Earl.
Dunderhead is a Marquis.
Ducksanddrakes is a Duke. And
WHEATSTONE, who invented the Electric Telegraph and the Stereoscope, is, after thirty years, to be made—
A Knight.
Ha! ha!

HE MUST HAVE BEEN.

"LISTEN, BROWN," said JONES, reading from a paper :—

"WE understand that some native Brazilian *danseuses* are coming to England. They are very handsome, very skilful, and we may add that their costumes are far less scanty than those of the *ballet* in Paris or London."

"Seems to me, JONES," said BROWN, "that what MR. CANNING declared was true—the New World has been called into existence to re-dress the ballets of the Old."

"Seems to me you're tipsy, BROWN," said JONES.

Fenianism versus Ritualism.

(A Knotty Question.)

IN our papers each morning a "paradox quite"
Has defied our solution too long.
The wrongs of ould Ireland how can we right,
If the *riles* of Old England be wrong?

The Overbold Bismarck.

COUNT VON BISMARCK has been reproved, and obliged to apologise for sticking himself into the same photograph with MADEMOISELLE LUCCA, the delightful singer. It was a liberty, but the Count likes to take liberties. He has explained, and we trust that *la* LUCCA has forgiven him—she is very good-natured. BISMARCK should remember that the overbold are soonest bowled over.

The Newest Publications.

My Lord's Walking Stick. Uniform with BYRON'S *Cain.*
Who's your Hatter? A Romance of the days of "What Tiler?"
The Sentinel; or, Hugo's There. By the Author of *Les Misérables.*
"Oakum let us Sing!" A new Hymn for Industrious Prisoners.
Drunk and Disorderly. By the Author of *Fast and Loose.*
The Ocean-Born. Uniform with THOMSON'S *Sea-sons.*

MOTTO FOR THE MARRIED.—Never dis-pair.

DOG DAYS OUT OF DATE.

How very benevolent we are, some of us! How extremely humane! Not only do we relieve the distresses of our fellow-men, but we even minister to the wants of our fellow-creatures on four legs. Witness the ensuing item of recent news:—

"CHRISTMAS TREE FOR STARVING DOGS.—A novelty in the way of raising money to help the Starving Dogs of London—a Christmas Tree, with prizes for all visitors—is in operation this week at the offices of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in New Bond Street."

Out of curiosity, if not charity, many persons will very likely be disposed to go to inspect this Christmas-tree for the canine species. They may want to know whether or no the tree selected to serve for the benefit of the dogs is, appropriately, dog-wood. It may interest them to examine the boughs of which the fruit is to be devoted to the bow-wows. The bark of every tree is silent, but those who cannot expect to hear this dogs' tree may wish to see it. They, however, who have money to give away had better, before they devote any of it to the succour of starving dogs, wait until they shall have contributed a sufficiency for the rescue of human outcasts from starvation. The destitution at the East End ought to be put an end to first, and it will be soon enough to think of appeasing the hunger of dogs when that of the famishing inhabitants of the Isle of Dogs has been satisfied. We know that hungry dogs are not particular about the puddings they eat, which accordingly cost little, but are still too dear whilst there are poor people who get no pudding at all.

DR. DISRAELI'S ACADEMY.

DR. DISRAELI requests his pupils to take notice that his Academy re-opens on the 13th proximo, after the Christmas holidays, and he hopes to see them all re-assembled on that day in order that their Education may proceed without further delay.

To the friends of young Conservatives who may not yet have been confided to DR. DISRAELI's care he ventures to say that his system of Education, though conducted upon the most gentle principles, produces results which may fairly be described as startling. After a few months of DR. DISRAELI's tuition a pupil who has previously been so neglected as to be unable, without an effort, to follow the simplest argument in favour of improvement, will deliver an eloquent address in advocacy of radical reform, and the most experienced listener will not be able to discover that it has not been the one study and object of the speaker's life.

DR. DISRAELI respectfully invites the friends and guardians of youthful Conservatives to attend the speech-nights at the Academy and judge for themselves. He would particularly request their presence on the nights (of which due notice will be given) when his pupils will debate the subject of Secular Education, and when some of those whose backwardness and stolidity have been the grief of their acquaintances are expected to manifest a most remarkable advance.

References kindly permitted to JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., Birmingham, to VISCOUNT CRANBORNE, office of the *Quarterly Review*, to ROBERT LOWE, ESQ., Calne, and to any of her Majesty's Ministers. Terms may be known by application to COLONEL TAYLOR, Carlton Club.

The Correct Thing in Luggage.

IF the Astronomer-Royal is thinking of going to some foreign country to observe the total obscuration of the Sun announced for this year, he may perhaps be glad to know that there is such a thing as an "Eclipse Portmanteau."

HORTICULTURE.—In winter your quiet Flower garden is soon changed into a *Bare*-garden.

MAJOR BROWN;

OR, A SHORT CUT TO GLORY.

To the land of the gorilla
Went the dauntless MAJOR BROWN;
Took he neither scrip nor siller
When he left his native town.
Nothing took he when he started,
Saving leave of MRS. B.;
Nothing said he when they parted,
Only "You 'll remember me!"

Crossed he then the stormy ocean
In the A 1. packet "*Punch*;"
Gave he to the sea a notion
Of the things he 'd had for lunch.
Called himself a wretched sinner
When the vessel heaved the most
Fancied giving up his dinner
Worse than giving up his ghost.

"Land at last," and all the wonders
That are Afric's soon he knew:
Afric's native black who plunders,
Kills, and cooks, and eats you too!
All the man-and-beastly dangers,
Bird and fish, a fearful host—
Such as welcome little strangers
Like the Major to its coast.

When at first the king of monkeys
Met him with an ugly grin,
Being somewhat in a funk, his
Bullet barely raised the skin;
But instead it raised the dander
Of that most malignant ape,
Who, with one adroit left-hander,
Knocked the Major out of shape.

After this he got on better;
Killed gorillas by the score:
And an extract from a letter
Dated April, sixty-four,
Says, "herewith, my dearest cousin,
My return of game I send:
Full-grown monkeys—fifteen dozen;
Smaller animals—no end."

Years elapsed, and then to London
Homeward travelled MAJOR BROWN,
And his great deeds—done and undone—
Soon were common talk in town.
All the Leo Hunter party
Took the Major by the hand;
Read his journal, bought his Carte-de-Visite, and a banquet planned.

So, my friends and fellow-flunkeys,
See how easily fame is won;
Pay your passage, pot your monkeys,
Presto, fly! the deed is done!
Bag the beasts, as once Orion
Did in Chios—southward roam:
Go abroad, and be a "lion"—
You 're an ass to stop at home!

A BOB'S-WORTH OF EDUCATION.

No Greek!
No Latin!!
No Grammar!!!
No Moral Philosophy!!!!
No Logic!!!!!
No History!!!!!!

But instead—

English Language (Miscellaneous).
French and German (*ad lib.*).
Practical Science (as much as you can get).
Synthetical Mathematics (as little as you please).—

Isn't either of these, without the other, rather a *Lowe* view of education, after all?

AN EVENT.—A Sporting Gentleman lately ran his Head against a Door-post. We have not heard which won.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Lizzy. "OH, PAPA, WHAT DO YOU THINK GEORGE HAS CAUGHT?"
Naturalistic Papa. "WHAT, DEAR?"
Lizzy. "WHY, A RING-WORM!"

A WORD FOR THE NEW OPERA.

SPEAKING as a musical, a risible and a sensible man, *Mr. Punch* has not enjoyed any public entertainment so much for many weeks past as that which is now given at the New St. George's Opera House. To say that what is seen and heard there is "as good as a play" is not to speak the truth exactly, for—as plays go now-a-days—it is a great deal better. Sprightly, pleasant singing is added to fair acting; and though both fall short at present of what one may expect at the French Opéra Comique, it may be hoped that further practice may lead to French perfection. The band indeed are quite as good as need be wished; and, if all the singers acted as well as MR. SHAW, their songs would tell far better. Unlike most so-called comic singers, MR. SHAW is really funny: nor is there any whit of coarseness or vulgarity about him. A comic English tenor is more difficult to catch, and the tenor is at present a weak point at the New Opera House. English singers as a rule have not a notion how to act, and might learn a useful lesson from quiet MR. SHAW and noisy MR. AYNSLEY COOK, who, it may be from the contrast, seems a trifle over boisterous. MADAME (why not MRS.?) FINLAYSON has also a fair notion with what gestures to accompany her voice, and can sing gay, sprightly songs without destroying their effect by looking glum and solemn, as most English singers do.

That the songs *are* gay, and sprightly, which one heard at this new Opera House, nobody can doubt when he sees the names of OFFENBACH and SULLIVAN on the play-bill, and knows what gay and sprightly music they can write. That the latter can write music which is good as well as gay, will be horribly stale news to all who know his works. There is plenty of good music in the pleasant little opera which he has last composed, and the more of his new operas we hear at the New Opera House the more we shall be pleased.

It has been stated that "the British Public is an Ass," and in the matter of its amusements there is truth in the remark. Only people having ears as long as those of *Bottom*, when *Titania* fell in love with him, would listen to the vulgar, stupid, singing at a music-hall, when such pretty, lively music as that at the new opera-house is nightly to be heard. Support is what this opera now needs for its success; and if the British Public foolishly lets slip this opportunity of seeing Comic Opera established here in England, *Mr. Punch* will but repeat "the British Public is an Ass."

SERVANTS' HALL IN THE STREET.

See "Morning Post."

[TUNE:—*Parochial Psalm.*

KIND Christian friends and brethren dear,
Before you here this day,
We are ashamed thus to appear,
In this disgraceful way,
Which we, that better days have known,
Do now declare to you
It is necessity alone
Occasions us to do.

We once were servants at a 'Squire's
In happier days gone by;
Though then our meals did our desires
Not fully satisfy:
But yet the victuals weren't so bad
But what we all did thrive:
The number every day we had
Amounted unto five.

For breakfast, bread-and-butter, toast,
Eggs, tea and coffee too,
With bacon, which may be almost
Too much for some of you.
For lunch we oft had bread and meat
And never did we fail
Of bread-and-cheese, enough to eat,
To drink, of ample ale.

For dinner joints we did obtain,
Pastry likewise had we,
And bread-and-butter had again,
And buttered toast for tea.
On bread-and-cheese, or meat once more,
At supper we were fed,
And also had our ale before
We went, each night, to bed.

But, oh, we couldn't rest content,
But more must need require,
And in a body so we went
Complaining to the 'Squire.
Our wants he couldn't understand,
And him we had to tell,
We steaks for breakfast did demand,
Besides, and chops as well.

The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, well we knew,
Was coming there to stay:
A threat of striking out we threw,
And master then gave way;
Which, when his Royal Highness left,
He straightway did recall.
We grumbled, of the boon bereft;
Then he dismissed us all.

So here we are, all out of place,
From holding out for board,
Which everywhere we found the case
No master would afford.
Of those five meals a day we had,
When we were in employ,
Oh, now we should be very glad
One only to enjoy!

We feel, at this inclement time,
And season of the year,
Accustomed to abundance prime,
Privation is severe.
On us poor souls, who didn't know
When we were too well fed,
Kind Christian friends, your help bestow
To buy a bit of bread.

A Still-born Bishop.

LONDON warns Cape Town that any attempt to consecrate his anti-Colenso Bishop in this country will be illegal. Poor MAC-RORIE! (not a bad equivalent, by the way, for Boanerges, is it? "Son of Thunder = MAC-RORIE," you twig?) to be thus knocked on the head before he gets to his berth. It is literally a case of *ante-Natal* dissolution.

"PARTICULAR!"

Young Mumford (airily, having learnt that the Lady comes from his part of the country). "Dessay you know the Cadgebys of Bilchester?—Awfully Jolly People! I——"

Haughty Beauty. "Oh no, we only Visit the County Families, and we *Weed* them!!"

[*Her partner wishes this "First Set" was "The Lancers."*

THE ARISTOCRACY OF TO-MORROW.

Some short-sighted people, observing that the landed property of the kingdom is passing into the hands of modern money-makers, thence predict the extinction of the British Aristocracy. But those who are able to see into the future, discern that an Aristocracy will still exist in these dominions, only it will be one which will have replaced another. In the *Morning Post* of hereafter, they have read the following announcements:—

The Duke of Cotton, from his Grace's Factory, at Manchester, has arrived at the Clarendon.

The Earl of Gasworks has quitted the Plant, Victoria Park, for his seat in Derbyshire.

The Marquis of Chimneys is entertaining a distinguished circle at Falconbridge Hall, the venerable and once hereditary mansion of the Mowbrays, lately purchased by the noble Marquis.

The coming of age of the Hon. Mr. Max, the eldest son of Lord Juniper, was celebrated yesterday with great festivities at the great Distillery of Max & Co., Lambeth, which establishment bears the family name of the noble Lord who is the head of the firm. This auspicious event afforded occasion for a *réunion* of the most distinguished members of the aristocracy.

A grand battue took place on the 29th instant at Ravenstone Castle, the recently acquired property of Lord Viscount Fitz Guano, the wealthy owner of the extensive Dry Earth Artificial Manure Manufactory at Roseville. The company included several leading members of the peerage, and they bagged, on an average, each 248 head of game.

The marriage which we some time ago had the honour of announcing was on the *tapis* between Lord Fribbins, son and heir of the Most Honourable the Marquis of Muslin (chief partner in the house of Fribbins & Co.), and the Lady Adeliza Emmeline Pendragon, eldest daughter of the Earl of Snowdon, was celebrated yesterday at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Bishop of London, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Merlin, uncle of the bride. The wedding breakfast was held at the extensive establishment in Regent Street, and the happy pair left town for Cairngorm Castle, the Highland residence of Lord Inverbogie.

When the landed property of the United Kingdom shall have changed hands, the new territorial proprietors, doubtless, will come to enjoy the same honours as those which the old ones did. Worthiness to be ennobled, heretofore deemed exclusively peculiar to distinction in arms or statesmanship, will hereafter be considered to accrue from success in commerce; and the aristocracy which that will have created will take a natural pride in being contradistinguished from their feudal predecessors by having their titles derived from the mills, warehouses, and other premises, or appurtenances to premises and places of business where they made their money, or from commodities which they grew rich by dealing in.

A Good Hearing for Erin.

The *Standard* says:—

"A Dublin paper announces that the Prince of Wales is to visit Ireland April next, to be present at the Punchestown races."

If this is true—and we hope it is—the Prince could not have determined on any excursion more gratifying to Ireland, or more complimentary to *Mr. Punch*, who will make a point of visiting his ancestral home at the time named, and receiving his Royal Highness with appropriate splendour. He will also, as a sporting man, give a plate, one of his best, in honour of the happy occasion.

A LITERARY STATESMAN.

An advertisement announces a letter from Earl Russell to the Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue on the state of Ireland. Who is England's most notorious man of letters? Surely Earl Russell.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XIII.—CONTINUED.

"You here!"

"What's left of me," replies GRIGG. As if he couldn't say, simply, "Yes." But that comes of being a Funny Friend.

"Going to Dover?" I ask. He nods. If he's going on to Paris, I think to myself, we shall be together the whole way. "Perhaps he'll stop at Dover?" I ask.

"No," he returns, "'The sea! The sea! The blue, the fresh——' By the way, I hope it's not *too* fresh."

I hope not, too. I picture to myself being wretchedly unwell on board the packet, and GRIGG funnier than ever. He'd mislead the Steward; he'd tell me funny stories, or talk about things I don't like for dinner.

My Funny Friend on board a steamboat will be an infliction. I think I'll stop at Dover. Then I shall waste a day, and I can't afford to waste a day. As it is, I shouldn't be surprised if the authorities sent me orders to inspect French factories, for the sake of information, during my vacation.

GRIGG begins talking about Paris. He knows it well. I don't. He says he can speak French fluently, but is somewhat out of practice at present.

Question to myself. Shouldn't one look over, or try to put up with, his eccentricities, because he will be undoubtedly useful to me abroad, if I am with him. He knows the place and the language thoroughly.

He tells me about everything there is to be seen in the gay capital. I've been to Paris before, but it strikes me that either I've never been out of one street, or I've not ventured beyond a certain point, for I seem to have missed more than three-quarters of the amusements that GRIGG knows all about. Skating fêtes, midnight illuminations, opera balls, masked balls at the Châtelet, casino dances, the Students' costume balls—on all these subjects his information is immense. The theatres, the actors, the actresses, he knows all about these too, and his stories of past times fire my imagination until, on my word, I rather think I was in luck when I accidentally tumbled on my Funny Friend going to Dover.

"Got a passport?" he asks, suddenly.

"No," I reply; "None is required."

"True," is his answer to this, "so *they say*. But just now it is as well to have one. For instance, how could you prove you weren't STEPHENS in disguise?"

I think for a moment. I confess I don't see at this moment how I *could* prove it satisfactorily, even to myself.

"You'd send for your Great Aunt, perhaps," suggests GRIGG.

I look at him narrowly to see if he's begun joking. No, he is serious. Well, he's right. I suppose I *should* send for my Great Aunt.

"That doesn't get you out of the difficulty," he continues. "I suppose *she* hasn't got a passport? And if they won't believe her? And suppose that they insist upon her being an accomplice of STEPHENS's, eh?"

"Well, but, my dear GRIGG," I say; "the French Government can't do anything, even if I was STEPHENS." If I go on talking in this train I shall begin to identify myself with the escaped Head Centre.

GRIGG is surprised at me: at *me*, he says, "who are so mixed up with the authorities." Did I never hear, he wants to know, of the September Convention and the Treaty of Utrecht?

I say of course I've heard of the September Convention. But that was about the POPE, and—

GRIGG laughs sarcastically, and charges me with trying to humbug him. He says if I *want* to joke, say so, and he'll be the first to enjoy it, but there are times for talking seriously, and this is one of them.

I own I am glad to hear him speak in this manner, and I suppose his performance as a bear was only a temporary burst of animal spirits. But seriously, then, about a passport.

"Well, seriously," says he, "as you haven't got one—I have——" and he shows me the edge of a green leather book, labelled "Passport," but which, being among a lot of papers, pipes, and odds-and-ends in his travelling-bag, he can't pull out entirely—"and it is as well to be guarded. Besides, if you were short of cash in Paris, it's useful then, and in many other cases. Take my advice, and get one."

"I will. How?"

"Well," he says, deliberating, "don't stop before Paris, but when you get there, get the waiter at your hotel (or I'll show you) to take you to the *Mont-de-Piété*—you know what that means——"

"Yes," I say; but, as an afterthought, thinking it better to be candid, I confess that I don't know exactly, having, indeed, a general sort of notion that it's a monastery.

"No, not a monastery," explains GRIGG, who evidently *does* know Paris very well, "but a religious house for decayed Relations. As in the monasteries you call the monks *Pères*, or fathers, so here you call them *Oncles*, or uncles; and in some places, like convents, *Tantes*, or aunts. The idea is French, of course."

"Very French," I say, knowingly.

My Funny Friend informs me that all I have to do there is to enter the place, see the chief, swear I have an Aunt in England, and then register myself in a book kept for the purpose, name, age, weight, and so forth.

"But," I object with a lurking suspicion of my Funny Friend's truthfulness, "why not go to the Embassy?"

"All right," says GRIGG, shrugging his shoulders, "try the Embassy. Do, oh, do. Try it. Be sent off from one clerk to another, be perpetually told that the Ambassador's out, or that his Chief Secretary's not in, or that his Under Secretary has just gone home, and in fact be kept hanging about the place for two weeks, until at length the police begin to suspect you, and you actually incur what you are taking the greatest care to avoid. Oh, yes, try the Embassy, do!"

He is so energetically sarcastic about it that he must be serious. Do—ver!

Nearly ten o'clock. Dark and cold. Wind roaring out at sea.

We are taken down to the embarking place, and descend dank, dark steps, as if we were secretly escaping from England, instead of going boldly for a pleasure trip.

GRIGG says he was born to be a sailor, and whistles a hornpipe.

He asks the mariner who has us in charge, whether he is sure the three-quarter maintop's deck is all taut, whereat the mariner grunts surlily.

GRIGG does make me laugh sometimes.

He does now; but I am glad to laugh at anything under such miserably depressing circumstances.

At last they allow us to cross a shaky plank, and go on board.

In a second GRIGG has disappeared suddenly down somewhere. I don't know where to. I am carrying so many things that I can't do anything suddenly, except drop them.

GRIGG reappears. He has collared a berth, he says. He adds, always do that first when you get on board, so as to have a place to stow your things safely.

I'll go and do it. He points out that I'm too late to get one; but if I can find any room in his, without tumbling his things about too much, I may make use of it. In travelling my Funny Friend becomes my Selfish Friend.

When I come on deck again, I find him comfortably seated, that is, as comfortably as can be under the circumstances, about the centre of the vessel.

"You're all settled, I see," I observe, envying him.

"Yes," he answers. "You ought always to do that at once on board a steamer." He makes no offer to me of a seat, though if he took his legs down, there'd be lots of room.

The Captain, I think it's the Captain, comes up and observes the train's a little late.

I say "Yes it is," taking his word for it, and then inquire as gaily as I can, with about as much of a dare-devil and cheery nautical air as would suit the *Apothecary* in *Romeo and Juliet*, "What sort of a passage do you think we shall have?"

"Well," says the Captain, looking up at where the sky is supposed to be—"Well, I think it'll be a dusty passage."

"Oh, you think it'll be dusty?" asks GRIGG, who has been whistling "*Rule Britannia*."

"Yes," answers the Captain, in a decided tone this time, "it'll be dusty." And walks away.

This information appears to depress even GRIGG. For myself, I prepare myself for the worst. I find a narrow strip of a seat round the corner of where GRIGG is lying, and sit down, thoughtfully. I am not often troubled with presentiments; but I do *not* like the Captain's words.

We are in for "a dusty passage."

A Rude Russian.

THE Russian official organ says—and rudely is it said,—

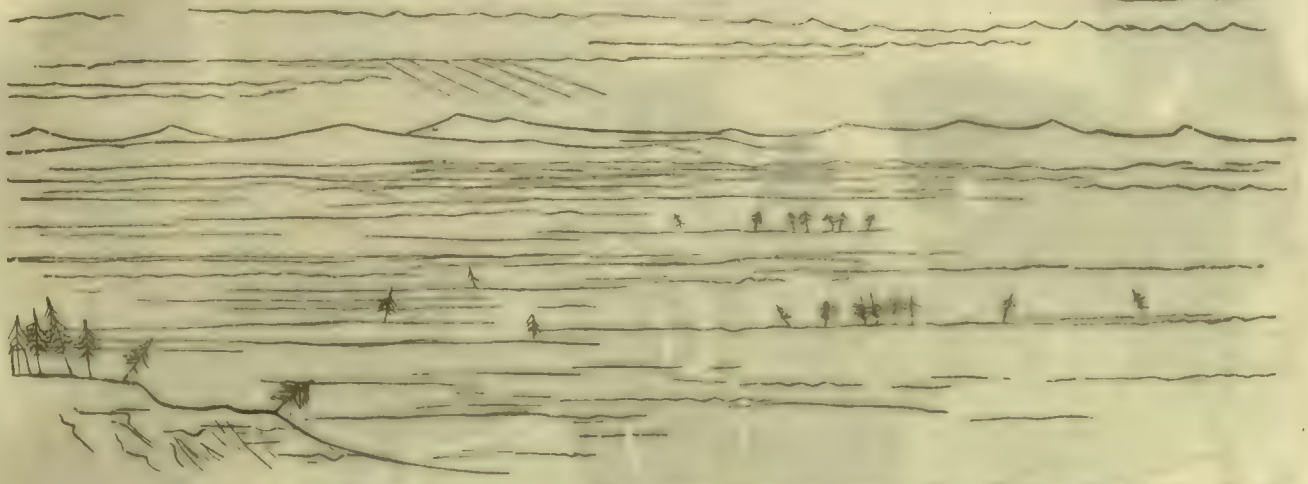
"The ARCHBISHOP OF KAMTSCHATKA, INNOCENT, *well known as a converter of the heathen*, has been appointed to the Metropolitan See of Moscow."

We have always been told that the Moscow folks were the most pious in Holy Russia, and we do not approve of the above implication. It would have been proper enough had the writer been referring to the appointment of the BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

IT will not be surprising if the Americans, justly proud of the writer of *The History of the Netherlands*, assert that there is no other living historian worth reading, and quote SHAKSPEARE on their side, because he says—"MOTLEY's the only wear."

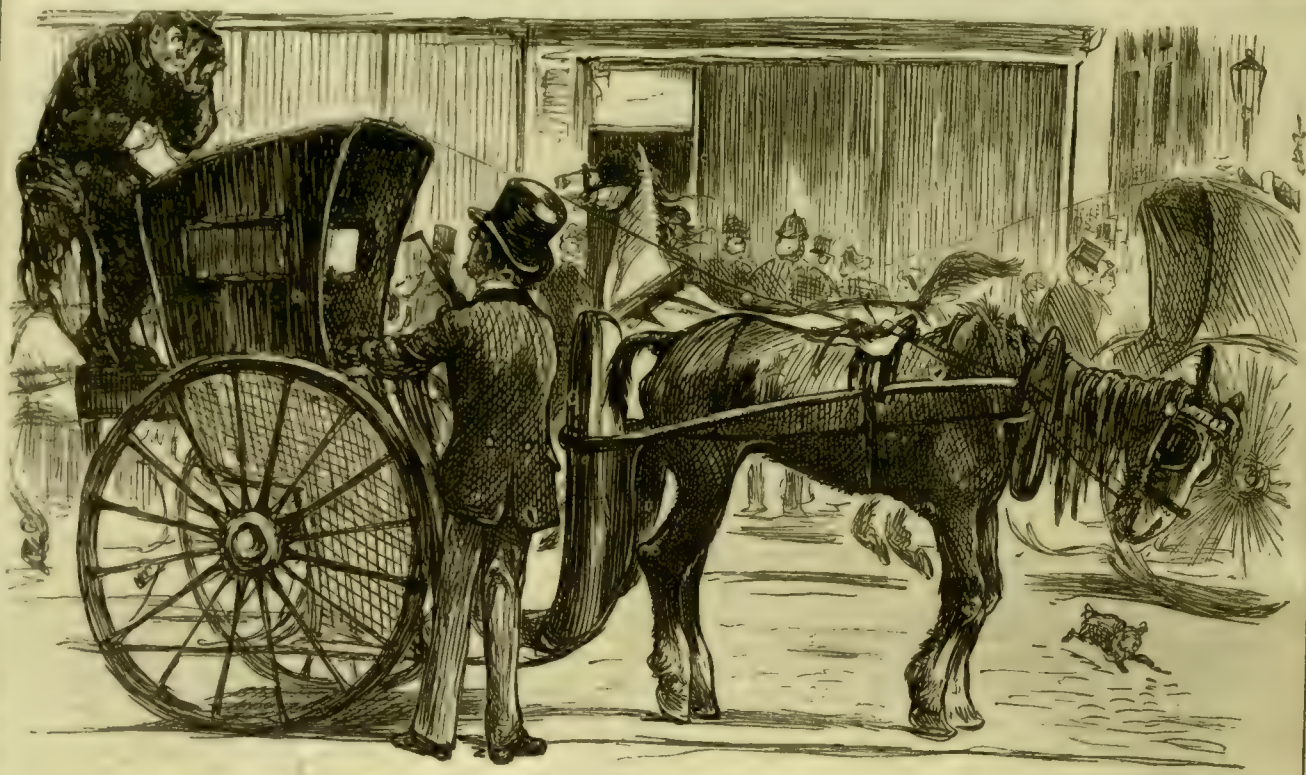
MAZEPPA.—PART THE SECOND.



SCENE I.—A Wide Plain. Sound of Hoofs heard in the distance. Mazeppa and the Wild Horse having just passed by.

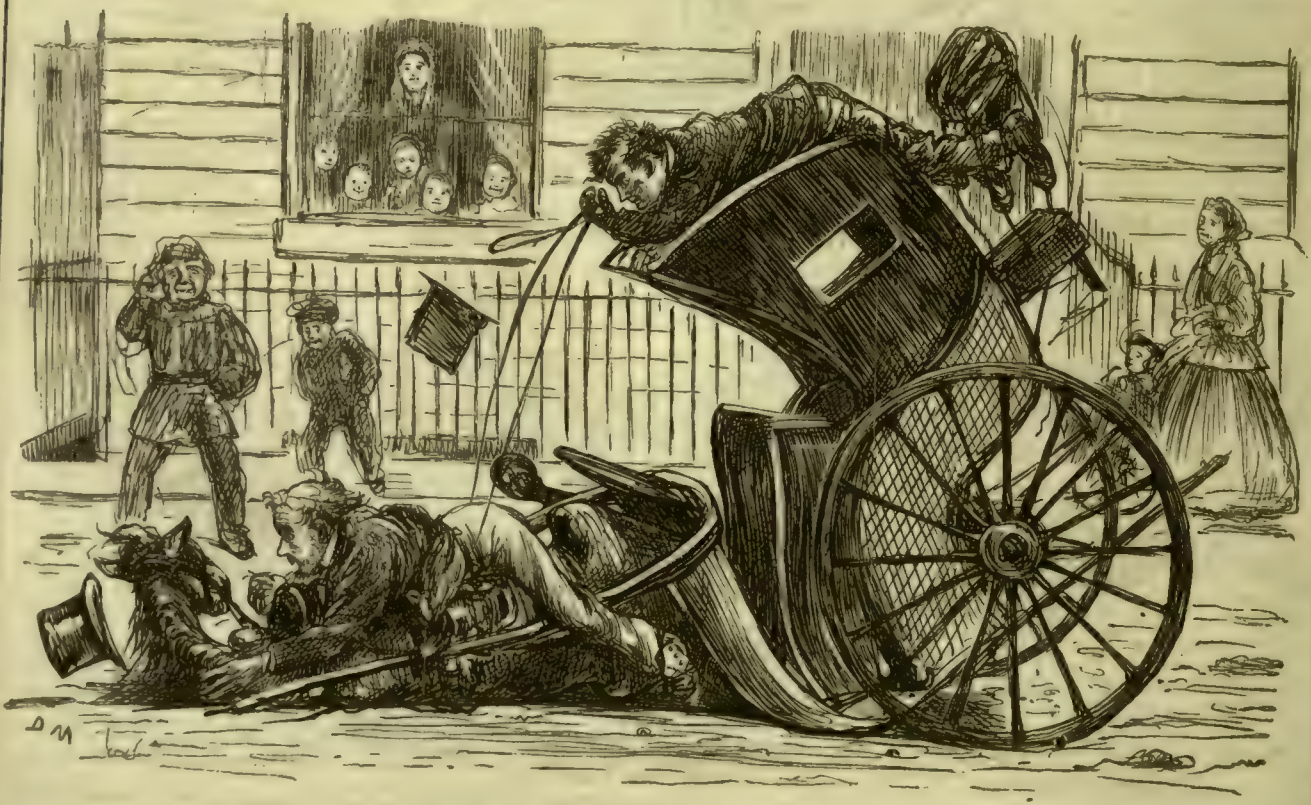
SCENE II.—A Dreary Waste. In the Foreground lies the Dead Body of the Wild Horse of the Ukraine, with Mazeppa Sitting upon it. Around them Hover the Ravens.

SCENE III.—Grand Tableau. Entrance of a Band of Cossacks, who are so Fascinated by the Handsome form and Animated Appearance of Mazeppa, that they offer him the Crown of the Cossacks, and make him their Hetman.



DON'T LOOK TOO MUCH BEFORE YOU LEAP.

JENKINS IS TIMID, AND NEVER RIDES IN HANSOM CABS, ON ACCOUNT OF THE WELL-KNOWN TENDENCY THE HORSES THEREOF HAVE TO BOLT, KICK, AND OTHERWISE MISCONDUCT THEMSELVES. BUT ONE DAY HE SEES A HORSE WITH A CERTAIN "JE NE SAIS QUOI" ABOUT IT THAT INSPIRES HIM WITH CONFIDENCE; AND HAVING ASCERTAINED FROM THE DRIVER THAT SAID HORSE IS NOT TOO FRESH, AND MADE HIM PROMISE NOT TO LET IT GALLOP, HE ENTERS THE VEHICLE——



THE RESULT!

"HOITY-TOITY!!!"

Mrs. Britannia. "HOITY-TOITY! WHAT'S ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT?"

Johnny Bull. "IT'S COUSIN COLUMBIA, MA, AND SHE SAYS I BROKE HER SHIPS, AND I DIDN'T—AND I WANT TO BE FRIENDS—AND SHE'S A CROSS THING—AND WANTS TO HAVE IT ALL HER OWN WAY!"

WRONG IN THE MAYNE.

SIR,—Permit me through your columns to ask the following questions:—

Where is the humble ratepayer to take his daily exercise, and may he deduct the expense of his revolver from the police rate?

The circumstances are as follows:—We all know how admirable are our police arrangements, and what a debt of gratitude we owe to SIR RICHARD MAYNE for perfecting them; but there remains the uncomfortable fact that, even before the Fenians took to blowing us up, it was unsafe to walk through the streets of London, owing to the thieves, roughs, and garotters.

The only secure promenade for the ratepayer was the sewers. Alas, Sir, these are now closed to him; every passage and hole is guarded or locked, I am informed, on account of the Fenians.

What with powder barrels below, and garotters above, this metropolis is reduced to a pretty pass.

Turned out of the peaceful slush below, I have bought a revolver, which I can ill afford, and must get on, I suppose, as I can, until by SIR RICHARD MAYNE'S retirement, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," he and the Londoners gain their well-earned repose.

There is a rumour (I don't know how far it is true) that the plucky Colonel of the Havelock Volunteers is to take command of the police; that the force are to wear breast-plates, and to be permanently encamped at Aldershot. Anyhow we cannot be worse off than we are at present; but I think it is hard that JEMIMA and I, who are both getting fat, should have no place for that daily walk we so much require.

I am, Sir, yours,

A SEMI-OBESE RATEPAYER.

GROANS FOR THE GROCER.

PUNCH will not beg pardon of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for borrowing the following bit of thunder, because between potentates such freedoms go for nothing. But he will explain why he takes it. Between himself and the *P. M. G.* he has cause to believe that Materfamilias has a suspicion that the latter is not quite sound and orthodox on the doctrine of the divine right of Beadles, and it stands to reason (at least woman's reason) that if a writer does not like a beadle he must be an enemy of all religion, and therefore cannot be trusted to check a grocer's bill. Now *Mr. Punch's* orthodoxy is questionless. He believes everything, and a great deal more. And therefore he proposes to endorse the following document. Materfamilias, Madam, be pleased to see how your Grocer treats you. Here are lists of the prices of household articles as furnished by your Grocer, and by a City House. And yes, M'm, you are quite right in asking—the articles are of exactly the same goodness in each case, there is no accusation of fraud, the only complaint is that your Grocer charges you £9 2*s.* 1*d.* for goods which you ought to have for £4 15*s.* 0½*d.* If you like to pay the difference, there is no harm, only do not say that your ever faithful and affectionate *Punch* did not warn you. Says a most respectable and trustworthy (not reliable) authority:—

"I have drawn up the following list of stores, as supplied to me within the last month by 'our grocer,' and I have annexed for comparison MESSRS. FORSTER & SON'S prices for the selfsame articles:—

	Our Grocer. £	s.	d.	Messrs. Forster. £	s.	d.
7 lb. Castor sugar..	0	5	10	0	3	9½
7 lb. Demerara do.	0	4	8	0	2	11
7 lb. Carolina rice..	0	4	1	0	2	8
7 lb. ground rice ..	0	4	8	0	2	6
7 lb. Patna rice ..	0	2	11	0	1	6
7 lb. best tapioca ..	0	7	0	0	4	8
7 lb. black pepper..	0	14	0	0	4	8
7 lb. white pepper .	1	1	0	0	8	2
7 qts. best vinegar	1	8	0	0	14	0
1 cwt. soda.....	0	14	0	0	8	6
7 lb. best currants .	0	4	1	0	3	6
2 lb. best arrowroot	0	6	0	0	3	0
6 lb. pearl barley ..	0	3	0	0	1	6
5 lb. box Genoa macaroni.....	0	6	8	0	3	2
5 lb. box ditto vermicelli.....	0	6	8	0	3	2
12 lb. Sultana raisins	0	10	0	0	3	0
4 bottles fine oil ..	0	12	0	0	8	0
2 doz. hearthstones	0	4	0	0	2	0
2 doz. Bath bricks	0	8	0	0	4	0
1 lb. bitter almonds	0	3	0	0	1	4
12 yards house flannel.....	0	9	0	0	6	6
	£8	18	7	£4	17	6½
Packing	0	3	6 dis.	0	2	6
	£9	2	1	£4	15	0½

HUMANITY FORBIDS.—We are not a cruel people, and yet we have no scruples about using poor Gold Beaters' skin!

HOITY! TOITY!

An Original Poem for the Infant Minds of MASTER JOHN *and* MISS COLUMBIA.

How now, my dear children, it's always the way,
You can't be contented with innocent play;
But you wrangle and squabble, with tempers too high,
And then there's a scold, and a sulk, and a cry.

What, are there no games you can take a delight in,
But sneering, and jibing, and scoffing, and fighting?
I'm weary of telling you, time after time,
That you're cousins, and therefore each quarrel's a crime.

JOHN, do what she asks you, no angry replies,
You're older than she, and you should be more wise;
And COLUMBIA, my dear, don't speak pettish and tart,
If he's surly sometimes, you've a place in his heart.

You two, well descended, well fed, and well taught,
You should set an example, yes, that's what you ought,
Remember how much on your conduct depends,
You're Christians and cousins—there, kiss and be friends.

LYRA INELEGANTIARUM.

MR. BOOSEY, the eminent music-publisher, has been defending himself, or rather his ballad concerts, in the *Musical World*. We are not going into the controversy—we think the concerts excessively pleasant ones—and the gentleman on the other side is perfectly capable of conducting his own case. But we are going to assure MR. BOOSEY that our experience of song-composing is not in this wise:—

"The truth is that verses are rarely read by the publisher, and the way in hich they escape his scrutiny is easy to explain. The poet gets hold of a popular composer in a weak moment (perhaps over a cigar) and asks him to set some words to music. The composer, wishing to do his friend a turn, finds a tune for the words and plays it over to a publisher. The tune is liked and the song published. It afterwards leaks out that there is a poet hiding himself behind the composer. Then comes the publisher's grief. The poet, who is of as much importance to the composer as the frame-maker to the painter, gives himself airs, and takes all the credit of the song to himself."

Now this, we repeat, is not our experience. Extraordinarily brilliant and popular composers come to us (whether we are smoking or not is nothing to the purpose—most likely we are, we generally are) and say, "O, my dear boy, do sit down for a quarter of an hour, and knock us off some verses one isn't ashamed to set. The batches of bosh which the publishers send me are enough to make a fellow tear his hair. Just look here." And then he pulls out a lot of MS., and reads first lines:—

"*The stars are smiling on the beans.*"
"*I knew thee by that gay perfume.*"
"*Pop your dear letter inside the old tree.*"
"*Tears along my brow may trickle.*"
"*Come where crocus-berries glisten.*"
"*Jump, little heart, for Johnny comes.*"

And a dozen more of the same beauty; and then in a plaintive way he demands something else. Perhaps he gets it, perhaps he doesn't. But we never hide ourselves behind him, for reasons, and we never take all the credit of the song, or any of it, inasmuch as provided song-words have plenty of open vowels, and no elisions, and mean as little as possible, they answer the composer's purpose, and there's no question about credit. The comparison between the frame-maker and the words-writer is not quite apposite. A picture can exist without a frame, but a song can't exist without words, except when a MENDELSSOHN writes it, and we are not likely to have MENDELSSOHNS while the music-publishers are not ashamed to push the songs of the music-halls.

But, as the late MR. STRICKLAND used to say in *Uncle Foozle*, "Lor', after all, what *does* it matter?"

A Warning.

THOUGH Hampstead's the place to ruralise, it labours under the disadvantage of being sadly inaccessible from London. A friend of *Mr. Punch*, who lives there, says that there are two lines of omnibuses which will convey him to the Bank; that from the Swiss Cottage, known as the City *Atlas* line; and that *viâ* Camden Town and Tottenham Court Road, which may be called, from its tardiness, the City *at last* line. He has hit the difference to a "*t*."

SET YOUR HEADS TO WORK.—How do you account for the fact that the hat is worn lower and lower, when it is raised every day?

"AMANTIUM IRÆ."

Belle of the Juveniles. "MA, DEAR, ISN'T IT CROSS OF GEORGE? HE SAYS IF I DANCE WITH CLARA'S BROTHER ANY MORE, IT'S ALL OVER BETWEEN US, AND HE'LL HAVE ALL HIS PRESENTS BACK!!"

STARVATION IN THE MIDST OF TURTLE.

DIED on Sunday the 19th instant, in Holloway Prison, MICHAEL LYONS, aged twenty-seven, from previous starvation. According to a contemporary:—

"It is stated that 51 persons, men, women, and children, were committed to the City prison at Holloway in three days by one Alderman last week. They had been found destitute in the streets of the City by the police, and they had been taken into custody on the charge of begging. For this they were sentenced to an average punishment of from 14 to 21 days' imprisonment, with hard labour, on a diet of dry bread and gruel."

Were they, then, a set of impostors? Not so:—

"Of the whole 51 the money found in their pockets amounted, it is said upon authority which there is no reason to doubt, to the sum of 1*d*. That coin was found on the person of a blind man. They contained amongst their number representatives, not only of every form of misery, but almost of every class. One was a stockbroker who at one time had been possessed of a fortune of more than £100,000. He came to grief through having invested too confidently in Spanish bonds. . . . One little child of two years of age was locked up with its mother. The whole fifty-one were more or less suffering from starvation; thirty-four of them were in a state of physical exhaustion from want of food. Young women were seen to stagger from weakness when entering the prison."

The refinement of some readers would be outraged by the publication of the sequel to the foregoing description. It goes into surgical and entomological details.

The deceased MICHAEL LYONS was one of those twenty-one miserable creatures committed, for begging, to imprisonment and hard labour in Holloway Prison. "He was fairly exhausted from want," deposed MR. WEATHERHEAD, the governor of the prison. "He got six ounces of bread and a pint of gruel one hour after he came in." It was not a savoury meal, but "when he got his food he ate it ravenously, like a man suffering from want." He got bread and gruel; but he did not get a glass of brandy, which might have saved his life; and he died of serous effusion on the brain. So, according to medical evidence, decided a coroner's jury, adding that they considered "it would be advisable that the governor of the prison should have the power of altering the diet of prisoners whenever he sees a necessity for doing so." As capital punishment has ceased to be the punishment of robbery, the jury probably thought that even a thief had better not be suffered to perish like MICHAEL LYONS.

In a letter in the *Times* MR. OKE denies that any persons were committed from the Mansion House for begging; but seven, he says, were brought there. The Alderman, therefore, whoever he was, that sentenced 51 to imprisonment, hard labour, and meagre diet, may, in so doing, be presumed to have been a free agent, unbound by law. So the law, in this case, need not be called barbarous and unchristian. Does the Alderman, however, who administered it, think that, had DIVES had the option of sending LAZARUS to the House of Correction, instead of suffering him to lie at his gate—in the state of some of the poor companions of LYONS—and if DIVES had accordingly punished LAZARUS with imprisonment and hard labour DIVES would precisely have done his duty instead of neglecting it, and that this would have made the whole difference in the ultimate lot of DIVES? If the story of DIVES and LAZARUS is a myth, if it has no moral at all, well and good, or, as some will say, ill and evil. Then, maintain a Workhouse System, which drives the destitute to starve in the streets. Then abolish the law which makes suicide a crime: let everybody who is miserable go and hang himself. Then, no poor rates; no expenditure on paupers! Also, no church-rates, and no waste of money in the payment, to the amount of one single farthing, of any clergyman!

A TRAIN—OFF THE LINE.

OH *reductio ad absurdum*
Of Justice and her rein!
Who but Hibernian peelers
Had ever stopped *this* Train?

Would you lay hands on BARNUM,
If BARNUM crossed the main?
Why from all trains of humbug
Pick out this special Train?

E'en Ireland's wildest frenzy
Would scorn this scatter-brain:
Not Munster at its maddest
Would light at such a Train.

When he had stumped the Union,
And couldn't stump again,
To stump benighted Britain
Came this ill-guided Train.

Three parts Bedlamite in essence,
And one part knave in grain,
Who cares to know what "notions"
Were freight of such a Train?

Out-at-elbows tram-projector,
Kansas she-suffrage swain,
Omaha's brazen Hector,
Packed in a single Train!

He wished to be a Lion,
Have his tale and boast his MAYNE,
And with both of these we've furnished
(More fools we!) high-pressure Train.

By arresting him and caging him
As if the man was sane,
And not a wretched wind-bag,
And loose excursion Train.

We've given him the importance
Of which he was so fain,
And contrived, like brother Asses,
A Lion's skin for Train.

Found him matter for dispatches,
Claims, puff and bounce inane,
In short, like willing stokers,
Have got up steam for Train.

Clap oblivion's stopper on him,
And o'er his Ercles vein
Put the kindly seal of silence—
And so upset this Train.

CHARADE FOR COSTERMONGERS.

MY first is unfathomable, my second odoriferous, and my whole is a people of Africa.—*Abyss-inians.*

ANOTHER COUNTRY-HOUSE STUDY.

"Tame Cats" at Afternoon Tea.—(Difficulties in the Way of a Second Cup.)

HYMNS OF HATE.

A curious little controversy is going on in Shropshire, as we learn from the *Oswestry Advertiser*, upon a feature in hymnology, and as this is a typical quarrel, likely to be repeated in many a county, *Mr. Punch*, the great Arbiter, steps in to "stint the strife."

The question is whether a Christian ought to feel comfortable in singing a hymn in honour of his own religion, when he does not include in his singing some abuse of other creeds.

Those who take the affirmative side, urge that the cause of religion is not likely to be much served by congregations joining in this sort of thing—a verse from a hymn of John Wesley. Appeal is made to Providence to

> "Let Mahomet's imposture end;
> Break superstition's Papal chain,
> And the proud scoffer's rage restrain."

Those who take the negative side insist that a religionist who is in earnest, and who knows what the Pope and Mahomet teach, must rejoice to shout out the above as loudly as he can.

It appears to us that it can be of very little consequence what anybody sings who can open his mouth to sing such nonsense. It is worse than Brady and Tate. We say this at the risk of being considered as the anonymous Proud Scoffer, at whom the dark dig is aimed. But we submit to Christian gentlemen who have the selection of hymns, whether they ever heard of a Mahometan or a Roman Catholic being induced to abandon his faith by hearing it called bad names. We advise the expurgation of the two objectionable lines, and the confining the malediction to the case of the Proud Scoffer, who, not being otherwise named, will perhaps not mind the onslaught. Judgment for plaintiff.

Sir Roundell Palmer, editor of *The Book of Praise*, concurred.

The Thistle for Erin.

It is said that we have scotched the snake of Fenianism, not killed it. What a pity that we cannot Scotch Ireland rather more, and then there would be no such snake as the Fenian to want killing.

BALLAD BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

Air—"*John Anderson my Jo.*"

Sir, you and I, by Jove, Sir,
Are getting on in years.
We neither of us throve, Sir,
Like some of our compeers.
And now our means are small, Sir,
Our social *status* low;
Yet we are better off than some,
Sir, fellows whom we know.

Though we 're grown grey, by Jove, Sir,
We 're free from nuptial tether,
And though we never throve, Sir,
We 're childless altogether,
Have no one to provide for,
Supposing we should go:
We 'll dine together at the Club;
Sir, those men can't do so.

SPIRITUALISM AND STRETCHING.

The writer of a letter in the *Spiritual Magazine* for January accuses *Punch* of gross misrepresentation, perpetrated in a notice of certain "Spirit-Poetry." He—if not she—omits to mention the number of *Punch* in which that notice appeared. It was the number for November 23, 1867. So now, any intelligent reader of the *Spiritual Magazine* is enabled to compare the notice with the accusation.

The *Spiritual Magazine* also contains a statement by an eye-witness, who doubtless believes he saw what he says he saw, that Mr. Home, the Medium, was, at certain *séances*, elongated and shortened—elongated on one occasion to the height of from six to seven feet. Many people are satisfied that Mr. Home stretched a good deal in his autobiography; but few will credit him with the capability of stretching like a piece of india-rubber.

AND THIS IS THE WAY HISTORY IS WRITTEN!

THE *Mark Lane Express* says that LORD HILL'S fat Eland, which attracted so much attention at the Islington Christmas Cattle Show, has been slaughtered and eaten; that a sirloin of the beef was placed on the table of the Farmers' Club dinner at the Salisbury Hotel, when those who partook of it pronounced it to be capital beef; that the Eland was slaughtered by MESSRS. BANNISTER, who bought it, at a low price, there being no competition for such strange meat.

Within a day or two after this paragraph was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, MR. BANNISTER writes to say that no Eland sirloin appeared at the dinner in question; that the Eland was not purchased or slaughtered by him; and that the Eland, to the best of his belief, has never been purchased, slaughtered, or eaten at all.

If the best history be the newspaper, as COBDEN used to say it was, what are we to think of this specimen of historical material? No wonder LOWE would banish History from education, as being made up of contradictions, if our "best possible instructors" are to be made to give themselves the lie—the lie circumstantial, too—thus, from one day to the next. And if we can be thus crammed *àpropos* of meat, what may we not expect *àpropos* of measures and men?

MR. LOWE IN "TOM AND JERRY."

ILLUSTRATING the error of hasty generalisation, MR. LOWE said, in his instructive speech at Liverpool:—

"If a man rode his horse against a wheelbarrow, and it tumbled down, that horse would be frightened at every wheelbarrow it saw—because it had generalised too hastily."

As the horse generalises too hastily, so does the ass. What a blessing to society it would be if MR. LOWE could make every donkey see the absurdity of so doing. What a bore for all the impostors and charlatans, and especially the medical quacks, who thrive on the donkeys only because they are prone to hasty generalisation! A donkey has been persuaded to take MORISON'S or HOLLOWAY'S pills, and, after having taken them, has felt himself relieved of the complaint for which he took them. So, whenever he feels unwell, he always has recourse to those particular pills, believing that they will be sure to relieve him again. This too hasty generalisation is at last, perhaps, the death of the donkey.

MR. ROBERT LOWE has exposed illogical reasoning so well, that although he repudiates the logic of the schools, instead of being commonly called BOB LOWE, he might be called BOB LOGIC.

PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

The *Post's* correspondent at Paris says:—

"The military mania is a contagious malady, not confined to Europe alone. The EMPEROR OF MOROCCO has just decreed the formation of a regular army, to be commanded for the most part by European officers, more especially Spanish."

Christian Sovereigns having set the example of "bloated armaments," a Mahometan Potentate is now "at it" too—but for what purpose? Whom does the EMPEROR OF MOROCCO want to leather?

Sporting Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

Consecration of New Bishop for Natal.—This merry little affair will come off shortly. Can't manage it on the old ground on account of the Authorities being too downy—the tip will be given to the knowing ones at the Mitre, Lambeth. Information as to the time and place to be obtained by the fancy from the editor of the *Guardian*, the *Church Times*, and other high ecclesiastical sporting journals. The colours of the day can be now purchased. *Church Times* Office. Dark's the word.

Digny and Dignior.

AFTER weighing DIGNY'S budget
Our advice to you, Signori,
Is "let DIGNY'S place be taken,
Et detur dignior."

SAYING AND DOING.

"*The Speaker on Education.*" Such is the heading of a paragraph in Friday's *Times*. Haven't we had quite enough of "the speaker" on Education, and isn't it time for "the doer"?

ON SEEING A POSTER.

IN consequence of the high price of provisions, Paterfamilias contends that there is something *Dearer than Life*—Living.

THE FENIAN RUFFIAN.

"Oh, 'tis rare sport to see the engineer
Hoist with his own petard!"—SHAKSPEARE.

THANK God, 'twas from o'er the Atlantic,
This wickedness came to our shore:
Erin *might* be illogical, frantic,
Break heads, and shoot landlords, *galore*;
But ne'er, in her maddest of "ructions,"
When with whiskey and wrath the most wild,
Did she better the foul fiend's instructions,
On innocent woman and child.

With the Saxon whatever her quarrel,
Quick to fret, slow to heal, long endure,
She ne'er set the death-dealing barrel
'Midst the close-crowded hives of the poor.
Ne'er laughed to see workmen's homes scattered,
And bread-winners' tools flung in air;
Their little ones bleeding and shattered,
Their wives stricken dumb with despair:

That fiendish delight in fiends' doing,
Had its roots in accurs'd civil strife,
Was fed in the foray's red ruin,
And the camp-harpy's war of the knife.
The ranks of the Great Western nation
Such scum, when detected, disgorged,
But while brand and noose it evaded,
A soldier's credentials it forged.

What of it escaped from the gallows,
Or the bullet, that noose should have been,
Brazen-browed, bloody-handed and callous,
Took the Fenian mask for its screen;
Found poor Irish pockets to plunder,
When the Camp-vulture's quarry was gone,
And mimicked the patriot's thunder,
As the soldier's garb erst it put on.

In one point alone they're Milesian,
These blots on the brave Celtic race:
To the cause that deplores their adhesion,
Destruction they bring with disgrace.
When their hate to the Saxon they'd show men,
At the Fenians, it is, they strike hard,
And seeking to blow up their foemen,
Hoist *themselves* with their murd'rous petard.

TO ALL GIRLS ROUND "ST. PAUL'S."

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE made an excellent speech the other night, and in it he said the following thing:—

"*A man who does not take an interest in politics is only half a man, and I think no girl ought to marry him.*"

Now, MR. TROLLOPE is the recognised authority as to what girls ought to do in the way of marriage—he is the Judge in the Marriage Court, a SIR J. P. WILDE reversed—and his decisions have the weight of law, and *Mr. Punch* commends the above (which he heartily endorses) to all the *Lily Dales* and other darlings. Why, the fellow who does not take an interest in politics, cannot enjoy *Punch*, and what girl would marry an idiotic ass who does not do that? No girl worth having.

Salisbury to Cape Town.

DEAR BROTHER GRAY,

YOU want to find a place in which to consecrate a Sham Bishop. I believe that there is still a Nag's Head, in Cheapside.

I beat the Papists out of that hostelry, so it is quite at your service, and very proper for it.

Yours affectionately,

Elysium. THE GHOST OF BISHOP BURNET.

P.S. SWIFT and I are inseparable friends.

Chromotheology.

THAT an Acetate changes the colour of grey,
We really don't know, so we'd rather not say:
But it's perfectly clear to Pan-Anglican view
That A. C. TAIT has set BISHOP GRAY looking blue.

SHOOTING STARS.—Crack Shots.

THIS IS MR. PUNCH'S LATEST SUGGESTION

For a very *Sweet Thing* in Short Dresses.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

A New Version, respectfully recommended to Sundry whom it concerns.

More luck to honest poverty,
It claims respect, and a' that;
But honest wealth 's a better thing,
We dare be rich, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And spooney cant and a' that,
A man may have a ten-pun note,
And be a brick for a' that.

What though on soup and fish we dine,
Wear evening togs, and a' that,
A man may like good meat and wine,
Nor be a knave for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their fustian talk and a' that,
A gentleman, however clean,
May have a heart for a' that.

You see yon prater called a Beales,
Who bawls and brays and a' that,
Tho' hundreds cheer his blatant bosh,
He 's but a goose for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His Bubblyjocks, and a' that,
A man with twenty grains of sense,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
And if the title 's earned, all right,
Old England's fond of a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Beales balderdash, and a' that,
A name that tells of service done
Is worth the wear, for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
And come it will for a' that,
That common sense may take the place
Of common cant and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Who cackles trash and a' that,
Or be he lord, or be he low,
The man's an ass for a' that.

PERSONS WHO PLEASE THEMSELVES.

Of course, *Mr. Punch*, you have read a letter, pleading the cause of certain outcasts, which the distinguished surgeon, Mr. Skey, the other day wrote to the *Times*. If any of your readers happen to be acquainted with any prigs and any prudes, endowed, however, with some share of good feeling and good sense, I hope they will try and induce them to attend to the appeal put forth, for their enlightenment, by Mr. Skey.

But, Sir, there is one little argument in Mr. Skey's above-mentioned letter, to which I must demur. He asks:—

"Can it be supposed that the society of their own sex is a sufficient incentive to extravagance in dress?"

The answer to this question expected by Mr. Skey of course is—No. But my reply is Yes. More than that, I say that not only can it be supposed that the society of their own sex is a sufficient incentive to extravagance of dress on the part of most Persons of the sex referred to by Mr. Skey, but also that such is in general actually the case. The great majority of them, I am sure, dress solely with a view to the effect which their clothes will produce on others who are naturally qualified to wear similar clothes. I don't imagine that effect to be intended to be always, or even usually, admiration or pleasure. Astonishment, I should rather think. Perhaps it does not disappoint expectation when it is envy.

Mr. Skey represents "the love of finery and dress" characteristic of Persons, as "a taste implanted in them by nature for purposes that make them attractive to our sex, for whom they live and move." Yes; but it has been diverted, or perverted, from those purposes. Why did Persons persist so long in wearing crinoline? It was detested, it was ridiculed by all mankind. Why is their evening dress generally so low as to be grotesque, and so long as to be apparently intended to conceal splay feet? as it probably was by the Person, whoever she was, who invented it, or for whom it was invented. We, Sir—I trust I may say we—like to see the Person decorated and adorned in such wise as to set off every one of her personal advantages, and enhance them, all and sundry, in the highest possible degree. A quantity of fine clothes, which might, for aught we can discern, drape a stake or a pole, excites no emotion in our minds but pity for the wearer, and more pity for the man who will have to pay for it all. The majority of Persons dress as Fashion bids them, and would not on any account dress otherwise to make themselves ever so attractive to any one of the sex which is Mr. Skey's, and yours, and mine. Why do they still wear those pigtails? I mean chignons.

However, Fashion has certainly done one graceful thing for Persons, in giving them their present walking-dresses, at once elegant and sensible. Too pretty and too reasonable to last, I am afraid, *Mr. Punch*. It is too probable that we shall soon see distended skirts again obstructing the pavement, or flowing trains once more sweeping it. Some vulgar Persons continue to go about with hoops under their gowns. They are accustomed, as you have observed, to cram omnibuses, and make them stuffy, and wipe their muddy skirts as they go in and out on people's knees. A true lady, if hoops were fashionable for a private carriage-dress, would relinquish them if she had to ride in a public vehicle.

The remarks in Mr. Skey's excellent letter about female extravagance in dress—*obiter dicta*—are quite true for their purpose, only the cause of that extravagance is not that which he fondly assigns. Such, at least, is the opinion of your old friend, Silenus.

P.S. I am stopping at the Graces.

A Graphic Symphony.

Transcendentalism in ideas of the power of sound has been supposed to be represented as pushed to absurdity in the notion of "music descriptive of a man's going abroad, and changing his religion." What, then, do you say to a composition performed the other evening at Mr. Barnby's Concert, namely Mendelssohn's "*Reformation Symphony!*" For that describes people staying at home and changing their religion, which it is not easier to conceive capable of being musically described than going abroad and doing so.

A *Poor* Relation.—Telling an anecdote badly.

BEFORE THE SCENES.

EVER was I behind the scenes in my life, except once, in dim and distant youth, at the Theatre Royal and Sole Magnustown, long since transformed, without the magic touch of *Harlequin's* wand, into a Pickle Warehouse. If I were to meet, in my walk down the S rand to-morrow, all the actors and actresses, all the lessees and managers of the various Metropolitan Theatres, there is not one of them who would know me. I have never written, or adapted, or translated, or edited anything for the Stage. I am merely an occasional playgoer, easy to please, mostly a Pittite, not hopelessly inconsolable if the piece I pay to see is of foreign extraction, with a fanciful idea that I can tell pretty well by the title of a play whether it will have a long run or soon drop, with no tantalising recollections of the great performers of gone-by days, with a memory which does not punctiliously remind me that I have seen this situation or discovered that plot twenty times before, with entire ignorance of the French stage, saving me from contrast and comparison; and with intermittent resolves to cease being even an occasional playgoer, and become a total playforegoer for the following (amongst other) reasons, which I shall set out with all the solemnity of a Tory Peer's protest:—

Because I object to crowds and crushes, gloomy vaults and passages, and constricted entrances and exits.

Because I object to narrow and hard seats, alternate benches without backs, bad ventilation, and itinerant vendors of lemonade and stout—stout and lemonade.

Because I object, when I take ELEANOR and ELEANOR's sister to the superior parts of the house, and secure seats, to be fined (fee for booking) for paying ready money; and consider that my butcher and baker might as reasonably increase the price of their goods when my dealings with them are for cash.

Because I object, after I have paid a stiffish sum for my seats, with the booking-fee in addition, to be further plundered for the benefit of the functionary who shows me to my box; and feel that if this is right, I ought, the next time I accompany my wife to MESSRS. WINCEY AND POPLING's, to give a gratuity to the young man who hands us chairs, and tempts ELEANOR with the new *Abyssinian* jacket.

Because I object to be charged twopence or more for a playbill, and am simple enough to think I ought to have one for nothing, as at the *Adelphi*.

Because I object to pay for the temporary custody of my overcoat.

All which objections I put on record, with a sturdy conviction that any Manager who would abolish these grievances and abate these nuisances, might realise a swift and substantial fortune.

This is the prelude—the overture—now for the performance. One moment more before you ring the bell. What capital have I to start with as a critic? Have I studied the history of the Greek theatre? Do I know anything about the unities of the Drama? Can I speak of mysteries and miracle-plays, masques, and pageants? Am I versed in the annals of the English Stage, from the *Globe* to the *Alhambra*, from SHAKSPEARE and BURBAGE to BULWER-LYTTON and KEAN, with ready references to BETTERTON, MRS. BRACEGIRDLE, QUEEN ELIZABETH, MASTER BETTY, and the O. P. riots? Do I even know the meaning of the commonest stage directions? Can I, who am going to say something about *Clown* and *Columbine*, *Harlequin* and *Pantaloon*, reveal the origin of Pantomime, and follow its chequered (and spangled) career, from RICH to GRIMALDI, and downwards to FLEXMORE and BOLENO? Any answer to these interrogatories? No; at least none that would satisfy a Court of Equity. Then run the risk, and ring the bell, and let us get as near as we can to the front of the pit of Drury Lane.

I have great advantages as a seer of Pantomimes. All mechanical forces are unknown wonders to me. I cannot tell how any of the tricks are done, and I don't want to be told. Even the resounding smacks and slaps *Clown* and *Pantaloon* deal each other, are in my eyes so many savage and dangerous assaults. I may get rather tired, but then *Jack the Giant-killer* or *The Babes in the Wood* was not prepared for my amusement (forty last birthday), but for the entertainment of these two young gentlemen sitting by my side, who laugh and clap, and roll and writhe with delight, the more *Clown & Co.* cuff and whack and thump and thrust each other. (I declare there are grown-up people in the auditory laughing immoderately, but only, of course, as an example to the children.)

If I were writing beautiful poetry, and not plain prose, I should make "cleverly" chime with BEVERLEY (I shall not be surprised to hear that it has been done already), not merely as a rhymical convenience, but as a just and sincere compliment to the scenic artist of Drury Lane. If any wayfarers will adopt me as their theatrical MURRAY, I should advise them to explore the *Giant's Causeway* and the *Cornish Coast*, and the *Road to St. Ives*, which it may surprise them to hear are nearer home than is generally supposed—in fact, no farther off than Drury Lane! If an excursion into Fairy Land, to which country no Handbook has at present been published, be preferred, the *Golden Garden of the Peerless Pool* will be found a delightful promenade, and the *Fairy Boudoir* prove a bower of bliss. If I may indulge myself in a good hearty wish, it will be that the "Fruit Fairies" may get their des(s)erts for their picturesque dancing; and although old Pater Christmas is defunct, and not particularly lamented by me, I should not rebel against a second visit to a *Christmas Kirmess during a Frost*, or be put to torture by re-seeing the *Grand Flambeaux Dance*.

From Drury Lane to Covent Garden is not a far cry. The Fates, should I not rather say the *Fata Morgana?* have been propitious to Covent Garden. MR. MATT MORGAN'S *Realms of White Diamond* is a brilliant success, and his enchanting *Seasons* as good as THOMSON'S. They may be "Fleeting," but they will certainly not be short-lived. Those who are of opinion that *The Merry Greenwood* is a glade of gladness will signify the same in the usual manner. MR. HAWES CRAVEN, you need have no fears; a forest of hands would, I am sure, be gladly raised in your favour.

Whatever hesitation you may have, MR. FRED PAYNE, I can have none in pronouncing MR. W. H. PAYNE and yourself to be the Premier Pantomimists, and Prime Ministers of fun and frolic, notably in *The State Bedroom in the Baron's Castle*, which with its romantic four-poster ought to be on a poster all over London, surrounded by little robins, and merry men in Lincoln green under the command of CAPTAIN SHERIDAN of the "Robin Hoods." And, MR. HARRY, you are certainly the pleasantest of Clowns, being as neat as a new pin, and never offending by vulgarity.

I venture on one final word of remonstrance to the two Sovereign Houses. Set a good example to your minor brethren. Bring out next year, pantomimes as good as, or if possible, better than the two now being performed, but do not pervert them into an "excellent advertising medium."

THE GREAT CONVERT.

THE Catholic papers intimate that Rome is about to gain another convert of so much influence and importance as to make the operation a grander success than any of the recent manipulations.

Who is it? ask the Protestant papers.

Answers are given at random. Among the suggestions are—

The BISHOP OF SALISBURY.
MR. BUCKSTONE.
MR. MARTIN F. TUPPER.
BERNAL OSBORNE.
CHANG.
The EMPEROR NAPOLEON.
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.
W. H. PAYNE with his Son, *Harlequin*, thrown in.
EARL RUSSELL.
MR. JOHN BRIGHT.
MACE.
BEALES.

But it is left to *Mr. Punch* to reveal the mystery. The fatal blow has been struck at last. The work of the Reformation is undone. Protestantism is moribund. The Papists have been and done it. They have got

WHALLEY!

We shall come out in black next week.

Quite as Likely.

THE increase of the French army to 1,200,000 men by the new Bill, will, according to the Imperial organs, conduce to peace, by leaving France to enjoy her "*otium cum dignitate.*" But how if it converts her *otium* into *braggadocium?*

ARMADILLO.

A SONG OF BLOATED ARMAMENTS.

A queer little animal there 's to be seen
In the Regent's Park Gardens, where you have all been:
Armadillo, Armadillo, he 's armed like good fellows,
In mere self-defence from the wild beast that bellows.

His back is protected with armour of scale,
And he runs about safe clad in that coat of mail.
Armadillo, &c.

O rare Armadillo, how well it would be,
Were all of our neighbours armed only like thee!
Armadillo, &c.

If they would but just leave one another alone,
They 'd want safeguard not even so much as thine own.
Armadillo, &c.

There 's Italy, fain her own business to mind,
And Prussia, with Germany, likewise inclined.
Armadillo, &c.

And for the same reason in quiet remain,
By all means would Austria, Russia, and Spain.
Armadillo, &c.

In the whole world there 's no one that wants to advance
One step in the way of encroachment on France,
Armadillo, &c.

France will arm to the teeth, not with rivals to cope,
But to fight, if required, for the crown of the Pope.
Armadillo, &c.

So poor France with taxation must sheep-like be shorn,
And her sons from their homes by Conscription see torn.
Armadillo, &c.

France must pay, France must bleed, that her Ruler Elect
May the Romans keep under the yoke they 'd reject.
Armadillo, &c.

If the Pope were but left his own rule to enforce,
France herself could relieve, and us all, too, of course.
Armadillo, &c.

The example by France set would act like a charm,
By disarming herself she 'd all Europe disarm.
Armadillo, &c.

DOING THE CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.

My Lord Chamberlain,

Your Lordship cannot be much of a playgoer, or else you have very liberal ideas of public decency. If you erase improprieties of the pen from the authors' MSS., you allow pruriency of dress to make amends for your excisions. If the *no* dressing of actresses increases as it has done for the last two or three years, the Pantomimes and Burlesques of next season will become exceedingly costless, so far as the *costume* of the ladies is concerned, and our fruiterer, Mr. Lewis Solomon, of Covent Garden Market, will no doubt be appointed *costumier en chef* to all the principal theatres in London. No modest woman will be able to take her daughters to the theatre, if this and some other French innovations are permitted to extend; and the beautiful scenery of Mr. Beverley and Mr. Matt Morgan will hardly compensate for the indecent exposure of poor, wretched ballet girls, balanced on *slotes*, or dangled from wires, and who are compelled to submit to such indignities for the sake of an engagement. My Lord Chamberlain, you are not doing your duty. Should Her Gracious Majesty again honour the theatres with her presence, she will certainly give your Lordship a wigging.

Foozle.

Bettering the Instruction.

"When your sons ask for bread do you give them a stone?"
Was a question once asked of the Jews.
Would Bumble's mouth shut, if that question were put,
And the querist an answer refuse?
No; by way of reply, with a wink of his eye,
"To the yard," he would say, "stir your bones:
There we gives the unfed, when they asks us for bread,
Not one stone, but a whole heap of stones."

A Riddle from Abyssinia.—What is the difference between the Wagshum Gobazie and *Mr. Punch?* The former is the "Prince of Wag," the latter the Prince of Wags.

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

Kelly's *Post Office Directory for* 1868.

Conscientiousness has caused some delay in the appearance of this Review, for, unlike many of his critical brethren, *Mr. Punch* invariably peruses the whole of a work before judging it. We have now read the *Post Office Directory* through, from beginning to end, and unhesitatingly pronounce a verdict of approval. There is a lucidity of style, which at once enables the reader to grasp the author's full meaning; and if the language be epigrammatic almost to a fault, that is not a fault on which *Mr. Punch* can be severe. The amount of information which the volume contains is colossal; indeed Mr. Kelly may be called the Colossus of Roads, also of streets, squares, terraces, avenues, lanes, broadways, alleys, circuses, paragons, ovals, parades, fields, villas, buildings, gardens, courts, places, chambers, crescents, vales, gates, hills, parks, inns, rows, walks, houses, flats, cottages, clubs, and all other localities in which the population of the Province of London is to be found—and it will be found if Mr. Kelly be taken as a guide. It does not occur to us to add anything more to this puff, except that the ponderous yet handy volume seems just the thing to shy at a Fenian if he comes within reach, and it is our fixed intention to launch it at the head of the first who shall approach the Presence—the rest will be for the coroner, and his address will certainly be found in the book.

NO BISHOP OF EXETER HALL.

We fear that the new Bishop of Lichfield will not be popular in Exeter Hall. Read this:—

"Bishop Selwyn does not like 'missionary meeting anecdotes.' At a meeting at Coventry the other day, he said, 'After more than twenty-five years spent upon the islands of the Pacific, he could give them plenty of anecdotes if he thought well. He especially hated anecdotes which were called 'interesting.' People wanted to hear interesting anecdotes from the same maudlin sentimentality which induced them to read sensation novels.'"

"Interesting anecdotes about the dear heathen." That phrase, the darling of the *Dames de la Halle d'Exeter*, proscribed, and by a Bishop! We do not think that Dr. Selwyn will get an engagement for the May entertainments. What, not a single story? Not one about a dear New Zealander, who, a year ago, proposed to eat his grandmother, and now, through tracts, carries her about on his shoulders, singing hymns? Nothing to bring out those curious noises alternating between a sympathetic murmur and indignant groan, which used to accompany tales of negroes, flogged to death in thousands for keeping the Sabbath, and which now proceed when there is talk of Jamaica? No, and the Bishop may do very well for the Black Country, but evidently is not the man for Philadelphion.

SAD NEWS FROM ROME.

Dear Mr. Punch,

What *do* you think has happened! Such a *frightful* piece of news! I read it in the *Times*, so of course it must be true:—

"I shall conclude my Roman report with the last sapient act of the Government, which has been to prohibit chignons, and regulate the toilette of ladies in church."

"Sapient act!" Only fancy calling *this* a sapient act! Imagine if the British Government were to imitate the Roman, and were to forbid our wearing chignons when we go to Church! But Lord Derby is a *gentleman*, besides being so clever, and I 'm sure would never dream of doing such a stupid thing. I 've heard that his Reform Act is not thought a very wise one, but surely it would be the very height of sapience compared with such a "sapient act" as that described above.

My feelings are too strong for me to say much more about it, and so I will remain,

Yours, most *indignantly*,

Georgiana Gush.

P.S. I suppose we next shall hear that ladies are obliged to go to Church in their *old bonnets*.

PP.S. Sad news for the dear Ritualists, this information must have been! No lady now will dream of going over to Rome, if she is to take her chignon off before she goes to Church.

Freedom in France.

"*L'Empire c'est la paix*," we were once told. It hath not appeared. What France has got by the Empire, besides the restriction of the Press, is the Army Organisation Bill. France, whatever may be said by her Emperor, may now, for her own part, say, "*L'Empire c'est la Conscription*."

Definition.—The Mansion House—A Mayor's Nest.

Nearsighted Invalid Lady. "PATRICK, CAN YOU READ THE NAME ON THE SHOP JUST OPPOSITE, FOR ME?"
Patrick. "SURE, MISS, IT'S AS *IGNORANT* AS YOURSELF I AM! THEY NIVER TAUGHT *ME* TO READ, EITHER!"

MAC-RORIE O'MORE.

MAC-RORIE O'MORE had an itching for lawn,
He was offered Natal *vice* BUTLER withdrawn;
He wished from his see tough COLENSO to squeeze,
And at CAPETOWN's proposal thought best not to sneeze.
"MAC-RORIE, be aisy!" the PRIMATE might cry,
(Reproof on his lip, but a wink in his eye,)
"'Twixt NATAL and CAPETOWN I am so put about,
Faith, they've teased till I don't know who's in and who's out."
"Och, then," says MAC-RORIE, "it ain't every day
That a man to a seat on the Bench sees his way:
At GRAY's offer I'll jump, though your Grace mayn't be sure
If it's legal or not," says MAC-RORIE O'MORE.

"Oh, please," said mild LONGLEY, "don't think of the like;
At your Primate's authority thus would you strike?
The ground I object on, GRAY grants, I'll be bound"—
Says MAC-RORIE, "He neither minds you nor your ground!"
"But, MAC-RORIE, unconsecrate out you can't go,
And each Bishop in England GRAY asked has said 'No;'"
Says MAC-RORIE, "That same I'm delighted to hear.
Scotch and English still go by contraries, my dear.
If England won't consecrate, Scotland we'll try,
And, in name of the Church, Church and Law we'll defy.
The defects in my title possession will cure,
That's nine points of the law," says MAC-RORIE O'MORE.

Says the PRIMATE, "I grant you that that's clear enough;
And that makes COLENSO's resistance so tough;
He's *in*, and in spite of the mark of the beast,
Draws his pay, laughs at bell, book, and candle and priest."
Then, RORY, the rogue, put his tongue in his cheek,
And winked at the PRIMATE so courteous and meek,
As who'd say, "Of your Bench if COLENSO makes light,
Why mayn't I do the same?"—Don't you think he was right?

"MAC-RORIE, leave off, Sir,—GRAY, blunder no more;
"Twice you messed it with LONG and COLENSO before;"
"And I'm game for another," says GRAY, "to make sure."
"Here's for mess third and worst with MAC-RORIE O'MORE."

HOW IS IT DONE?

WRITING on distress in London a competent authority says, "There are no Jews suffering. A Jew mendicant is as rare as a black swan or a white elephant. The Hebrews relieve their own poor."

Just so. We were thinking of advising all distressed persons to become Jews, only that the Hebrews do not care about proselytes. However, it may come to that. Meantime, would DR. ADLER, or some other eminent Jew, tell us how the relief is managed? The Christian way, we should tell him, is to establish twenty or thirty separate associations, which by the natural laws of rivalry, become antagonistic, will not work together, and relieve one street a dozen times while they neglect the next altogether. Moreover, they preach to the hungry. How are things managed in Jewry?

Since the above was written, there is news of a Reform. The Societies, weary of impostors and blundering, amalgamate, and adopt a system. Good. They have learned something from Judæa. One recalcitrant East End Mission stands out for the right of giving tracts as well as money to hungry beggars. We recommend the public to save the Mission the second trouble.

The Last.

IF a tall man held a most responsible situation in a Bank, why would his description, given by a Scotchman, be the name of an English County? Because the Scotchman would describe him as "*Lang-cashier.*"

A RITUALISTIC PLEA.

WHY should the Ritualists be allowed the use of the Censer? Because they are so evidently wanting in sense!

THE ZULU BRIDE.

Bishop Tait. "STAY!—I PROTEST!—"

Bishop Gray. "UPON WHAT GROUNDS, MY LORD?"

Bishop Tait. "BIGAMY!—SHE'S MARRIED ALREADY."

FEARFUL WARNING.

PUNCH is never savage, but he owns that he looks forward with grim satisfaction to a terrible scene which may be nearer than the despotic THWAITES supposes. Has THWAITES ever read the history of CHARLES THE FIRST, and does THWAITES know how the quarrel began that ended when the Ragman of Rosemary Lane did his office? For his information, let us mention that it was by the King's levying taxes illegally. Ha! No, it is of no use for THWAITES to start and frown in that melodramatic manner; *Punch* is as heroic as HAMPDEN, as pertinacious as PYM, and as owdacious as OLIVER C., and cares nothing for starts or frowns. KING THWAITES in council, with locked doors, has decided on getting £350,000 over and above the sum authorised by Parliament. Well, we won't have it done. We raise the banner of rebellion. We impeach THWAITES of treason to the State. We demand the head of THWAITES. We ask him, as a man, how he will like to be led out at a window of his new office, and be decapitated? Because that's what will happen. He is not an ill-looking gentleman, but is nothing to compare to KING CHARLES THE FIRST for melancholy beauty, and if the latter King's looks did not save him, assuredly the former's will not. He is luckier than CHARLES, for he has a fearless adviser to warn him of his impending doom; but if he neglects counsel he will have only himself to thank when he tries to comb his hair some morning, and finds that he has no head.

HOW TO CHECK POACHING.

BEING a good sportsman, and not a mere game-butcher, *Mr. Punch* is pleased to see that the Farmers' Club at Hexham have passed a resolution that big battues are a nuisance which ought to be abated. If every farmers' club in England had the sense to do the same, no doubt a good effect might be produced upon the game butchers. What is sport to them is death, not merely to the birds and animals they slaughter, but to the crops which these same birds and animals consume, and for which no compensation really compensates the farmer. Great game preservation leads to wicked waste of food, and so far from making sport to a true sportsman, it destroys it. To shoot tame pheasants as they rise by dozens, scores, or hundreds, at "warm corners" of a covert, needs neither nerve nor skill, nor any quality of sportsmanship, and only lazy, idle fools can fancy that there is any pleasure in it. Then think at what a cost this pleasure is enjoyed. Not merely waste of crops, but waste of life is caused by it. Where hares and rabbits swarm, there poachers, too, abound; and labourers are tempted to leave their ploughs and hurdles to look after their snares, and so are led to worse than waste of time in prison.

Game preservers surely might help somewhat to check poaching, if they only sold their pheasants, let us say at sixpence each, and thus made them so cheap as to be hardly worth the taking. But so long as game is sold as dearly as it is, and so long as game preservers let their keepers purchase eggs and live birds from the poachers, there is very little hope that we shall see our prisons emptied of them.

Mother Church's Nursery Rhymes.

I'LL tell you a Story
'Bout MR. MAC-RORIE,
Who'd be Bishop of Natal or none:
I'll tell you another
'Bout LONDON, his brother,
By whom poor MAC-RORIE was done.

Subterranean Spelling.

WE heartily approve of the teaching bestowed upon the men employed on the Underground Railway, but are not quite so certain about the accuracy of the Directors' spelling. At a dinner the other day, the *employés* were told to remember the three S's,—Signals, Safety, Sivility. But the intention was good.

POLICE! POLICE!

WE English have been taunted with instinctive reverence for a policeman. We acknowledge it—we profess it. Some of our neighbours have as much reverence for a soldier. They are aggressive, predatory foreigners. Whilst they reverence the soldier, they respect not, though they may fear, the policeman. We revere our soldiers too; but simply because they defend us and our property. Due, indeed, is our veneration to those who are prepared to lay down life, and even limb, that we may be enabled to eat, drink, sleep, and otherwise enjoy ourselves in ease and comfort. The veneration thus due to the soldier is at least equally due to the policeman. Your soldier has only to fight in war-time; your policeman is daily on active service against ruffians, and then his skull, and all his bones, are in jeopardy every hour. Let us extol the policeman, therefore, let us honour him—let us pay him. For distinguished services let us suitably reward him and his superior officers. Give him the Victoria Cross when he has earned it; ennoble them: decorate their breasts with stars and their legs with garters. Let their names be given to boots.

It is conceivable that we might contrive to do without soldiers. Very likely we should be able to dispense altogether with an army, and with naval armaments also, by utterly renouncing all intervention in foreign affairs, and by steadily submitting to be wronged, imposed upon, and diplomatically and metaphysically kicked; which doesn't hurt—does it BRIGHT? But, unless by absolute surrender of life and property to the dangerous classes, we could never do without policemen.

The efficiency of the police requires that they should be duly organised. For this purpose it must be borne in mind that though policemen are combatants, they are not such combatants as soldiers. They have to act not against masses of enemies, but against single foemen; their warfare is battle with individual villains—the swell-mobsman, the thief, the footpad, the garotter. The organisation which they require is such as would qualify them not only to encounter such antagonists, but to keep them out of the field. Of late this object has been imperfectly accomplished. The malefactors have had things very much their own way. To be sure the police are not nearly numerous enough. The gallant fellows have not had their numbers augmented in any adequate ratio to the increase of population. But also there appears to have been more military drilling of them than was necessary, and not enough of that special training which is necessary to render them sufficiently sharp in looking after those "characters" who ought to be known to them. Hence not only have very many of Her Majesty's subjects been plundered, throttled and stunned by an unmolested felonry, but a monstrous outrage has been committed, which ought to have been prevented. Had the police force been in a proper state of efficiency, the prison and the houses in Clerkenwell would probably not have been blown up the other day by the Fenians, whilst the Fenians' own plot would.

The activity needful for bringing the police up to the mark cannot be expected at this date of an official career so long as their present Chief's. It is time that career should close, with adequate acknowledgment of merits past. The day will doubtless come when the nobleness of the constabulary profession will have been so well recognised that the Sovereign will be advised to elevate a veteran Chief Commissioner of Police, for distinguished services, to the Peerage. That is to say, if the country have no war to carry on, like the Abyssinian, so that Parliament will not refuse to vote him the means which he will require to sustain the dignity of a nobleman. In the mean time SIR RICHARD MAYNE might be invited to retire on a pension, the full amount of his salary.

A Catch for the Orange Clubs.

SING her dirge, our Irish Church!
DERBY leaves her in the lurch,
DIZZY's Educating birch
Waves no saving sign:
Down she'll go, the poor old sham,
Beaver's tail may save her? Bam!
They'll have beaver, tail, and dam,
Who'll hunt in Sixty Nine.

Melancholy, but True.

John Bull (the paper) takes the liberty of lecturing the QUEEN for the patronage HER MAJESTY bestows on the Kirk of Scotland, and it intimates that the Sovereign is little better than a Dissenter. That charge is too awful to be spoken about. But *Punch* may be allowed to remind the *John Bull* that if the QUEEN did not when in Scotland patronise the Kirk, she would be not only almost, but quite a Dissenter. We wonder whether JOHN BULL can realise the fact that in Paris he would be a Foreigner. It may be very humiliating, but England isn't Everywhere. English persons would make fewer mistakes if they could manage to acquire this idea.

A CERTAIN CURE.

Trio of Pretty Cousins. "YOU POOR DEAR OLD FRED! I WONDER WHEN YOU WILL BE STRONG AGAIN?"

[*Fred has no idea, but under present circumstances feels the Bath-chairs are doing wonders for him!*

A PLEA FOR TIGHT LACING.

IN *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* a controversy has for some time been going on about tight lacing, as if the good or harm, the taste or barbarism of that practice were an open question. "TIGHT LACING," indeed, is given as the signature of a writer who affects to advocate it. Our readers will perhaps be of opinion that he ought to be invited to contribute to *Punch*. It is necessary to observe that among the defenders of tight lacing in the above-named magazine there are some who actually represent themselves as men. This one writes in the character of a lady, and is evidently a humorist. She says:—

"Most of your correspondents advocate the early use of the corset as the best means to secure a slender waist. No doubt this is the best and most easy mode, but still I think there are many young ladies who have never worn tight stays who might have small waists even now if they would only give themselves the trouble."

Only! Mark the satire that is compressed into that little word of two syllables. "TIGHT LACING," or, for brevity, let us say T. L., proceeds:—

"I did not commence to lace tightly until I was married, nor should I have done so then had not my husband been so particularly fond of a small waist, but I was determined not to lose one atom of his affection for the sake of a little trouble. I could not bear to think of him liking any one else's figure better than mine, consequently, although my waist measured twenty-three inches, I went and ordered a pair of stays, made very strong and filled with stiff bone, measuring only fourteen inches round the waist."

The foregoing passage will be seen to be a capital imitation of the habitual phraseology of uneducated women of the lower middle class. "Consequently . . . I went and ordered a pair of stays" is an admirable example of vulgar colloquialism. T. L. continues, with reference to the stays:—

"These, with the assistance of my maid, I put on, and managed the first day to lace my waist in eighteen inches. At night I slept in the corset without loosing the lace in the least. The next day my maid got my waist to seventeen inches, and so on an inch smaller every day until she got them to meet."

In the specimen, above quoted, of familiar narrative, there is a combination of touches that remind us of both SWIFT and DEFOE, and very much, also, that resembles the autobiography of BARON MUNCHAUSEN. We seem to fancy we have read something like it in that wonderful relation, as well as in *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels*. One declaration in particular savours strongly of the last named work of creative genius:—"All night I slept in my corset without loosing the lace in the least." There is an obvious mistake in it, but it is characteristic, and the Dean of St. Patrick's all over. So is the concluding bit of inferior female grammar. So, pre-eminently, is what follows:—

"I wore them regularly without ever taking them off, having them tightened afresh every day, as the lace might stretch a little."

The fact stated, and the reason assigned for it, are both very like SWIFT, especially the fact, which was not nice, and of all of his writings may be said least to suggest the *Tale of a Tub*. But now to conclude T. L.'s tale:—

"They did not open in front, so that I could not undo them if I had wanted, For the first day the pain was very great, but as soon as the stays were laced close, and I had worn them so for a few days, I began to care nothing about it, and in a month or so I would not have taken them off on any account, for I quite enjoyed the sensation, and when I let my husband see me with a dress to fit I was amply repaid for my trouble; and although I am now grown older, and the fresh bloom of youth is gone from my cheek, still my figure remains the same, which is a charm age will not rob me of. I have never had cause to regret the step I took."

The grave representation of a figure like an egg-glass as a charm which age would not rob the possessor of, is highly ludicrous. Immensely so, likewise, is the serious assertion on the part of a woman that her waist was reduced from twenty-three to fourteen inches by mere compression without ever giving any cause for regret to the subject of that process. It is a parallel to the allegation in SWIFT's mock advertisement about the juggler, who allowed any gentleman to drive forty twelve-penny nails up to the head in a porter's back, and drew them out again by putting him in a loadstone chair, the said porter feeling no pain.

It is gratifying to find *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* instructing its readers by satire. They must be very intelligent. Let us hope that none of them are so much the reverse as to take the irony of a wise and clever man for the credible communication of a vain, silly, and disgusting woman.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XIV.—MY FUNNY FRIEND.—THE CAPTAIN.—THE STEWARD.—SAILORS.

A RIDDLE suggests itself while we are at sea:—

When is my Funny Friend *not* my Funny Friend? *Answer.* When he's on board the packet between Dover and Calais, and the passage is what the Captain has already prophesied it would be—"dusty."

Limp, huddled up on a bench, prostrated helplessly under a tarpaulin, lay GRIGG.

Lifeless, *un*-beautiful he lay, or staggering to the side of the vessel without his sea legs on, he leans o'er the bulwarks, and communes mysteriously with the glad waters of the dark blue sea.

But now a GRIGG, now thus. I say this to him, and feel very unwell immediately afterwards. I feel unwell, but am not in the least ill; so that my Funny Friend has the best of me after all, though, for the time, he has all the practical joking taken out of him.

He asks me from under a rug and a tarpaulin to fetch the Steward: I can't. Not from a want of will, but from a modest mistrust of my own powers of locomotion, and a dread of the consequences if I once move. I utter the word "Steward!" feebly, and flatter myself that I've been as kind and charitable as the good Samaritan himself would have been under similar circumstances; unless, indeed, that excellent person should have happened to have been a first-rate sailor, which would of course alter the case entirely. The Steward only comes once near us. I am glad he doesn't appear again, as the sight of him, surrounded as he is by such uncomfortable traditions, makes me qualmish and irritable.

The sailors, too, are so careless, and exhibit such shocking taste. If I was the best sailor in the world, I really think that I couldn't stand this.

The Captain comes up to me. He reminds me that he said "it would be dusty." He is cheerful and talkative, and apparently always on the look-out for something in the dark. I murmur, "Yes, he was right," and intend to show no disposition for entering into further conversation. He tells me, without my asking for the information, that he's known such nights on board on this very passage, short as it is (thank Heavens!), sailors, bred and born sailors, who couldn't keep their legs, and had to be lashed to the something or other—a nautical term meaning what I don't know. I reply, "Ah!" I don't know that it interests me, I don't know that I am glad to hear it, I don't know that I am sorry to hear it, I don't know anything: I wish he wouldn't talk, that's all. I prefer being left alone with my misery. I don't say so, because it's unsociable, specially to a Captain; but I am unsociable, and I mean to be. I begin to regret leaving England. Perhaps I may never see it again. I am beginning to be envious of GRIGG, who is in a *decidedly* bad state, while I am still in an *undecidedly* bad state: which is worse. The Captain asks me why I don't go down into the cabin? The cabin!! With all the people—— I only *say*, "No," shortly, but I *do* wish he wouldn't come bothering here. The cabin! Oh, confound him! I try for a moment to comfort myself with the notion that GRIGG, my Funny Friend—ha! ha!—(I can't laugh in this state, but it's the idea) is more wretched than I am. Only I can't imagine any one more wretched than I am.

Miserable Thoughts on board.—Wonder who invented these confounded steamships? (*By the way*, the one thing I was careful to explain to the Captain at first was, that "I was always all right on a sailing-vessel," so that he might not be taken by surprise on seeing me all wrong on his steam one.) Why the deuce don't they make a tunnel from Dover to Calais? Or a bridge? I'd take a season-ticket, and walk over. There's the Thames Tunnel. What's that doing? Why can't that be utilised? * * * Raining, I think. Dusty passage, indeed. I wish it was dusty. Oh, how I prefer travelling by coach to this infernal thing! * * * That *was* a wave that time. If another comes like that, I shall be knocked off my seat. Shall I be able to get back again? A man might be blown overboard, and no one be any the wiser until they got to Calais, and then they'd only find he was lost when they asked for his ticket. No, that's not right: I can't put it right now. * * * Rain or spray; or both. I won't put my hands out to dry my face, or I shall open the waterproof. * * * There's another: we seem to be going right up to the sky, and then down again with a scooping movement.

Is life worth having on these terms? Is the game of going to Paris for a holiday worth the trouble? * * Oh, dear! * * Oh, dear! * * This time I *do* think I'm * * * A sailor is speaking to me; he says we're nearly in. I say "Are we?" I don't doubt him; I don't care. He repeats it, and requests a trifle for the loan of his waterproof. I really can't. I mean I can't get at my pockets. I won't undo the waterproof, because one wave may thoroughly wet me before we arrive at Calais. I say I'll give it him presently, and beg him not to bother. He puts it forcibly to me that he won't be able to see me presently, as during the landing he's wanted to do something (something nautical that I don't understand) with the ropes. The same application I overhear being made to GRIGG. GRIGG is too feeble to move. He can't give anything: he will presently: the man mustn't speak to him now: he swears he will reward him liberally hereafter. I repeat this. Both sailors are incredulous. The Steward comes, and wants a fee. GRIGG treats him very curtly. He tells him he hasn't attended to him during the passage, and in a general way charges all his sufferings on this official. The Steward comes to me. I hate him. In the words of the song (some song about "My Mother"), He is "the cause of this anguish," *i.e.*, Thou art the cause of this anguish, my Steward!

The sailors are summoned away to their ropes. The sea becomes calmer; there is a steadiness about the water now, which is reassuring. GRIGG rouses himself; so do I; feeling that I am pretty certain of making my legs take the direction I wish.

I say with melancholy triumph to GRIGG, "Well, I've been all right." GRIGG, who is plucking up, replies that he is getting all right now. Will I, as he can't trust his legs yet, mind descending the companion, and bringing up the parcels in his berth? I will. I descend the companion.

Is it the cabin or a casual ward? or a hospital? Let me get the packages, and out of this as quickly as possible; or I, the sailor, who have weathered the storm, who have been so well * * * Ah, here is the berth at the end! A foreigner, an extinguished foreigner in a nightcap, has turned our boxes out, and is lying in GRIGG's berth. Oh, he is *so* unwell! I find him there instead of the packages. He moans and groans. Worse: he thinks I'm the Steward. * * * It's all over with me. * * * And just at our journey's end!

GRIGG up above, quite himself again.

"Now, then," he cries; "come up, will you? Don't be all day amusing yourself down there."

Amusing myself! Did I say this to GRIGG?

** Of course, the Captain and his officials didn't give us their photographs; but they are in my memory's photograph-book.

A SONG OF THE SHAMROCK.

THE particular tint of Old Ireland is green;
By the Emerald Isle that's the thing Poets mean.
And the wide world all over, as everyone knows,
By the name of Green Erin Hibernia goes.

There's a Paddy that's one of the best of his kind;
PADDY GREEN is the boy that occurs to your mind.
Though the closest observer could never yet spy
Any green in his aspect or green in his eye.

Paddy Greens and Green Paddies don't fancy the same—
Some by nature are green, others only in name;
But among simple Paddies that green we may call,
Sure the Fenians by far are the greenest of all.

'Tis with verdure they're clad from the top to the toe,
Like the banks of Killarney where evergreens grow;
So they plot and conspire in their poor verdant way,
And they still find that traitors will traitors betray.

Oh, how green were O' Guy Fawkes and all of his band
Who the Gunpowder Treason in Clerkenwell planned,
The accomplice that was an approver behold!
It was so with conspirators ever of old.

So "The Green," then, "above the Red!" shout Fenian boys,
'Tis a mighty fine banner, and mighty great noise;
But the green of Green Erin is not such a hue
That she'll e'er be done brown by such blackguards as you!

THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

AFTER all, there is Tolerance in England. There is a Book, by the precepts of which the people called Christians profess to be guided. Certain folks, calling themselves by a name derived from that Book, have been practising a method of cure which is therein expressly ordained in the plainest language, as a remedy. They have not been successful. They have been sent for trial, placed in the dock, but acquitted. It is satisfactory to add that in a Christian country persons have not been hanged for obedience to the New Testament. There—so a Voltairean might sum up and leave that affair of the "Peculiar People." But he is a sham philosopher who can get nothing out of a curious incident but the cue for a sneer. Suppose we go a little further, and ask what the Spiritual Police, who are paid to direct wandering theologians, have been about in the district of the Peculiar People. These poor folks had to be told by mere lawyers that though they had read the Book right, they had read but a bit of it. It seems hard that simple people should have to be tried for their lives in order to get a little teaching.

THE SPECIALS.

Short Special (to himself). "WONDER WHAT THAT LANKY FOOL 'S LOAFING ABOUT HERE FOR?"
Long Ditto. "HULLO! HERE 'S LITTLE KECKYWIGS! NOW, WHAT THE DEUCE IS HE DOING ON THIS BEAT?"

BRIGANDS IN LONDON.

THE drama of *The Streets of London*, which for some weeks past has been performed at the Princess's, might be made somewhat more life-like if a scene were introduced to show how brutal robberies are done in open daylight now in many London streets. Either a lady might be knocked down and violently trampled on, while her pocket was ripped open, and her purse and watch and chain and jewels were purloined; or a gentleman might be tripped up, or surrounded and garotted, and left senseless on the pavement, robbed of all he had about him. The business of the scene should be well-rehearsed beforehand, and a score of real footpads taken, say, from Endell Street, might be specially engaged, so that the robbing and maltreating might be done with all professional correctness and despatch.

THE CAUSE IN BOTH CASES!

This would clearly make a good sensation scene, to the benefit no doubt of MR. VINING'S treasury. Some profit to the public too would probably accrue, for public notice would be drawn to the unsafe state of the streets. Perhaps SIR RICHARD MAYNE might be tempted by the scene, and might take a stall to see how brutal robberies are done beneath the eyes of the police. And perhaps when he had thus acquired a knowledge of this fact, he might take measures to prevent the *Streets of London* and the *Brigand* being played in open daylight within three miles of Saint Paul's.

Drisheen.

WITH a delicate sense of the fitness of things, the "young ladies" of Cork presented MR. TRAIN (late of the gaol) with a testimonial. It consisted of blood puddings. Fact. The darlings!—we mean the "young ladies."

A Clerical Error.

A MEETING of eminent mercantile gentlemen was held the other day at Liverpool for the promotion of commercial credit and morality. From thousands of British pulpits every Sunday denunciations, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* observes, are launched at the typical "moral man." We can only wish that he were anything like so common a character as the parsons complain.

Paying our Way in Abyssinia.

THE Abyssinian Expedition forms a case wherein the usual relation between invaders and invaded, the latter being the weaker, are reversed. The Abyssinians will sell us nothing for any sum under a dollar. They thus stick it into us instead of our sticking it into them, and it is we and not they who are plundered. These things are managed contrarily in countries invaded by France.

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EDUCATION!

Papa (*improving the occasion at Luncheon*). "NOW, LOOK, HARRY, THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF THIS CAKE IS EQUAL TO ABOUT THREE TIMES THE DIAMETER, AND——"

Harry. "OH, THEN, PA', LET ME HAVE THE O'CUMF'RENCE FOR MY SHARE!!"

DOD'S BEAUTIES OF PARLIAMENT.

O DOD!
That heading may seem odd,
But PUNCH, unlike to HOMER, doth not nod.
Again in thy Black Book,
Certain of truth, we look
For the twin rolls
Of those whom graceful CHELMSFORD now controls,
Helped by the bearer of the Sable Rod:
And those whom gentle DENISON
Invites to hear the benison
Pronounced upon his venison,
Likewise his salmon, turbot, soles, and cod.

For six-and-thirty Sessions
The large and stout professions,
Also the sad transgressions
Of our law-making Swells hast thou enshrined,
Again thy handy tome
(Wanted in every home
Where Politics are talked) we gladly find.

Thy namesake—with two D's—
Whose exit, pendulous, seems cruel now,
Victim to him who taught us how to bow,
Lie, flatter, fawn, and please,
"Beauties of Shakspeare" in one volume placed,
And though the luckless parson showed some taste,
'Twas thought he more deserved his fate
For leaving out the other eight,
Than for the deed that brought to grief his neck,
The counterfeit of Chesterfieldian cheque.

Into no kindred error thou dost fall:
Thou givest All.
All Beauties of the Parliament are here,
Temporal and Spiritual Peer,
From the vice-royal ABERCORN, L.L.,
To ZETLAND, darling of the Mystic Cell:
And all who in the Nether House give tongue,
From T. DYKE ACLAND unto RICHARD YOUNG,
All now preparing for The Talk. O dear!
Punch thanks thee, DOD,
And, tying up a rod
Which down on sundry he will shortly bring,
Looks to thy pregnant print
For many a valued hint
How that well-pickled birch may smartest sting.

COMMON SENSE ON WHEELS.

THEY still "manage some things better in France," and among them may be mentioned road-making and cookery. In these respects we might with profit take a lesson from our neighbours, and perhaps the time may come when French rollers here will be as common as French rolls, and a *vol au vent* be served as well as a Welsh rarebit. What fools the French must think us, when they see us strewing lumps of granite loosely in our roadways, and wearing out our carriage-wheels in grinding it to slush. A road so formed is never firm, but quickly becomes rotten; and the saving of steam-rollers is a short-sighted economy, for narrow carriage-wheels make ruts and cannot bind the stones together. Thus they are kicked aside and wasted, and, as the road is not rolled evenly, holes are very quickly made in it, and carriage-springs are broken, and horses are tripped up, and are broken-kneed or lamed.

We Britons continually boast that we are a "practical people," and this is ever our excuse when charged with being inartistic. Our buildings may be clumsy, our statues hideous burlesques, but we don't profess, you know, to be an ornamental nation; our talent is for business, and all sorts of useful works. Yet few things are more useful than good thoroughfares and roads, and with these we either are too stingy or too stupid to provide ourselves. If every business man would calculate the time he loses daily, to say nothing of the temper, by reason of the roughness and the badness of our roadways, there would surely before long be held a public meeting somewhere, and somebody would propose that somebody should do something which somehow should help somewhat towards the mending of our ways.

NEW VERSION.

IT was the reflection of a thoughtful hall-porter that the self-denying man must be the man who says he is not at home when he is.

SUPERNATURAL IMPUDENCE.

THESE are awful times, *Mr. Punch*. Strange spirits are abroad. J. W. K. writes to the *Times* an account of a street robbery, with brutal violence, of which he was the victim. Having stunned him, the ruffians who had knocked him down made off with his watch. He says:—

"I afterwards saw two policemen, who treated the matter very calmly, saying, 'I was not the first who had been robbed on the same road this week.'"

Not the first! Why this is the very language of the mocking fiend. "She is not the first." Your readers are also, many of them, readers of GOETHE, and know who said that. Two British policemen were never capable of such a sneer. It was the chaff of *Mephistopheles*, and his companion—*Asmodeus*, perhaps; possibly *Modo* and *Mahu* himself—who knows? Strange spirits, I say, *Mr. Punch*, are abroad, to say nothing of those spirits which seem to be so intimate with spiritual "circles" that they may be called familiar. None of them have told us, however, where to find the REV. MR. SPEKE.

But I say, Sir, what a pass we have come to when robbery is so rampant, for want of policemen, that we have *Mephistopheles* and another roaming the streets in the disguise of two of those deficient Guardian Angels, and saying to a man who has been plundered and maltreated, "You are not the first." For never could that jocular but unfeeling observation have proceeded from the mouth of a beneficent creature whose popular name is the fond and playful diminutive of

ROBERT.

Suggestions for Hippophagists.

THE best horses for the Hippophagist's table would be "Coursers;" arranged in the bill of fare as First Coursers, Second Coursers, &c.

Why was horse-radish omitted in the *mess* at the Langham? And horse-chestnuts were wanting. Where, too, among the sweets was the *Pie*-bald?

CABINET VALENTINES.

TO LORD DERBY.

RE the trumpet sounds "Debate,"
May thy gout be mitigate;
'Tis a grief to me to know
RUPERT taken thus in toe.
And when once more fierce and fleet,
πόδας ὠκυς, swift of feet,
Mettle up and all agog,
Thou art going the whole hog,
Dashing on through thick and thin,
Scorning purls, so 'tis to win,
Mayst thou come, swift-footed chief,
Seldom as may be to grief,
Since it needs must be that some—
Nay, often—times to grief thou 'lt come.
What can *Punch*, thy Valentine,
Wish thee, not already thine?
Wealth, wit, work to sweeten leisure?
Man's brain, and boy's zest of pleasure?
Strength of stroke and length of reach
In the fisticuffs of speech?
Mastery of thy mother-tongue,
And that wherein HOMER sung?
But one thing is left to wish thee
(Though some may declare 'twould dish thee)
That 's a dash of STANLEY's *ichor*
To allay the hotter liquor,
That sets boiling the grey pate
Of our RUPERT of Debate.
Who can tell what chastening
A sedative like this might bring,
What a wholesome revolution
In Council and in Constitution?
Frozen out the gout would go
From cooled vein, and tempered toe;
No "ten-minutes' Bills" we 'd see;
"Leaps in the Dark" would cease to be.
Try this cooling mixture fine,—
So says *Punch*, thy Valentine.

TO LORD STANLEY.

STANLEY, I have wished thy sire,
To control his youthful fire,
And his pulses' fervid flood,
Dash of thy more sober blood.
So I can but wish for thee,—
That the dry bones stirred may be,—
Of thy sire's hot blood a flush;
Try for once a Derby rush;
Tory backers turn upon,
To the cry "On, STANLEY, on!"
And fling off old party trammels,
Nor strain at gnats, to swallow camels;
What thy gumption, well we know,
Prove at need that thou hast "go,"
With thy prudence pluck combine,
So prays *Punch*, thy Valentine!

TO THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.

I 'll wish thee a pleasanter Session than last
And success to thy scheme educational;
Be its subject a party to wean from the past,
Or the schools, called, but only *called*, "national."

The Tory un-guidables still may'st thou scrunch,
The Tory unteachables smother:
And treasure this Valentine sent thee by *Punch*—
One *Jeu d'esprit* sent to another.

BY A FASHIONABLE YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.—The latest thing out—My husband.

A TRADE REFORM BILL WANTED.

DEAR LORD DERBY,

Now that Parliament is assembling, you will have little time to spare for reading any thing but Blue Books; and foreseeing this, you doubtless took good care to read, during the holidays, whatever was worth reading in reviews and magazines. Of course you read the famous article in the October *Quarterly*—not that upon the Talmud, though perhaps it was *the* famous one, but the one upon Trades' Unions, wherein these words occur:—

"This then is our case against the Trades' Unions. . . . We say that they injure in the most vital manner the interest of the very working class whom they are meant to aid, that they threaten some branches of manufactures with extinction, and seriously limit the diffusion of others, that they are carried on by means fatal to every right that a free country respects, that they are ruinous to the legitimate ambition of industry and merit, that they can only be conducted by a systematic breach of the law, and that they run through the whole gamut of crime, from a mere conspiracy in restraint of trade, to robbery, arson, mutilation, and murder."

That every word of this is thoroughly well founded there is in the article put forth abundant proof.

That Trades' Unions are becoming a curse to the whole country, and, if not utterly extinguished, should be sweepingly reformed, surely no one in his senses will venture to deny. How we may reform them the *Quarterly* points out:—

"A Friendly or Provident Society, which cannot obtain registration for its rules, should be absolutely prohibited, and the attempt to establish or carry on such a society should be treated as a fraud, and punished as a criminal act. By this simple means an effectual bar would be interposed to that conjunction, out of which the power of Trades' Unions mainly arises—the union of a fraudulent Provident Society with a society formed for the purpose of restraining trade."

My Lord, as you are now at the head of the Reformers, and were fortunate last Session in passing a Reform Bill, let me beg of you this year to try and pass another. Amend the law by which conspiracy and fraudulence, beneath the mask of providence, are suffered to combine: forbid the banns of marriage—the crime bearing Trades' Union—of conspirators and cheats; and thus annihilate the trade of "loathsome miscreants" like BROADHEAD, and gain the thanks of honest, free-born Englishmen, like

PUNCH.

BRIGHT ON THE FLOWING BOWL.

MR. BRIGHT has been speaking on a new theme. The Brummagem Publicans have been at him to know his opinion about MR. ABEL SMITH's Bill for restraining Sunday tipple. He has poked some fun at them. He tells them that their present organisation for what they consider protection is admirable; but that a Reform Act has passed, and the representation will be Doubled, Trebled, and in some places Quadrupled (lights on the Leap in the Dark), the political influence of the Publicans will diminish in that proportion, and will in many places be extinguished; therefore, they cannot expect in future "to force men in the House of Commons to vote against their Convictions" for the sake of the public-house. He therefore suggests that they make reasonable concessions, instead of howling and shrieking against every kind of regulation that is suggested for the prevention of drunkenness. *Mr. Punch's* sentiments on Liquor are too well known to make it needful for him to say, that any effort in the Puritan direction will meet with his bitterest enmity. But regulation is one thing, and suppression is another. And there is, perhaps no calling (except law) in which there are better fellows at one end, and greater blackguards at the other, than in the "public line." It cannot be quite right that the decent licensed victualler, whose well-conducted house is a convenience and a benefit, should be ranged under the same flag as the vulgar "Pub" whose bar is a roaring scandal, and who stands gloating over the drunkard until he has spent all his money, and is only good to be hustled into the street. MR. BRIGHT said some things which Mine Host may read quietly, and apart from the parasites who toady him. Now for a cup of sack—that 's a long screed. *Beviam.*

Diomedes on the Hippophagi.

"I FED my mares with men. 'Tis not a myth,
For 'tis endorsed by DR. WILLIAM SMITH.
To mares ALCIDES flung me. Things are changed.
I and my victims are alike avenged."

Langham Hotel.

A Remarkable Proper Name.

THE new ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES was solemnly enthroned, the other day, in the Cathedral of that city. His name is DECHAMPS. The predecessor of MONSEIGNEUR DECHAMPS was Cardinal STERCKS. What a strangely sounding name for a Cardinal! It might be taken for a nickname. One would think that, on being called STERCKS, the late CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES was maligned.

TAX THE SUN.

MY DEAR DISRAELI,

YOU told me the other night, at LADY DERBY'S party, that you were cutting some pretty figures for exhibition on the Budget night.

I should like to help you.

Why, in the name of common sense, and Philistinism, and everything that is practical, don't you clap a penny tax on

PHOTOGRAPHS?

I have mentioned it before, but as our friend BRIGHT said last week, it is necessary in England to repeat a thing a great many times before it obtains attention.

There are about five millions of photographs made every year.

Do you know how much five millions of pennies make? Of course you don't, nor do I, nor does either of us know how to calculate it. Thank Fate, we were educated like gentlemen. But there must be some way of finding out, with decimals, or cubes, or hyperbolic loggerheads, or circular arks, or something.

Let us try at the problem. One hundred pence is eight-and-fourpence. I know that—you may take it from me. My little boy got an arithmetic prize (by the way, he will be a big boy one of these days, and then I shall be glad to talk to you about his future, should you be in office), and he assures me, positively, of this. I never knew him tell a story (excuse a fond parental pride), and we may start upon that hypothenuse.

Let us multiply that by ten. Ten times eight and fourpence is £4 3*s.* 4*d.*, and that is a thousand pence. Well, a million is ten hundred thousand. O, bother, we shall never do it so. There must be some shorter way. Let us divide five millions by a penny, that seems simple. One in five—stop, that only brings us where we were before, like the American pig that thought it was getting out of the field through the pipe, only the pipe was crooked, and brought him in again.

Well, details are beneath great minds. I suppose you will allow that five million pence make a very large sum of money, which would look well among your pretty figures?

Get it, then, by enacting that no photograph shall be sold unless it bears an impressed stamp of one penny.

A photograph is surely a Luxury. At least, people think it so, though the process of sitting for one is anything else.

Also, no one is obliged to buy one. Therefore, there is no hardship.

Also, the Tax is so small that no one who can afford a photograph can feel the addition.

Also, the work of collection will be very easy. Let the Post Offices sell the stamped cards.

It is possible that a few of the touting blackguards who infest the streets, haul in customers and fight for them, may be discouraged by the tax; but this, instead of being an evil, will be a very good thing. Humble and honest artists will buy their photograph stamps day by day as they do their letter stamps.

And you will, as aforesaid, get a very large sum in aid of your Abyssinian War and your other expenses.

Look to it, my dear DISRAELI, and believe me

Your affectionate friend,

PUNCH.

P.S. This will be taxing the Sun. He won't mind. He was very much hurt about the Window Tax, which shut out his light; but that is done away and forgotten. I—his moral Representative—answer for him.

THE MAINE LAW A MULL.

IN a lecture delivered the other evening at Exeter Hall on America, the REV. NEWMAN HALL, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, made the following important statement:—

"Touching the position of the temperance cause in the States, he said that the Maine Law had, he was sorry to state, proved inoperative, and would, he believed, shortly be repealed, and a strict excise law, such as was in force in New York, substituted for it."

The United Kingdom Alliance, and the promoters of Liquor Bills in the Legislature may be congratulated on the fact above announced. It will save them trouble, if they will only be so reasonable as to learn the lesson which it ought to teach them; namely, that moderation in the use of exhilarating drinks is not to be effected by Maine force, and that the only means of getting people to practise it is moral suasion.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT LAST DISCOVERED.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says, "MR. TRAIN is now 'lecturing' on the 'True Laws of Health' at a Water-cure establishment, St. Anne's Hill, Blarney, near Cork."

POACHERS, BEWARE!

GAME butchers are more plentiful in England than in France, for most of the French landholders have fortunes far too small to allow of big battues. There cannot be much game preserved where everybody shoots; and as their guns well-nigh outnumber their partridges and pheasants, it is not very surprising that French sportsmen condescend to shoot at smaller game. By universal pot-hunting such havoc has been made, that fears are entertained lest there be nothing left to shoot: and recently an outcry has been raised against the poachers, and it is said more stringent game laws are shortly to be passed. More than half-a-million chasseurs yearly pay for a certificate, and doubtless count themselves quite numerous enough to kill the scanty game there is now left for them to shoot. So we cannot wonder they feel savage with the poachers. Still, they must be well-nigh savages to dream of doing things like this:—

"One proposition is, that all the rural guards should be well armed with revolvers, and provided with mastiffs of English breed, with acute noses for ferreting out poachers; these dogs to be previously trained to the attack by exercising them upon puppets dressed up in dark-coloured clothes, such as night poachers commonly wear, and in which they might find *une sanglante nourriture*."

Our French friends may not know that mastiffs are not used in England to hunt poachers, and considerable training would doubtless be required before their noses were acute enough to be of any use. Perhaps, bloodhounds would be better, but we fear, for want of practice, they would hardly do much good, for it is not an English custom now to hunt down men with dogs. Nor do gamekeepers in England go "well armed with revolvers," as it is pleasantly suggested, should be now the case in France. Fancy mastiffs and revolvers, to protect a few tame pheasants! We shall next hear of canaries being guarded by artillery, or of a company of lancers being stationed near a henroost, to prevent the little chickens being eaten by the rats!

DANGERS OF BRIGHTON.

THOSE Brighton belles, those Brighton belles,
Bewitching shoals of chignon'd swells!
At every turn, in every street
A pretty face I'm doomed to meet.

Those Brighton belles, those Brighton belles!
My bosom with their memory swells—
Why *can't* they leave a little span
Not dangerous for the reading man?

Spell-bound the classman's ardour cools
To sweet forgetfulness of "Schools;"
And many a "plough" full dismal tells
The prowess of those Brighton belles.

FASHIONABLE HALF DRESS.

THE subjoined piece of an advertising paragraph is cut out of the *Post*:—

"NUDA VERITAS.—This valuable specific changes grey hair to its original shade, after which the hair grows out the natural colour, and not grey. As a dressing, it is superior to pomades."

Indeed! *Nuda Veritas*, no doubt. The bare truth, neither less; the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—not the barefaced reverse of the truth, by any means. Certainly not.

But what are we to make of *Nuda Veritas* "as a dressing"? The time may come when fashionable young ladies will go in the character of Truth to a Fancy Ball—not, observe, a Fancy Dress Ball. They only half do it now—in a costume corresponding to that of a pugilist prepared for the ring. So perhaps are they—but can they expect to get one?

Short clothes and long clothes—that seems to be the definition of Evening Fashions for February. Imagination suggests that its wearers are mermaids:—

"ut turpiter atram
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè."

You seem to suspect that, if the whole Truth were visible, you would see a reproduction of that direful monster who:—

"seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended, foul, in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting."

So that if masquerading VERITAS were entirely *nuda*, Truth would turn out to be no prettier than Sin. Full dress used to be the fashion of evenings; now it is half dress; but how should it be otherwise when it is copied from the *demi-monde?*

WHERE BAD HIPPOPHAGISTS EXPECT TO GO—Horsemonger Gaol.

EVER SINCE POOR JENKINS MET WITH THAT ACCIDENT IN THE HANSOM CAB LAST FORTNIGHT, HIS NOCTURNAL SLUMBERS HAVE BEEN AGITATED BY A CONSTANTLY RECURRING NIGHTMARE. HE DREAMS THAT A MORE THAN USUALLY APPALLING CAB-HORSE BOLTS WITH HIM IN HANWAY PASSAGE (OXFORD STREET); AND CANNOT QUITE MAKE OUT WHETHER HE IS RIDING IN THE CAB, OR WHETHER IT IS HE WHO STANDS, POWERLESS TO MOVE, RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE INFURIATED ANIMAL.

THE DRUMMED-OUT FENIAN.

JOHN QUIN, late Private of the 1st Battalion, 7th Royal Fusileers.

'TWAS the drum you heard, 'twas the fife's piercing note,
As our corps, that a Fenian had slurrèd,
Did that soldier discharge who had been its blot,
And the doom of a felon incurrèd.

We made him a shabby and shameful sight,
Inside out his coat by turning,
In the open glare of the broad daylight,
Where no other light was burning.

No badge or medal adorned his breast,
Off his buttons we tore, confound him!
And his good conduct stripe we removed with the rest,
Having formed a square around him.

Few and short were the words we said,
For the scoundrel we felt no sorrow,
And we thought, in a nightcap that covered his head,
It were well if he died on the morrow.

We thought, as we heard out his sentence read,
Whilst he stood like a drooping willow,
Of the barber that soon would be shaving his head,
And his friends far away o'er the billow.

Much will they make of the blackguard that 's gone
To gaol; as a martyr parade him:
But little he 'll know of all their goings on,
In the cell where his treason has laid him.

Thus much of our morning's work was done
In the face of his comrades admiring,
For the sake of example that all should shun;
And with Fenians avoid conspiring.

To the gate of the barracks we led him down,
As he went, to conclude a long story,
The Rogue's March being played to proclaim his renown,
Then in handcuffs he went to his glory.

A RUFFLED PROPHET.

DR. CUMMING is getting irritable, for which we are sorry, inasmuch as he is tolerable only because of the fun he causes. He must really not be angry because the universe does not explode at the exact time he fixes for that event. He is not everybody, and if his sapient congregation is content with him, and the public is as good-natured to him as to ZADKIEL, RAPHAEL, and the other Vaticinators, it is as much as the Seraphic Doctor ought to expect.

He writes petulantly to say that he never prophesied anything. Now this is only squabbling over words, for he distinctly says that "about 1868" is pointed to by those who have studied the subject as a date at which the end may be expected. Theologians are proverbially slippery, but if that is not prophesying, what is?

We are never angry—except when people richly deserve it—but if we were habitually furious, we should be soothed into smiles by the Seraphic Doctor's desperate attempt to wrap up his "three frogs" in an old flag. And we expect the like good-humour from him. Especially to us, his fellow augurs, because he will remember that the Greek poet LIVY expresses his wonder that augurs can ever meet without laughing. We assure him that we always laugh when we even think of him. Come, he must not be angry, or, to adopt MR. THOMAS MOORE's neat phrase, the Doctor will be at once augur and bore.

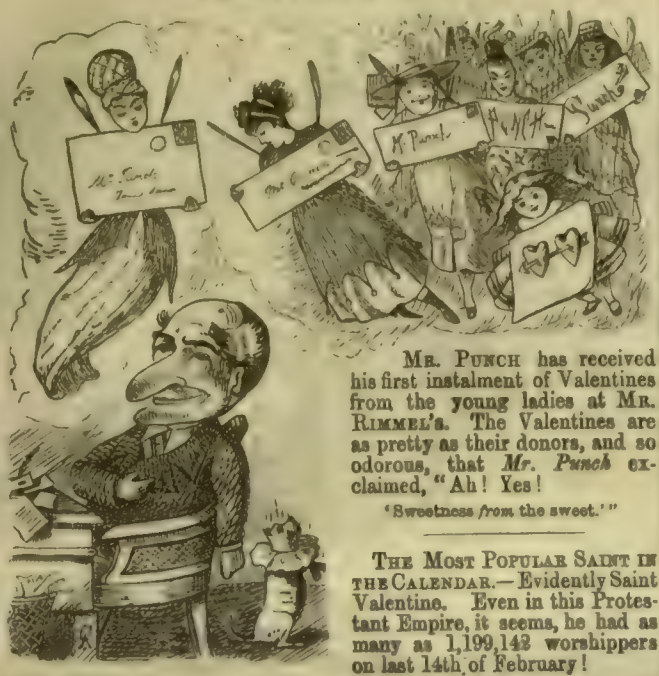
Nuts for Hippophagists.

AMONG the accompaniments to the late Horse Banquet at the Langham Hotel was *dinde aux châtaignes*. Should it not have been *aux marrons d'Inde?* Were not the chestnuts horse-chestnuts? Or was the turkey garnished with preparations of chestnut horse?

DR. BULL'S WAITING-ROOM.

Benjamin (to Hibernia). "PLEASE 'M, THE DOCTOR 'LL TAKE YOUR CASE FUST 'M."

VALENTINE'S DAY.



MR. PUNCH has received his first instalment of Valentines from the young ladies at MR. RIMMEL'S. The Valentines are as pretty as their donors, and so odorous, that *Mr. Punch* exclaimed, "Ah! Yes!

'Sweetness *from* the sweet.'"

THE MOST POPULAR SAINT IN THE CALENDAR.—Evidently Saint Valentine. Even in this Protestant Empire, it seems, he had as many as 1,199,142 worshippers on last 14th of February!

INARTICULATE INFORMATION.

IT is highly requisite that the Directors of the Underground Railway should cause those servants of theirs whose duty it is to call out the names of the stations to be taught to speak intelligibly. The eye often misses the station's name as the train passes it. You hear a fellow shouting "Oosh! 'Ooosh!" for example, or "N'il! N'il!" What can you make out of Nil, but nothing; and what more can you understand from 'Oosh? He means "Shepherd's Bush," and "Notting Hill." It would be good of MR. MACREADY to come out of his retirement and give those inarticulate railway men lessons on elocution.

Whilst on this subject we may also observe that the conductors of certain omnibuses are in the habit of uttering a cry which may sometimes occasion gross misapprehension. As they go, or halt, on their journey westward, they keep continually calling out "EMMA SMITH! EMMA SMITH!" Who is EMMA SMITH? a country gentleman might ask. They are supposed to mean Hammersmith.

EPIGRAM

IN reply to an application to subscribe to the proposed testimonial to DR. JELF of King's College:—

Who was it raised a holy shout,
And all for conscience sake, no doubt,
Turned dear PROFESSOR MAURICE out?
My Jelf!

Who is it that has only jibe
And scorn for all the Bigot-tribe,
And to this fund will *not* subscribe?
My self!

As Active as Ever.

A WRITER in a Neapolitan newspaper begins an account of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius with the remark, that "Vesuvius has been said on several occasions to be dying out; if so it must be confessed that it dies very hard." He might have said even more than that. Vesuvius exhibits nothing of the exhaustion which denotes old age; but on the contrary, remains apparently actuated by all its youthful fire.

A PROVERB AND A PEER.

Is *noblesse oblige* counted a rule to judge Peers by?
Not a word about that to LORD WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY!

LONG ODDS.—Tall Husband and Short Wife.

"HAT AND SWORD."

THE Hat and Sword presented in old times to Monarchs who successfully defended the Papacy will not be given this year to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. We are sorry to hear this, as at the forthcoming theatricals at the Tuileries there was to have been an adaptation from MM. MEILHAC and HALÉVY'S *La Grande Duchesse*, set to the now well known music by M. OFFENBACH. CARDINAL BONNECHOSE (in for a good thing) would have played the donor of the venerable weapon, while that versatile actor, LOUIS, would have filled the *rôle* of Corporal, then General, FRITZ.

The couplets were arranged to run as in the Opera. The Cardinal, to address the Eldest Son of the Church, commencing with,

Voici le sabre de ton Père.
Tu vas le mettre à ton côté:
Après la victoire, j'espère,
Te revoir en bonne santé:
Car si tu mourais à la guerre
Ton Papa a peur, en vérité,
De n'avoir plus jamais sur terre
Un moment de félicité.

After which a slight extract from MR. SULLIVAN'S *Contrabandista*, (libretto by a very excellent young jingler,) sung by the EMPEROR.

Louis (*chantant*). Hail to the Sacred Hat,
'Tis my Papa sends that,
'Neath it some chiefs have sat,
Vive PIO NONO.

Whenever this pretty little piece is produced, there is a Correspondent in Paris who will tell you all about it, and what a diplomat said to him on the subject, what was, also, the opinion of the lovely COUNTESS DE * * *, and why he was obliged to cut *l'Impératrice* on this occasion, all in large print, for the small sum of one penny.

LAW NEWS IN LITTLE.

"FROM this bench I shall bolt,"
Says the LORD JUSTICE ROLT.
"I'm deaf to the charmer,"
Says SIR BOOK-OF-PRAISE PALMER.
"Then the place I may well win,"
Says SOLICITOR SELWYN.
"And yours I shall get,"
Says the Helston man, BRETT.
"If you get re-elected,"
Says ——, dejected.
(*The Profession will fill up this blank.*)

A Fiddle in Danger.

SUPPOSE that *Mr. Punch* had a daughter, who was (as such a being's daughter would be likely to be) a splendid musician, and who sang in public. Suppose, that an Irish fiddler wrote to *Mr. Punch* and said, "If you will give me a good notice of my fiddling, I will engage MISS PUNCH for my London Concerts." What do you think, dear musical and critical friends, that *Mr. Punch* would do? Don't you think that he would act in the spirit of *Valentine* when he comes upon the musical *Faust*—only with better luck? Well, you shall see what you shall see.

Inquire Within.

(*Friday, February 7th.*)

OH, give me back my Arab steed,
My pet! I've never beaten him.
A voice comes from the Langham: "We'd
With pleasure, but we've eaten him."

Ignorance of the Upper Classes.

"A READER of the *Blue Book*" is informed that the letters P. C. after the names of such distinguished personages as LORD DERBY, MR. DISRAELI, MR. GLADSTONE, &c., do *not* mean Police Constable, but Privy Councillor. The same benighted inquirer should also know that "*Ibid.*" was never the name of a newspaper, although he (or she?), as he (or she?) says, may have frequently seen it at the end of puffs.

PUZZLING EPITAPH ON A SUCCESSFUL RACE-HORSE.—Often flogged, but never beaten.

DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT.

Hunting Man (to town friend, arrived on a visit). "LOOK, OLD FELLOW! THAT'S THE MARE I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ON TO-MORROW. SHE'S QUITE FRESH, YOU SEE; HAD TWO OF MY MEN OFF YESTERDAY, AT EXERCISE!"

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XV.—MY FUNNY FRIEND IN PARIS.

THE last photograph of My Funny Friend GRIGG in Paris. Done at Paris in a French hat, a French winter-coat trimmed with fur, with a large fur cape, usually and only worn by coachmen, and a white "*hide-nose*" (as he will insist upon calling his wrapper—the *cache-nez* of our lively neighbours) round his throat. GRIGG abroad is perhaps rather a greater nuisance than GRIGG at home. The climate, he says, raises his animal spirits, and makes him joyous and lively as a little bird on a fine spring morning.

I am pleased to see GRIGG adopting, as it were, the national costume for the time of year. It argues, I say to myself, that he is going to try and assimilate himself to the people about him, and behave like an ordinary Parisian, for whom, in his present dress, he could easily be mistaken; that is, if he wouldn't talk.

My great desire when at Rome is to do as the Romans do, and be taken for a Roman by my travelling fellow-countrymen; this, I confess, is flattering. As it would be one of my pleasures in Turkey to be regarded as one of the Turkeys, so in Paris I derive a real pleasure from being mistaken for a Parisian. If I don't speak, the deception is perfect, and I defy any one at a *table-d'hôte* to detect my nationality.

The waiters, who are Prussians or Russians, can't tell, and I never lift the mask.

GRIGG lifts the mask; he's always doing it, and annoying me. I try to shirk him, but it's no good. Where I go, he goes; where I dine he will dine too, and no amount of hat, sealskin wrapper, hide-nose, or great-coat, can make my Funny Friend anything but a regular downright Englishman, and so half the charm of Paris is to me gone. GRIGG thinks it necessary to protest against the very French garments he has on: he finds fault with everything; while, I own, being here for pleasure, I am inclined to praise anything. In the streets and all public places he is of opinion that he is "having a lark with the foreign coves," as he expresses it, by assuming the tone and bearing of the traditional JOHN BULL.

We walk up the *Boulevard des Italiens*. I like looking in at the shop windows, dawdling my day away.

GRIGG lets me alone, and walks on for a short distance. There is a young and very pretty French lady inspecting the same window as myself. I feel that I am one of a gallant nation, and settle my shirt-collar, which is a trifle too stiff this morning. *I* know I can't talk to her, even if I had the pleasure of her acquaintance. But *she* isn't aware of this fact, and, from her manner, I suspect she thinks me a gay young Count,—a MONSIEUR JUAN; and her mamma or aunt, who has just caught sight of me through her spectacles, will immediately take her away. This flatters me; I don't mind confessing it; and I feel the French language flowing into my veins. The pretty girl accidentally drops her tortoise-shell purse. Accidental? Glowing with a new sensation, and with the French language and spirit rushing into me (so to speak, like the water in a house when it's "turned on"), I step forward, pick up the purse, and am about to present it to the lady with the politest bow I can make by raising my hat several inches above my head, when that infernal GRIGG comes up suddenly and loudly, with "Hallo, MR. ROASTBEEF!" he always *will* call me ROASTBEEF, or SMITH, or BROWN, or some such name, in Paris; it *does* make me so angry. I try to ignore him, and in presenting the purse, am preparing a few French words, commencing with "*Permettez*," but what I'm going to say after that I don't know; when my Funny Friend, regardless of everything and everyone except himself and his confounded "fun," continues in a sort of robust, farmer-like voice, "I say, come and see my bull-dog kill rats, and have a lot of plum-pudding!"

Plum-pudding! Bull-dog! Favouring the most mistaken French notions about us.

I should like to explain to the pretty young French lady and her mamma or aunt that my name is not MISTER ROASTBEEF, and that I am not in the habit of seeing bull-dogs kill rats and eating plum-pudding at twelve o'clock in the middle of the day. There is no sort of opportunity: hearing GRIGG, they acknowledge my civility curtly, and are off.

I am annoyed: justly.

"I beg," I say to GRIGG, remonstrating firmly. "I *do* beg you won't call out MISTER ROASTBEEF to me again."

He says he 's very sorry—he 's always ready to say this—but he thought I 'd like to keep up our national character. I am afraid that on this occasion I exclaimed Dash the national character. ("*Dash*" is not the word.)

Whenever he is near a sentinel he invariably comes out with the word Waterloo; such execrable taste as I pointed out to him, and might lead to something serious,—with a bayonet perhaps.

His language in Paris, too, becomes so dreadfully strong. On every possible occasion, even when he is merely hiring a *voiture*, he *will* use what is supposed by the French to be our national compound oath. "*Combien?*" for instance, I ask a *voiturier*, politely.

GRIGG, standing at my elbow, immediately exclaims, pronouncing what French words he *does* use with a most execrably English accent, "Wee, Godam Rosbif, oh my eye! Combeang—how much, my eye!" If I remonstrate, I know he will call me MISTER PLUMPUDDING. But for this I might pass peaceably among Parisians as one of themselves.

My Funny Friend tells me he knows Paris: certainly, Paris will soon know him. On pretence of taking me straight to the Panthéon by a short cut, he walks me about for two hours, until at last I charge him with not knowing the way. To this he invariably has one excuse, "that Paris has been so altered since he was last here." I suggest that we 'd better ask a *sergent de ville* the way. GRIGG bows politely to a stern-looking sergent. I am glad to see that he *does* bow.

"*Monsieur*," says GRIGG, "*J'ai quelque chose à vous demander.*" The sergent listens officially.

"*Permettez-moi*," continues GRIGG. "*Une porte, Monsieur—vous saves?*" The sergent inclines his head, and gives all his mind to it. I am interested, being under the impression that this is some French idiom for asking your way to the Panthéon.

He continues, "*Une porte, quand est-ce qu'il n'est pas une porte?*" The sergent looks from GRIGG to me. I confess I did not catch what he said, so unfortunately beg him to repeat it, which he immediately does, adding pleasantly, "*Le donnez-vous en haut?*" Before the official has time to decide whether he has been insulted or not, I take GRIGG forcibly away, and hurry him down the first turning to the right. I tell him plainly I won't go about with him any more: whereupon he sets up a howl, and pretends to weep bitterly. If I knew my way home, or could see a *voiture*, I 'd leave him; but believing that he really does know his road back, it 's better to stop. When he is quiet again, a difficult matter, as he will keep on bursting into tears whenever I speak to him, as if deeply hurt by my unkindness, one question occurs to me, what the dickens he meant by "*Le donnez-vous en haut*"?

He explains that he meant to ask the sergent, "Do you give it up?" and considered that that was its best form in French.

I do not mind owning to my Funny Friend confidentially that I have been only once before this to Paris, and am not very well acquainted with its highways and bye-ways. I told him this in a weak moment, and wish I hadn't.

I propose the Theatre in the evening. GRIGG says, By all means; will I take places? I will. Where? "Well," says GRIGG, after carefully looking over a newspaper ('pon my word, the trouble he takes to do these sort of things!), "the great success seems to be at the Morgue." Being in a good-humour, and glad to find him serious (serious?) for once, I assent (for the name of the Theatre is new to me), and offer to go to the bureau which he points out to me on the boulevard, and take places.

We enter together. There are plans of the theatres all round the bureau. I look from one to the other. The shopkeeper, or librarian, or whatever he is, civilly accosts me. "What am I in search of?" which inquiry he repeats in broken English. Sharp fellows, these; wonder how he knew I was an Englishman? I make up my mind to answer him in French, intending to say that "I want to see a plan of the Morgue;" but, foreseeing difficulties after the first two words, I condescend to reply in English.

The man stares, and doesn't understand me.

I repeat, with a dash of French in it this time to help him. He smiles. I do not like this familiarity on the part of the Librarian, and say, somewhat sternly, "*Je désire deux places à la Morgue*, two places at the Morgue to-night, *pour moi et mon ami, ce n'est pas possible?* can't I have them?" I turn to GRIGG, to indicate him as my friend, and to ask him to speak to this idiot of a Librarian. (*By the way.* "The Idiot Librarian," good name for a novel.)

My Funny Friend is not in the shop, but looking from outside through the glass door, and grinning fiendishly from ear to ear.

The Librarian, who is really a civil fellow, sees how the matter stands, and so do I *now:* GRIGG at the window. The Librarian presents me with a Guide to Paris, and points out to me the description of the *Morgue*.

There are plenty of people in the bureau who have heard the conversation: GRIGG in fits of laughter at the window. Every one laughing; I do, too. In a hot and uncomfortable state I take two places at the Gymnase, and then join GRIGG. I tell him that this shall be his last joke with me; that to-night ends our travelling companionship; that I consider myself insulted, and that his fun is beyond the limits of a joke; that—that—I have so much to say, that, as it won't come out coherently, I sum up with that it 's too bad, and if I wasn't a deuced good-natured fellow, I should——

Here prudence warns me to break off. For after all, what is the good of apologising for not kicking a man, on the ground of your imperturbable good nature, when the expressed intention might lead him to consider it as done, and then return it? Besides, a fight between two Englishmen in the streets of Paris would be too great a scandal; and more than that, the French would find out that there was one Englishman who could not "box," a discovery which I am sure would injure our national character in their eyes.

But my Funny Friend sees his advantage, "Sir," says he, quoting in a serious tone from a celebrated farce, "can you fight?"

I tell him not to be a donkey; I say this because I know that the proper answer in *Box and Cox* is "No," which would lead to exactly the reply that I don't want. In a second he throws himself into a pugilistic attitude, and proceeding with the dialogue says, "Come on!"

We are at the corner of a street; I turn down it sharply, and gain our hotel. I go to my room, and meditate packing up and returning. My Funny Friend enters shortly after, penitent; he is very sorry; it was only his fun; he thought I liked that sort of thing; and if he had had any idea that he was annoying me, he wouldn't have done it for the world. Finally, he asks me to put off leaving this evening, and to come and dine with him at the *Café Anglais:* he will stand the dinner.

I don't know why it is, but I like GRIGG; he is, *really*, a very good fellow. So we shake hands, and he goes to order the dinner. He returns for an instant, to ask me if I mind there being a third party present, a Frenchman, a friend of his? I say, "Oh, no; he is the host." I emphasise this, so that there may be no mistake when the bill comes. "By all means; as many as he pleases."

And this brings us to one very near the end of my book—my French Friend.

NURSERY-SONGS FOR LITTLE HORSE-EATERS.

(*Sung with great Applause at the Great Langham Hotel Horse Feed.*)

SING a song of horse-flesh,
Or "Hippo-pha-gy"—
Three "screws" served up
In boil, roast, and fry!
When the "screws" were eaten,
The guests began to sing,
"Isn't this a dainty dish
To set before a king?"

Ride a stock-horse
To the kitchen, of course,
To see him stewed down into *purée* perforce:
Use his liver for patties, for jelly his toes,
And eat him up clean from the tail to the nose.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
Horse makes capital stock.
A horse-steak fall on
And you 'll eat till it 's gone,
Hickory, dickory dock!

Hey diddle, diddle!
Horse-loin in the middle,
Horse-soup at each end for the spoon:
The little dogs fear their supply may run short,
And the knackers may shut up shop soon.

HE OUGHT TO KNOW.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

In the *Times* article on the fresh legal arrangements I find the following passage:—

"If, however, we are rightly informed, the opinion of Lincoln's Inn does not place the new LORD JUSTICE in the first rank of legal authority."

It is not for me to say whether the writer is rightly informed or not, but it is only due to myself to say that if the former be the case, the opinion of Lincoln's Inn is diametrically opposed to that of

Your obedient Servant,

The Carlton Club. CHARLES JASPER SELWYN.

NOT HIS FORTE.—The most unlikely person to meet at a Monday Popular Concert is MR. LOWE, because he would object to encouraging Classical Music.

RATHER AWKWARD.

MR. MCPHAIRSON (FROM SCOTLAND) BEING IN LONDON LATELY, CALLS ON AN ARTIST WHOSE ACQUAINTANCE HE HAD MADE IN THE HIGHLANDS A YEAR OR TWO AGO, AND SENDS HIS NAME UP BY THE SERVANT. FANCY HIS ASTONISHMENT AND "INDEEGNATION" WHEN SHE RETURNS WITH THE MESSAGE THAT "MASTER'S GOT YER ADDRESS, AN' HE WON'T FORGET YER, BUT HE'S VERY BUSY NOW, AN' DON'T WANT YER, AN' WHEN HE DOES, HE'LL SEND FOR YER!!" HE RETURNS HOME TO GLEN-SLUISHY. N.B. MORE PREJUDICED THAN EVER AGAINST THE "SOUTHRON."

Explanation.—THERE HAPPENED TO BE A PERTINACIOUS OLD MODEL OF THE SAME NAME WHO WAS CONSTANTLY CALLING AND BOTHERING.

SERENADE ADDRESSES.

"SERENADE Addresses" are a fashion in America. How fervently we long to see them fashionable here!—that is, supposing them to be what we in fairness may suppose. What good fun it would be to see a Mayor and Corporation delivering to Royalty a serenade address! Of course, we may presume that, like other serenaders, they would have their faces blacked, and would accompany themselves upon the tambourine and bones. How funny it would be, too, if lovers took to paying serenade addresses, and EDWIN were to snigger in the costume of a nigger, when he courted ANGELINA with his banjo on his knee! For our own part, our addresses have long ago been paid, and we have obtained a stamped receipt for them—stamped upon our lips. We therefore have no need to make a serenade address to the lady of our love, and we are willing to present our excellent suggestion of the blacked face and the banjo to any one who fancies it may aid him in his soot.

Old Joke from the Old School.

IN days when novels, (mostly female,) treat
Of crimes whose names one scarcely dares repeat,
GLADSTONE rings out the praise of WALTER SCOTT.
Well spoken, GLADSTONE. Dash the Income-Tax,
But you say well, my son, that mangy hacks
In the "long run" will die behind "Scott's lot."

NEW LEGAL MAXIM.—MRS. BLAXTON LYTTLETON avers that a husband's word may be law, but it certainly is not always equity.

THE true "Fenian Bonds."—A good pair of handcuffs.

IRELAND'S QUACK DOCTORS.

THE case of Ireland is just now attracting the attention of the Faculty. The doctors differ about it, and empirics propose to step in with their suggestions for a perfect cure, recommending chiefly tonics, stimulants, and alteratives. We shall soon, perhaps, see some of these remedies advertised in the usual style of patent medicine-vendors. As:—

Try the Endowment of Irish Roman Catholic Priests in grants and glebes taken from the Established Church.

For the Certain Cure of Irish Disorders have immediate recourse to the Subdivision of Landed Property. No capital required.

The Only Safe and Effectual Remedy for the Diseases of Ireland is Periodical Confiscation.

There is one thing that seems so capable of possibly doing Ireland some little good that it is a wonder no one has yet announced it as a panacea for her ailments. The soil that grows the *Solanum tuberosum* so well, is said to be also favourable to the growth of another member of the Nightshade family equally popular, the *Nicotiana Tabacum*. Perhaps a herb doctor will next come forward with his simple specific for putting Ireland to-rights, and his advice will be:—

TRY TOBACCO.

To the Passionate Cabbies.

CABBIES, Cabbies, take advice,
Keep your cabs clean, whole, and nice,
Nor along the roadways crawl,
Or public wrath will smash you all.

THE MUSICAL VALENTINE.—In The *Huguenots*.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THEY met on *Thursday*, the Eve of St. Valentine, and, appropriately, the Lords heard something about Promissory Oaths, but the CHANCELLOR would not then be explicit. LORD DERBY was unable to be present, and *Mr. Punch* sincerely regrets that podagra medicines are still Rupert's Drops. LORD CLANRICARDE said something or other about Irish land, and the other Lords naturally went away.

New writs in the Commons. SIR CHARLES JASPER SELWYN, late the Solicitor-General, is made a Lord Justice, and sits beside LORD CAIRNS, so Cambridge University wants a Member. There be two Candidates, MR. CLEASBY, Q.C., and MR. BERESFORD HOPE. The latter gentleman vacates Stoke-upon-Trent. The new Solicitor-General is MR. BALIOL BRETT, Q.C., Member for Helston, a very pleasant little place in Cornwall, not far from

"The great Vision of the Guarded Mount,"

and whence you can go with much comfort and joy to the lovely sea bays, and especially to the Lizard, where the inhabitants used to crawl about on all fours till somebody came and informed them that was not the way to use their hands, so they put them into their pockets, and have kept them there ever since—according to their satiric neighbours. MR. BRETT is promised a fight for his seat, which is attacked by MR. ROGERS, a Liberal lawyer, and it is a question whether Solicitor or Solicitor-General wins.

Heaps of petitions in favour of the Bill for Restricting the Sale of Liquor on Sunday. Some of them from the most unheard-of places. We should like the House to have held a competition examination, and given a prize to the man who stated, off-hand, where to look for Puddynyton, Shipton Sollars, Corsenside and Kettleboston. *Punch* will not be answerable for the spelling. Also, the guardians of some Union begged the House to lay a tax on all lucifer matches except those which will ignite only on their own box.

Caledonia, stern and wild, was informed that her Reform Bill would be presented on the following Monday.

Mortification and Disappointment. *Absit omen*, but these be ugly words in an opening speech by the Leader of the House. He had to announce that he had intended to follow the advice of the Select Committee, which recommended that Election Bribery Cases should be taken away from the jurisdiction of the House of Commons, and should be tried by the Judges. But the Judges, on being politely asked to state their views as to the best method of managing this, imitated the chickens who were consulted by their owner on the best method of cooking them. "But we don't want to be cooked." MR. DISRAELI did not feel equal to the famous rejoinder. "Confine yourselves to the question, Gentlemen," and in the first place felt the mortification and disappointment above mentioned, and in the second caused a new plan to be devised. He proposed to have a new tribunal, to be composed of three barristers, at £2,000 a year each, to try election petitions, and be appealed to against revising barristers. He further proposed that any M. P., unseated for bribery, should be kept out for seven years, and on a second conviction should be incapable of ever coming in any more.

Our brethren the Judges objected to the original plan "on constitutional and personal grounds," and declared that the new duties would be incompatible with their oaths of office, their present functions, and their duty to the Queen and country. This sounds very imposingly. The plain English may be that they think they have enough to do already. Inasmuch as the idea that British Judges would not try election cases fairly because in earlier life those eminent persons are mostly keen politicians, is simply all our eye and MR. JUSTICE MARTIN. We won't talk about the proverbial purity of the Ermine, because we believe that the article in question is not appended to judicial robes, and also because the story of the *Mustela erminea*, or stoat, being such a particularly clean beast is exploded, like every other pretty story. But *Mr. Punch* has too much reverence for his brother Judges to allow such nonsense to be talked. The real objection is a valid one, but might be got over by the appointment of more Judges. *Mr. Punch*, however, while he detests, abhors, and abominates bribery in all its forms, (even in the shape of a smile from a lovely Person) cannot be blind to the fact that the opinion of the majority of Britishers is not yet sufficiently enlightened to enable them to perceive that the giving or accepting a bribe is an offence which should send the culprit into the felon's dock. And unless public feeling backs the laws, they will not be enforced. *Argal*, we must educate folks a little more before we can, with advantage, proceed to dire severity in the matter.

The House of Commons showed considerable distaste for the proposal that it should part with its power over its Members.

MR. KNATCHBULL HUGESSEN (precious ugly name, but awfully old, that KNATCHBULL; learned MR. MARK ANTHONY LOWER guesses that knatch is North Country for knock, and that some KNATCHBULL of other days was a daring *tauridor*) who is a Liberal, could consent to such a transfer only to the highest tribunal.

SIR FRANCIS GOLDSMID (Liberal) was for putting the defeated candidate into Parliament, if he had not bribed, and his victor had.

MR. WHITBREAD (Liberal) thought it monstrous to say that the Judges could not do the work.

SIR ROBERT COLLIER (Liberal) had been on the Select Committee, and was disinclined to part with the House's power to any but the Judges, and so felt MR. RUSSELL GURNEY. MR. SANDFORD was for retaining jurisdiction.

MR. LOWE (Liberal) was for making the Judges do what the House required, or for shoving them off the bench. They were the public servants, and bound to do their duties like the meanest. If there were not enough, make more. But do not part with the jurisdiction to any one else.

LORD CRANBORNE (Conservative) thought the Judges had been wise and patriotic, and he dwelt on the early politics objection.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER (Liberal-Conservative) was exquisitely polite to the Judges (at whose head he means to be one of these fine days) and thought that their number must be increased if more work were given them.

MR. HENLEY (Conservative) of course was against change.

So was MR. AYRTON (Liberal), who thought that the aspersions on election committees emanated from the impure minds of election agents. MR. BOUVERIE (Liberal) too, was for retaining the power, but improving the committees.

SIR MICHAEL BEACH (Conservative), however, did not think much of the wisdom of committees.

MR. BERKELEY (Liberal) implored Government not to take away the jurisdiction.

MR. GLADSTONE (Liberal-Conservative) thought that no blame attached to Government in the matter. It was easier to condemn than to suggest. The House was strong enough in the affections of the nation to be able to cast aside ceremonial traditions needful to weaker assemblies. He was in favour of transfer, but asked MR. DISRAELI to note that some twenty gentlemen, some of weight, had protested against its being made to any inferior tribunal. He should give candid consideration to the proposed plan.

MR. BRIGHT (Conservative) thought that the case must be desperate when a popular house would transfer its powers in regard to seats. But there was no desperate case. Let us try to prevent bribery. It was due to small constituencies and open voting. Let us make large constituencies, and give the Ballot. The proposed remedy was unpleasant and humiliating.

MR. LOCKE (Liberal) was for maintaining the ancient rights of the House. So was MR. CARTER, so was MR. GOLDING.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH (Liberal-Conservative) said something civil to the Government, and was curious to know all that the Judges had said.

MR. DISRAELI made no reply to him, or to anybody else, and leave was given to bring in the Bill.

Yes, MRS. GRUNDY, M'm, an uncommonly dull evening, devoted to an uncommonly disagreeable subject. We can't help that. There was not an element of fun in the whole business. On the whole, it may be thought rather scandalous. The first night of the resumed session of the first assembly in the world is devoted to admissions that people get into it in a disgraceful manner, and to a discussion whether it is honest enough to deal out justice to such folks. We see nothing to laugh at, MRS. GRUNDY. Nor did a single Member venture on jocularity. As CHAUCER saith,

"Certaine they knew of bribourcs many mo
Than possible is to tell in yeres two."

But perhaps in less than yeres two we shall have new lights on the subject.

Meantime, with tears in our eyes, we must own that the first night of the Session was not a pleasant one for the Government, and as COWPER says of the birds who would not wait for St. Valentine's day,

"Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled."

Friday. Loads of petitions in favour of the Sunday Liquor Bill. Where is Frosterley, where is Compton Wyminster, where is Ubbeston, and lastly, how came Brewham to petition against Beer?

Mr. Sandford to Mr. Disraeli. Will you relieve the compound, householders from personal payment of rates?

Mr. Disraeli to Mr. Sandford. There are no compound householders,

and the House unanimously agreed that they must pay personally, and it is too soon to alter the Reform Act.

Mr. Bentinck to Mr. Hunt. Have you appointed an architect for the New Courts of Law?

Mr. Hunt to Mr. Bentinck. No.

Mr. Punch to the Government. What a hurry you were in to pull down all those houses, which produced a rental of £20,000 a-year, needlessly lost while you are waiting for your plans? Yah!

Mr. Forster to Mr. Disraeli. Are you going to bring in a Bill affecting the Elementary Education of the People? (The Honourable Member supplemented this question with upwards of a column of highly improving and instructive oratory.)

Mr. Disraeli to Mr. Forster. You have spoken very well, but I am going to reply only that we are.

MR. WALPOLE, in a very pleasing speech, moved the Second Reading of the Bill for enabling the Seven Public Schools to reform themselves, if they like. These be Winchester, Eton, Shrewsbury, Westminster, Rugby, Harrow, and the Charter House. Merchant Taylors' and St. Paul's are omitted, for fear of offending the City Companies that have charge of the endowments. Rather an amusing debate followed, and the uselessness of Latin and Greek, the shortcomings of the Schools, the desirability of neglecting the wishes of the dead old Founders, the seizure of the Schools by the classes for whom they were not intended, and all the rest of it, were served up in the customary manner, and the Bill was read a Second Time.

The EARL OF MAYO asked for another Year of Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. "DR. BULL takes your case first, M'm,"—*vide* Cartoon. But this is merely the excellent Doctor's preliminary and precautionary prescription. MR. BAGWELL, Member for Clonmell (Ireland), civilly mentioned that, while he allowed that the Government exercised its power with much mildness, he should upset it unless it proceeded to deal with the Irish Question. What is that? Only an Irish Echo can answer.

A CRITICAL TIME.

Under Housemaid. "DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE ANY MORE VALENTINES? I DO WISH MR. BUNG WOULD OPEN THE LETTER-BAG!"

Upper Ditto. "LETTER-BAG, INDEED! IT'S VERY HUNPLEASANT TO 'AVE YOUR LEITERS HOVERLOOKED, PARTICKLER AT THIS TIME O' YEAR!"

A PRINCE IN A PREDICAMENT.

THE *Standard* is an excellent paper, and has, as it deserves, a great circulation among the clergy. Consequently, we naturally look for supernatural information in its columns. Nor are we disappointed. Describing the visit of PRINCE ALFRED to Ballarat, the *Standard's* lively Correspondent says,—

"The weather was intolerably hot, the wind was as high as it is to-night (and it is now howling in my ears, exulting over the ruin of my property); shoals of horsemen and footmen crowded after his carriage wherever the country was inhabited, smothered him with dust, and obliged him to drive his four-in-hand through the triumphal arches as if the devil were at his tail."

We are glad to obtain an idea of the way a Prince would act under the unpleasant circumstances finally indicated.

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.—Chiltern Hundreds.

COMFORT FOR EX-KINGS.

EX-KINGS, and Princes dispossessed,
Doth Europe not afford to you,
Each resting in his feathered nest,
A gratifying view?

Armed against one another, blows
Prepared to strike, her nations stand.
Amongst them see how prosper those
Who cast off your command!

Their soldiers serve against their will,
Lose limbs, and find untimely graves;
Endure hard discipline, and drill,
Meanwhile: what else than slaves?

The part that drew the luckier lot
Groan under war exaction; they
Who are not forced to face the shot,
Are forced the shot to pay.

Conscription those, taxation these
Burdens, grinds down, oppresses, wrings
Much more than when, ex-Majesties,
They had yourselves for kings.

Not one of you, with despot's might,
Used any subjects ever worse
Than those whom he compelled to fight,
Or whom he touched in purse.

Behold the food for steel and lead,
Drawn up in phalanx and in line!
Thralls of Democracy, instead
Of kingly Right Divine.

Praise France, who puts on self-defence
The neighbours whom she cannot fear,
With armaments whose scale immense
Means aim to domineer.

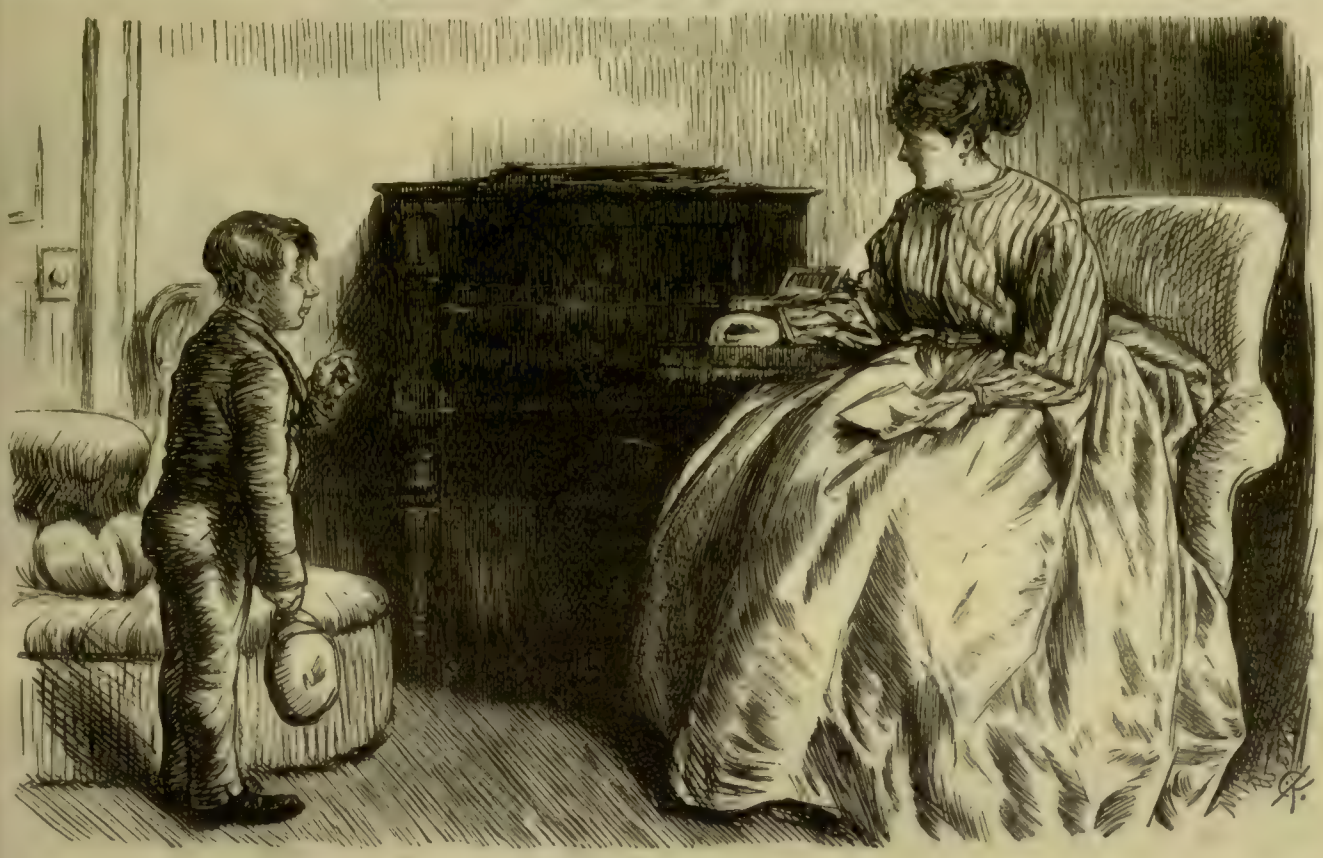
Praise France, from you, ye Bourbons, free.
Much freedom hers!—what land has less?
A military tyranny,
Tied tongues, and shackled Press.

And her Elect keeps thee, old Man
Of Rome, upon thy priestly throne,
Whilst thou dost the foundation ban
Whereon was built his own.

And Europe is a general camp,
Or garrison prepared for siege,
Since France must on a sister stamp
For what she calls "*prestige*."

Meetly Worded.

THE South Kensington authorities are wags. Handsome new refreshment rooms have lately been opened in the Museum, but they are not yet in a state of completeness. The following Notice has been placed on the walls, "The present arrangements, furniture, &c., of the new refreshment rooms are to be considered as only *provisional*." (The italics are ours, as reviewers say).



PROOF POSITIVE.

Mistress. "Your Character is Satisfactory, but I'm very particular about one thing: I wish my Servants to have plenty, but I don't allow any Waste."

Page. "Oh, no, 'M, which I'd Eat and Drink till I Busted, 'M, rather than Waste anythink, 'M!!"

A SPEECH-GAUGE FOR ST. STEPHEN'S.

Some journal lately stated that a sixteen-minute sand-glass, which the writer called a "Sermon gauge," had been royally presented to some pulpit near the Strand. The report was contradicted, and some heathens were believed to have felt sad for half a second at hearing that the tale was thought to be untrue.

Punch rarely condescends to borrow an idea, but no mere charge of plagiary shall stop him from suggesting, now that Parliament has met, that a Speech Gauge would be really an immense boon in St. Stephen's. Whether Members would submit to a sixteen minute limit, may be open to some question; but there cannot be a doubt that their reporters would rejoice if that restriction were enforced. What prosiness, what platitudes would they happily escape, if the longest-winded speakers were but given sixteen minutes! Perhaps, by some nice mechanism, the sand, when ending each four minutes, might be made to sound a gong, in order that the orator might time his periods aptly, and allow himself at intervals a moment for reflection. It would be terribly provoking to find one's time was up before one had blazed off all the fireworks one had been so long preparing, and orators would doubtless rehearse their speeches well beforehand, to ascertain exactly the precise amount of time each point in them would take.

Anybody who knows anything about political debates is, doubtless, thoroughly aware that few speeches are delivered in an hour and a half which might not quite as well be made in sixteen minutes. Were a speech-gauge to be sanctioned, of the limit here suggested, it would certainly teach speakers to think before they speak, a feat which very many of them have probably been hitherto too lazy to attempt. In speaking, as in writing, it is easier to be prolix than pithy and concise. As somebody says somewhere,—

> "Words are like leaves, and, where they most abound,
> Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

Were orators to study "Punch's Essence of Parliament" they might learn a useful lesson in the art of condensation, and fit themselves for making pregnant sixteen-minute speeches, which would stand a better chance of being listened to attentively, and faithfully reported, than wearisome, long-winded, empty hour-and-half harangues. With a speech-gauge in the House, what a saving there would be in the time spent in legislation! How short would be the Sessions, and how small the waste of paper in the publishing of *Hansard*, compared with what has hitherto been squandered on debates! How rare would be the midnight sittings of the House, and to what improvement in its ways would this conduce! Instead of loitering about, and smoking till the small hours, with the dissolute excuse of expecting a division, Members would be able to get home by ten o'clock, and would be in time to take their wives into society, or to civilise themselves by going with them to the Opera, or by spending a domestic quiet evening at home. At present Parliament too often is regarded as a club, and Members, on the plea of being "wanted at the House," are led into all sorts of selfish dissipations, while their wives think them engaged in settling national affairs. If short speeches were the rule, short sittings would be usual; and Members would no longer have excuses for late hours. For domestic reasons, therefore, a speech-gauge would be really quite a godsend to the House, and, if certain "persons" were allowed to give their votes, the ways and means of getting one would speedily be granted.

Midnight legislation is seldom beneficial, and if, by setting up a sixteen-minute speech-gauge, the Commons should be led to give up their late hours, it would clearly be a proof that they possess some Commons' sense.

Attractive motto for the shoeblack's box.

"Bright be the place of thy sole."

What no Man would Like to do.—Acknowledge that his tailor lived in Tooley Street.

The Wind to Please the Pigs.—Sow-sow-west.

ADVENTURES OF A MONASTIC MISSIONARY.

HAVING RECEIVED CAREFUL TRAINING IN A CERTAIN STATE, THE YOUNG MONK IS DIRECTED BY HIS BISHOP TO THE PLAINS OF TIMBUCTOO.

HAVING JOURNEYED MANY WEARY DAYS, HE AT LENGTH ESPIES TWO NATIVES, AND FORTHWITH QUICKENS HIS PACE.

ON CLOSE INSPECTION THEY TURN OUT TO BE A PECULIAR SPECIES OF PALM-TREE.

UNDER THE GRATEFUL SHADE OF WHICH HE RECITES HIS NONES.

HIS MELODIOUS VOICE HAVING ATTRACTED A DUSKY CASSOWARY, HE WISHES HIMSELF AT HOME AGAIN.

BUT THE VORACIOUS BIRD DOES HIS BEST TO PREVENT THE MISSIONARY FROM EVER DOING SO. HENCE THE DOGGEREL—

"Where stalked the dusky Cassowary,
On the plains of Timbuctoo;
There he ate the Missionary,
Beads, and prayer-, and hymn-book too."

AN ENIGMA.

A POPULAR essayist speaks of a boy on a steamer offering "to brush human boots." By Hoby, to create a new oath, what are "human" boots? An awful thought banishes sleep. Have we not read that in the dark ages, or the middle ages, or the seven ages, or at all events ages ago, somebody, who had been proved guilty of Erastianism, or Pelagianism, or a wavering faith in astrology and the virtues of the bloodstone, or some such deadly heresy, had his cuticle tanned and converted into leather, which may still be seen by travellers ornamenting the door of the refectory of a monastery in Morocco, or was it Russia? Has this tremendous punishment been revived amongst us (look out, COLENSO!), and are these "human" boots the patent result? What will polished society say to such hideous cruelty? Or are they called "human" to distinguish them from inhuman, which we take to be boots that are new, that pinch, that are tight, that heat the foot, that press upon corns and callosities, on hot days and dusty roads, on hot nights and chalked floors? Or are they designated "human" to contrast them with brute; but then the beasts we are best acquainted with, the civilised animals at the Zoological Gardens, not even do they appear in Wellingtons, or elastic sides, or patent leathers?

Our questionings seem bootless. There appears to be but one other solution of the riddle. The "human boots" on board the steamer must have been the useful menial largely employed at hotels; but why he was there, unless it was his vacation, or why the boy offered to brush him in particular, or why the popular essayist saw anything so remarkable in the occurrence as to chronicle it for us and after time, long reflection and much smoke have failed to discover.

Oxford Political Economy!

ALACK and alas, those Oxford codgers
Have rejected erudite THOROLD ROGERS,
Because in zeal with error to grapple,
He dared to speak in a Baptist chapel:
They 'd rather live in total eclipse,
Than be led to truth by the light of Dips.

ON SEEING AN ADVERTISEMENT.

WHAT is "Orthopraxy?" Is it the correlative of Orthodoxy?

ADVENTURES OF A MONASTIC MISSIONARY.

Vultures approach the Choking and Exhausted Bird, hence the well-known Companion Picture, "The Dying Camel."

The Whole Party are borne above the Palm-trees, hence the Companion Picture of "S. Katharine's Translation."

Owing to some fault in one of his Sandals, the Missionary goes head-first into one of the Palm-trees. Having secured his Books, he pays his Last Respects to the Inhabitants of the Plains, and returns Home to enumerate his Conversions and Solicit an Increased Supply of Alms.

PHYSICIANS OF THE FAIR SEX.

Mr. Punch,

When your likeness has passed through a photograph and a woodcut, why do you resemble a patient with *tic-douloureux?* Because you suffer in the face. And if you suffer, Sir—excuse me—what must a lady?

This question should be considered with reference to a portrait which adorns the *Lady's Own Paper*. It is meant for Miss Elizabeth Garrett, Physician, and L.S.A. I am told that it is like enough to be recognisable, but very inadequate. Mr. Brallaghan informs me that it might be taken for the picture of a considerably elder twin-sister.

The "counterfeit presentment" of the above-named lady, is accompanied by a sketch of her career, the like of which might be recommended to the pursuit of young ladies disposed thereto, and capable thereof. Might be, that is, if the Apothecaries, unable, legally, to reject Miss Garrett, had not since, by a by-law, excluded female candidates for their diploma, and if such candidates were not also excluded by the other medical corporations.

Why, Sir, are they excluded? According to Dr. Prig and Dr. Pumpwater, because the constitution of the female mind is not adapted to the cultivation of medical science. Pumpwater and Prig might as well say that women have no right to be pianists because the constitution of the female mind is not adapted to the cultivation of musical science. Many women are quite as capable of routine practice as the average of medical men, in so far as intelligence goes, only they want nerve for it. The number of women fit to be medical women may not be great. But what shall we say of the man who argues that therefore the injustice of excluding them from the medical profession is small? Palliating an injustice on the ground that it is "only a little one," betokens a no small Philistine; but confounding, moreover, an injustice done to a small number with a small injustice bespeaks a very Goliath of Philistines.

Tell the medical corporations, *Mr. Punch*, that they are afraid of female competition, that they are no better than Trades' Unions, that their Presidents are all so many Potters; bid them shake hands with Broadhead, and fraternise with Crookes.

There are many ladies who have their living to get, and wish to get it themselves by themselves. Almost the only employment open to them is that of a Governess. If I were a girl I should much prefer a situation at a respectable confectioner's.

It is not every girl who, though she might marry if she chose, wishes to marry. Some girls object to matrimonial servitude. They feel no vocation to chronicle small beer, and perform the other function which mine Ancient names. They have sense enough to see what wedlock is in nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a million, and they don't much value the chance of the paradise on Earth which it offers them. A few would accept husbands if they could find men that they could like better than other men; these are among the salt of the earth, only the earth, I fear, Sir, is but slightly seasoned by them. Those of them who have as much brain as heart would make first-rate doctors.

Well, Sir, and then there are girls who can't get married because they are "plain," and men for whom they would be valuable wives are so dull as not to see that a plain face will never spoil, whereas a handsome one will, generally very soon, whilst, long before that, familiarity will have bred disregard for it, not to say contempt.

Besides, *Mr. Punch*, a medical lady might marry as well as practise. She might go into double partnership with a medical gentleman. Her specialty, of course, would be the night-bell business, and when summoned on that, she could leave the sleeping partner, for the time being, behind.

I am interested, Sir, in the future of some young ladies. Their faces are their fortunes, and very fair fortunes too, but their abilities would be more lucrative if they could exert them in the medical line. I have seen them at work on fashion-book patterns as intricate as the distribution of the fifth pair of nerves. If they were only to give to the study of anatomy the attention which they devote to that of fiddle-faddle, they would soon qualify themselves for the Fellowship of the College of Surgeons. But they can't try for it. I say, this is a shame, and I say, moreover, that it is not for men's interest that girls should be under the necessity of marrying, when they would, if they could, take refuge from matrimony in medicine.

You are no Fenian, Sir, but blow up the Council which presides over medical education. Make them throw open the healing profession to ladies who have qualified themselves for its practice. That they had better make a graceful concession whilst they can, than be forced to do justice by a Reformed Parliament, is a suggestion respectfully offered to them by a Brother

Chip.

P.S. The medical corporations will perhaps make a merit of being no respecters of Persons. An indifferent joke, Sir, to cover a wrong.

Theatrical Note and Query.

When the poet wrote,

"Superfluous 'lags' the veteran on the stage,"

was the meaning that he transports his audience?

We think not, and that the transportation should be that of the old bore.

STUDY OF AN ANIMATED DISCUSSION

BETWEEN TWO GENTLEMEN OF DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSITE VIEWS.

Subject of Discussion: Gentlemen's Evening Dress. Shall it remain as it is, or shall Black Velvet Knickerbockers and Silk Stockings be Substituted for the discreet Cloth Unmentionables now in vogue?

ANOTHER "ROCK AHEAD."

Mr. Punch is chivalry itself. Whenever a new Knight comes into the ring, Sir Magnus Punch courteously hails him, introduces him to the spectators, reads out the heraldry on his shield, and wishes him good fortune and the smiles of dames. Having thus done his duty to the stranger, there is nothing to prevent Sir Magnus Punch from laying lance in rest, and coming down, as Lord Lytton says, like an Armed Storm on horse and horseman, and knocking them into the middle of next week. It all depends upon the like or dislike he may take to the proceedings of the new party. In this spirit he apprises his readers that there is a young weekly paper called *The Rock*, which is of the class called religious. He has seen but one number—the fourth. There is no lack of vigour in it. The new journal's mission is to assail the Church of Rome—the Mock Turtle Ritualists—and the enemies of the Church of Ireland, and, as we infer, the Broad Church and the independent thinkers. Dean Close, who signifies his admiration of the paper, encourages it not to be afraid of speaking out. So it attacks the Archbishop of Canterbury for presuming to call the Greek clergy "his brethren in the Lord." The paper has a picture of itself, but this is not a rock, but a mountain cone, on the top of which only a very few people can stand; a hint, we suppose, that the Evangelical conductors believe that a very few people think rightly, or are in a safe condition. The pitch into Catholic priests generally is done with energy; and when we have added that the *Rock* recommends Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* to everybody, we shall have performed our office of courtesy. Greeting the *Rock* politely, we retire with the idea that we may have to smash some Roc's eggs.

Legally Impossible.

"At the last sitting of the March Magistrates"—such is the beginning of a paragraph detailing something which occurred before this Bench one day last month. Can any one explain how it is possible for the *March* Magistrates to sit in January?

A PEABODY TO THE POLICE.

It is with peculiar satisfaction that *Mr. Punch* transcribes, from a police report of the proceedings at Marlborough Street, on Saturday, the 8th instant, the following announcement:—

"Inspectors Thompson and Garforth came to the Court to apprise Mr. Knox that a gentleman had given a donation of £1000, the interest of which was to be applied to the purpose of giving recompenses and gratuities to future constables injured or maltreated in the exercise of their duties. Sir Thomas Henry, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Knox, and another Magistrate were named trustees; and the gentleman, who did not desire his name to be made public, wished the circumstance to be known, as it might have the effect of inducing others to come forward and subscribe to this fund."

Whenever *Mr. Punch* obliges the universe with a solo on the trumpet, he always borrows an instrument for that purpose. He never, on any occasion, makes use of his own, except in the seclusion of perfect solitude, when he occasionally gives breath to the music of an approving conscience. He cannot, however, refrain from pointing out the speedy sequence of the donation above recorded upon the remarks that lately appeared in a certain periodical on the high deserts of policemen who incur bodily harm in their country's service. He will not say that there are any who owe him a thousand pounds, because there are many who owe him a million: his love is worth a million, and he hopes it will go for what it is worth to increase the fund which affluent and generous persons will subscribe to constitute for the reward of brave policemen hurt in the execution of their glorious duty, that of protecting his valuable readers.

Political On Dit.

It is rumoured that Mr. Gathorne Hardy, conscious that those Gladstophobists, the Tory Dons and Country Clergy, would as soon have thought of returning Mr. Bright as their Representative as himself, if they had supposed he would have supported a Radical Reform Bill, has consistently determined to resign his seat as Member for the University of Oxford.

THE REAL TRADE UNION.

Cook. "NO, MR. PICKLES, THERE AIN'T NO HORDERS, AND THINGS IS COME TO A PRETTY PASS! WHAT WITH THEM CO-ROBBER-ATIVE STORES—AND NO PRESENTS—WHAT'S TO BECOME OF HUS PORE SERVANTS—LET ALONE THE TRADESPEOPLE—GOODNESS GRACIOUS ONLY KNOWS!"

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

LAST TABLEAU.—MY FRENCH FRIEND.—PROSPECT FOR MY FUNNY FRIEND.—FINISH.

At the corner of the street, on our way to the Café, I am introduced by Grigg to Monsieur Fargé, subsequently my French Friend.

It would be more correct to say, that on this very cold day I am introduced to a great-coat and cape, a stout pair of shoes below, a cache-nez and a medium-crowned hat above, which, taken together, contain my French Friend. He reminds me, coming upon him in this way, of a charade; when, for instance, my first is a hat and wrapper, my second is a great-coat and boots, and my whole is M. Fargé. I don't tell him this, as I can't arrange it in French; and, if I could, perhaps he mightn't like it. Grigg tells me he 's called several people out for less, and that he 's a peppery little fellow. He adds that I shall like him well enough when I know him. I should like to hear some account of his duelling, and whether he 'd ever shot anybody. By the way, to my surprise, I hear my Funny Friend talking French volubly to this gentleman, and also to the waiters at the Café, so that his calling me Mister Rosbif and Milord Plum-pudding in the public streets, with loud observations in execrable French, is simply unpardonable.

My French Friend emerging from his chrysalis state of great-coat shell, is a gay butterfly in bluish coat of a sporting cut, a white waistcoat, and a tie of many brilliant colours. He is sharp-eyed, eager to speak, and careless of reply. He has a little pecking habit at table, arising, probably, from the presence of *hors-d'œuvres* in small dishes, which amuse his leisure time between the courses.

I like meeting him, because it will be admirable practice for my French. I am a long time about taking off my own upper-coat and hat, so that, when I do turn to face him in the *salle-à-manger*, I shall have a sentence ready in the best possible style to start with. After that, my future will depend entirely upon him. If he says anything I don't understand, I can only look doubtful, and laugh.

This course answers with most people, but not with duellists: won't do (it suddenly strikes me) to look doubtful and laugh at what may be (though unintelligible to me) an assertion made by a man who will immediately say "Pistols," and give me his card if I smile when he 's talking.

I approach him, nervously, but determined not to let him have, so to speak, the first fire. I am going to say something to him about having a good appetite. I smile at him. He at me. I cough. Now then: there 's no one here; Grigg is out of earshot, so he can't laugh at me if I 'm wrong, and the waiter (who detects me as an impostor in French) is out of the room.

A remark about the weather is better for a prelude; he can't call me out for saying it 's a cold day. Unless, indeed, he differs with me, and a "peppery fellow" will quarrel about anything. "Ahem!" I say, rubbing my hands, so as to convey an idea of my meaning, "*Il fait bien froid, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Yes," returns my French Friend, "it is very cold." And this in excellent English. I am disappointed, and feel that "Yes, it is," lacks brilliancy as a reply.

M. Fargé tells me "he has been in England—lived there, in fact, during one year and a half." It is some years since. He likes much London. Being on the subject of amusements, he informs me that he considers the entertainment at the Coal Hole, presided over by Baron Nicholson, is *the* fashionable lounge for our sprigs of aristocracy. I enlighten him, in spite of Grigg, who assures him that he is perfectly correct, and as dinner proceeds we warm towards one another. That is, he occasionally asks me how I call so-and-so in English, and I return the compliment by requesting him to name something or other in French.

We must, he says, after the champagne, be his guests during our stay. Accepted with pleasure. Will we go to the theatre to-night, for example? Yes, we will. Then do not trouble yourselves about taking places, he says: *he* will see to that. Shall we take a *voiture* to the theatre? By all means. We are in the street. We must not, he says again, trouble ourselves about a *voiture*: let him get one. We are, he reminds us, *his* guests. This is after Grigg's dinner. I whisper to Grigg that his friend is a capital fellow, and that now we shall see Parisian life, inexpensively.

We drive to a theatre. My French Friend, who has chatted all the way about various celebrities, jumps out, and is followed by Grigg. I conclude that my French Friend settles for his guests' cab, so walk into the theatre. I am summoned back peremptorily by the coachman. I offer him two francs, which he scouts and enters into a long explanation. I don't understand it, but to save a row give him another franc. Now this is just what I *should* have liked my French Friend to have settled. It 's too bad of Grigg, at all events, to go on and leave me to pay. I find them both at the ticket place.

My French Friend is very lively, he tells me he has settled it, that he has got three places for us; three of the best stalls. He winks at me as much as to say his interest here has done this. I say, "Oh! this is very kind of you, I 'm sure." He replies, "Not at all, not at all. I am at your orders. Look there, the tickets." The Box office keeper holds out her hand with three tickets to me. I thank her, and am about to follow my friends, when she screams out that I haven't paid. I am astonished. "Hasn't my friend paid?" "No." "Oh! then how much?" "Fifteen francs." 'Pon my soul it 's too bad of Grigg. When I find my seat, I am next to my French Friend, who is delighted to see me again, and congratulates me on having had the benefit of his assistance in getting such an excellent position. I am a little hurt. He translates (at Grigg's request, confound him!) all the points in the play out loud to me, as it proceeds. I tell him twice that I understand it perfectly, but Grigg on the other side whispers that I don't, and my French Friend is very proud of airing his English in the presence of his fellow-countrymen in the house. I should prefer being alone and laughing when I like.

Going out of the theatre, between the acts, we meet a flower-girl. Grigg addresses me loudly as Monsieur le Prince, and stands before me bowing with his hat in his hand. I try to pass him, but the flower-girl has me fast by the buttonhole, in which she is placing a moss-rose. A delicate attention. I thank her profoundly, and am about to walk away when she hopes that Monseigneur will not forget her, pecuniarily. I give her a franc, and I think I leave her abusing the meanness of Royalty. I beg Grigg not to play the fool. He complains that there is no pleasing me. I can't leave him, as he has my ticket for re-entry.

After the theatre our French Friend reminds us that we are his guests, and in his hands. Will we sup? Feeling inclined for this gaiety, I say yes, by all means. He walks between us, and says slily that he 'll take us somewhere. He himself does not care for supper, but he knows we English eat always. He will take perhaps a cup of chocolate, but he adds good-naturedly we can have what we like. What will we command? I say politely, "leave it to him." Grigg says he shall only pick a bit and see me feed. Supper is brought; the waiter, by mistake, brings for three; I press them to join, they consent.

Monsieur Fargé will show us everywhere to-morrow, and take us to another theatre. I understand what his taking us means. He meets a comrade at the Café, who joins us, and is introduced. He doesn't speak any English. He is a little, thin man, with a large moustache. Grigg tells me it is Alexandre Dumas. I disbelieve him; whereupon Grigg refers me to the waiter for corroboration, or to our French Friend, who, when asked, replies, Certainly, yes. After this, I am not astonished to hear that this is a literary Café, and Grigg points out several distinguished people including M. Offenbach, who is, curiously enough, humming one of his own airs out of the *Grand Duchess*. He subsequently joins us, knowing our French Friend. I like Alexandre Dumas; he is still quite a young man, and apparently very fond of oysters.

Our French Friend calls for the bill; Grigg says he won't hear of his paying it, and hands it over to me.

It is made out for five, including, as I find, what M. Offenbach had before we came in. I don't like to say I won't pay, but I 'll talk seriously to Grigg afterwards. (Grigg, on getting home, by the way, says it 's the regular French custom.) I am delighted, of course, to entertain such distinguished visitors, but if I go on at this rate I shall have to return home in two days. I can't stand Alexandre Dumas again.

Next morning. Thorough row with Grigg, on finding, from published photographs, that MM. Alexandre Dumas and Offenbach are totally different people. I leave to-night. I don't tell Grigg. I pen a note to my French Friend, thanking him for his hospitality, and another for Grigg (who is out somewhere with him), telling him that I leave the hotel bill for him to settle. For once I have the best of him, and so home.

*** Soon after my arrival in England I meet my Serious Friend, on whom Grigg played one of his tricks some months ago. My Serious Friend, who is not a man to be trifled with, calls every day at Grigg's chambers with a horsewhip. I think I 'll write and ask my Funny Friend to return quickly, as he 's wanted on business of importance, something very much to his advantage. My Serious Friend is six feet at least, muscular, and determined.

Postscript. There are several Photographs yet in my book, of uncles, aunts, and cousins, but my Inspection duties under the Olfactory Act have recommenced; and, moreover, my Great Aunt not being very well just now, it would not perhaps be advisable to * * * you see * * family reasons. Some uncles are also ailing. Wait a month or so, and I may be able to reopen the Photograph Book, which, for the present, I must close, and so terminate this first series of "A Few Friends."

THOSE STUPID FOREIGNERS!

Old Growler complains that if you ask a German waiter simply for a glass of beer, he directly goes away and brings you a *choppe*.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.

Mr. Trewbleugh (sounding the boys in Modern History—his son Reginald and Master Shuttleton, his clever schoolfellow, on a holiday visit). "WHO WAS THE GREAT LEADER OF THE REFORMATION ABROAD; EH, REGINALD?"

Reginald (for a wonder). "MARTIN LUTHER."

Mr. T. "AND WHO WAS THE GREAT ENGLISH REFORMER?"

Young S. (promptly). "*JOHN BRIGHT!*"

[*Mr. T. is certain "that boy will come to no good," and resolves to discourage the acquaintanceship.*

PROFESSORS FOR PIGEONS.

THAT eminent member of the Society of Friends—to the Turf—ARGUS, thus writes in the *Post* with reference to the case of a young nobleman victimised by usurers, and to a similar case in which usurers were baulked of their prey by a judgment in Chancery:—

"With this precedent on their side, which may be found in any of the reports, it is to be hoped that the representatives of LORD JERSEY may rescue him from the extraordinary position in which he is placed at the present moment, for to be charged sixty thousand for the loan of eight is beyond a joke. I would also submit to the new head-master of Eton the propriety of calling the attention of his more wealthy pupils, or those with great expectations, to the above miserable case, in order that they be cautioned against the jackals of the bill-discounters and the temptations of their circulars, as by so doing much after-misery might be averted."

It is to be feared that head-masters of public schools, being clergymen, are, owing to prejudices of education and calling, too generally unaccustomed to enlarge their minds by the perusal of sporting intelligence. The head-master of Eton may not perhaps have been used to read the instructive letters of ARGUS. Many a reverend gentleman, too, in scholarship though excelling JOSEPH SCALIGER, may in knowledge of the world be an absolute ignoramus, and perhaps not even know what a bill-discounter is. Not every head-master of a school may have the ability to put a boy up to snuff of the sort mentioned by ARGUS. But there is now before Parliament a Public Schools Bill. Couldn't a clause be introduced into that measure making requisite provision for teaching the young idea how to shoot aloof from prowling usurers and avoid their snares? Suppose a proper preceptor were appointed to give the senior pupils at public schools all needful information on the ways of this wicked world, and especially about the various rogues, with their arts and devices, who lie in wait to trepan and plunder youth. He might teach them, in periodical lectures, what for example, is the difference between honest and dishonest bill-discounting, how a rascally bill-discounter makes his money, how he practises on greenhorns with expectations, and in what ruinous debt he finally involves them. These lectures might be illustrated with specimens of the letters and circulars by means of which the money-lenders inveigle lads into their clutches, and also with sketches, and if possible with photographs, of some of those scoundrels, to give the hearers an ocular idea of what sort a fellow a bill-discounter of the harpy breed generally looks like, so that they may know one when they see him.

At the Universities, with a view to the inculcation of some knowledge of life on those who are about to enter it, the Government, failing private munificence, would do well to found Professorships of that desiderated knowledge. They might be called Professorships of Savey, or, if a title less trivial than that were required, Professorships of Practical Experience. With proficiency in this, equal to their other attainments, men having taken high places in examinations for honours, would no longer go up to London and out into the world only to be plucked.

BISHOP GRAY.

(*Dedicated to* A. C. LONDON.)

HE'S all your fancy painted him;
A sound High Church divine;
But Natal it is another's
See no more void than mine.
You shoved not out one never shoved
With shove in legal way:
Oh the law, the law'll be broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY!

The mitre leave suspended o'er
His brow at airy height;
The new lawn sleeves put by for him
Whilst you are bound by right.
His mitre name no more to me;
His sleeves take hence away:
Oh the law, the law'll be broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY!

I shrunk not, when they summoned me
To swell the censure's blast,
But due tribunal there was none;
No valid judgment passed.
Then since that truth must be confest,
Don't give us cause to say,
Oh the law, the law was broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY.

REFUGE FOR ROGUES.

ADDRESSING an audience composed of members of the Social Science Association, in the lecture-room of the Society of Arts, DR. LETHEBY informed them that:—

"Alum was found in bread to increase the water in it, so that a sack of flour, instead of making 94 loaves, should make 100, then water was put into milk, dripping into butter, Ostend butter was manufactured at Bow—(*laughter*)—gelatine was ingeniously put upon isinglass, chicory into coffee, sulphuric acid into vinegar, and tea was faced with blacklead."

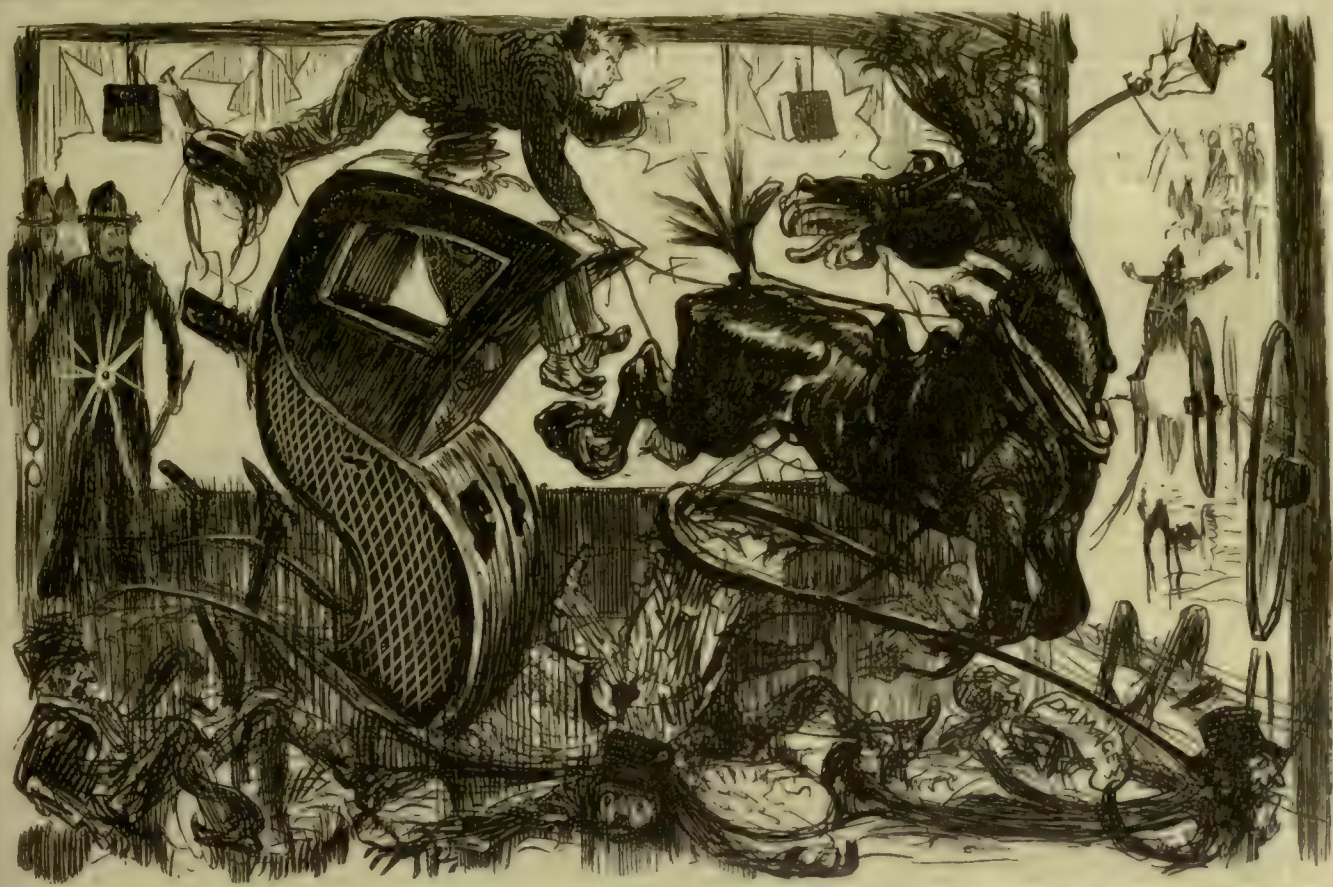
How are we to deal with the shopkeepers who are guilty of these dishonest practices? Our ancestors had their ways of dealing with them:—

"In the olden time there existed a law that the trader convicted of adulterating any article in which he dealt, was made to walk in the public thoroughfares with a specimen of the article on his breast and a label,—'This is adulterated, and I'm the fellow that did it.'"

DR. LETHEBY has probably referred to a legend couched in the phraseology of a former period. "Here you may see a cheate and ye knave that wrought ytt," DR. LETHEBY went on to say of the fraudulent offender that:——

"For the second offence he was drawn on a hurdle, and for the third he was put into the pillory, and his trading licence was removed."

There may be some reason to regret that modern refinement forbids us to deal with rogues as our forefathers did. A fellow who had been facing his tea with blacklead would well deserve to have his own visage faced in the frame of the pillory with unpleasant missiles. But the question how to deal with rogues of this description is happily superseded by the discovery of the ways how not to deal with them, by dealing, instead, with Co-operative Stores.



A CHANGE HAS COME OVER JENKINS'S NIGHTMARE. A HORSE CANNOT KEEP ON BOLTING IN HANWAY STREET FOR EVER, EVEN IN A DREAM. WE THINK THAT THE CRISIS OF SAID NIGHTMARE IS APPROACHING FAST. IT *MUST* END IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER; WE HOPE IT WILL DO SO ERE JENKINS'S REASON, WHICH IS ALREADY TOTTERING, BE COMPLETELY DETHRONED.

A VILLAGE IN ARCADIA.

MR. PUNCH lately excited a great deal of black bile by comparing the Black Country and New Zealand—by no means to the advantage of the former, as respects the practical savagery of its masses. Without bating a word he then wrote, he has since admitted that many of the neglects, abominations and miseries he had deplored in the region of coal and iron might be found in other manufacturing districts. Oh, those dreadful manufacturing districts! Let us fly from them to the pure air and primitive simplicity of the country! "*O Rus quando te aspiciam!*" Come, Gentle Reader, and accompany your *Punch* in a ramble through one of these regions of rural felicity.

The scene is Terling, an outlying village, some distance beyond railways, four miles to the west of Witham, in the famous calf-county, Essex. The country is flat and moist: water stagnates everywhere in pools and ditches. The village lies scattered about the sloping banks of the Ter, a rivulet flowing into the Blackwater. The houses are most of them tumble-down lath-and-plaster sheds, on a slight brick basement; others all of wood, rotten and worm-eaten; a few, more recent, of brick. The population, about 900, is made up of labourers on 10*s*. or 12*s*. a week, and their families. Fresh meat they rarely taste; a piece of bacon, or a herring, even, are occasional luxuries. Vegetables and bread-and-cheese are the staple diet.

DR. THORNE, a Medical Inspector of the Privy Council Office, reports of these Arcadians:—

"From the description which I received of the villagers it appears also that they have a tendency to isolate themselves, many hardly ever leaving their own parish, even to visit a neighbouring village, and hence they intermarry to such an extent, that 'half the people are related to each other.' They are intellectually and physically of a low type, there are among them eight or nine idiots and imbecile children, all seem dull of comprehension, and 'hardly a well-built man is to be seen.' An extraordinarily large number of them are the victims of phthisis and scrofula; this may be partly accounted for by the numerous inter-marriages, partly by the moisture of the soil and the atmosphere, and the entire absence of all drainage. Ague was very prevalent throughout the neighbourhood until about the year 1840, but it is now only seen on rare occasions. There is much intemperance in the place, illegitimate children abound, sometimes many in one family, and so distinguishing a merit is it deemed for a girl to marry without being pregnant, that to each such bride, a principal benefactress of the village is in the habit of giving a special wedding gift."

So much for the Arcadians, and now for their Arcadia.

"At Terling all the nuisances which are generally associated with outbreaks of typhoid fever exist in great and unusual abundance, and all that is necessary to produce contamination of air, soil, and water is to be found throughout the village. The cottages are literally surrounded by every species of nuisance that it is possible to conceive; slops and ashes are thrown down on the unpaved yards and gardens; manure heaps, cesspools, and masses of decaying vegetable matter lie round about. The privies, none of which have a properly constructed tank for the reception of fæcal matter, are in many instances in a most dilapidated state, and owing to their being frequently constructed of wood, the back is in part broken away, and the contents either lie in masses on the ground, or else are collected in large holes which have been dug out for that purpose; and LORD RAYLEIGH having granted allotments of ground to his tenants, they cherish and store up these foul accumulations, nominally for the purposes of manure until they assume a magnitude which none but those who have seen them can believe in. Surrounding one cottage, and within a circumference of 20 feet of it, I found one pigstye, three manure heaps, two cesspools, and a privy, the contents of which extended about 12 feet down an adjoining field."

Note that this passage in the report has the comical side-note—

"Administration of sanitary law in the place."

Now for the water with which these Arcadians wash down their vegetarian diet:—

"In the central part of the village, each cottage, or each group of two or three, has its own well, and if the ground is at all undulating, it is invariably placed at the lowest point. These wells, which are all sunk in the gravel, are as a rule uncovered, and are merely lined with bricks placed loosely one above another, without any cement or plaster; their depth, which varies from about 5 feet to 40 feet, agrees with the increase in the rise of ground. On a higher level than these wells, and everywhere surrounding them, lie the various nuisances just enumerated; and when we remember the loose and porous nature of the soil, and the ease with which it admits of the percolation of fluids, the closeness of such sources of contamination to the cottagers' drinking water is seen to be fraught with the greatest danger. Some of the cottages lying in the outskirts of the village have no wells, and those who reside in them are therefore compelled to fetch their drinking water from ponds in the adjoining fields. All the drainage from the field ditches, and at times from the roadsides runs into them, the cattle frequent them, and in summer they are, to use the expression of a resident, 'nothing better than stinking pools.' In only one instance did I find that the river water was used for drinking purposes, but in this case at a point where the stream was little better than a sewer."

Can we wonder if King Typhus, looking out for a place for a revel, should have pitched on Terling? He had paid flying visits to it in his frequent "progresses" through our happy island, but this time he

sat himself down for right royal disport. On December the 4th he arrived, and by the 13th of January 208 were down under his heavy hand. The death-bell tolled perpetually, till, for the sake of the living, its death-recording voice was silenced. Women with tears flowing down their cheeks, called from their cottage-doors for help. The fever-stricken lay in almost every house—in many two and three in one bed, most of them women and children. Typhus was King of Terling—King without a check on his supremacy, or a curb on his royal will. But how about those whom the law has placed to keep the ground against him?

Let DR. THORNE answer:—

"The nuisance authority for the village of Terling is the Board of Guardians of the Witham Union, and from what I have stated, it must be seen that this authority had entirely neglected its duty. On the 23rd of December I was present at a meeting of the Board: I explained to them the serious nature of the epidemic which had broken out in Terling, and pursuant to my instructions urged upon them the necessity of prompt and energetic action as the only means by which the fever could possibly be arrested. I especially directed their attention to the importance of seeing, first, that the filth, which was so abundant, should be removed after it had been disinfected; secondly, that the inhabitants should at once be provided with a pure water supply; and thirdly, that means should without delay be adopted to remedy the overcrowding. The Board apparently saw the importance of following the advice given, and immediately gave orders for a large quantity of disinfectants, which were at once distributed to the cottagers, and applied to the various nuisances. Permission was also given to all the medical men (not exclusively the parish doctor) to order wine, brandy, and beef tea to any amount which they thought necessary for their patients, and the more effectually to carry out these measures a kitchen was procured where the beef tea was always kept ready made. Unfortunately these precautions had hitherto been neglected, although the expediency of adopting them had been brought under the notice of the Board. On the 12th of January, 1868, I again attended a meeting of the Board of Guardians, and it is much to be regretted that I was obliged to call their attention to the fact, that though they had been profuse in their supply of disinfectants, they had very seriously neglected the removal of the nuisances around the cottages, and I informed them that the steps which they had taken to effect this object were quite inadequate; for though the disease had then been lasting for six weeks, cesspools could be found full to the brim, and those which had been emptied were filling again. I explained to them, that, had they originally performed their duty as a nuisance authority, the epidemic in Terling would never have occurred, and the lives of the villagers would have been spared, and that therefore, the least which it could now be expected of them was an energetic performance of their every day duty. The necessary works to supply pure drinking water had been ordered by the vestry of Terling, in consequence of a letter which, in accordance with my instructions I had addressed to them; and by way of preventing a recurrence of this disease by the well-water becoming saturated with the contents of privies, LORD RAYLEIGH informed me that he was supplying all his cottages—that is to say, 78 out of the 164 in the village—with properly constructed bricked cesspools lined with cement, and effectually covered over."

At least it may be said, if the local authorities had neglected their duty *before* the outbreak, they were disposed to show some alacrity in shutting the door after the enemy had established himself. But he had already effected his lodgment, and was not to be easily ousted. In the interval between the 22nd of December, when DR. THORNE first visited Terling, and the 29th of January, when he made a second inspection, he found the fever had continued to spread, and had risen from women and children to able-bodied men and boys. Up to that date 260 cases had occurred. "Of course," it will be said, "in spite of all that the local authorities could do, in the way of strenuous exercise of their powers under the Nuisances Removal Act."

Let DR. THORNE's second report answer on this point:—

"Notwithstanding that the urgency of very immediate and prompt action had been again and again pressed upon the Board of Guardians, I still found abominable nuisances in Terling, and it is hardly possible to speak in sufficiently strong terms of the culpable neglect shown by that authority. Fortunately the vestry of the parish (the Sewer Authority), acting under Sec. 11 of the Sanitary Act 1866, had in three of the most populous parts of the village provided a pure water supply for the inhabitants; but to give an example of the mode in which the Board omitted to perform their ordinary duties, even when the villagers were dying around them, I would call attention to a nuisance of colossal magnitude situated behind some cottages on the Upper Green. Within about ten or twelve feet of the back doors and windows of the cottages in question, is a large ditch in one place nearly two yards broad, full of stagnant fluid. Over this ditch four wooden privies are placed, and their entire contents fall into it; the floor in one of them is nearly broken away. All the slops from these cottages are also poured into the ditch, and for a space of between fifty and sixty yards a foul urinous fluid with fæcal matter floating on its surface, lay soaking into the porous soil on which the cottages are built, and emitting a stench which I, in common with two companions easily detected at a distance of 100 yards. This abominable nuisance has been the subject of much discussion; twice I formally brought it under the notice of the Board, and on two occasions I pointed it out to the officers of the authorities especially on account of the existence of fever in the adjoining cottages, but, unfortunately, on the 29th of January it was in the same state as when I first drew attention to it. Evidently the main object at which this local authority has aimed is not so much to remove with an exemplary haste all possible sources of disease in Terling, as to give the public an impression that it has already done so; whereas, in reality, the present sanitary condition of the village would be disgraceful, even if this vast epidemic had not rooted itself so deeply on the spot. In no single instance could I ascertain that the Board of Guardians had been instrumental in causing a properly constructed cesspool to be made."

Verily, a great principle is "Local Self-Government," and BUMBLE is its prophet!

Luckily, private benevolence has done and is doing its best to supply the shortcomings of local officialism:—

"Fortunately for the sufferers," says DR. THORNE, "immense private efforts have been made for their relief. Terling Place has been, to use the expression of an inhabitant, 'an open house;' wine, brandy, beef tea, milk, and luxuries have been liberally supplied from that residence, and DR GIMSON who has without official obligation, given up almost all his time in attending to the sick, informed me that, at LORD and LADY RAYLEIGH's expense, the poor were provided with every requisite, and had their linen washed for them. In addition to this, as the Nuisance Authority had made no attempt to remedy the overcrowding, LORD RAYLEIGH had fitted up the village school as a convalescent hospital for children; these were brought to it in a covered waggon, and on their arrival they were stripped and washed, then entirely reclothed with garments provided by private individuals, and placed under the care of a fully nurse. Sisters from St. Margaret's Home, East Grinstead, were superintending the nursing throughout the village, and spending their nights with the most dangerous cases."

If King Typhus be finally driven out of Terling, he need not go far for his next "Grand Court." He has only to move four miles eastward to Witham, which DR. THORNE thus describes:—

"Witham is a small town, containing about 3500 inhabitants, and is the only place in this Union which is governed by a Local Board of Health. The main streets have an appearance of great cleanliness and comfort; but on passing from them into courts and slums which are hidden from the general view, cesspools, dilapidated privies, with their contents running about the yards and gardens, heaps of decaying animal and vegetable matter, and every species of nuisance can be found in abundance. Some of the inhabitants live in hovels of the most miserable description, where they are surrounded by intolerable stenches, and, I was informed that they dare not complain to their landlords or to the Inspector of Nuisances of the filthiness around them, for if they go to the former they fear that he will turn them out of their houses, whereas the latter is the relieving officer, and it is their belief that any complaints made to him would go far to prevent their receiving parish relief. But a more serious obstacle even than this exists to any sanitary improvement. The properties on which the worst nuisances exist belong to members of the Local Board, and I would especially allude to several groups of cottages belonging to a MR. TOMASIN, the stinking nuisances around which render them unfit for human habitation. MR. TOMASIN is a gentleman of large fortune, he has a seat at the Local Board, and yet so much has he neglected the dwellings of the poor which belong to him, that the magistrates have been compelled to summon him before them, in order to force him to remove nuisances on his cottage property."

Bravo, *again*, Local Self-Government! There is a clause in the Sanitary Act of 1866, empowering the SECRETARY OF STATE to inquire into cases where Local Authorities neglect their duty, to make order on them for the performance of that duty, and on non-compliance with that order, to appoint a person to do the necessary work. Has this clause been invoked, or put in operation, in this case, or in the many similar cases? And if not, why not?

The question should be asked where an answer can be insisted upon.

A GROAN FROM A SWELL.

HERE 's everything going post-haste to the devil—
Noblesse, good society, manners, and men!
In the Army, the Navy, the Service called "Civil"—
As it was in old times, but will ne'er be again.
Office-doors ope not now to a Peeress's ticket,
No more by "connection" the best berths are filled,
Civil Service Commissioners now keep the wicket,
And low fellows pass, when their betters get "pilled."

No matter the name that a fellow may boast of,
Though in BURKE's or DEBRETT's *Libro d'Oro* enshrined,
A chance in the Service he hasn't a ghost of,
If through "the three R.'s" he can't manage to grind.
If they 'd set Latin verses, or "*amo*" and "τυπτω,"
A public-school fellow might do well enough,
But they go for low subjects that Eton ain't up to—
Geography, History, French, and such stuff!

And if one gets berthed, spite of examination,—
In an office, of course, where a fellow can go,—
One has no pull at all in one's rank or one's station—
In fact the whole style is infernally low.
One must sign books, keep hours, and work till one tires,
As they do in the Customs or Somerset House,
And the old fogies grudge one a burst in "the Shires,"
Or a run into Scotland, in time for the grouse.

It 's all this impertinent public opinion—
This Press, for which nothing 's too high or too low—
Penny trumpets that claim democratic dominion
O'er Horse Guards and Treasury, Home and F. O.;
E'en appointments of ELLIOTTS they venture to question,
E'en a Royal Duke's blunders or jobs to expose—
Snobs a fellow don't meet, or would worse than the pest shun,
If he e'er met them anywhere any one goes!

From Mr. Punch's Supplementary English Dictionary

(*Brought up to the Times*).

HIPPOPHAGY (from ἵππος, a horse, and φάγω, I eat), "The eating of horse-flesh."

HYPOCRISY (from ἵππος, a horse, and κρίσις, a judgment), "Saying horse-flesh is very good."

DRINK FOR HORSE-EATERS.—Hippo-cras.

JENKINS'S NIGHTMARE

FINALLY RESOLVES ITSELF INTO A BEATIFIC VISION OF TRIUMPH AND REVENGE.

CONVOCATION.

The Upper House (when the Reporters were out.)

The Bishop of London said it didn't seem to be any good their talking about Ritualism, as no one attended to them.

The Bishop of Oxford thought that the present time was one when more than ever great caution and Christian forbearance was necessary. (*Hear, hear!*)

The Bishop of Salisbury observed that he 'd like to speak out boldly, and say what were and what were not the doctrines he held. But perhaps it was better at present to agree with his Right Rev. Brother, the Bishop of Oxford.

The Bishop of Lichfield regretted that some parties went too far, and others not far enough. For his own part, he was willing to concede a great deal to either party. It was to be wished that a definite conclusion could be arrived at on some point, either as to Dr. Colenso or Ritualism. In the meantime, he would urge the necessity of a careful policy.

The Bishop of Ely was sorry to hear what his Right Rev. Brother of London had let fall. There must always be differences of opinion, and great latitude must be allowed to Members of the English Church. (*Hear!*) As the Bishops did not agree on essential points, and Heaven forbid they should, why compel the inferior clergy to assent to an uncertainty? He was perhaps a little confused, but on the whole he had always found it the safest course to agree with his Right Rev. Brother the Bishop of Oxford, whose health he begged—no he begged pardon. (*Hear, hear!*)

The Archbishop of Canterbury rose to say he was astonished to hear any Member of that House express an opinion that every Rubric was not clear, simple, and straightforward. The Church and State went together, and the action of Parliament would not be called in as long as Convocation continued its present safe course.

After some desultory conversation on the principles of the Reformation, in which the Bishops of Salisbury, Oxford, Llandaff, and others took part,

The original resolution was put and carried.

On a Prelate (who came too late) asking the Bishop of London what the original motion was, Dr. Tait was understood to say, quietly, that it was of no consequence, as, in his experience, the result was the same any way.

In the Lower House, a vote of thanks was proposed to the Archbishop of Canterbury for having written to the Greek Church.

Dean Stanley said that an Epistle to the Greeks of course found its precedent in the Epistle to the Romans, to whom, however, he was sorry the Archbishop had not written. He thought letter-writing mischievous as a rule; but, at all events, the present amiable correspondence would amuse the Easterns, and wouldn't hurt us, and so he should concur in thanking the Archbishop for nothing. By the way, of course, the House knew that the English Church was anathematised implicitly, if not explicitly, by the Greeks.

Archdeacon Denison said that it didn't matter. It was a great thing to have written a letter at all. It showed life. There was too little doing, and too much talking.

A vote of thanks was then passed, and Archdeacon Wordsworth was complimented on his still retaining a knowledge of the Greek Grammar.

The proceedings terminated with grace after dinner.

Cui Bono?

At a Trades' Union meeting, a Mr. Gilmore said that Mr. Gladstone had described one of the Union rules as "worthy of savages," and that he, Gilmore, would have told Gladstone that there were West End Clubs of which the same might be "predicated." Long words tickle long ears. But why should he desire to tell Mr. Gladstone a lie—and such a silly lie? Had Gilmore taken a gill more than was good for him?

ON THE TERMINATION OF THE BALLET AT THE LYCEUM.

The *Can-can* expires, its last kick we see,
And Madame *Finette* is Madame *Finie*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

LADSTONE, or as the better informed of French publicists spell it, GLALDSTANES, (here you have him) may be regarded as the hero of the week, but more of that presently. It occurs to us to say,—

"Nuda Caledonio sic pectora prebuit urso,"

not that the line has any particular bearing upon what we are going to say, except that *Caledonio* is a natural word for a gentleman and a scholar to quote when Scotland is mentioned. We had on *Monday*, February 17th, the Scottish Reform Bill.

It was introduced by the Lord Advocate, MR. GORDON, heretofore of the Royal Academy, (not a picture place) Inverness. It was his maiden speech, and it was clear and to the point; "without o'erflowing, full," more or rather less than can be said of his old friend the Ness, which has lately been misconducting itself riotously, and nearly drowning the curator, or Lord of the Isles.

This is the Tory-Radical Reform for Scotland.

1. All Householders in Boroughs vote.
2. A £12 rateable holding in Counties, or } a vote.
3. A £5 ownership occupation gives }
4. No Re-distribution. But
5. Seven new Members to Scotland, namely, two to the Universities, the Counties of Aberdeen, Ayr, and Lanark, one each, Glasgow to have a cocked-hat member, and divers Boroughs, Wishaw, Kirkintilloch, &c., are joined, and have the seventh.

The Scotch Members, mostly, said, and such of the Scotch papers as we have seen echo the remark, that the Bill is rather worse than that of last year. Some suggested waiting to see what a new Parliament would do, but MR. DISRAELI warned them against that kind of Jack O'Lantern. MR. SMOLLETT and MR. LAING defended the Bill.

There was a smart little passage of arms between MR. SMOLLETT and MR. REARDON, an Irish Member. The Scot thought that as the population of Ireland had diminished, she did not want so many Members, and also observed that though the Scotch were coarse and democratic, they were loyal, and did not make patriots and martyrs out of hanged murderers. The Irishman replied, that Irishmen had never sold their King, nor abandoned their flag on the field of battle. These arguments convinced the House, and the Second Reading was fixed for the 2nd of March.

Government introduces a Bill for taking the Electric Telegraphs into its own hands. As the Civil Service is reasonably educated, we may now hope that our messages will be accurately transcribed, instead of being left to illiterate parties who drive recipients mad with their blundering. Is it too much to ask that messages may be printed, as they have been in America for twenty years, and as they are in Australia?

In the Lords it was asked whether there were any floating batteries being provided for the defence of the Coasts, and it was answered that such things would cost £7,000,000, and could not be afforded. To do the French nation justice, its Executive would not dare to make such an answer to such a question.

Tuesday, The CHANCELLOR explained what he had meant by Promissory Oaths. He referred to those which are taken by persons on admission to offices. He did not mean the profane and improper language used when the old woman in charge of an office has kept her unexpected employer a long time at the door, but the vows on entering situations. There are about 300 pages full of these oaths in the report that recommends abolition. Only tremendous official swells are to swear in future—also soldiers and constables. But no clause affects those who are addicted to swear *in verba magistri*, and when that Master is *Mr. Punch*, it is the best thing they can do.

Brompton Boilers are to be erected in Bethnal Green, as the poor dwellers there find a walk of six miles and a half each way rather a drawback to the enjoyment of the Museum, especially by the children. Well, it may be, perhaps, when one comes to think of it.

We congratulate MR. SEELY. He has got his Committee on Admiralty accounts and Dock Yard expenditure. Of course MR. CORRY, for the Government, went in for mystification, and very well he did it, but he gave the Committee.

LORD ENFIELD brings in a Bill to reform the oppressive, arbitrary, and corrupt system by which jurors are summoned. When the grievances shall be redressed, let nobody forget gratitude to MR. ERLE, Associate of the Common Pleas, and we wish he had better associates, though those common ones have certainly done nothing to deteriorate him.

Wednesday. Deputations of bank clerks and other inferior beings beg that the day after Christmas Day may be a Bank holiday, and that the QUEEN may be able to proclaim a Bank holiday without an Act. Into a plan for this purpose, MR. C. O'LOGHLEN inserts a clause making bills and notes that fall due on Sundays or holidays payable the day after, not the day before. But the great City men oppose the measure. "It is a serious thing," said MR. GOSCHEN, "to stop the commerce of the City for even one day." "The paucity of holidays in Protestant countries," said MR. THOMAS BARING, "gives them a commercial advantage." A Select Committee, however, is to consider the Bill. MR. M'LAREN, Member for Edinburgh, made a singular and startling revelation. He said that "the Scotch, being Presbyterians, knew nothing at all about Good Friday." We had fancied—from early impressions of hastily read history, perhaps—that the Scotch were some sort of Christians.

MR. LEFEVRE introduced a Bill to this end. You assure your life. Of course you do. It is the duty of any man with a wife and family, if his income is derived from his own exertions. But you want to keep this provision safe for those whom you care about. There are two ways of effecting this. One is by paying all your creditors before you die, and this is a very good way, only sometimes there are difficulties. The other is by assignment, but it involves questions, and is not absolutely safe. It is proposed to revive the practice of assignment by nomination on the policy. The representatives of trade object, on the part of creditors, but a moralist may at least ask whether a wife and children, suddenly left helpless, ought not to be considered as lawful Preference Creditors, in a society which very properly holds marriage to be the Duty of Man. Still, young people, keep out or get out of debt. Owe nothing but grudges, which you can pay at convenience, or never pay at all.

And now we come to MR. GLADSTONE, who selected this day for a feat which will be remembered. If the Church Rate question be not settled now, it will be the fault of so-called friends of the Church. He would put the Rate to death as CÆSAR's slayers dealt with him,—

"We'll carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase for the hounds."

All MR. GLADSTONE proposes is, that there shall be no legal power to levy the rate on all inhabitants, but that those only shall be taxed who come forward and offer to subscribe. The machinery shall be preserved, in order to meet the feelings of Churchmen, but it shall have no compulsory power. This is really, as MR. CHARLES MATHEWS said in that beautiful and sparkling composition, *Anything for a Change*, "killing a fellow so gently, that he must rather like it than otherwise." Even LORD CRANBORNE held that the Church should accept this Bill, and avoid worse things at the hands of a Parliament of Radicals. Government reserved itself, MR. HARDY thinking that it was for the Dissenter to come forward and proclaim his wicked schism. The Bill was read a Second Time.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL was re-elected for Helston without a fight. But the Government lost a seat at Stoke, where MR. MELLY got into MR. HOPE's vacant seat. *Sic vos non vobis Mellyficatis*, gentlemen Conservatives.

Thursday. Nothing noteworthy, save that MR. DISRAELI, questioned by MR. WHALLEY and MR. DARBY GRIFFITH as to Abyssinian Expenses, deigned only the curtest intimation to those illustrious Senators, that he had no reason to believe that his general estimate had been exceeded. He is right not to be too credulous, but there may be something in what is stated by the Correspondents.

Friday. There was to have been a Boys' Night with Ireland, but the juvenile *fête* was postponed until the next Tuesday. MASTERS CLINTON, AMBERLEY, GLADSTONE, and other interesting lads, were then to let off their little fireworks, after a lecture by MR. MAGUIRE.

The chief incident of the night was an elaborate exposure, by MR. GOSCHEN, of the crimes of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the frightful taxation levied by THWAYTES the Tyrant. We are not afraid to call him a Tyrant, now. POTTER, the Carpenter and Unionist, who cannot bear to be criticised, brought an action against the *Herts Guardian* for giving him the name; and after being treated MARSYAS fashion by SERJEANT BALLANTINE, was floored by the jury. Besides, we have threatened to have THWAYTES executed for imitating CHARLES THE FIRST. After some dull speeches the House, rather than hear ALDERMAN LAWRENCE, got itself Counted Out.

Well done, Conservatives! The lamented death of good MR. JUSTICE SHEE left a vacancy in the Queen's Bench, and LORD CHANCELLOR CHELMSFORD selected a gentleman simply because he was the best man for the office, and notwithstanding that he was a Liberal, and lately fought an election battle against one of the Ministers. *Mr. Punch* remarks with pleasure that the great tribunal, the Q.B.,

is awfully strong now. COCKBURN, BLACKBURN, LUSH, HANNEN—we say, Gentlemen of the Bar, you must talk very little nonsense there. Like the wondrous things in The Vision, "they four have eyes before and behind." Also we say,

Well played, my LORD CHELMSFORD, a capital cannon,
You minded your cue when you pocketed HANNEN.

EXCELSIOR!

THE chains of Trade were falling fast,
As to the Tory benches passed
A youth, through social snow and ice,
Who bore a flag with the device—
"Excelsior!"

His brow was brass: his eye, beneath,
Slept like a dagger in its sheath;
And, 'twixt the stabs of his keen tongue,
Ever in under-tone there rung—
"Excelsior!"

He smote his foemen black and blue,
His friends he served, a henchman true;
He turned from Truth's white mountain-throne,
And upwards pressed, with stifled groan—
"Excelsior!"

"Try not that road!" Experience said,
"Truth's rocks hang threatening o'er thy head;
The stream of Proof runs deep and wide."
But, firm, that stubborn voice replied,
"Excelsior!"

"Oh, stay," fair Fiction cried, "and rest
A laurelled head upon my breast!"
A flash awoke his slumbrous eye,
But faded, as he gave reply,
"Excelsior!"

"'Ware Toryism's rotten branch!
'Ware democratic avalanche!"
Such was calm Caution's last good-night:
A voice replied, from Treasury height,
"Excelsior!"

As Tory Chieftains officeward
Expectant turned their keen regard,
Discussing chances, hopes, and fears,
His voice burst on their startled ears—
"Excelsior!"

There, on Ambition's topmost round,
This climber at his goal was found,
Triumphant over snow and ice,
True to his flag and its device,
"Excelsior!"

For all his triumph, in cold blood,
Passionless, but not proud, he stood:
As from truth's peaks, crowned with her star,
A proud voice rang above him far,
"Excelsior!"

ONLY A PEG.

WE read in the *Star*:—

"The HON. F. STANLEY, M.P., wounded his hand by slapping a chisel whilst engaged in joinering, of which he is very fond. The wound, though very severe, is rapidly healing."

"Slapping" is probably a misprint for "snapping," but never mind that. As MR. STANLEY is getting well, we don't mind telling him that he must have paid very little attention to the instructions of his father, that eminent Cabinet-maker—and this gives us an opportunity of expressing our satisfaction that the EARL OF DERBY is recovering his health. *Punch* hopes to "play many a brother's wager frankly" with him.

The Vestments Divided Against Themselves.

THE Justice of the Supreme Court of Natal, who has pronounced for the validity of BISHOP COLENSO's letters patent, is called "Cope."

This is a great blow to BISHOP GRAY and the Ritualists who support him. It is a case of Cope against Chasuble, Dalmatic, Alb, and Tunic all put together. "Hammer and tongs" is a trifle to such inter-vestment-ine warfare!

FRENCH ASSES ON THEIR ARMY BILL.

BEING happily, for the present, at peace with all the world, France merely wants a loan of four hundred million francs or so, which, her Ministry confess, are to be chiefly spent in armaments. Only see what a blessing it is to live a peaceful life, and to have no thought of worrying one's neighbours! The financier, M. MAGNE, is so happy in his mind at the prospect of tranquillity that he actually is able to make a little joke in the midst of his arithmetic. If faithfully reported, he tells us that the present small addition of four hundred and forty million francs to the *Consolidés* is solely for the purpose of "consolidating peace." It is entirely for this object that the large army of France is largely to be increased. Some people may fancy that a big army, kept idle, might be clamorous for war, but M. MAGNE has happily no such foolish apprehension. Nor has he any fear that French braggarts may make mischief by talking stuff like this:—

"By sometimes inspiring terror, France has always made herself respected; and for my part I would not permit a single stroke of policy to take place in Europe without our permission."

So brayed BARON BRENNIER, in the debate upon the Army Bill; and many a French jackass will probably lift up his voice in this same key. GENERAL COUNT DE LA RUE, for instance, was pleased to echo thus:—

"A nation like France must be assured of maintaining its preponderance abroad and its security at home."

A reign of "terror" and "preponderance;" this, according to these jackasses is, or ought to be, the aim of the EMPEROR OF FRANCE. What will be the cost of it no donkey ever calculates. Some asses even fancy, or at least pretend to fancy, that great armies are, on grounds of mere economy, good things. Hear, for instance, M. ROULAND:—

"As to the economical objection, I say that commerce and industry require protection and security, and for this object force is necessary to repel aggression. The additional cost is an economical outlay, and the commercial class and the country are well aware of this. When the country is strong, thanks to the patriotism and prudence of the EMPEROR, then industry and business transactions may proceed in security, and disquietude will disappear."

"When the country is strong," *i. e.* has a million soldiers idle and waiting for a war, there is everywhere a dearth of labourers and craftsmen, and works of commerce and of agriculture languish and die out. In France, not less than England, "the commercial class and country are well aware of this." Hence the new French Army Bill is universally regarded as a bitter pill to swallow, and in spite of all the sugary speeches of the Senators, the French will make wry faces before they gulp it down.

"THE BOOK OF THE FARM."

ONE of the Reviews of DARWIN's New Work, after quoting the subject of the Second Volume, remarks:—"To all Country Gentlemen, Farmers, and Breeders, these chapters will be as full of light and interest as to all Biologists and Speculative Thinkers." Does any profane person doubt it? "Country gentlemen," of the finest old-crusted Tory politics and views on education, &c., are far too solemn a theme to be treated with levity; but "farmers and breeders"—are they generally the classmates of "Biologists and Speculative Thinkers?" Old JOHN STOCKWELL, of Bathley Wood Farm, as good a judge of a beast as any man in Midlandshire, hears of this wonderful new book of MR. DARWIN's, perhaps at the Market Table at the "Clumber Arms," where nothing else is talked about but "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication," rides home, borrows the two stout volumes from his clergyman, who is scientific, and subscribes to a London Library, and in the company of his pipe, and with the stimulus of some brandy-and-water, examines them for information about the best method of crossing sheep. Let us look over his shoulder. "The laws of Inheritance and Reversion (Atavism) in Prepotency and Limitation of Sex." STOCKWELL's education closed at fourteen, his reading since has not been varied or extensive, and the character of his handwriting is rude: he makes a conscientious effort to master the polysyllabic difficulties, but fails, Atavism in particular, which is delusively placed within brackets as though it were a simple and explanatory term, meaning possibly great-grandmotherism, proving an impassable barrier. He tries again—"Hybridism"—and gets another tumble. Full of pluck, he puts all his mind at what proves a regular stone wall—"Provisional Hypothesis of Pangenesis,"—which so completely floors him, that he throws DARWIN down, is quite laborious with his pipe, empties his tumbler, takes off his boots, and as he goes up-stairs to bed, resolves never again to stray away from *Old Moore*, the weather-glass, and *Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

Saturday Afternoon.

Now is the time for the Crystal Palace * * [On referring to my watch I find I have accidentally asserted a fact; *now is* the time for the Crystal Palace,—so I must be off at once. More in my next.]

Yours truly, RICHARD BIRDIE.

TANTÆNE ANIMIS CELESTIBUS IRÆ!

LATE, late, too late; the guests depart,
And, oh distressful thing!
Two celebrated vocalists
Have not been asked to sing!

From distant corners, darting swift,
They rush to reach the pianner,
And meet upon the music-stool
In this unseemly manner!

An instrumental gentleman,
Facetiously inclined,
Doth stick and stand and stare at 'em,
And thus he speaks his mind:

"THE TENOR AND THE BARITONE
ARE FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN;
I'D LIKE TO KICK THE BARITONE,
AND KNOCK THE TENOR DOWN!"

A TRUTH FROM THE HUSTINGS.

THERE was one sentence in the speech of MR. LEA (the Candidate for Helston, who showed at the hustings, but not at the Poll, in opposition to MR. BRETT) which, strange to say of anything in a hustings' speech, is, at once, new and true.

When offering bribes to the Helstonians all round, in the shape of all manner of local improvements and benefits, to be secured by electing him, MR. LEA crowned the list, which included cheap gas, a railway, a free library, and general prosperity, by the paramount blessing—dwarfing all the others—of his own Establishment at Dartmoor in the Goose Trade!! We should infer, *en passant*, from MR. LEA's speech throughout, that he had been accustomed to deal *with*, if not *in*, Geese, all his life. So that, probably, what he contemplates on Dartmoor is an extension or branch of his regular business. To this most tempting promise MR. LEA tacked on a confession. "Talk about Geese, I will make money out of them, if you will let me." This sentence ought evidently to be read with an accent on the "*you*," like that laid on "*him*" by *Joe Miller's* well-known preacher, in giving out the text. "And he said, 'Saddle me the ass,' and they saddled *him*." This outburst of MR. LEA's we take to be about the most candid thing ever spoken from a hustings. How many Candidates for Parliament come forward with this intention of making money out of Geese, if the Geese will let them! How few have had the honesty to avow the design *totidem verbis* like MR. LEA at Helston!

Cut Out.

TRUMPINGTON, who is miserable without his rubber, finding every table full the other night, quitted the room, first casting a *whist*ful look all round.

HOW TO STOP STREET-BEGGING.

FOURSCORE and one beggars brought to one London Police Court within one single week! A pretty little problem is suggested by the fact. How many beggars, would you calculate, are begging now in London, when to one of its Police Courts no fewer than fourscore and one are brought at one fell swoop? Another problem to be solved is how the streets may best be cleared of them, and on this point SIR R. CARDEN, the Magistrate in question, has put forth some good sense:—

"In this country there should not be a beggar in the streets, and there would not be one if everybody would abstain for one week from giving money in the streets, and give into custody every one that solicits alms, have the cases investigated, and see them provided for. This is the duty of humanity. By giving alms you only perpetuate the misery."

In its efforts to stop begging, the Mendicity Society has done the state some service, and we should like to see it aided by an Anti-Beggar League, or a Society for Total Abstinence from Giving Money in the Streets. Almsgiving encourages both idleness and vice, and, though it pleases sentimentalists, it does no one real good. DEAN SWIFT proposed that beggars should, by law, be forced to wear a badge, and the suggestion may seem suitable to those who have been badgered by them. Impostors fittingly might wear the Order of the Fleece, and, when known, it might help somewhat to check their imposition. But if people would abstain from selfishly indulging in the weakness of street almsgiving, our pavements would be cleared of the impostors who infest them. Idle beggars would be driven to be usefully industrious, and money worse than wasted on them might be spent in really useful charitable works.

ACROBATS' TIPPLE.—Champagne in Tumblers.

A LEGAL DIFFICULTY.

Lord Chief Justice. "NONSENSE! YOU MUSTN'T BRING THAT BRIBING FELLOW BEFORE US;—*WE* SHOULD HAVE TO BE *IN EARNEST*."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

LAY!" cries the Theatrical Bowler, Mr. Tom Robertson, and delivers his fourth ball during Miss Marie Wilton's successful innings on the little Prince of Wales's Ground, Tottenham Court Road, which locality has by this time, judging from the stall and box audience, a good deal more of the Court than the Tottenham Road about it.

"How's that, umpire?" A hit, a palpable hit, and the *piquante* Manageress (did she ever look more charming than in this new piece? Ah, me!) will make a good score, to be added to the previous runs. Mr. Bancroft's hair is a triumph of art; and so is Mr. Hare's wig. The success, however, of the piece, which is faulty in construction and "tricky" in its effects, is, in our opinion, at least two-thirds due to the admirable acting of Miss Wilton, Miss Lydia Foote, and Messrs. Bancroft, Hare, and Montague. The two ordinary comic characters (well played by Mrs. Murray and Mr. Blakeley) are too prominent, and might be even now advantageously toned down, specially in the last Act. With this exception, no other company in London could have done so well for their author, as did that of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and, we believe, at no other theatre could *Play* have achieved the same success, or jumped so suddenly into public favour. Great praise is due to Messrs. Montgomery and Sydney for their performance of two Prussian officers, character bits which, in less clever hands, might have marred the good fortune of the piece.

The costumes of the ladies appear to have been taken from M. Marcelin's sketches of the *Porte St. Martin* Ballets in his journal *La Vie Parisienne*. But, as it now appears, *given* the Prince of Wales's Company, with Mr. Robertson as author, and the *result* is certain. We will proceed, after our usual fashion, to give a *précis* of the play, and conclude this preface by advising our readers to go and judge for themselves.

Signed { Private Box.
Corporal Cox.

Bouncer, *Hon. Sec.*

"PLAY."

Scene.—*The Interior of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. View of Stage from the Stalls. First night of new piece, when everybody knows everybody else, and for appropriate music might be played "We're all Nodding," to one another, and asking "how d'ye do?" "How are you?" with a here-we-are-as-large-as-life sort of air, and a general assumption of importance as much as to say, individually, upon* me *depends the fate of an empire this night. We, the audience, are the "Kind Friends in Front," who used to be so humbly alluded to by the dramatist in his trembling tag—a fashion now happily dying out.*

Inquiring Person (*reading the bill to his friend, a well-educated person, in Stalls.*) There's a lot of German here, what's it mean? *Der Brunnen, Das alte Schloss.* What's *Das alte Schloss?*

Well-educated Friend. Eh? why . . . it's German for . . . let's look at the bill (*hopes that 'll help him; reads, and is inspired.*) Of course, there's the translation at the side—Act II. *Das alte Schloss?* Afternoon!"

Inquiring Person explains to another Inquiring Person afterwards thus: Good idea, isn't it, writing the time of day in German? Yes, *Der Brunnen* means "morning," *Das alte Schloss* "afternoon"—the translation's at the side; *Der Vorplatz* is "evening,"—queer word for evening, isn't it? *Der Spielsaal*, "Night," and *Der Kursaal und Kurgarten* "The next day." It's all there, you see.

[*Friend is much obliged, and uses his knowledge freely.*

ACT I.

A very Pretty Scene.—*Vague German people grouped about, all standing quite still, as if waiting for something or somebody. As somebody doesn't come, and nothing happens, they burst into sudden life, and show each other the shortest route off the stage, so that the* Chevalier Browne *may have it all to himself, with a little bit of red ribbon in his button-hole.*

A Nuisance in Stalls. Why is he *decoré?*

Friend (*who doesn't want to be bothered*). Oh, because he's a Chevalier: I mean it's the other way. Hush!

The Nuisance (*persistently*). Yes, but what's he Chevalier of? (*Wants an opportunity of saying that he knows a man who's décoré, and that you can't get ribbon for nothing; is also preparing a story about the* Emperor *having refused decorations to any English, and has a little joke about* Browne *being a Chevalier d'Industrie; he begins*). I recollect when I was last in Paris——

People (*who prefer listening to the piece*). Hssh!

The Nuisance (*looks round in calm disdain, but subsides*).

Enter the Hon. Bruce Fanquehere. *Orders something at the same table with* Browne.

Fanquehere. [Mr. Hare *to himself.* I'm an amusing scoundrel. Quite so.] Hate Price, because his grandfather's uncle opposed mine at an election. (*Smokes.*)

Browne. [Mr. Bancroft.] We'll rook Price. Here he is. (*Smokes.*)

Enter Mr. Montague, *as* Price.

Mr. Montague, as Price. I'm a sort of hobbetyhoy. Not a full Price, a half Price. I'm in love with Rosie. (*Fidgets.*) Oh, so nice! (*Fidgets.*) and I'm so bashful, I am. (*Fidgets.*) Oh!

Browne (*aside reading paper*). Rosie's uncle's dead, and she's an heiress. This of course won't be in any other paper, and also of course in the reading-rooms of a place like Baden-Baden, or Homburg, or wherever we are, no English papers are ever seen, so if I cut this out, Fanquehere will know nothing at all about it. (*Cuts it out.*) Ah, here she is.

Rosie (*giving an account of her sensations when drowning.* And then I went down down down, and I wasn't a bit afraid, and I saw the fish, and I thought how I had often had fish for dinner, and yet they didn't eat me, and then I went up up up, and I wasn't a bit afraid, and then I went down down down, and it wasn't at all disagreeable, and then I went up up up, and then I felt your strong arm round me, and on the whole I think drowning rather pleasant than otherwise.

Graf Von Stauffenburg (*who only speaks a few words of English*). How do you do, Illustrated London News? (*Which is perhaps about as likely as an educated Englishman saying, "Comment vous portez vous, Moniteur Figaro La Lune" by way of saluting a Frenchman.*

Frank Price (*alone with the Hauptmann Stockstadt, a Prussian officer*). I am in love. I can tell nobody, or they'll tell somebody. Stop! An idea! I don't often have ideas, so I'll make the most of this; besides if we don't wake up the action of the piece a little, the interest will flag. This is the idea. This German officer doesn't understand one word of English, so, naturally enough, for I'm a bashful young man, I'll tell him my long and pathetic story. (*Tells him his long and pathetic story, and the German officer thinks himself insulted.*)

Mrs. Kinpeck (*entering suddenly to Frank Price*). Lend me a thousand million thalers.

[*All the vague Germans, on at the commencement, reappear suddenly, perhaps it's everyone's luncheon time, and form a picture. The two German officers stand on the left, and point at* Frank Price. *Curtain falls. Rapturous applause. Curtain rises. Everybody suddenly in a different position. Fresh applause. Curtain falls. Audience feel they'd like to have the Curtain up again; because, if the Characters strike a new attitude every time, they might get through the whole story of the piece in a series of tableaux vivantes.*

Inquiring Person. I say, why's this called *Play?*

Cautious Friend. Wait, you'll see there'll be something about it presently.

ACT II.

A very effective scene by Mr. Hawes Craven, *showing a Ruined Castle, where occurs a deliciously unconventional love-passage between* Frank Price (Mr. Montague) *and* Rosie (Miss Wilton). *The best thing, including their love duet, perhaps, in the piece, certainly the freshest.*

Enter Bodmin Todder *and* Mrs. Kinpeck.

Bodmin T. We are the funny people. We've got to make the audience laugh. I think if we climb about the ruins it will amuse them.

[*They climb about, say rude things to one another, and exeunt.*

Everything goes on smoothly with easy-flowing dialogue, until the Author sees he must pull up sharply with a situation of some sort, or else it will be too smooth.

[*Situation.* Rosie *and* Browne *enter just as* Browne's *wife faints in* Frank Price's *arms, and* Bruce Fanquehere *is laughing at* Mrs. Kinpeck's *inability to descend the ruin.*

Author to himself. But, hang it, Price has only to explain, and Mrs. Browne has only to explain, (which she mustn't do till the fourth Act) and then the story's at an end. That won't do—(*ponders*)—that won't do . . . let me see. I've got it—(*happily*)—finish the Act there, and drop the Curtain.

[*Curtain falls; loud applause; curtain rises. All the Characters*

have not proceeded to an explanation, but have suddenly changed their attitudes like clockwork figures.

Inquiring Person. Very good, yes—but why is it called *Play?*

Cautious Friend. Wait: there 'll be something about it presently.

ACT III.

Der Vorplats and Der Spielsaal.

Browne (to Price). The Prussian officer, who didn't understand a word you said to him in the first Act, has challenged you.

Fanquehere. I 'll be your second. Your second. Quite so.

Price (to the German Officer.) Have a cigar?

Author (to himself.) Must have something about "Play" in it. Can't give up the name of "Play," I 'm so fond of monosyllabic titles, they look well in the advertisements. Must have something about gambling—here goes.

Browne. I've got £500 to play with.

Fanquehere. So have I. £500. TODDER's an amusing scoundrel. Quite so. [*They go to play with it.*

SCENE.—*The Gambling Table.* MRS. BROWNE *plays,* ROSIE *plays. Somebody breaks the bank. The two women stand in attitudes, so as to make a tableau for the end of the Act. Great applause, specially on account of the real live French Croupier (who has been produced under the immediate superintendence of the Author) and Curtain rises again. All the Characters have changed their attitudes as usual. Curtain falls.*

Inquiring Friend. Yes, but why 's it called *Play?*

Cautious Friend. Well, I suppose, because . . . because . . . in fact . . . they *played,* you know in the last scene, and . . a . . (*sagaciously*) I dare say it has something to do with the plot. [*They think it over.*

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*The Next Day.* MRS. BROWNE *explains that she is* MRS. BROWNE. *Nothing comes of the duel between the* Prussian Officer *and* FRANK PRICE. *Nothing comes of* ROSIE *having gambled. Nothing comes of* MRS. BROWNE *having gambled. Nothing comes apparently of any one having gambled. Nothing comes of anything. All ends, therefore, happily.*

MR. MONTGOMERY (*giving the moral of the piece*). How do you do, Illustrated London News? (*Which sounds uncommonly like an advertisement for that journal.*)

Inquiring Person. But why is it called *Play?*

Cautious Person. Well, I suppose the Author thought it a very good name; and after all (*apologising for it*), you know they *did* play.

Ourselves. Yes, and played admirably; there 's no doubt about that.

[*Broughams, carriages, cabs, red fire, fuzees, cigars. Finale. Exeunt omnes, somehow.*

PRIMARY EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

THIS IMPORTANT PART HAS BEEN QUITE OVERLOOKED BY ALL ENGLISH SPEAKERS.

Discovered on a Roman Road

SEVERAL Anglican bishops, still more incumbents, and a host of curates. They had evidently been long buried in heaps of rubbish, consisting of articles used in Romish religious ceremonial. The heads are a good deal damaged; but the robes are highly ornamented and in excellent preservation, and the greatest care seems to have been bestowed on the costume and accessories, as is generally the case with the work of the debased Roman school.

STICKING TO BUSINESS.

OUR new Coroner is so devoted to his duties, that when he has nothing else to do, he goes and sits upon a Jury.

THE EXCURSIONIST'S APPEAL.

FROM platform Saints deliver me,
Ye Rulers of the Land,
And let not laws to bind the free
Be made at their command.
In Meeting-house and Lecture-hall
Bid them exhort their schools,
Not seek to put restraints on all
Required by none but fools.

On Sunday I delight to stray,
Relieved from toil severe,
And at mine inn, upon my way,
To get my glass of beer;
Or, when I do a journey make,
By flood, or railway line,
Of dinner sometimes to partake,
The same including wine.

Confound the ranting, canting crew
That pray you to destroy,
Forbidding me refreshment due,
The freedom I enjoy.
Let them pursue their ends by tracts
That force not people's wills.
Pass not their Sunday Closing Acts;
Reject their Liquor Bills.

Deliver me from clap-trap tongues,
That bellowing crowds delude;
From duffers who, by brazen lungs,
Control the multitude.
How oily are their looks and sleek!
How zealous they appear!
With all their fuss they do but seek
One end—to domineer.

Deliver me, as well, from those
That under them do sit,
Led all like asses by the nose,
For self-command unfit.
'Tis their desire, those idiots vain,
To level with the sot
Those from excess that can refrain,
As they themselves cannot.

Writings on the Walls.

THE only certain cure for Ireland is DR. JOHN BRIGHT's Land Pills. Beware of Counterfeits. The Stamp is marked "DR. JOHN BRIGHT, Birmingham."

Try MILL's Territorial Peasant Proprietary Panacea, the Sole Specific for all Irish Disorders. No others are genuine. N.B. Observe the Signature "JOHN STUART MILL." All opponents are Fools.

Who's RUSSELL? A Safe Man for Ireland.

THE BISHOPS' PARADISE.—The Lawn Market.

Q. C.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I READ the papers, and find many puzzles in them, this for example—"New Queen's Counsel. The following Members of the Bar are, we understand, to receive the honour of a silk gown." And then the names of the recipients-elect of silk gowns are given, to the great amusement, I imagine, of their wives, daughters, and other female relatives, to the great wonderment, I am sure, of myself. If it had been a silk handkerchief, or a silk scarf, or a silk umbrella, I should not have been so much surprised, although I might have wondered how such a present could be a mark of honour. But a silk gown! Could not Government—for I suppose it is Government—have thought of something rather more useful? An opera-glass, for instance, or a set of studs, or a gold pencil-case? For what *can* these gentlemen do with a silk gown? Give it away, I suppose, with a great fuss, to their wives, if they are married, or to their laundresses, if they are wretched Maledicts, existing in chambers on the top of those gloomy staircases, where I used to lunch once or twice in the season, when my cousin, FRED WIGMORE, lived in Gray's Inn, before he went out to Sierra Leone as a judge, and caught the yellow fever there, and had to come home, and married HESTER MAINWARING who hadn't a penny, and took to farming, and buried himself in a village where there were only two hundred people and no squire, and the clergyman came to do duty on Sundays, alternate morning and afternoon, ten miles from a market town, in Bassetlaw? I hope I don't tease you with my questions, but *can* you (or perhaps dear MRS. P.) tell me how the gowns are made, whether plain skirts, or trimmed? Are they all of the same colour, and what is it? Are they checks, or stripes, or without any pattern at all? *Moiré*, or watered, or plain rich Lyons? Who pays for them? Do we (I am unmarried, property at my own disposal, no trustees), out of the Income-Tax? Do Government buy up remnants at the end of the season, or is the newest material and the latest fashion selected by the LORD CHANCELLOR and the rest of the Judges, who take their wives to LEWIS AND ALLENBY's to choose these silks? And are these Counsel of the QUEEN's presented to HER MAJESTY in their new gowns, and can she keep her countenance? Perhaps they match the knights who, I see, are to appear, at the *Levée*, in their collars. I could not help reflecting how amused the intelligent Abyssinian would be when he read about these honourable silk gowns, which no doubt he will think are as much admired and prized by our great men, as red cloaks are by his chiefs and warriors. But I must not take up your time any longer, just now, especially, when you have so much to think about and advise upon with Ministers and the Co-operative Stores, and BISHOP COLENSO, and the Spring fashions.

Yours, dear *Mr. Punch*, affectionately,

ALICIA MARIA SINGILBY.

TOM NODDY'S LAMENT.

AIR—"*I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.*"

I CANNOT eat the old horse
I rode long years ago;
I 'm sure my teeth would fail me,
And foolish tears might flow.
For bygone hunts come o'er my heart
With cuts from round and side,
I cannot eat the old horse
On which I used to ride.

I cannot eat the old horse,
For visions come again
Of glorious meets departed,
And runs in soaking rain.
But perhaps when raging hunger
Shall set its hand on me;
I then may eat the old horse,
And hope he 'll tender be.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

"*Foreign Office Agencies.*"—Always questionable, too often mischievous.

"*Capital Punishment Inside Prisons.*"—Hard labour (for lazy rogues), and the Cat (for Wife-beaters, Child-starvers, and Garotters).

"*Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill.*"—Ten to one, an attorney's.

"*Precautions against Cattle Plague.*"—Proper stowage on the voyage, clean water, wholesome food, and decent treatment after it.

"*Short Bill for the Removal of Nuisances.*"—Take away that *Bumble!*

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.—In Meteorology.

ONE WORD FROM MY FUNNY FRIEND.

GRIGG, my Funny Friend, in answer to numerous inquiries, wishes, through the present popular medium, to intimate to his friends and patrons that he intends establishing a SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF PRACTICAL JOKING.

Subscriptions will be received by him at his private residence until THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN is built and ready for use.

He can at present only place before his admiring friends and patrons a rough sketch, or mere outline, of the future plans, and will at the same time attempt to convey some notion of the Educational Scheme which he intends that his pupils should adopt.

N.B. He further takes this opportunity of announcing that he has by him a stock of first-rate tricks on Elderly Gentlemen, Elderly Ladies, Butlers, and Policemen, which, requiring *no sort of* mechanical apparatus or elaborate preparation, are calculated to cause as much amusement as the now worn-out witticism of putting a basin full of water or a coal-scuttle on the top of a partially open door, or the classic extravagance of placing the steel barrels of small musical-boxes in your grandfather's bed.

N.B. N.B. Parties attended with all sorts of practical jokes. Lectures given at private houses to the younger members of the family. Grown-up pupils three guineas a quarter, which will include *two tricks with gunpowder*.

The Onion-Seed trick, the Magic Match, always on hand. (*Vide next Number.*) Reduction made on taking a quantity.

Open-air exercise will not be neglected.

The Runaway Knock and Ring will be taught practically from 1 to 2 P.M., and 11 to 12 P.M. *No danger.*

The Wild Horse, or "Am dat you, Ginger?" How to rattle your hat, &c., &c. This will be shown while the lecturer is out for recreation in the Park with his more advanced pupils.

Evenings at Home. The Domestic Circle. How to mix whiskey-toddy, so that it will explode on being touched with a spoon, break the glass, the lamps, and any crockery in the room.

Warranted GREAT FUN. *One Turn*, Two Guineas.

The Plan of Teaching, with the Hours of Lectures, my Funny Friend will have great pleasure in furnishing as soon as possible.

THE SHAM SACERDOS.

(*Ritualist sings*).

AMO a mass;
I make a lass,
Of conscience nice and tender,
Upon her knee
Confess to me,
For she 's of the feminine gender!
Harum scarum, BISHOP SARUM,
Horum corum, shrive, O!
Tag-rag, M.B. waistcoat, chasuble and hatband,
Hic, hoc, humbug vocativo.

INTERNATIONAL COINAGE.

A COMMISSION has been appointed to consider the question of International coinage. The Astronomer-Royal is on it. His duty will be to detect by means of his best telescope the Light weights. On the excellent Secretary, MR. RIVERS WILSON, will devolve the duty of testing each national coin in the English fashion, *i.e.*, the ordeal by biting.

The Commission will occupy its first day by tossing for *centimes* until they've reduced themselves to a common denomination. As the Shilling is likely to be abolished, *Mr. Punch* proposes establishing an office, his own in Fleet Street will do to begin with, where all the shillings will be called in, and full value up to sixpence given for each one.

Sympathies with Respect to Shot.

UNDER the title of "*L'Empereur et le Soldat*," an article in the *Moniteur* contains, according to a contemporary, the passage following:

"When a regiment passes, the clarion vibrates in the heart, the drum quickens the step, the eye grows proud, the hand is impatient to grasp arms. Men become animated and sympathise with the flag torn by the bullet."

Do they? No doubt some men do sympathise with the flag torn by the bullet. Others are rather disposed to conceive sympathy with the flesh torn by the bullet, and with the bones which it smashes.

INCOME-TAX RETURN.

COMPANION to *Pegasus in the Pound*, Twopence in the Pound.

OUR INSPECTION.

Lieutenant-Colonel. "HULLO! CONFOUND IT! THERE'S A MAN BLOWING HIS NOSE—AND WITH A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, TOO! TUT-T-T-T-T!"

LORD MACAULAY'S VALENTINE.

IT is not *Mr. Punch's* way to come under the window of a newly-married couple, and make a congratulatory row. He cannot consider that custom elegant or delicate. But a young lady who has been so fortunate as to be complimented in verse by LORD MACAULAY, becomes almost an historical personage, and when she weds, the graceful *Punch* may be allowed to raise and even to wave his hat. Surely if it were permitted to a courtly bard of other days to celebrate the hour

"When HERVEY the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful MOLLY LEPEL,"

Mr. Punch, courtlier still, may venture to note that at St. George's Church, last week, the prophecy in LORD MACAULAY's celebrated Valentine was fulfilled. Writing to a "gentle child" of seven years old, he said,

"Prophetic rage my bosom swells,
I taste the cake: I hear the bells!
From Conduit Street the close array
Of chariots barricades the way
To where I see with outstretched hand
Majestic, thy great kinsman stand,
And half unbend his brow of pride
At welcoming so fair a bride."

Whether MR. PITT smiled or not *Mr. Punch* was too much interested to notice, but *Mr. Punch* smiled in his sweetest manner, and he has the utmost pleasure in thus inscribing with a pen of diamond, and encircling with an eternal garland of orange-flowers, the record that on the 18th February, 1868, the LADY MARY STANHOPE became the wife of the EARL BEAUCHAMP, late Fellow of All Souls.

"She did not waste on fops her beauty's dart,
But boasts the triumph of a lettered heart."

NOT IN THE BOOKS.

THE definition that TYTHELEIGH, the great High Church lawyer, gives of "sittings in error" is—a pew in a dissenting chapel.

TO MR. BEALES.

MR. BEALES, accept a compliment from *Mr. Punch* who, you will admit, has not precisely plastered you with eulogy. At a meeting of the Council of the Reform League last week, a resolution was proposed in favour of the instant destruction of the Irish Church. You approved the proposal, but you demanded that vested interests should be respected, and compensation provided. You were yelled down, and the Irish Clergy were called "thieves and robbers." You were indignant, but the Bubblyjocks were your masters, and the motion for destruction, "without regard to vested interests," was carried by a large majority. You insisted on recording your protest against dishonesty. Accept *Mr. Punch's* compliment. Protest again when the Bubblyjocks carry a resolution for the obliteration of a National Debt incurred by aristocrats for tyrannic purposes. Protest for the third time when the Bubblyjocks carry a resolution that you have had your own comfortable house long enough, and ought to resign it, without compensation, to some Citizen Bubblyjock who is tired of his own garret. Then abdicate; and, if you have nothing better to do, take to a crossing. It would be far more respectable than being the tool of men who could carry the resolution of last week, and who have thereby added their meeting-place to the list of Thieves' Kitchens.

"Here he Goes Up! Up! Up!"

THE *Telegraph* points to MR. DISRAELI for Premier, in the event of LORD DERBY's secession. If this designation is verified by the fact VIVIAN GREY will stand perched on a DIZZY pinnacle indeed! At this dangerous elevation, *Punch's* prayer is, "May his head be cool, his feet firm, and his balance more satisfactory than last year!"

A NEDDYFYING REMARK.

THE Boundaries Commission has reported, and among other things, throws Hampstead Heath into Marylebone. To judge by elections, the latter had already donkeys enough.

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A HINT TO HAIR-DRESSERS.

HOW TO MAKE THEIR ESTABLISHMENTS PAY HANDSOMELY.

"HANG HIM, FOUL COLLIER!"

WE prefix this quotation only to show our cleverness, as SIR ROBERT COLLIER is not foul, and had not the least desire to hang MR. EYRE. But, instructed by that Jamaica Committee, who cannot forgive MR. EYRE for having saved the island, and extirpated a pestilent cunning fanatic by means which were legally irregular, SIR ROBERT has applied at Bow Street for a warrant to try whether the decisions of the Shropshire Bench and the Middlesex Grand Jury cannot be overthrown, to the detriment of MR. EYRE. SIR THOMAS HENRY refused the warrant. As there was no case against the "principals," who hung GORDON, of course there was none against the "accessory." Will EYRE's persecutors never understand "us English." When, in a moment of excitement and alarm, a public officer is equal to the occasion, punishes murderers and stamps out firebrands, the English nature is much too generous to be hard upon him for doing the right thing in the wrong way. We are the most law-loving people in the world, but we are not prigs and pedants, and as BURKE said, "when a neighbour's house is on fire, we do not think it amiss should engines play a little on our own." We admit that it would have been better had "MR." GORDON been disposed of with the same regularity as "MR." GREENACRE, but this is no reason for such persistent persecution of an officer who endeavoured to do his best for his QUEEN.

SPOONEIGH WOULD GO AS LONG AS HIS HAIR HELD OUT.

There is a passage in the *Scouring of the White Horse*, a delightful book written by MR. THOMAS HUGHES, M.P., a gentleman known to MR. EYRE's persecutors, which is as follows. Speaking of the Governor of the East Angles (and the moral would be the same if the people had lived in the West), MR. HUGHES says, "It is a pity he did not on this occasion remember that having caught a great scoundrel, the best thing to do with him was to see him hung out of the way himself." That's all.

CIVILISATION RECEDING.

THERE are not a few persons who will derive high gratification from the sign of the times thus announced by contemporaries:—

"THE PENALTY OF DEATH IN SWITZERLAND.—The Grand Council of the canton of Friburg has just re-established the penalty of death, which was abolished 20 years ago. Out of 85 votes, 51 supported the re-introduction."

Twenty years ago and more there was a very general persuasion that mankind had arrived at the commencement of a new era, in which loving kindness would subdue brutality, and overcome evil with good. Enthusiasts went about predicting that there would soon be an end of war, and of capital punishment. We said at the time they would find themselves mistaken. So they do. We have had, in spite of your Great Exhibitions, which were to knit mankind in universal brotherhood, but didn't, a Crimean War, and an Indian Mutiny, an American Civil War, and a War for German Unity, not to mention an Insurrection stamped out in Jamaica. The crime of murder has increased, to the proportionate increase of executions. Obstinate and determined treason going on to assassination has necessitated hanging, here in England. And now, after twenty' years trial of secondary punishment in Switzerland, it has been found necessary to re-establish the penalty of death.

The abolition of capital punishment has proved a failure. So much for you, mawkish sentimentalists. Let us have no more of your amiable aspirations. As the world always has been, so it is, and so it always will be. There is no hope that war will ever cease, and that we shall ever be able to do without the gallows. Hooray! The substance of the foregoing remarks will doubtless seem familiar to many of our friends who are accustomed to enjoy the conversation, or recreate themselves with the writings, of strongminded but impassioned pessimists, to whom all evidence of the backward march of humanity is cheering.

CALL THAT A MEDAL?

The interesting and imposing ceremonial depicted in the annexed engraving was in this wise. *Mr. Punch* himself honoured the French Exhibition, the Gasometer, the Ovals, the Ellipses, or whatever you may like to call the place, by permitting his statue, exquisitely executed, to dominate over a sumptuous cabinet—it deserves no humbler name—on whose spiral columns were inscribed Names of Power, and on whose tablets were displayed marvels of art, pictorial and typographic. This was the gem of the Exhibition, and while myriads crowded to behold it (some of them so intensely interested that they could not help prigging choice specimens—we forgive them) *Mr. Punch* from his lofty height smiled upon the crowd, and said, in the words of the American beetle that was pinned to the wall,

"Though I 'm stuck up, I am not proud."

Well, he desired no further recognition than the homage of the entire world. He had that, and dismissed the subject from his mind. But, the other day, there comes to him—or rather to his esteemed publishers, for even with the 1,200,000 soldiers behind it, the Dynasty would not have dared to profane the name of *Punch*—a hideous thing in the semblance of a medal, silver or pewter he did not trouble himself to ascertain, but assuredly something which no charity boy with a sense of what was due to the parish would wear on his jacket.

You perceive what *Mr. Punch* did with the rubbish, and *Toby*, we believe, has expended it in cat's meat for the relief of the distressed cats of Fleet Street. Value such a medal? No, the reverse.

HOW TO CURB A CENTAURESS.

As the season is approaching, and Rotten Row ere long will be as crowded as Cheapside, it is as well to warn young ladies not to be too fast, when taking exercise on horseback, lest they haply share the fate of one who lately had to pay two guineas for her gallop, besides paying a visit to the Marlborough Street Police Court. This young Centauress was summoned for furious riding, "going at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and whipping her horse constantly," so the constable alleged. He also said that "several ladies and gentlemen had complained of her conduct," and Mr. Tyrwhitt, the Magistrate, in fining her, remarked:

"He was sorry to see a young lady in such a predicament, but he did not believe at the same time that the horse ran away with her as alleged. He believed she had ridden the horse at a fast rate, which might be amusing to her, but at the same time was dangerous to others, and she would therefore have to pay a fine of 40*s.* and costs."

When desiring to perform a rapid act of horsemanship, fast young ladies should not choose a place like Rotten Row, which never was intended to be turned into a race-course. For a young lady to make her *début* in a Police Court is not a very pleasant predicament to contemplate, but the Row would not be safe for quiet girls to ride in, if something were not done, as in the case above condensed, to clap a curb upon the centauresses. Let them amble, trot, or canter in Hyde Park as they please; but when they want a gallop, while they live in London, let them be content to take it in a ball-room.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AT THE LYCEUM.

Narcisse is easily dismissed, not so Mr. Bandmann, a clever German actor, who appears to have learnt his English in Ireland.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—*A Soirée at Baron 'd'Holback's.*

They talk. Enter *Narcisse*. *He* talks.

Scene 2.—*Front Scene. Cabinet of the* Duc de Choiseul.

Enter Mr. Jordan, *he* talks. Enter Mr. Farren, *he* talks. Both talk. [*Exeunt* Mr. Farren *and* Mr. Jordan.

Scene 3.—*The Actress's Boudoir (with a very unboudoirlike fire-place).*

Miss Palmer talks. *Narcisse* talks. Both talk till the Curtain drops. Audience talk.

ACT II.

Scene 1.—*Gallery of Mirrors.*

Madame de Pompadour enters. Charming. Does nothing. Nobody does anything.

Scene 2.—*Ante-Room.*

Enter Mr. Jordan. Enter Mr. Farren. They talk. [*Exeunt* Mr. Jordan *and* Mr. Farren.

Scene 3.—Quinault's *Saloon.*

Enter *Narcisse*. He talks. Miss Palmer talks again. He talks for a quarter of an hour more. Curtain.

ACT III.

Scene 1.—*Apartment at Versailles.*

The *Pompadour*. Charming again. Does nothing. Says something. Nobody does anything. Audience wonder what the deuce it 's all about.

Scene 2.—Du Choiseul's *Cabinet.* [*Front Scene.*

As usual, enter Mr. Jordan, *he* talks. As before, enter Mr. Farren, *he* talks. Both talk. [*Exeunt for the third time*, Mr. Jordan *and* Mr. Farren.

Scene 3.—*The Lace Gallery at Versailles. Situation from the Play Scene in Hamlet.*

Admirable acting of Mr. Bandmann, the only relief to the piece, which thus winds up triumphantly.

Clever Friend. Ah, you should have seen it in the original German.
Ourselves. Well, we 've seen the original German in *it*.
Clever Friend. Ah, you 've no idea——
Ourselves. No, we 've not. Good night. [*Exeunt omnes.*

AN ARTICLE IN THEIR OWN STYLE.

What is the use of the Americans going on bothering and humbugging in this way? Here is their Government at a dead lock, the President defying Congress, and Congress denouncing the President. The latter is made to keep a Minister whom he hates, and he appeals to the law to turn the man out. Reconstruction fails, and the negroes are partly inclined to obey their late owners, partly disposed to seize the United States generally, and make the whites work for them. And everybody is obliged to toady the Irish, for the sake of votes, though as soon as the votes are given the Irish will be kicked. The President lays a trap for Grant, and Grant snubs the President. Is this a state of things to go on? Is this a condition into which the descendants of the English should be plunged? Can they not see with their eyes and understand with their elbows? Clearly, the Americans have before them a splendid chance of regeneration. Let them have a *coup d'état*—they like French words. Abolish the President as a power, but let him reign, and have responsible Ministers—men responsible to Parliament (get rid of the affected word Congress), and liable to be turned out when a majority opposes them. Abolish, also, universal suffrage, and impose a qualification which shall exclude all rowdies, Irish, contractors, New York municipals, bully-boys, pugilists, and the scum generally. Create an Aristocracy—the Americans have the words "Honourable" and "Reverend" now, and it is childish to be afraid of "Baronet" and "Lord." Have a standard of manners and good breeding. Don't wear black clothes in the morning. In a word, become a gentlemanly as you are a great nation. We frankly present you with this advice in exchange for your lectures on our duty to Ireland, and inasmuch as you are at a dead lock, as we have said, and our institutions are working exceedingly well—a man from the ranks has just become Premier—we consider that we are doubly entitled to blow you up for not understanding your own business. Let 's liquor up all round.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 24. Great news this week, enormous, gigantic, colossal. But we must take it in its due place. *Mr. Punch*, like MR. DISRAELI, knows how to wait.

My Lords, waking up for the first time since the holidays, plunged into an Irish debate to-night. LORD CLANRICARDE moved his Land Tenure Bill, and drew a pleasing picture of Ireland: rents were paid, farmers were doing well, and all that he thought was wanted was a law for making written agreements more easy and general.

It is easy to say Tenant Right, but suppose the Tenant can't write?

LORD KIMBERLEY, Liberal and late Lord-Lieutenant, criticised MR. MILL's proposal that Government should become The Irish Landlord, saying, that this was to hold out to the tenant that if there were no Government, there would be no rents to pay, a Fenianite suggestion by no means desirable.

LORD MALMESBURY (Lord Privy Seal) said that really his friends and chiefs had told him nothing, and therefore that was all that he could tell the House.

The Bill was read a First Time.

LORD MALMESBURY repeated that he could not tell the Lords anything, but he moved the Second Reading of the Habeas Corpus Suspension, saying that the late Government had 360 disaffected folks in custody, the present one only 95.

LORD RUSSELL introduced a fair and ingenious puff of his new pamphlet, which he begged their Lordships to consult, if they wanted to know his views. He adduced the fact that of all emigrants it was only the Irish who were hostile to their home government, in proof that there was something wrong, and the sooner we set matters right the better.

LORD HARDWICKE wanted to know why LORD RUSSELL, when in office, had done nothing towards such settlement, and thought it unfair in him to scold others for not doing what he had neglected.

LORD GREY thought that it would take time to secure the regard of the Irish, but that the first thing to do was to upset the Irish Church.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND (who is not Premier) said that on the next night in the Commons, LORD MAYO, the Irish Secretary, was going to reveal the plans of the Government, so he, Dux, would say nothing now. This was much neater than LORD MALMESBURY.

The MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH (*ætat.* 83) said something about the desirability of imitating OLIVER CROMWELL'S treatment of the Irish.

The EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH was stern. We owed a debt to the Irish Protestants who had so long and so faithfully garrisoned Ireland. He was, however, for religious equality.

The BISHOP OF KILLALOE, as patron of 52 livings, naturally had something to say in behalf of the Church.

The Bill was read a Second Time.

In the Commons, MR. DUNCAN M'LAREN, M.P. for Edinburgh, gave notice that the Scotch Reform Bill would not do, and that Scotland must have at least 15 new Members. She won't.

The LORD ADVOCATE introduced Bills for improving the Court of Session and other courts in Scotland. The Scottish Members wisely settle these Bills among themselves, whereby the law gets decently drawn up, and trouble is saved to the Imperial Legislature. We, like the old Scotch woman who heard the great preacher, "wad na hae the presumption to understand a word o't."

Tuesday. There was to have been great Irish debate, but Saxon arrangements thrust themselves in the way.

The EARL OF DERBY resigned:

And the QUEEN desired MR. DISRAELI to form a Government. "If possible," said LORD MALMESBURY, announcing the facts with his usual exquisitely felicitous language. Anybody not acquainted with his Lordship's special grace of speech would have thought that there was difficulty. Whereas the Great Educator had no trouble at all, and the old Ministry became the new one, with the exception that we have a new Premier, a new Chancellor, LORD CAIRNS (the able-bodied seaman CHELMSFORD not being exactly "pressed" on board the *Benjamin Disraeli*), and we have the most stalwart Chancellor of Exchequer that ever carried a Budget, MR. WARD HUNT.

EARL RUSSELL, of course, paid a gracious tribute to the retiring Premier, and his great qualities, and hoped that the Lords would again and often hear his noble and eloquent language.

In the Commons the announcement was far more interesting, as it had to be made by the son of LORD DERBY. The Foreign Minister spoke with emotion, and was loudly cheered on all sides. He moved adjournment. There were shouts for

MR. GLADSTONE, who, in allusion to the special cause, ill-health, which LORD STANLEY had, by a singular destiny, to announce as the reason for his father's retirement, expressed regret that such a career should be so brought to a close.

MR. MAGUIRE, who had been about to initiate the Irish debate, hoped for an early day. LORD STANLEY was no less desirous of a full discussion.

The House adjourned until Friday.

Here *Mr. Punch* interpolateth a few precious words of his own. In one of the most remarkable Cartoons which he has ever presented to a delighted world, he has recorded the event of the day, the rise of an un-aided, untitled, and originally unpopular man to the highest place in the state. The Educator is now formally installed as Head Master, and as at Eton, he receives a Rod (Blue Ribbon in good time) which, doubtless, he will be glad to use as little as possible, but which we take it will not exactly resemble that spoken of by *Duke Vincentio*:—

> "Fond fathers
> Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch
> Only to stick it in their children's sight
> For terror, not for use: in time the Rod
> Becomes more mocked than feared."

Mr. Punch has fought with MR. DISRAELI many an hour by the Shrewsbury clock, which used to sound the close of the poll for the honourable gentleman. It is extremely possible that *Mr. Punch* may have to fight with him again, many a time, and oft. He is a foeman worthy of *Mr. Punch's* steel. Be this as it may, *Mr. Punch* hereby presents his best compliments to the Premier of England, and respectfully reminds him that in 1848 MR. DISRAELI said in the House, "I belong to a party that can triumph no more." The words were half true. The party belongs to MR. DISRAELI, and the triumph is his. He has

> "Wielded at will the 'Aristocracy.'"

Whether it shall be peace or war between us depends upon the future, not the past. But be it which it may, *Mr. Punch* frankly recognises the genius and the perseverance which after thirty years of strife, have been rewarded with the Premiership.

We shall take no formal leave of Prince Rupert. We share the hope of EARL RUSSELL that we shall often meet LORD DERBY in the House of Peers, and we add, Homerically, that if he may not fight, he may come down to the trenches and raise his voice, like ACHILLES:—

> Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀριζήλη φωνὴ γενετ' Αἰακίδαο
> Οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν αἰον ὄπα χαλκεον Αἰακίδαο
> Πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμος.

Thursday. My Lords met, only to pass the Suspension Bill for Ireland.

Friday. Both your Houses met, but only to be told to go away again, like good houses, and come back again on the following Thursday. MR. GLADSTONE showed characteristic adroitness in his reply to LORD STANLEY'S notification—did not think that, as a rule, there should be so much delay, as a few changes of office required but little; but as of late, owing to LORD DERBY'S health, the Cabinet must have approached the Irish Question in a crippled and partially restrained condition, and as there might be more Significance in the change of Premiership than those outside could be aware of, he would freely and cheerfully, but on those special grounds, accede to the proposal for adjournment. But the business of the Session promised to be rather "severe," and we should be nearly a month behindhand. If any flippant Swell thinks that all this elaboration of expression was merely formal, he had better tarry at Jericho till his beard be grown. Not on Gladstonianisms, Swell, do thou pronounce autoschediastically.

COURTESY TO COLOURED GENTLEMEN.

A CHANGE has come over the colour of Southern independence never dreamt about by the insurgent Southerners—a change from white to black. Not only has black become independent of white, but the former element in the Southern Conventions preponderates over the latter. Moreover, it is asserting not merely its independence but likewise its dignity, insomuch that, according to an American correspondent of the *Times*:—

> "In North Carolina one of the latest achievements of the Convention has been o expel a newspaper reporter for calling the black members 'niggers;' and in Mississippi a proposition has been made to expel such reporters as do not put 'Mr.' before the names of the dark delegates."

In thus insisting on being named with the title which they consider due to their consequence, the coloured gentlemen of North Carolina, however, should remember that there are cases in which its omission is complimentary. We do not say MR. CÆSAR.

Two Good Reasons.

HARSH comments are made upon the conduct of SIR MORTON PETO in retaining his seat for Bristol. He is unkindly accused of doing so in deference to a clique that is not yet ready with a candidate. We believe that this is not the case, and that SIR MORTON PETO merely desires to take part in the coming debates on "Charities" and on the Bankruptcy Law.

RETAIL TRADERS v. CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

JOHN THOMAS IS EMPHATICALLY ON THE SIDE OF THE FORMER.

PEERS, IDLE PEERS!

"The House of Lords sat last night somewhat less than a quarter of an hour, during which no business was done."—*Times.*

PEERS, idle Peers, I know not what they do.
Peers from the depths of their luxurious chairs
Rise in the Clubs, and saunter to the House,
In-looking on the happy HUGH, LORD CAIRNS,
And thinking of the Bills that are in store.

Sure as the hammer falling at a sale,
That makes us travel by the Underground,
Sad as the feeling when our bargains prove
Not quite the treasures which we hoped to find;
So sad, so sure, the Bills that are to bore.

Ah, sad (*not* strange) as on dark winter morns
The surliest knock of half-impatient dun
To drowsy ears, ere, watched by drowsy eyes,
The tailor slowly goes across the Square;
So sad, so very sad, the Bills that are in store.

Drear as repeated hisses at your Play,
And dread as dreams by indigestion caused
To those that take hot suppers; dull as law,
Dull as dry law, and lost without regret;
O House of Lords, the Bills that are to bore.

THE BRITISH LION AT THE HOME OFFICE.

IT is doubtful if more of the naked truth was ever exposed in a Minister's Room than by one MR. SMITH, "of Rotherhithe," at MR. HARDY'S reception of the Deputation from the National Conservative Union last week. Our good friend the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has a sharp eye for the *plums* in the gathering of the day, prints a verbatim report of this harangue of the illustrious SMITH—who assumes the proud title of "part-proprietor of the *British Lion*."

And who, let us ask, if we may judge by the *Post-office Directory*, can set up a better title to that designation than SMITH—JOHN SMITH, no doubt—at once eponym and representative of the *gens* SMITH, which counts more heads than any *gens* in the nation—BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON not excepted. And thus he roared, at the Home Office, in the manner characteristic of the animal, with one eye to his principles, and the other to his profits:—

"The stronghold of Radicalism has been the weekly cheap press, but we, Sir, have established the *British Lion*, which circulates in thousands, and I call on you, Sir, and all present, to support it in a business way by giving it advertisements. In the *British Lion*, Sir, we have given the Liberals what they will not forget. They have libelled us in every way, and called us everything, even walrusses. *They have even gone so far as to say that no one could know whether we had a head or a tail.* What are those people to whom we are opposed? Are they the people who figured in last Saturday's paper as persecuting the press? Are they not the people who get up an agitation like wildfire? I have been used to work all my life, and I can tell you I don't want no mercenary agitators. What we want you, the Conservative Ministry—you whom we have the highest respect for and confidence in—to do is, to associate with us, to come a little more amongst us. You did not come to the Crystal Palace. But, certainly, LORD JOHN MANNERS did come. Well, Sir, I wish to present you with this paper (*British Lion*) to peruse over. *I wrote to the* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER *about this 'British Lion,' but I did not receive a reply, and I also wrote to* LORD DERBY *for support, but I did not get any.* [A very cruel hit this.] It is a penny paper, Sir—it is a new Paper, Sir—and is doing an immense amount of good. If there are any Conservative gentlemen here who have advertisements to give away, let them not mind sending them to the daily papers, but to us; because I may tell you, Sir, that I'm a part proprietor of the *British Lion*, and of course I wish to do my property service. In conclusion, Sir, I have very great pleasure in meeting MR. HARDY, that great hero of the metropolis."

Well roared, British Lion! . . . The conclusion of the *Gazette's* report is startling. "MR. HARDY," it says, "bowed, and *put the British Lion in his pocket.*"

Let us hope no British Home Secretary ever did *that*. MR. WALPOLE once put the British Lion, if not in his pocket, in his pocket-handkerchief, when he wept in the bosom of BEALES, but we had trusted that MR. HARDY, as his name implies, was made of sterner stuff. Perhaps, however, if he *did* put the *British Lion* in his pocket, it was only to have him ready to slip at any noisy mob who may hereafter venture to invade the Home Office, be it FINLAN and his Fenians, or even BEALES and his Bubbleyjocks.

THE SEDENTARY MAN'S PARADISE.—Sittingbourne.

THE NEW HEAD MASTER.

A NEW NOVEL COMPANY.

THE first novel by the Sensational Novel Company (Limited) consisting of—

The Authors of *Never Too Late for the Colleen Pogue, Dora's Vampire, Who's Griffiths (Gaunt)? Hard Streets of London Assurance, Peg Woffington's Long Strike, The Double Carriage, Hunted Up.*

Also of the Authors of *The Woman with No Name, The Thoroughfare without a Heart, The 'Idden 'And.*

Also of the Authors of *Les Mystères de Château Boum, Mokeanna, or The White Witness, Jasper's Money, The Grandmother's Vengeance, Lady Disorderly's Secret, Romula and Rema, The White Ram, The Mabel False, Spiritual Columbines, Nobody's Nephew.*

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

In order to present the public with a work of fiction which shall be unequalled by any similar production of the present day, the Editor has ordered a novel from the above recently-established Sensational Novel Company (Limited) consisting of various distinguished authors whose works are mentioned above, and whose names it would therefore be unnecessary, nay superfluous, to give.

The Editor's object has been to obtain the most startling, most thrilling, most exciting plot constructed by the most original romancers, whether from their own or foreign brains it matters not, now in this country; situations contrived by experienced dramatists, sharp, crisp dialogue by the ablest novelists and dramatic writers, and descriptions, where requisite, by several distinguished gentlemen whose speciality lies in this groove.

The reader's time will not be wasted on pages of analysis of character, descriptive touches about sunsets, sunrises, trees and the appearance of nature generally under various aspects, which only impede the clear course of the story and tire the patience of the purchaser.

As each Author engaged upon this tale has been constantly employed (according to the rules of the Company) in revising his collaborators' work, the desired end has been obtained, and with few exceptions [where the Editor has at the last moment restored passages or interpolated necessary explanations] the story never flags either in action or in dialogue.

That is, *as far as the Editor has read at present*, for the entire novel is not yet in his hands.

The illustrations are, or rather will be, by several artists of undoubted reputation, whom it would occupy too much space here to name, and whose particular praises it would be to a degree invidious to sing. They are, the Editor is most happy to say, on excellent terms with the Authors of this novel, and therefore he confidently expects the happiest results from such a combination of Genius and Talent.

To his dear friends, the Authors, the Editor turns and begs them to remember the old fable of the bundle of sticks, a suggestion he would not dare to make to a Company of Actors—but to the Literary Limited Company the case is happily far different. Bear with each other's faults of style, and continue to aim at producing by your united efforts One such work as shall establish your new speculation on a secure basis, and shall mark an era in the Literature of our Great and Glorious Country. Now, to the public!*

ADDENDUM.

On consideration, the Editor deems it as well to state, at the outset of this new undertaking, two conditions for which the Directors of the Co., for *themselves*, and the Authors, for *themselves*, have stipulated as a *sine quâ non* of publication in this journal:—

First. That the Directors shall have full liberty, from time to time, to publish with the story such notes as they may deem necessary for the clear explanation of the novel, the benefit of the public at large, and their own protection as Directors of the aforesaid Company.

Secondly. That the Authors shall have full liberty to publish, from time to time *with* the Story, individually or conjointly, the one with the other, such notes as they together, or each severally, shall deem necessary for the furtherance of the plot, their own reputations individually or collectively, and the general advantage of the public at large.

*** The Editor having as cheerfully as possible consented to the above stipulations, now trusts to the *good faith, kindly forbearance, and gentlemanly feeling* of all concerned in this present Novel, not to abuse the concession thus made, and finally throws himself upon the kindness of a generous and indulgent public.

[* This finishing sentence was unluckily in print, and escaped the Editor's wary eye. It means "now I place this novel in the hands of the public, who will pronounce upon its merits." As it stands it does appear as if the Editor, fatigued by the excessive exertions of Preface-writing, had thrown down the pen and thirsting for refreshment, had exclaimed, "Now to the *Public!*" an erroneous impression which he hastens to remove. As MR. DOWLER said, "Those who know me best, best know me," or words to that effect.—ED.

A few Words as to the Title of the New Novel, "CHIKKIN HAZARD."

The Authors jointly and severally protest against this title, which has been selected by the Editor—[also jointly and severally against all the titles proposed by one another]—as however no better one could be agreed upon, this was at a recent meeting of the Company adopted under protest:—

They wish it to be distinctly understood that CHIKKIN HAZARD (*spelt thus also under protest*) was not, nor is, nor ever has been, suggested by the highly successful novel now publishing in weekly parts, entitled *Fowl Play*, nor any part or parts of it, nor do they (the Authors) think that as far as they've gone the name CHIKKIN HAZARD has very much to do with the Story.

Note by the Directors of the New Company.—The Directors beg to state that they have the greatest confidence in the Editor's discretion, and in justice to him, themselves and the Company, they now place before the public the titles originally suggested by the various Authors engaged upon this work:—

1. The Fiend's Followers.
2. The Clergyman's Grandmother.
3. Gentle Maud: a Tale of Saxony.
4. Happy Days in Langouste: a Troubadour's Story.
5. Sepoy Sam: or, The Rollicking Recollections of Toothless Tommy.
6. The Better Land; a Series for Children.
7. Dan, or the Murderers of the Mhoil Dhu.
8. My First Polka.
9. Golly Boy. A Tale of the Early Christians.
10. Boar Hunting in Australia.
11. Glen M'Kroskie, or the Last of the Highland Chiefs.
12. When there's a Will there's a Way, or how to Cure Smoky Chimneys.
13. Sir Martin Nickleby, or Dombey and Twist: a Romance of the Thirteenth Century.
14. Hocus; or, The Dark Horse. A Confession of Turf Rascality.

The fifteenth was Magnolia, or the Captive Turk: a Poem in Seven Books: and was immediately protested against by every one concerned in the success of the work. Its proposer was unable to see that his idea scarcely fitted in with the scheme of a sensational novel, and he at first resigned his seat at the Company's board, but an arrangement having been entered into that he should provide whatever poetry might be wanted (three pieces at least being stipulated for) in the course of the story, our kind and amiable friend resumed his functions in the Company.

CHAPTER I.

(*Will appear in our next.*)

FOXHUNTING IN FRANCE.

IT is with pardonable pride that we reflect upon the fact that our lively friends the French are yearly learning more and more to imitate the English. Roast beef with them is now an extremely common dish, although they have not yet acquired our taste for eating it with horse-radish. *Plumpouding à l'Anglaise* they also vastly relish, though their cooks have not yet learned the art of making it correctly. Beer is now the favourite tipple on the boulevards, and French swells are seen parading with a big stick and a *boule-dog*. The athletic game of dominoes is going out of fashion, and young athletes pant for glory in *le noble jeu de cricket*. Rowing clubs, too, flourish, and have capital *regates*, and the science of *la boxe* is now so popular in Paris that duels will, ere long, be decided with the fists, instead of swords or pistols.

So we can hardly be surprised when a newspaper informs us that—

"The novel entertainment of fox-hunting in the Bois de Boulogne is promised this season."

Fox-hunting in France! How the ghost of poor *Tom Moody* would stare at such a notion! How he would have roared at Mounseer Froggy going fox-hunting! Conceive his burst of laughter at the marvellous costume which would adorn the gallant sportsman. Fancy his delight at hearing "Yoicks!" or "Tallyho!" or their nearest French equivalents, shouted by a Frenchman.

But we are fast outgrowing our old insular ideas of British universal world-superiority. Why should not Frenchmen hunt, and hunt as well as Englishmen? Perhaps the Bois de Boulogne is hardly fitted for the sport, any more than would Hyde Park be, for men who like big jumps and are straight goers across country. But let the sport be set on foot, and better meets will be suggested, and French journals, like our own, will soon be full of hunting fixtures. We love to see good sport, and would everywhere encourage it, believing that it leads to health and happiness in life, if enjoyed in moderation. Fox-hunting is certainly a far more manly pastime than lounging in a *café*, playing dominoes or billiards.

SINCERITY.

Niece. "I'M WRITING TO CLARA SMITH, AUNT. SHALL I SAY ANYTHING FROM YOU?"
Aunt. "YOU MAY GIVE HER MY LOVE, DEAR. HOW I DO DISLIKE THAT GIRL, TO BE SURE!!"

A PART OF THE PEOPLE'S WAR.

O SAY not England's now at war;
Say part of England's nation,
This Abyssinian business for,
That suffers all taxation!

O say not others glory share,
Whereof the cost immense is,
Than those who have alone to bear
The weight of its expenses!

That burden, borne by their sole backs,
The rest oppresses never;
The class who pay the Income-Tax
It grinds and grinds for ever!

DATA REDDERE NOLUNT?

AT the beginning of an eloquent address lately delivered by MR. HEPWORTH DIXON, at Brighton, he says,

"A shrewd and witty lady used to tell me that the most impertinent thing a man could ask of a woman was to remember a date; most of all so, when the date was a long time ago."

LADY MORGAN was shrewd, but did she ever know a woman who was unable to prove by dates how old another woman must be, especially if the latter were impertinent enough to be handsome?

Picked up in Wilton Place.

QUOTING from MR. ROBERTSON's eminent predecessor, visitors to the Prince of Wales's, on leaving the Theatre, say to each other—

"The *Play*'s the thing."

THE NINE DAYS' WONDER.

MR. PUNCH,

"GREAT wit to madness nearly is allied;" perhaps, Sir, you have an uncle in a lunatic asylum. Allow me to call your attention to a theory proposed with reference to the late mysterious disappearance now elucidated.

"Mad, Sir, mad as a March hare. What! why, his brother was the great African traveller. All mad, Sir; all African travellers, LIVINGSTONE and all the rest. Go roaming amongst lions, and cannibals who eat their sick relations—mad, Sir, mad! Uncontrollable impulse to wander about—monomania. Outbreak of travelling craze—disappearance. Accounted for at once. Suppressed madness, all of a sudden rampant. That's all, Sir, that's all."

"There seems to be a great deal in what you say, Sir," I replied to old MR. BRUFF. It certainly is difficult to imagine what but madness could induce anybody to go roaming about, as you say, among lions and cannibals. But we might think the same of gentlemen of wealth who choose to put themselves in the way of cannon-balls."

"So I do, Sir. Only, so long as we want an army, we mustn't say so."

"Well, Sir, I only so far venture to differ from you as not to call our famous travellers and explorers all absolutely mad. But, doubtless, your Mungo Parks, your Belzonis, your Burtons, your Bekes, and your Spekes, are actuated by a peculiar impulse to travel. It looks like the operation of a particular faculty—a special genius."

"Inordinate passion, Sir; enthusiasm—insanity."

"When excessive and outrageous, yes. Otherwise, like a peculiar turn for music—or ciphering. Now, certainly it does not follow that because a man likes butter, therefore his brother must like butter. Still, brothers very often have similar tastes. Phrenology——"

"Phrenology is all humbug, Sir."

"Possibly not quite all. Your brains, Sir, perhaps are not mere stuffing, they may have functions above those of so much fat. Now, Phrenology, Sir, says, that there is a certain organ of 'Locality,' of which large size and great activity occasion ardent love of travelling. Suppose two brothers have it, both of them, large. In the case of one it finds relief in exertion, has no play in that of the latter. At last its pent-up energy explodes in temporary aberration. Of course, Sir, this is a mere hypothesis, but isn't it as good a one as the less charitable supposition on which journalists have been using strong language, talking about suicide of reputation and so on?"

"Well, Sir, perhaps so. But mind, I don't give in to Phrenology; I can't, I won't, I never will; nor to Mesmerism neither, nor Popery."

Your Profundity, *Mr. Punch*, will discern that my suggestion of a mind unbalanced by a seizure with over-excitement of the desire to travel, may be true independently of Phrenology. I propose it, not of course, as any possibly new idea to your masculine readers, but in the hope that the numerous young ladies who study your columns may perhaps derive some recreation from considering a little question of mental philosophy and pathology. Wherewith I rest, yours truly,

JEREMIAH BUMPS.

P.S. It strikes me, at any rate, that the obvious surmise of temporary derangement might have cooled the indignation that was kindled by an appearance of trifling with the British Public's curiosity.

FANCIFUL, BUT FISHY.

FANCY Balls have recently been plentiful in Paris, and we can fancy from what follows that these Fancy Balls have brought forth some fanciful costumes:—

"Among the novel toilette effects, people speak of an *aquarium*, showing the waist enclosed with beautiful shells, the continuation being a short *jupe* of sea-green colour, on which are to be found numerous samples of the animal and vegetable world."

Only fancy a man's feelings at hearing that he has to waltz with an aquarium! He would next expect to dance the polka with an aviary. What a queer quadrille it would be where two such partners were seen dancing with a farmyard and a stable, which, considered as costumes, would be hardly more preposterous. With regard to the aquarium, we think a wreath of sea anemones entwined round her back-hair would have been prettily appropriate. A nice bouquet of sea-weeds would also have been suitable, and when going to the ball she might have been most fitly wrapped up in a seal-skin. The shells worn round her waist must have been troublesome to a partner, if they were either sharp or prickly. Fancy what a state his right-hand glove would get into, after clasping in a waltz a waist girt about with razor-shells, or, still worse, with prickly cockles! Moreover, we object to the "samples of the animal world," as being wholly out of place upon a sea-green petticoat. If it ever be our fortune to dance with an aquarium, we should much prefer her wearing a score or two of nice fresh juicy oysters on her jupe, which we could open at our leisure, and eat after each dance, if she were kind enough to wear for us a knife hung from her girdle.

NARCISSE.

"Narcissumque vocat. De quo consultus, an esset
Tempora maturæ visurus longa senectæ:
Fatidicus vates, 'Si se non viderit,' inquit.
Vana diu visa est vox auguris. Exitus illam,
Resque probat, letique genus, novitasque furoris."
Ovid, Met. III. 346.

MR. PUNCH is glad to hold out the right hand of fellowship to a foreign actor, HERR BANDMANN, who has lately made a very successful appearance among us in a favourite German part called *Narcisse*. This gentleman brings to our stage a bilingual reputation—German and American. He can hardly speak German more fluently and correctly than, on the whole—and bating an Americanism or two—he speaks English. The American stage, like most American arts and institutions, is, as yet, little more than a copy of the English stage, with its worst points; such as excess, trust in clap-trap, and lack of refinement, made more prominent; and the Transatlantic brand—as we have learnt from too many imported samples of United States stage-wares labelled "first-class American," but which, on trial, have turned out Brummagem on this side of the water—is anything but a guarantee of quality. Exceptions, like JEFFERSON, only prove the rule.

But the German stage is quite unlike our own. The direct influence of such men as GOETHE, SCHILLER, and LESSING, and, in a lower range, IMMERMANN, LAUBE, and other literary stage directors, and the connection of the theatre with the Court in the small German states, have both tended to give an intellectual character to German actors and audiences, which, if occasionally leading to dulness and artificiality in the players, and to tolerance of long-winded plays and stilted performances in the people, has yet produced a sense of respect for art and brains in both, the want of which is the chief cause of the coarseness of most English acting, and the general relish of the British public for coarse sensations and sources of effect, and insensibility to refined ones.

In MR. BANDMANN's acting, the idealising and artificial style of the German stage has been dashed, but not destroyed, tempered, but not trampled out, by the influences of his American experience. He has learned to depend on nature, without disregarding the measure and means of Art, to keep his fervour on this side of rant, and to sustain his pathos above the region of whine and namby-pamby. His art has just that ideal and poetic quality which is so rare on our stage just now, that it may practically be treated as altogether wanting. He has, especially, two gifts which are indispensable to a poetic actor—fervour of passion, and grace of movement. Realism, the supremacy of "coat and waistcoat" plays, the reign of sensation and prose, instead of idealism and blank verse, and the study of the models furnished by a time of restrained emotion, and slovenly manners, have gone far to destroy these among English actors. It is well that we should be recalled to their charm and value. MR. FECHTER did much in this way. MR. BANDMANN continues, and, unless we are mistaken, betters the instruction.

But the play and the part he has chosen for his *début* are not what they ought to be. HERR BRACHVOGEL's Five Act Tragedy, translated literally, would be utterly intolerable to a British public from its tediousness and stiltedness together. Even as condensed (to little over two hours) and enlivened in the adaptation played at the Lyceum, it is, too often, heavy and dull. Nor is the part of *Narcisse*, though it gives the actor some effective openings, essentially better than the play. We have heard Germans call him "a nineteenth century *Hamlet*." We can only say as German a *Hamlet*, as *Klopstock* is a MILTON.

But the merits of the actor are distinct from those of the part. As to the former, we recommend playgoers to judge for themselves. As to the latter, we recommend HERR BANDMANN to study the *Sors Ovidiana* which we have prefixed to this notice.

If he wishes to maintain and enhance his success, don't let him fall in love with himself in *Narcisse*, but turn from that unhealthy and stagey part to something manlier and nobler—*Hamlet, Othello, Shylock*. There is SHAKSPEARE crying, "Come act me!"

Don't let him think, because MR. FECHTER was faithless enough to throw over SHAKSPEARE for sensation, and to prefer the fustian of French melodrama to the fire and force of English tragedy, that there is not room and verge enough for a great actor among the high places of the poetic drama. He will find plenty to preach that doctrine to him. Let him turn a deaf ear to these evil counsellors, and take for his motto, the American poet's device, "Excelsior!"

NEW WORK.

SHORTLY will be published, a Companion Volume to *Old Deccan Days*, to be entitled *Old Decanter Nights*, by a Three-bottle Man.

A VULGAR ERROR.—"ZOE" is wrong in supposing that "N.B." at the end of the address on letters going to North Britain means—"Take Notice. Here is a Scotchman who stops at home."

A FENIAN ON HIS FRIENDS.

TUNE—*Itinerary Ballad.*

O PITY a Fenian prisoner,
Awaiting of his doom,
For treason and for murder too,
All in a prison's gloom.
My native soil was Ireland,
The Island of the Free,
But I scorned to live the Saxon's thrall
In chains and slavery.
In proud disdain to be a slave,
I emigrated o'er the wave.

A citizen of the United States
In due time I became,
And there fought in the ranks of death
On the glorious field of fame.
But when the war was ended,
And Peace prevailed once more,
I joined the Fenian Brotherhood,
And returned to my native shore.
We thought to lay the tyrants low,
The time was come to strike the blow.

But, what made us especially
The British Lion dare,
Was the friends of the bold Jamaica blacks,
And the foes of GOVERNOR EYRE.
The more because among that crew
The members, name by name,
That took our part in Parliament,
Were all of them the same.
They weren't kicked out; which when we saw,
It encouraged us to defy the law.

Policemen we did shoot and kill,
For which occasion some,
All in the town of Manchester,
Did suffer martyrdom.
In Clerkenwell we did blow down
The prison wall, and blew
Up working men and women,
And many children too.
Kind friends we'd got, by which thought we
For to enjoy impunity.

Again they're at the Governor,
Who put our brothers down,
And stamped out black rebellion,
When they rose against the Crown.
To get him hanged for murder
They had tried and failed before.
At Bow Street Court, on Thursday last,
They made the attempt once more.
We trust they'll prove our good friends still,
P. A. TAYLOR and JOHN STUART MILL.

To bring a loyal subject to
The gallows was their aim,
And oh may they exert themselves
To save us from the same!
Success to P. A. TAYLOR,
JOHN STUART MILL, and those
That seek the life of England's friends,
And side with England's foes.
The House of Commons won't expel
The friends that all find who rebel.

Wool in Request at Washington.

A CONTEMPORARY's correspondent at Washington begins his letter with the following observation:—

"This has been a week of great cry and of very little wool."

Great cry in the political metropolis of the United States is usual. But what of little wool? We suppose that, of the many coloured gentlemen whom the partiality of Congress must have attracted to Washington, an uncommonly few had been having their hair cut.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

MISS AMABEL HEIGHINGTON lays down her SHELLEY with a sigh, and thinks mankind must be greatly altered since the poet wrote—

"Nothing in the world is single."

SEVERE, BUT NECESSARY.

Time: 1·30 P.M. Circumstances: A "check" in the course of a day with the "All Bite 'Em."

Affable London Tradesman, a recent acquisition to the Hunt (refreshing himself out of a Sherry flask). "Well, now, and what 's his Lordship a 'avin' of?"

His Lordship. "I 'm taking some Cognac, Sir, that has been Twenty Years in Bottle. And let me tell you there 's a precious deal less Brandy in it than there is in your Sherry!!"

NESTOR AND ORPHEUS.

Mr. Punch takes off his hat to M. Auber, and gushes with congratulation on the fact that some fresh laurels have been added to his crown. To have written a new opera at the age of nearly ninety, is a feat which no composer, excepting M. Auber, has ever yet achieved. Moreover, the new opera has gained a marked success, and has most thoroughly deserved the applause it has excited, if *Mr. Punch* may credit the critical reports, and may judge, too, by the humming and the whistling of its music, wherewith he has been favoured by obliging connoisseurs. Not having time himself to go to Paris just at present—for what would Parliament become, without his weekly Essence?—*Mr. Punch* must wait a month or two ere hearing the new opera, which he hopes to do in London before the season ends. Then as *Agamemnon*, being, like him, "King of Men," *Mr. Punch* will shake the earth in applauding *Monsieur Nestor*, who is also *Monsieur Orpheus*. Meanwhile, *Mr. Punch* has consoled himself a little by a visit to the pretty little new Saint George's Opera-House, where he heard Mademoiselle Liebhart sing in the *Ambassadress* very prettily indeed; and, with his ears full of the charming melodies of Auber, he plodded his way homeward, warbling, "Auber, *toi que j'aime!*"

By the bye, *Mr. Punch*, in a recent article, did an injustice to his old friend, Mr. Webster, of the Adelphi. *Mr. Punch* objected to paying a fee for "booking," and avowed "that any Manager who would abolish this grievance might make a swift and substantial fortune."

Now Mr. Webster is a Manager who deserves that his pieces should have an Arabian Entertainments' run, and be the talk, and the sight, and the hearing of the Town for a thousand and one nights and more. Because Mr. Webster has abolished imposts. Because at the Adelphi there are no booking fees, no tolls to attendants, no taxes on playbills.

It has taken centuries to get rid of Middle Row, it has taken long, long years to lower the crown of our hats, to improve our shirt-collars, and produce matches that ignite only on the box—let us for once have a sudden surprise, an unexpected windfall, the announcement that, imitating the excellent example of the Adelphi, the entire theatrical brotherhood have resolved that in future one charge shall cover all the expense of a visit to the play, barring, of course cab-hire, incidental refreshments, and subsequent oysters, when those nutritious rarities are again procurable by any income under that of a Marquis or a Millocrat.

Quite Right, Too.

Mr. Cordingley, one of the churchwardens of Atherstone, in Warwickshire, has been proceeded against by his incumbent for removing from the Parish Church certain Ritualistic apparatus, such as a *super-altare*, banner-brackets, &c. Mr. Cordingley declares that this apparatus was Papistic, and such as ought to be removed from a Protestant Church, and that he, being a Protestant, and the authorised guardian of a Protestant Parish Church, has only acted *ac-Cordingly*.

MUSIC IN DOWNING STREET.

Since his elevation to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, the late Secretary of the Treasury has been heard frequently humming to himself the old English air, "*The Hunt is up.*"

SYCOPHANTS AND SOVEREIGNS.

Base, on a monarch fawning, is the Snob;
More base the Slave who cringes to the Mob.

Made off Athens.—Hall Rownders, who has had a classical education, and reads *Byron*, is so fond of his "Wheel of Life" that he is continually saying, "*Zoetrope mou, sas agapo.*"

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ON *Thursday, March 5th*, 1868, BENJAMIN DISRAELI entered the House of Commons, amid cheering, PREMIER of England.

There was not much to be said, no political complications having caused the change in the Ministry—so far as the public yet knows. It is notorious that LORD DERBY's health made it necessary for him to retire. Whether MR. DISRAELI designed the shaping any august decree which seemed too august for the Earl, may hereafter appear. The new PREMIER had simply to bear a fitting tribute to the genius, energy, and (young people) industry of the late PREMIER, and to refer to his brilliant perception and fiery eloquence. As regarded MR. DISRAELI's accession to office, he knew that in his position there were personal and peculiar reasons which would aggravate the burden and augment the difficulties. People can interpret these words as they please. Those who give them a significance connected with birth, and who have intelligence enough to take a large view of pedigree, may note that they were uttered by a man descended from one of the Hebrew families expelled from Spain by the Inquisition, and who settled in Venice as merchants. The PREMIER's grandfather, who was therefore Italian, came to England, and his son, ISAAC DISRAELI, a retired gentleman of Buckinghamshire, was the author of the series of subtle literary and historical researches, of which the *Curiosities* is best known, but all of which are delightful to scholarly minds. LORD LYTTON observes in a note to one of his earlier works, that when he was contesting an election, somebody took an objection to him as a new man. "Well, if pedigree be of any consequence in politics, MR. BULWER's family is about three times as old as that of his opponent." "Is it possible, Sir?—it can't be—MR. BULWER is—an author." Add *Captain Bunsby's* formula, and we have done with that part of the business.

MR. DISRAELI stated that he had enjoyed twenty years of confidential co-operation with LORD DERBY, and had succeeded to his policy.

Our Foreign Policy is to be that of Peace, not of selfish isolation, but of sympathy both with the prosperities and the troubles of other nations.

Our Domestic Policy is to be Liberal—a truly liberal policy. We are not to shrink from requisite changes, but we are not to forget that we dwell in an ancient and historic country, rich in the traditions that are the best security for order and liberty.

Ireland, a most interesting and important portion of the kingdom, has still to be protected, by the Suspension, against an unprincipled foreign confederation. But he believed that agitations were disappearing. He would not fritter away the interest felt in regard to the intentions of Government as to Ireland, as they would be explained by LORD MAYO in the coming Irish debate. He added, that some time had been lost this Session, but he should work as hard as he could, and should also do all he could to facilitate the promotion of measures on the other side.

Amid the cheers which followed, up bounded the bouncing BOUVERIE.

What do you mean by a policy? Last year's, or the year before last? Are you educating your party, or is its education complete? You are fairly entitled to your own position. But you have no majority. In LORD DERBY the key-stone of your arch is gone. It is the fault of the Liberals that you are in power. The Liberals are little better than a Rabble, with a great man in front. Last year you yielded to mob dictation. You were afraid to hang the Irish rebels. All this is unconstitutional. You will come to grief. You ought to have made a Coalition Ministry out of the best materials. Can't we unite on anything? Are we to fight over the Irish Church? Are we not agreed about land, all of us except MR. MILL, who would atone for three confiscations by a fourth? Public interests are suffering by the neglect of necessary measures. There!

SIR GEORGE BOWYER thought that really this was not the way to behave to a new Minister. As to a rabble, the time had passed for blind following of leadership. If Government did its duty, it would be supported, regardless of majorities.

There ended the opening chapter in the history of the Disraeli Ministry.

Before leading our readers to the foot of the gallows, it may be convenient to take them into the House of Peers.

The EARL OF MALMESBURY, who is to be—don't laugh—the leader in the Peers, began by explaining that he had been inaccurately reported as having said that MR. DISRAELI was to make a Ministry "if possible." What he had said was, "as soon as possible." The Earl is a gentleman, and the explanation was enough. But he must add that it was "a very natural mistake." Did he mean that it was natural for people to believe that he was likely to think that Tory Peers would not fall into their ranks under MR. DISRAELI's leadership? The rest of his speech was formal, but he promised an early Education Bill.

EARL RUSSELL could not help saying that he had no confidence in a Government that openly professed to say one thing and mean another. He used the word deception, and contended that he might have used a different word.

The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH had not the least idea what the noble Earl could mean.

EARL RUSSELL would tell him, then. Would he read his Chief's Edinburgh Speech about educating his party, to consent to what he had been for years calling a degradation of the Franchise. FOX, GREY, ALTHORP, would have scorned such a course, and so would PITT, LIVERPOOL, and WELLINGTON.

"The subject then dropped."

The last word naturally suggests a drop of another kind. In the Commons, MR. HARDY moved the Second Reading of the Bill enacting Private Executions.

SERJEANT GASELEE said that it was a poor man's question, and that if a poor man were to be hanged, he had a right to be hanged in public. He moved the rejection of the Bill.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER seconded this, thinking that the sight of an execution was very deterrent from crime.

MR. GILPIN opposed the Bill, and quoted MR. COBDEN, who was said to have likened the proposed practice to private assassination.

After a short debate,

MR. M'CLAREN (Edinburgh) supported the Bill, and begged that Scotchmen might share with Englishmen the advantage of being privately hanged.

The LORD ADVOCATE promised this boon, and on division, the Second Reading was carried by 181 to 25.

The PREMIER moved the Second Reading of the Election Bribery Bill, which had been so unfavourably received. He now proposes that two real judges, Judges of the Land, shall be detached, as it were, from the main body of the army of justice, and sent, on full salaries, to the places accused of corruption. Of course, new Judges will be appointed in their place.

MR. GLADSTONE thought this a very great improvement, and would not oppose the Second Reading, reserving his right of consideration.

LORD LORNE took his seat for Argyllshire. We mention this to flash off a quotation from WALTER SCOTT. MR. BRUCE was already in the House. Suppose they debated education:—

> "Short were their shrift in that Debate,
> That hour of fury and of fate,
> Had LORNE encountered BRUCE."

Friday. The son of the inventor of that delightful article, the Shrapnell shell, petitioned the Lords for a national reward. Government replied that the shell was valuable, but as the inventor had £1200 a year for 28 years, and £10,000 from the East India Company, there would be no more shelling out.

In the Commons there was a very good debate on the Alabama business. MR. SHAW LEFEVRE gave an elaborate history of the case, and LORD STANLEY replied in his best manner. MR. FORSTER and MR. MILL spoke, and so did MR. GLADSTONE, who said that he did not wonder that the Americans thought themselves wronged, but that if we go before the Arbitrator, we ought to be prepared to contend that we had done no wrong, but that whatever miscarriage might have occurred was accidental. This delivery of MR. GLADSTONE's is carped at by those who want us to humble ourselves before the North, because it has been successful; but MR. GLADSTONE represents the feeling of the nation. We are sorry to have wounded the Americans, and they know it; but, we having said that, and being ready to pay for broken windows, the matter should be closed. It is satisfactory to be told by LORD STANLEY that good-feeling towards us is increasing in America, and that MR. SEWARD inclines to a new mode by which our differences may be adjusted.

A small wrangle as to the day on which the Irish Reform Bill should be introduced. The PREMIER said that it was for him to fix the order of business, and MR. GLADSTONE said that the Irish Reform Bill was part of the Government scheme for Ireland, and ought to be forthcoming at once. But MR. DISRAELI would not give way.

A GRAND INVENTION.

"EDUCATIONAL Pianofortes" are advertised. The most suitable piece for performance on these instructive instruments will be—the March of Intellect.

PLEASURES OF HUNTING BY RAIL.

Keen Sportsman (who has dined and dried at country inn, after wet day). "Here's a pretty Go! Five Minutes before the Train Starts, and I can't get my Boots on!"

But, thanks to his Great-coat, and the Landlady's Carpet Slippers, he is just in Time!

TEACH HIM TO FIND FAULT!

The Poor Law Board has confirmed the suspension by the Board of Guardians of Dr. Rogers, the Medical Officer of the Strand Union.

The Poor Law Board is obliged to admit that Dr. Rogers has been blameless in the performance of his professional duties, but they require him to resign because he has repeatedly preferred appealing to the public and the Poor Law Board to appealing to the Guardians.

Perhaps by this time Dr. Rogers has changed his view as to the policy of appealing to the Poor Law Board.

Poor Law Board don't like to be bothered, and would much rather that Medical Officers made their appeal to the Guardians, at whatever risk of snub, wigging, or ill-will, than to the Board whose business it is to look up Boards of Guardians.

Dr. Rogers has paid the penalty of his zeal—if it can be called a penalty to be relieved of the functions of Medical Officer of the Strand Union. We should suppose, for our own part, that if there be any of Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory" connected with the appointment, they must grow rather out of the dismissal from it than the discharge of its duties, or the experience acquired in it either of *Bumble* at the Local Board, or *Bumble's* humble servants at the Central Do.

And, arriving before his Groom and Dog-Cart at the Station, excites great Admiration on his way Home!

Equity Rewarded.

Many persons have wondered what could have been the reason of the somewhat ungracious discharge of Lord Chelmsford from the Lord Chancellorship. It is not surprising. He had just made Mr. Hanbury a Judge "without," the *Solicitor's Journal* says, "respect to any consideration but fitness." He immediately had to exchange the woolsack for the sack. Put this and that together.

Question for Convocation.

Q. What is a Gravamen?

A. It is an *Amen* gravely said at the end of His Grace's Benediction. Hence the word, *Grave-Amen*. If two or more utter it, the word is used in the plural, and becomes *Grave-Amina*. The "i" is short, and therefore the word has nothing to do with the Heroine of the *Sonnambula*.

TECHNICAL.

Favourite Niece. "I hear you 've had a capital Run, Uncle! and what a Large Party you 've got to-night!"

Fox-Hunting Squire. "Yes, my dear. And if Captain Chividale and his Sisters had not 'thrown up' at the last moment, there 'd been Eighteen Couple and a half of you!"

THE WAY NOT TO WIN WESLEYANS.

The enemies of the Church of England must be sorry that Convocation stands prorogued for two months. They may, however, console themselves with the hope that it will be permitted to assemble after Easter, and will then go on as it has hitherto been going, in a way calculated, as though on purpose, to bring the whole institution of which it comprises the principal officers, into contempt. Should it turn over a new leaf, make a fresh start, and go on for the future in just an opposite way, then, indeed, there may be some chance that brave Bishop Selwyn (of Lichfield, and, pending a successor's appointment, of New Zealand) may, should he live a hundred years or so longer—as let us hope he will—see, towards the end of his labours, fulfilled the hope which, at a missionary meeting in the Guildhall of Cambridge the other day, he thus expressed:—

"He hoped that the day would come, and that soon, when all those faithful disciples of John Wesley, who are now doing a good missionary work abroad, would unite and be one with the Church in those efforts. The missionary of New Zealand would be greatly benefited if the missionary efforts of the Wesleyans could be combined with those of the Church of England. Christians should so unite to evangelise the world."

But if Bishop Selwyn's colleagues in Convocation continue to distinguish themselves by such feats as proclaiming themselves unable to deal with the Ritualists while the question of their legal ability or inability is yet under trial; if one of them may still avow Ritualist doctrines without getting himself disavowed as well as Colenso; and if the whole lot will permit themselves to entertain such a question as that of "reserving" the *viaticum*, the faithful disciples of John Wesley will most assuredly intrench themselves more strongly than ever in the Wesleyan Meeting-house, at the greatest moral and spiritual distance possible from a Church by that measurement apparently next door to the Roman Catholic Chapel. As long as this is the sort of business transacted by Convocation, the Wesleyan Conference will mind its own, and Bishop Selwyn may employ spare time in whistling for the Methodists, uninvited with the song "*O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad*," by any one member of that Protestant body.

A NEW MUSICAL CONDUCTOR.

In Professor Tyndal's interesting *Lectures upon Sound*, we find the following put forth among his other sound opinions:—

"It would be possible to lay on, by means of wooden conductors, the music of a band to a distance in all directions, much as we lay on water."

While clever Mr. Manns conducts the Crystal Palace orchestra, nobody with any truth can venture to assert it has a "wooden conductor." But how pleasant it would be to hear the charming concerts there, without the bore of going to them! Fancy "laying on" a symphony to one's smoking-room or snuggery, and revelling in Beethoven while relishing one's tobacco! Perhaps in a few seasons subscribers to the Palace may enjoy this in addition to its manifold attractions. Ears made of india-rubber have been in fashion lately, and we often wish our ears were equally elastic. If they were so, we might stretch them on a Saturday to Sydenham, and hear Mozart and Mendelssohn without a railway journey. However, if these wooden conductors be adopted, our ears will need no straining to catch the Crystal music. But surely great care must be taken in laying down the sound-tubes, so that no unpleasant noises may chance to be conveyed by them. How horrid it would be if one's conductor, while conveying some sweet music to one's ear, were suddenly to vibrate with the whistle of a steam-engine! And conceive the aural torture, when one's ears are full of Beethoven, of hearing a few squeals somehow intruded by a barrel-organ!

More for Selwyn.

New Zealand and Lichfield,
And he prefers Which field?
He'll go to New Zealand, he'll on his old see land;
Returned again, Lichfield will be his new Zeal land.

Waiting for an Answer.—What is the difference between eating your words and eating your Terms?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Times of Refreshing. By A Member of the Bar.

Eyes of St. Mark. By the Author of *Pupils of St. John*, and *The Hair of Radcliffe.*

Bad Words: An opposition periodical to *Good Words.*

*** *To form one Portable Pocket Volume, alphabetically arranged for immediate reference. Part I., with all the Bad Words from A to D will be ready on April 1st. The Trade should apply early.*

The Huguenots in England and Ireland *being the particulars of an Operatic Tour by* Signor Mario, *embellished with a fine portrait of himself as* Raoul.

Lessons of the Middle Ages. By a Maiden Lady.

Fugitive Poems. With Notes on Fly Leaves by H. Walker.

The Cope and the Chasuble. Being a few *Censerble* Remarks on Ritualism. By an Arch Deacon. Fourth Edition.

Thoughts for the Sole: or The Good Catholic's Manual of Fish dinners during Lent. By Father Off.

"Go, Father, and fare worse."

St. Peter's. A New Roman Catholic Magazine in opposition to Mr. Anthony Trollope's *St. Paul's.*

The Horse: How to Keep him with a view to Eating him. Recipes for so feeding him that he shall taste like either Turtle, or Venison, or Beef, or Wild Ducks, &c., &c. To purchasers: *sold* by all Booksellers. Also by the same Author—

The Zebra, and How to make him into a nice Stripe Supper. Also, by the same Author—

The Donkey: With a Portrait of the Gentleman who asks for the above-mentioned books.

A Growing Evil.

The encroachments of Slang are hourly becoming more and more audacious. Even our most venerable institutions cannot escape its destructive inroads. Unless there is immediately formed a Society for the Protection of the English Language from Slang, with a paid Secretary and Collector, and luxurious offices in the neighbourhood of the Clubs and Pall Mall, Johnson's *Dictionary* will speedily become an unintelligible mass of obsolete and archaic words. Do we exaggerate? Listen. On Thursday last, March the 5th, at 8·30 P.M. (we are nothing if we are not circumstantial), at the Royal Society, Burlington House, Piccadilly, a Paper was to be read by J. Clerk Maxwell, F.R.S., "*On Governors*"!!! Need we go farther?

A TRIAD.

Hybridism.—In Darwin.
Highbredism.—In Belgravia.
Highbreadism.—In baking circles, when the quartern loaf goes up.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER I.

"I wants to make yer flesh creep."
Words of the Fat Boy in Pickwick, adopted as the motto by the N.S.N. Co., Lim.

In a dim cave, lighted by only one small gas-lamp, sat Michael and Job Friestlor. Michael was Job's father, and older than the latter by some few years.

"Why have you brought me here?" demanded Job, in a hollow voice

"Why? ha! ha!" laughed the elder grimly, and both his eyes shooting forth a murderous fire, he rose from his seat, and waved a keen-edged hatchet above his head. Job turned deadly pale. He could scarcely raise his glass to his lips as he said with a sickly smile, "Always the same light-hearted creature, father."

Once, twice the fearful weapon flashed through the air, and then descended upon——

But not on the prostrate form of Job Friestlor *fell* the cold steel.*

CHAPTER II.

Not on the prostrate form of Job Friestlor fell the cold steel. *For, the form of* Job Friestlor *was not prostrate.*

But, as Michael bent forward, the younger and more active man sprang upon his back, and by a trick which he had learnt from the Rutlandshire Wrestlers, staved in his father's head between his shoulders.

Had Michael been in good training, his muscles hard and taut, would not have yielded to this sudden pressure, and his brave old heart would have snapped altogether, nigh broken as it 'was even now by his son's thoughtless and unfeeling conduct. But his muscles were lax, and gave to the force thus exerted so easily as to cause the old man a sensation of extreme pleasure, as of drowning, especially when his head rose once more to the surface.

The second which this had occupied seemed years to Michael, who in that dark moment had seen all his young life brought before him, had seen his parents imploring mercy at his hands, his brothers at his feet, his sisters starving under his roof, his aunts and uncles chained to the damp walls, the flames bursting from the convent, the ship scuttled, the Derby favourite hocussed, the bridegroom poisoned, the butler (who was supposed to have stolen it) exiled, the Sepoy's cruel sword descending on her fair young neck, the fierce animal rushing on him with whetted tusks, Sir Jasper's white hair streaming in the wind, the calm martyr refusing the Emperor's last offer of life, and he raised his hands to shut out these fearful sights.†

A roaring sound as of lions raving and tearing into the cave.

Job knew it well.

There was no hope now.

No Hope!!

It was the remorseless tide advancing.

The Remorseless Tide!!!

In another five minutes the cave would be filled.

Five Minutes!!!

"I shall take it in through the pores," observed Michael, in whom the instinct of self-preservation was stronger than the greed of gain.

The aperture through which the sea flowed in was scarcely big enough for a man's body.

The idea struck them both: at once. Whose Body?

"Father," cried Job, kneeling down, "Your forgiveness;" and he clung to his parent's knees, frantically.

"Job!" exclaimed the aged fisherman, "Rise, I entreat, I com—"

Louder and fiercer comes the remorseless tide.

Seizing his knees, and head for the second time, Job compressed his father into the smallest possible compass, and inserted him backwards into the entrance of the cave.

The wind might beat, the waves roar and surge against that old man, but his ear was for ever deaf to the voice of his favourite child, who now knelt before him to implore his last blessing. There he sat, fixed, taking it in, as he had said, through the pores.

Ah! was it a good deed for a young man but now beginning the battle of life? Was it a deed on which he could look back with comfort in his last days?

But we will not weary the reader, nor occupy his time uselessly in making remarks upon conduct which will speak for itself.

To our tale.

* *Note Foot by the Authors.*—Nineteen of the Authors (*here follow the signatures*) protest against this finish to the chapter. The Editor must not allow himself to be talked over by the twentieth fellow, who has evidently taken this notion from another novel. (*Signed*).

Editor's Note to the above.—I didn't.

† *Editor's Note.*—By referring to the titles suggested by the Amalgamated Authors (*vide Preface in last number*) the reader will see that the events of Michael Friestlor's previous life arise out of the different views taken by the various writers of what this novel should have been. The paragraph, as it stands above, is the effect of a judicious compromise.

Looking up at the stalactite roof above, JOB saw with horror that it was gradually melting. To remove his father and admit the air, was to let in the water.

The sun acting externally upon the surface had rotted the cliff above; it wanted but the exclusion of the air underneath to set the crumbling mass in one steady blaze.

He was alone! It was a maddening thought.

ALONE!

Was there no hope?

No chance of escape?

Yes—one.

ONE!!!

For through a fissure in the lurid rock above he now distinctly saw, as it were, a gigantic iron hand swinging forwards and backwards, as if in search of prey.

It came nearer, nearer, lower, lower, within his reach. Leaping upwards, he——

CHAPTER III.

LEAPING upwards, he clutched The Iron Hand.

A Grapnel, a huge grapnel!

Retaining a firm hold upon his preserver, JOB looked towards the sky gratefully.

It was a balloon streaming calmly away towards the horizon.

To climb into the car and throw out its two occupants, who were at the moment engaged upon scientific computations, was to JOB FRIESTLOR, the work of a second.

"My poor father!" sighed the young man, for now that the first excitement was over, he had time to give a thought to others. The old man had been *so* proud of him. He had often prophesied his rise in the world. "And here I am," said JOB to himself, smiling sadly.

Still his situation was too critical for him to indulge in any maudlin sentimentality.

"What have we here!" he exclaimed, kicking his foot against a box lying at the bottom of the car.

The car was filled with chests of gold, bullion, and silver coins. Besides these there were tin boxes labelled with names and initials, containing title deeds, policies, wills, shares in various companies, and blank cheques with signatures attached.

The balloon had evidently belonged to two Fraudulent Solicitors, who were escaping from justice.

They had met, as we have seen, with a fate richly merited. We shall hear of them no more.*

Night came on. He was alone floating over the silent ocean.

"Where am I?" was his first thought?

He knew the Great Bear by sight, and this knowledge he felt would now be of infinite service to him if he could only see that constellation.

At last. The Great Bear.

He recollected how he had heard of mariners before the invention of rudders, guiding themselves entirely by the Great Bear, and he wondered how they had done it.

Then he burst into a loud chant, waking the sea-birds on the ocean's bosom.

Twinkle, twinkle,
Little star!
How I wonder,
What you are!

Then the words seemed to fly from him, and others came into his mouth, and he made wild rhymes, singing as if "star" rhymed with "balloon;" then he ran his fingers up and down imaginary scales on the piano, as he had been wont to do in his old fisherman's home, when, as a boy, he had played to his father after their late dinner. He then broke open a box of legal documents, and jumping in among them bathed himself as it were with deeds, scattering them wildly right and left of the car.

Then the strange idea came across him that he was Convocation, and he tried to shut down the lid upon himself. * * * Then followed a second of acute consciousness.

He was going mad: he knew it now—too late!

The paroxysm again.

In another hour the full moon was shining down upon a helpless idiot, sticking pins into the balloon, which was streaming slowly away towards the horizon.

Suddenly he jumped up, and with a wild laugh struck a match.

He applied it, thoughtfully, to the neck of the balloon.

As this moment his reason resumed its functions.

The fire was spreading!

Was all this treasure to be lost?

Ha! The Parachute.

Lading it as quickly as possible, he lowered it from the car.

The fire! THE FIRE!!

Two large sea-gulls flew against the car.

He caught them both. Then tying the parachute thus weighted, to his feet, and holding a fluttering bird in either hand, he bit through the last cord that bound him to the flaming monster. One Loud Report, and as the smoke cleared——

(*To be continued.*)

* *Foot note.*—Some of the Authors say we shall hear of them again. (*Signed by six of them.*)

A LENTEN ENTERTAINMENT.

MANAGERS are becoming very courteous to one another. Now-a-days they lend each other an actor or two for the night, with as much readiness as they would a pocket handkerchief, and with much greater certainty of the loan being returned. Nay, these theatrical autocrats, though unwilling to lend themselves to anything, do not appear to entertain a similar feeling with regard to anybody, for we find them "letting themselves out" perhaps for a lengthened run.

A Playbill, with a "loan collection" Company will soon present an appearance of this sort:—

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT LANE.

SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER, - MR. GOTTIS WIGON.

For the Nine Hundred and Ninety-Ninth time, the Great Drama, by TOM BOUCICOUL, ESQ., *entitled*

"BELAY!"

Dramatised from MRS. BLABBINGTON BLACK'S *Novel of "Sir! See!" by Permission of the Authoress.*

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE.

Marquis de Trevallion . . . . . MR. H. NEVILLE.

(*By kind permission of* BENJAMIN WEBSTER, ESQ., *Theatre Royal, Adelphi, for whom the indulgence of the audience is requested after 7·30, as he must be back for "No Thoroughfare." His part in the Third Act will be sustained by* . . . . . MR. BILLINGTON.

(*Kindly lent by* BENJAMIN WEBSTER, ESQ., *after his decease in the first part of "No Thoroughfare."*)

The Honourable Juice Farkisson . . . . MR. HONEY.

(*From the Prince of Wales's Theatre, kindly lent by* MISS MARIE WILTON, *as she has nothing for him in "Play."*)

Squire Wortletop . . . . . MR. RAY.

(*Handsomely presented to the Company by* MR. SEFTON PARRY, *late of the Holborn Theatre.*)

Rattleton Hopp . . . . . MR. E. A. SOTHERN.

(*With* MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE'S *compliments.*)

Lady Montgomery Pinnerton . . MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS.

(*By kind permission of* BENJAMIN WEBSTER, ESQ. *and* MR. CHARLES MATHEWS. *N.B. Mustn't stay out later than Easter, in consequence of "The Black Sheep" at the Olympic.*)

Henrietta . . . . . MISS HERBERT.

(*Who will appear here by the very kind permission of the Manageress of the St. James's, where she must play for an hour at the least, and of the Lyceum management, where she must appear later in the evening.*)

Ballet from MR. STRANGE'S *Lot at the Alhambra, of course by his kindest permission.*

The Great Cathedral Scene of the First Act, painted by MESSRS. TELBIN & GRIEVE, *who have kindly lent each other.* The Cancan, *arranged by* MR. E. T. SMITH, *will be danced by his special permission.*

CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.

McBethel . . . . . MR. W. FARREN.

(*By kind permission of* MR. JORDAN, *when he's done talking to him in Narcisse, at the Lyceum.*)

Lord Tabley D'Hôtey . . . . . MR. BLAKELEY.

(*Presented with the greatest pleasure to the Theatre by* MISS MARIE WILTON, *who would like to see him in a dramatised version of* LORD BULWER LYTTON'S *"What'll you do with it?"*)

And finally, the money for the production of the piece can be announced as Lent by kind permission of several bill discounters of distinction.

GOOD LUCK TO HER!—MISS FANNY JOSEPHS announces that she is about to undertake the management of the Holborn Theatre. *Not for Josephs* can we possibly wish less success, in this her new venture, than has been accomplished by MISS OLIVER and MISS WILTON.

Miss Frump (Author of the "Ghoul-haunted Grange," &c., &c., &c.). "Can your Little Boy Read?"
Mamma (modestly). "Not very well, as yet."
Little Boy (pertly). "I can read better than *you*, Mamma."
Mamma. "What *do* you mean, Child?"
Little Boy. "Why, *you* said you couldn't read Miss Frump's new Book!" [*Awkward silence.*

CHAPEAU BAS!

Air—"*Le Marquis de Carabas.*"

Lo, brains at last we see,
At the top, where brains should be!
Ne'er was place won in race,
That so tested pluck and pace;
Heavier-weighted horse
Never ran a course,
Nor e'er came, at the push,
With a fiercer Chifney rush.—
To Vivian Grey *chapeau bas*,
My Lord Marquis de Carabas!

Is 't England's praise or blame
Such a player wins his game,
Who can press for success
Be 't by trick, revoke, finesse?
Is it good or ill,
This adamantine will,
With an india-rubber brain,
And a conscience proof to strain?—
To Vivian Grey *chapeau bas*,
My Lord Marquis de Carabas!

On lee-shore, over bar,
Still steering by his star;
Shoal and sand, reef and strand,
Dodging with a dext'rous hand;
Passionless and cool,
And calm his crew to school,
When weaker pilots quailed,
Through what straits the ship he sailed!—
To Vivian Grey *chapeau bas*,
My Lord Marquis de Carabas!

Ne'er in hand teacher took
Classes duller at their book:
Ne'er was toil on stiffer soil,
Or more likely tools to spoil:
But he wrought, hour by hour,
Till knowledge grew to power,
And at last his Tory class
Learnt to see facts as they pass.—
To Vivian Grey *chapeau bas*,
My Lord Marquis de Carabas!

If workman's worth his hire,
Why should Dizzy not aspire?
He has striven, brain has given,
To the stream his asses driven.
Must he only think
How asses best may drink?
'Twas his the cup to crown,
Who but he should drain it down?—
To Vivian Grey *chapeau bas*,
My Lord Marquis de Carabas!

Genius or charlatan?
Settle that point who can.
Who shall bring his stone to fling
At Little Benjamin, our King?
By what right he rules,—
As the wise man o'er the fools,
Or the one-eyed o'er the blind,—
Let the future's verdict find.—
To Vivian Grey *chapeau bas*,
My Lord Marquis de Carabas!

The Height of Literary Necessity.—"Spouting" Shakspeare.

RIVAL STARS.

Mr. Bendizzy (Hamlet). "'TO BE, OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION:'—AHEM!"

Mr. Gladstone (*out of an engagement*). [*Aside.*] "'LEADING BUSINESS,' FORSOOTH! HIS LINE IS 'GENERAL UTILITY!' IS THE MANAGER MAD? BUT NO MATTER-RR—A TIME *WILL* COME—"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATICUS.—We have perused your five comedies with great pleasure, and burned them with greater. Try again, and send in until we leave off burning them.

ARCHÆOLOGIST.—The word "shilling" is a corruption of she-lion, or lioness, which used to be stamped on the Saxon coinage. Always ask when you don't know, also when you think you do, as you will most probably think wrong.

R. A.—He is a very bad painter, but there are worse, yourself for instance.

A YANKEE.—Congress is not the female of Conger, but eels are slippery, and so are many of your statesmen.

PIT-BOX.—We prefer him to any one else whom we have seen in the part, except Garrick, who lived before our time.

TOOTS.—We never do read perfumed letters, and they ought not to be scent through the post. How can we "smell a rat" above all that vile patchouli? Comparisons may be odorous, as Shakspeare says, but the paper they are written on may not.

MR. CHASUBLE (a Ritualist) is informed that we denounce his nonsense, but that if he can get a church to himself he may have, as Moore sings, a bright little aisle of his own.

A YOUNG NUMISMATIST.—The British Museum will gladly give you ten shillings for an English halfpenny dated earlier than 1800, but you must take it there yourself, with your baptismal certificate, and a lock of your hair, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

JAMES GEDDLES.—Don't bother us to invent titles for new magazines. As architectural names are in vogue, take the Marble Arch, or the Monument, the latter for choice, as it has what you'll want—capital.

STAMP-COLLECTOR.—Most advertisers sell forged postage stamps. We can't see that they are not quite as good as genuine ones, but perhaps it is hardly fair to sell stamps as the production of a country in which such things are unknown. When you are in doubt, however, call on the Ambassador for the place in question, and he will either certify or condemn the article. You pay him sixpence a dozen.

LOOSE FISH.—Yes, we see you Bohemians do not want to be called so any longer, but you will be, until you adopt the habits of the Moravians.

ALFONSO P.—A father does not deserve to be one, who, when his wife remarked that she thought she heard baby crying, said that it certainly was very like a wail.

STODGE.—Not so bad. He asks when silver is better than gold? The answer, when the plate comes round for a collection.

ETYMOLOGIST.—Haggaas is the Hampshire for hawberries, and the Scotch for a horrible pudding, fit to be eaten only by haggles such as the witches in *Macbeth*.

A CONSTANT READER.—*That* you are not, and what is the good of telling a falsehood that can be found out? If you were, you would have seen that we have many times informed correspondents that the pretty hymn,

How doth the little busy bee,

is by Dr. Cumming, the "Bee-keeper," and refers to the bee in his own bonnet, an insect that hums 1868 as the End.

A BOTHERED RELATION.—Never quarrel, that is vulgar. Lend your relative five pounds, and get him to fix a given day for its return. It will not come, nor will he, and the release will be cheap.

HOCKEY.—Write to a sporting paper. We know nothing about any athletic exercise except smoking. But, on general principles, we do not know why you should not purposely bang him over the legs, unless you are afraid of being licked. It all depends on your respective sizes—if your friend is the smaller, hit away. At least, that is the rule of life, and why not of hockey?

A YOUNG DINER-OUT wants to know how to prevent soup from sticking to his moustache, and then dropping down on his shirt front. Why be anxious about such a trifle? Cicero would not have minded it, nor would Solomon, or Demosthenes. A soup-stain shows that you have dined with some stateliness. But you can either pass the soup, cut off your moustache, refuse the invitation, or come late.

GUSHER.—Never be in a hurry to return a kindness. It will seem much less three months hence, and at six you will begin to fancy it was you that did it.

ELOISA.—Rogers wrote the *Pleasures of Hope*, Akenside the *Pleasures of Memory*, and Campbell the *Pleasures of Imagination*. You should fix this in your mind without artificial means; but if this is, as you say, very difficult to you, remember that Rogers, a banker, was partner of Hope, the famous banker of Amsterdam, that memory often leaves an ache inside, and that a strong imagination is wanted to hear a campbell, as there is no such thing. These mnemonics, properly studied, will prevent confusion for the rest of your life.

PICTOR INCIPIENS.—It is rather late, perhaps, to commence a picture that shall have at least two hundred full length figures in it, for the next Exhibition of the Academy, especially as you ask us for a subject, and another week is lost before you can read this. But get to work at once, and do Xerxes counting his soldiers. You can depict him stopping at the two hundredth to reprove his courtiers for saying that the sea would obey him, and the neatherd's cottage and the burnt cakes could be seen in the distance.

"A CAD."—When we hear fools quote that idiotic *Not for Joseph*, we are reminded of the inscription somebody chalked on a lunatic asylum built by Joseph II. in Vienna.

Josephus, ubique secundus, hic primus.

A WASHERWOMAN'S DAUGHTER.—No; a cathedral quire is not so called from the resemblance of the surplices to clean sheets of paper; quite the contrary.

SAUCY JIM.—We never interfere in family squabbles, but must own that we think your big brother was justified in "whopping you." To ask the young lady on whom he was spooning, why he was like a hideous mendicant, and to explain that it was because he was an ugly beggar, deserved the repartee in question.

A MEMBER OF THE ALPINE CLUB.—There is no elevation in Scotland higher than Primrose Hill, but to say this made Sawney so outrageous that by the Act of Union it was provided that the Scotch hills should be called mountains in public documents, and so the habit has been preserved. But the barometrical returns, every day, stare the nonsense in the face with a contradiction, as Sir Roderick Murchison well knows.

ELEANOR.—Photograph is properly spelt fotograph, being named from the Latin fotus, a fomentation, or bath—one part of the process. But either way will do. To say that a man is more N. than P. H. meaning that he is more nave than fool, is exceedingly amusing.

MCGRIGOR.—We are not aware of the existence of any book that will give you an account of Edward the Confessor, but you might apply to some respectable Catholic priest, or search the confessions of Rousseau, or do anything else that occurs to you.

HUMANITY.—Do not ask a carver for calf's flesh until the animal shall be killed mercifully. You are requested not to speak to the man at the weal.

A YOUNG CHEMIST.—Gallic acid is the chemical name for cheap claret. Old vines give better wine than young ones. So do old men, or they are old fools.

STUDENT.—With pleasure. *Un port de reldche* is the name for the theatre door at which Parisian actors go in when there is no performance.

SHIRLEY WARREN.—Neat enough, for a provincial. England is not to imitate the French autocrat's expenditure—he may play Unlimited Loo, but not Beggar my Neighbour.

A FELLOW OF BALIOL.—Yes, the Solicitor-General is entitled to his fee of six-and-eightpence every time he is consulted by the sovereign, and he is paid out of the taxes, which are therefore called his taxed costs. If a Liberal goes out, and a Tory comes in, or *vice versâ*, while any fees are unpaid, the costs are taxed as between party and party.

AN OLD CHEQUE-TAKER.—Yes. The existing representatives of the historical persons in Shakspeare's tragedies (as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Lord Hastings, Lord Westmoreland, Duke of Bedford, &c., &c.) are obliged, under the 12 Geo. II. c. 33, to attend and act at Drury Lane when the plays are revived, but not during Lent.

A MORMON.—Other vermin have religion quite as good as yours. Tom Moore says—

In the woods of the north there are insects that prey.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Ward Hunt, is the godson of Mr. E. M. Ward and Mr. Holman Hunt, and therefore out of deoffial feelings must desire to protect true art. You'll be taxed.

FANATICO.—We have not heard that the charming *prima donna* will in future travel for the firm of "Patti & Caux," but wherever she goes the announcement is "no orders."

TURNING THE TIME-TABLES.—We must decline giving any opinion as to where any metropolitan railway goes from or takes you to. No person has ever yet mastered that system, but we believe that half the cases of persons "missing" arise from their having believed that they could get from somewhere to somewhere else. Some day a decent map will be issued.

ONE WHO DISTRUSTS "QUEEN'S HEADS."—

Trust not for freedom to the franks,

because they are all abolished. If a stamp comes off, you must stick it on again, by Gum.

A WIFE WHO CAN ARGUE.—Where is your husband's difficulty? We should answer him thus:—Viewing the cosmos of each sentiency as a pure construction of that sentiency out of its subjective affections, he may find the reason of the manifest co-operation of the sentiencies in a law of relation among themselves, producing a unanimity of illusion. If that does not carry conviction to his mind, he had better take some more brandy-and-water.

A GUMMER IN OF DISCONNECTED TRIFLES.—We cannot give you our autograph of Julius Cæsar, because we have only one, and it is stuck in an album with his daguerreotype by Dionysius Photographicus, the Areopagite, but we dare say you can get one from our neighbour, Mr. Waller, Fleet Street.

TWO YOUNG LADIES "want introductions to husbands." With pleasure. We have been a husband a long time, and our secretary is in the same condition. The young ladies may call, but we don't see what particular good it will be.

SLIGHTLY EXCITABLE asks us whether the Stoics did not believe in the malignity of matter, and whether Dean Swift did not say that nothing was more provoking than the perverseness of inanimate things, and whether Bishop Sandford (not Merton) did not find himself continually inclined to forget that such things had no volition? We were about to reply, like echo, "in the affirmative," when we happened to turn over, and to find in a lady's writing (evidently clandestinely added), "*Please* don't encourage my husband in *raging* and *kicking over water-pugs*, because, when washing his hands, the *soap slipped into the fire-place*." We won't. But there is something in what he is driving at.

LORD B.—Not going to spoil our eyes over your scrawl. Get your valet to copy it, and correct the spelling, and we'll answer you. As far as we can make out your proposition, we reply that we will see you blowed first, but this is a leap in the dark.

PROFESSOR PARTRIDGE.—Thanks, dear old bird. Your quotation from *Punch* at your farewell lecture at the Academy was very happy, and the compliment you bestowed upon him he receives with a smile. May your First of September be fifty years off.

TRIPOS.—Vulgar be hanged! Nothing is vulgar that is nice. Besides, to like it argues amiability. Cartwright, an old writer says, in a play called the *Ordinary*,

You never knew
A tripe-eater become a tyrant.

ROUND ROBIN.—You are a set of foolish monkeys. The husband who said that he was going to set up an apiary, and whose wife asked him where he would get the apes, ought to have known you. We shall keep the document until some of you attain distinction, and then we shall print it. You are right not to be frightened at that menace.

PLEASING LITTLE LILY.—Your handwriting is not exactly good, but it is of no consequence, for your photograph is so pretty, that we are sure no man who marries you will ever go away, or want to be written to. There, is not that a sweet compliment?

LECTOR ASSIDUUS.—We will encourage you by printing the epigram which you say you made on a "literary friend's" declaration that he did not care about reading.

"*I do not care for reading books*," says WHIZZ,
Words which the public echoes, adding—his.

FIFTH FORM.—We regret that we have no space for your clever historical parallel between Leotard's muscles and Cockle's pills.

A RUGBY BOY.—The football rules of your school are disgraceful. We should certainly not say

Come to me like the rugged Rugby Boy;

but should much prefer an interview with an armed rhinoceros, or, as an Irish tragedian says, a hurricane tiger. Do you recollect what Vivian Grey said when his father proposed to send him to a public school? "Anywhere but Rugby, that's so devilish low." That's not true now; but your football rules are, as Mr. Gladstone says, "worthy of savages."

DAISY FLOWER.—Yes, dear, the charming lines from Wordsworth are as follows:—

Small malice is true malice while it lasts,
Of foes, however humble, spare not one:
The schoolboy, with the snowball that he casts,
Bungs up your eye, and makes you swear like fun.

ANTIPHOLUS.—We really must decline giving an autoschediastic, that is, off-hand opinion upon the connection between Buddhism and the differential calculus.

SANCHO.—Like the majority of proverbs and cisterns, it will not hold water. "Many men, many minds," is a foolish saying, seeing that when many men meet, there are generally but very few minds among them, and those are seldom minded.

J. A. FROUDE.—How *can* you? When Mary I. said that the word "callous" would be found written on her heart, she showed that she knew herself. Calais was a blunder of the reporter, Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, her Confessor, and author of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, by Richmond.

BASHFUL JAMES.—It is so long since we were courted and married by our present wife, that we almost hesitate to advise you; but it seems to us, that when a young lady, walking with you, insists on lingering at the rather uninteresting windows of furniture shops, she means to give you an opportunity of asking her whether there is any other article you could show her, say a wedding-ring. But, on the whole, better let her speak out this Bissextile. If a man is worth having, he is worth asking for.

EMBARRASSING QUESTION.

Pet. "MA', MIGHTN'T THE BIG MAN LET ME HAVE HIS 'STARCHERS' FOR A NEW TAIL FOR MY HORSE?"

THE TOP OF THE TREE.

GREAT is the triumph of Creative Mind.
Lo, topmost on the Constitution's Tree,
A Statesman of the lettered Artist kind!
O, Brothers, 'tis a goodly sight to see!
It was not so before, but was to be.
Genius, at last, doth recognition find.

A lofty purpose, with unselfish aim,
Forty years long well nigh the Scribe pursued,
Not the mere politician's little game,
That seeks but self in seeking altitude;
But, for pure end the country's profit viewed.
He trod, right on, the narrow path of Fame.

Still faithful to his party, in the sense
Of men upon high principles agreed,
He brought an earnest tongue to their defence,
No mere lip-service with pretended creed,
Which he would make them eat in time of need.
And so it was he gained their confidence.

The shaft of sarcasm never, from his bow,
Save when a noble scorn impelled it, sped.
Against a great and good man, as a foe,
From pique of undervalued merit bred,
A pack of purblind 'Squires he never led.
His policy was Honesty. Best so.

Be partners of our joy, fraternal band,
That he, who was a Brother of the Pen,
Become Chief Ruler, has at his command
Place and preferment for deserving men.
Now, after having said all this, we, BEN,
Should like to know what you are going to stand.

Crossing the Line between England and Rome.

BROTHER IGNATIUS is a-going it again, in his O. S. B. Benedictine tomfooleries, which, we are surprised to see, he is allowed to carry on in one of the City churches—St. Edmund's, Lombard Street. This is evidently quite a wrong *Lyne* in the Church of England, and the sooner FATHER IGNATIUS is shunted on to the Roman line the better.

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

COUNSEL lately applied to VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS, at the instance of the Charity Commissioners, to commit SIR ROBERT PEEL to Whitecross Street Prison, for disobeying an order to furnish the Commissioners with the accounts of Tamworth School, of which he is sole trustee. For these accounts the Commissioners have been badgering SIR ROBERT ineffectually during the last two years.

SIR ROBERT had been personally served with notice of the motion at Drayton Manor, but he neither appeared in person nor by counsel.

When a legislator sets such an example of repeated and aggravated contempt for the laws, those who administer them, of course, are prompt and severe in showing their sense of his conduct.

The order for commitment was no doubt at once made out, accompanied by some severe and well-deserved observations of the VICE-CHANCELLOR on SIR ROBERT PEEL's conduct in the matter. But the case seems to have been strangely mis-reported, for we read that the VICE-CHANCELLOR said "the notice of motion *might have been served upon* SIR ROBERT *when he was going out to shoot, and therefore he might not have read it.*"

Clearly this *must* be some stupid blunder of the reporters. The VICE-CHANCELLOR knows the duty of his office far too well to suggest excuses for a manifest contempt of Court following on a course of disrespect to a constituted authority, in a matter of public duty.

SIR ROBERT *might*, no doubt, have been going out to shoot, or to fish, or to hunt, or to bait badgers, or kill rats, or any other "country contentment," when the notice was served on him. But nobody knows better than VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS that if any counsel were to put in such a plea before him for a sporting publican, a dashing linen-draper, or any other variety of the genus "snob," who had treated a similar notice of motion with similar contempt, he would receive, for his impudence, such a rebuke as he would not easily forget.

The blundering reporter goes on (still putting excuses in the VICE-CHANCELLOR's mouth):—

"SIR ROBERT was probably now at Whitehall, and to afford him an opportunity of informing him of the present proceeding, the motion must stand over till a quarter past one. If he should not then appear in person or by counsel, the Court would be obliged to dispose of the case in his absence."

That there is some unaccountable mis-reporting here is clear from what follows:—

"It turned out that SIR ROBERT was not in town, and the case was put off for a week."

Evidently, after the VICE-CHANCELLOR had announced his intention of disposing of the motion in SIR ROBERT's absence, if he did not show, in person or by counsel, at a quarter-past one, he would not have put the case off for a week, when a quarter past one came, and brought no SIR ROBERT. Nor is it in itself conceivable that a Judge would thus allow the majesty of the law to be flouted, to suit the convenience of even the most eccentric of Baronets.

We conclude, therefore, that the Reporter is utterly and unaccountably at fault throughout this altogether incredible account of these proceedings.

We can readily believe that SIR ROBERT PEEL defied the law, and was insolent in his mode of defying it. What we cannot believe is, that a Judge was quick to suggest excuses for such defiance, and to use his power over the business of his Court to shield the offender from the penalty of it.

Curious Mistake.

AN elderly maiden Lady, who has lived all her life in Little Treniddlum, Cornwall, said that she had always considered Westminster Hall as a sort of Museum for stuffed Notabilities, as she had been invariably given to understand that it was *there* you could see "the most distinguished men *in cases*." Her view was moreover confirmed by the expression used by her young nephew just called to the bar, who told her that the other day he saw MR. HOSSAIR, the eminent Queen's Counsel, "*regularly 'shut up' in a long case.*"

THE CO-OPERATIVE SYSTEM.—The union of MR. MAPLESON with MR. GYE.

DEAR, DEAR BOY!

George. "Oh! Shouldn't I just like to see Somebody in that Den, Aunt!"
Serious Aunt. "Ye-es. Daniel, I suppose, dear?"
George. "Oh no, Aunt; I mean 'Old Twigsby,' our Head-Master!!"

THE ART OF ADVERTISING.

Where will the mania for advertising carry people? Not merely hoardings but houses are now covered with advertisements. Puffs are pasted on dead walls and painted upon pavements. Poster-bearers everywhere perambulate the streets, and omnibuses are made hideous by the placards which disfigure them. Railways are among the worst offenders in this way. Their stations are let out to advertising agents, and well nigh every carriage is a vehicle for puffery. Puffs are printed in their time-books, and even on their tickets. "The backs of these tickets to be let," was the inscription we saw yesterday upon a railway-ticket. Perhaps we next may see the backs of railway-guards and porters covered with advertisements. Why should not other people also adopt this useful notion? Such a notice, for example, as "My back to be Let" would speedily, we fancy, attract a crowd of followers: and such a space would surely be a first-rate medium. Many a puffing tailor would be glad to make a man a gift of a new coat, on condition that it bore the maker's name in big red letters on the back: and what hatter would refuse to give away a hat, with an advertisement inscribed conspicuously outside it?

Cutting Their Own Throats.

(*A very Irish Division.*)

We are told that the Government are prepared to consent to Mr. M'Evor's Bill, for repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, on the understanding that amendments are to be introduced in Committee to put Roman Catholic Prelates in the United Kingdom on the same footing as the Catholic hierarchy in Canada and other Colonies. This compromise, we are told, will be violently opposed by the Ulster Members, who will take the *sense* of the House on the Second Reading. Will they? It is a pity they should court such an overwhelming majority against themselves.

ALL UP WITH EXETER HALL.

Walls are said to have ears. If so, those of Exeter Hall the other evening must have experienced a sensation. They heard Archbishop Manning hold forth in the capacity of Chairman to the Catholic Temperance Association. Shade of Spooner! Whalley, man alive!

Extremes meet. Rationalism and Popery are extremes; positive and negative. Well, certainly there is something rational in what the members of the Catholic Temperance Association call their "war-cry;" namely, "We have one enemy—not drink, but drunkenness, and we will not rest till we conquer." Let the United Kingdom Alliance note the distinction between drunkenness and drink. They have Archbishop Manning, however, personally on their side. He advocated "the necessity of a wise alteration of the existing law, so as to shut up the public-house and the beer-shop." This intolerance is quite consistent with Popish claims to dictation; but the votaries of Bacchus would have as much right, if they could, to close the Roman Catholic chapels.

But a Romanist meeting in Exeter Hall, what a sign of the times! Popery is indeed spreading with a vengeance. It was little that High Church Parsons, running wild on theology, went over to Rome. Fervid dowagers and enthusiastic noblemen turning Papists did not signify; still less did the sequacious *valetaille* who followed them because they thought it genteel. But Popery in Exeter Hall! Roman Pontifex, thou hast conquered. Government proposes to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill conditionally. Pooh! Unconditionally; repeal it altogether. Let the House of Lords change bishops. Professing Protestants are now on one platform with Papists—they had better profess Protestantism no longer. There is an end of everything. Oh, Dr. Cumming! Let us talk no longer of Exeter Hall. Had we not better call it 666, Strand.

What Vote the Manager of a Theatre always has.—The "Casting" Vote.

TIES AND TAILS.

To Mr. Punch.

Sir,—Some Snob in the *Pall Mall Gazette* dares to uplift his voice against what he ventures to call the "restrictive and reactionary law which now regulates Men's Evening Dress." He means the civilised usage which makes a white tie and a black coat and etceteras *de rigueur* at club dinners.

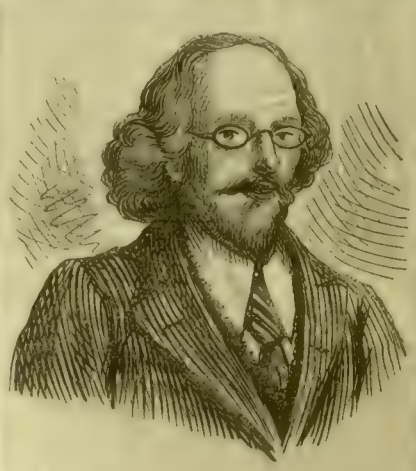
How, I should like to know, are gentlemen to be distinguished from cads, if you take them out of their "ties and tails"? And how is admission among the right sort to be so cheaply purchased as by going into the "tie and tails" aforesaid? Knighthood has its "collars," society has its ties. The white choker is the distinctive mark of the *comme il faut* man about town. Probably the snob who writes in the *Pall Mall* prefers Bluchers to Wellingtons, and is content with a flannel shirt, eked out with "gauntlet wristbands," and a "dickey." I daresay he wears changeable collars—perhaps is not above paper. I should not wonder if he bought his boots—such as they are—ready made, and dressed himself out of a "reach-me-down" warehouse. As a person who respects himself too much ever to be seen out of the regulation "tie and tails," after seven, I cannot admit that such a wretch is to be argued with, even anonymously. Silent contempt is the only answer he deserves from, *Mr. Punch*,

Your faithful Servant,

Club-Law.

Byron Collar.

Dog Collar.



Shakspeare Collar.

SCIENTIFIC CRUELTY.

There are some things which they certainly do *not* "manage better in France," and the teaching of veterinary surgery is one of them. Only hear what horrors are sanctioned by French schools:—

"Each veterinary student is obliged to practise twice on the living animal from twenty to thirty operations. . . . At Lyons eight or twelve vivisections are performed within two hours, at the end of which time the animal is destroyed, if not already dead from agony and loss of blood."

The "animal" referred to is that noble one the horse, and we mean no joke in saying that by cruelties like these the heart of a young student must certainly be ossified. French veterinary surgeons are clearly bigger brutes than those on which they operate. Even Hogarth, in his picture of the *School of Cruelty*, has not equalled the tortures which take place in the French schools. In England the dissecting-room suffices for instruction of the student, and no one ever dreams of studying the horrors of the scientific torture-chamber. Vivisection in another sense would be performed here on the surgeons who were needlessly to practise it, for every living man of them would certainly be cut by every one who knew him.

STARTLING CONCESSION TO DEMOCRACY ON THE PART OF THE QUEEN.

(*Communiqué by a disgusted Gentleman's Gentleman.*)

It is announced that the Court will go into mourning for his late Majesty, Louis, Ex-King of Bavaria, *but that the* Queen *will dispense with it at the Drawing-Room of the* 12*th, except for the household, on account of the injury which might be occasioned to trade!*

Defer Court-mourning for an Ex-King out of consideration for the profits of a set of West-End shopkeepers!

Merciful powers, what *are* we coming to!

The next thing will be to call upon people of condition to postpone their own conveniences and habits to the interests of their tradesmen; as, *e. g.*, by paying ready money, and setting their faces against servants' perquisites!

SUCCESS OF A FOR-LORN-HOPE.

Since the return of her new Member, Argyllshire may claim a room in the "House that Jack Built," as "the Maiden all-for-Lorn."

THE QUICK MARCH OF CIVILISATION.

The facts related by a contemporary in the following announcement will supply our friends the pessimists with some addition to the gratifying evidence, afforded by contemporary history, of a receding civilisation:—

"The Production of Chassepots.—According to the *Progrès* of Lyons great activity prevails at present in the imperial manufactory of small arms at St. Etienne. In that establishment and in the private workshops of the town twelve thousand men are employed. Nine hundred Chassepot muskets can now be supplied daily."

Hooray! Nine hundred contrivances for killing and maiming people are daily producible for the benefit of mankind. Nine hundred thaumaturgic instruments for the working of wonders on the human frame—miracles of slaughter, of lacerations, compound comminuted fractures, and tracts of traversed muscular fibre mashed into pulp. And these wonders, if needful, are ready to be wrought on behalf of the Pope's temporal power. Truly the world is moving in a right direction—to the right about. Worthily are such illustrations of its present march recorded in the *Progrès* of Lyons. Of course that journal is an organ of the progressive movement of Europe in which France is endeavouring with all her energies to take the lead. The *Progrès* of Lyons represents the walk of a crab. Only civilisation seems to be going the crab's way at the speed of a racehorse.

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!

"The Bheels have risen at Punch." To allay the apprehension that the majority of civilised beings will feel at this alarming intelligence, wherever the sun rises or sets, *Mr. Punch* has got up a quarter of an hour earlier to assure the nobility, clergy, and gentry of the hemispheres and the vicinity, that he is *not* the person or party (there is good authority in the English classics for this use of the word) referred to in the disturbing announcement quoted above. No Bheels have risen at him, although he has now and then taken a rise out of Beales. Whether some Indian namesake, a learned pundit, of course, has been attacked by insurgent contributors, *Mr. Punch*, is at present unable to say, but he has telegraphed to Sir John Lawrence for information, and instructed him to march instantly with all his chivalry and cavalry to the relief of the sufferer, if only the most distant connection of the great house of *Punch*. Meanwhile, notice has been given to Sir Stafford Northcote that he will be interpellated as to the meaning of this appalling rumour, and all the iron-clads, including the *Hercules*, are ordered to have their steam up in readiness.

A SERMON ON FASHION.

Extremely Naughty Dove (reading 'Le Follet'). "I really must make myself Different from these Swells; so *I* shall go in for extreme Modesty of Dress and Manner."

A CREDIT TO THE CITY OF LONDON.

The *Weekly Dispatch* announces that:—

"The Commissioner of the City Police is to have his salary raised from £1,000 to £1,350 a year."

The Corporation of London is to be congratulated on its appreciation of valuable services. The office of a Commissioner of Police is no less honourable than that of a Field-Marshal, whilst it is much more onerous, for the Police Chief is always on active service. The City certainly does show a due estimate of policemen. The gallant protectors of life and property within the domains of *Gog* and *Magog* are all fine able-bodied men, who look as if they were accustomed to live on prize beef. This argues decent pay. If Scotland Yard were in the City, Sir Richard Mayne, ere now, would doubtless have received his full retiring pension.

"And doth not a Meeting like this make Amends?"

Lord Chelmsford, having been presented with the sack, has had an interview with Lord Disraeli (we anticipate the title), who deprived him of the woolsack. As to what transpired at this affecting interview, the newspapers unkindly have left us in the dark: excepting that they mention that Lord C. and Mr. D. (we cancel our anticipation) had "shaken hands" ere parting, and this, in certain circles, is commonly the prelude of a regular set-to.

Word-Pie in Parliament.

O the words that we have eaten,
And to eat that we have still!
What for us those meals can sweeten?
Place, my Brothers. Yes; that will!

The Deaf Man's Paradise.—The Audit Office.

BY ROWLAND M'ASSER.

One of the Musical Magazines (*Publishers' Organs?*) contains this month a Song called "*Kissing her Hair.*" The following additional verse has been composed, in the event of an encore:—

"Kissing her Hair"—scented and glossy,
Ah! well I remember my rapture,
At the ball where the talk had been "hossy,"
The run and the ultimate capture:
Withdrawn from the lights and the whirl,
We had paused in the *Tally-ho* valse,
When, my lips on the pendulous curl,
She whispered—"You Silly, it's false."

Beaks and Bell-Ringers at Cambridge.

Bell-ringing is included among the manly sports which are suitable, of course, for the columns of *Bell's Life*. But the Magistrates of Cambridge do not approve of that recreation. They lately had before them two cases on successive days, in which Undergraduates were charged with ringing bells without lawful excuse; and they have threatened to send the next offender in this kind to prison without the option of a fine. Bell-ringers will probably take that to constitute a case for appeal.

A Word for the Vulgar Tongue.

A Cosmetic, asserted to bestow "a beautiful complexion," is advertised under the denomination of "Milk of Cucumbers." What, do cucumbers give milk? Then the humbler classes are right in calling them cow-cumbers.

Poor Cookery.—It does not seem likely that Ministers will succeed in getting the National Dish changed. Irish stew, we are afraid, will not yield to Mayo*nnaise*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

onday, March 9. The new Lord Chancellor Cairns introduced a Bankruptcy Bill, and a Bill for abolishing Arrest for Debt—not a bad inauguration feat.

The President of the Board of Health stated to the Commons that the Department of Science and Art was publishing the "Art Catalogue" in *Notes and Queries*, and that the ultimate cost would be about £8000. It is the only dull reading in the pages of our delightful contemporary, and if Lord Robert Montagu would give *us* the £8000, we would undertake to supply articles much more to the liking, we imagine, of our friend, Mr. T——s.

The Chief Commissioner of Works said that the Ornamental Water in the Regent's Park would be replaced, with a concrete bottom, before summer. He is probably in the confidence of the weather, and knows that summer will be late; but if Lord John meant that the present hideous black wilderness would be converted into Laughing Water by the 24th of June, he had better walk over from Cumberland Terrace, and note the rate at which the work is proceeding.

The new Chancellor of the Exchequer—but would you like to know what he is like? Thus saith the trustworthy Correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*:—

"The House is very well disposed towards Mr. Ward Hunt, who has always been popular among the Members. His personal presence is much in his favour. He might almost sit for *Punch's* typical portrait of John Bull. To be sure, he stands upwards of six feet in his stockings, and his head seems rather small to be a proper capital for such a massive column, but his countenance is frank and jovial, expressing bluff manners, good temper, and resolute will. His finance reputation is yet to be acquired, but it is generally supposed that Mr. Disraeli will lend him a hand, in the composition at least of his first budget."

The New Premier lent him a hand to-night, to help him to carry a little Bill about Irish Fines and Fees; but the loan was not useful. The Bill did not seem of the slightest consequence; but the Irish Members raised objections to it, and Sir Patrick O'Brien said that it would throw all the Irish counties into confusion for the small sum of £60,000. We should have thought so much fun would have been cheap at the money; but Irishmen are not now as Tyrone Power depicted them, and go in for the gravities. Government had to give up the Bill.

The Scotch Reform Bill was read a Second Time after a very dull debate, not graced by the presence of more than half of the Scotch Members. Our old friend, Mr. Hadfield, of Sheffield (ætat. 83), moved the rejection of the Bill, because it proposed to increase the numbers of the Commons. Mr. Smollett (great-grandnephew of Tobias) warned the House that the effect of the Bill would be to exclude gentlemen from the Legislature in favour of municipal spouters and rich railway jobbers. Under-Secretary Sir James Fergusson let out that if the Scotch particularly wanted two or three more Members, Government might not be disobliging. But we wait for Baxter's Last Words. He wants to drive a harder bargain.

We don't want to frighten anybody, but a Bill for making Subways under us all is before the House. We believe that the object is to accumulate the gas, which escapes from the pipes, with a view to blowing a parish or so into the air, in case Fenians are thought to be lurking about. Mr. Paull, of St. Ives (how are the Seven Wives, with their sacks, cats, and kits?), will give further information.

Tuesday. To-night began the Great Irish Debate. It went on until Friday, inclusive, and was then adjourned. *Mr. Punch*, with his calm smile of superiority, begs leave to suppose that he can deal in a much more masterly fashion with the Irish Debate than the House could do with the Irish Difficulty. He is the friend of mankind, and therefore has no intention of afflicting it with any amplified account of the orations delivered on this occasion. He proposes to be Essential: and Essence, according to Locke, is the Very Being of Anything; and, in common parlance, the principal, constituent, concentered qualities. The word is corrupted from *Existentia*. There, you shall learn something from an Irish Debate, an achievement hitherto thought impossible.

We met to learn from the Chief Secretary for Ireland what were the intentions of Government in regard to that "interesting" island. Lord Mayo talked for three hours; and, on the second night of the Debate, Mr. Horsman neatly summed up the statement in three words:

Inaction. Procrastination. Retrogression.

A very slight dilution of this very concentrated essence will adapt it to all palates.

A. *Inaction*.—Nothing is to be done with the Irish Church until the Commission shall have reported, and this, said a Member of it, may be two or three months. We may add that Lord Mayo declared that Government would tolerate no "levelling" policy—which means that the present Cabinet will not touch the Irish Church. Did not Lord Cairns's appointment announce that to all who have understanding?

B. *Procrastination*.—A new and "roving" Commission to inquire into the relations of landlord and tenant. (*Laughter*.)

C. *Retrogression*.—Primary education to be left in the hands of the present Commission. A University, for Catholics only, to be endowed by the nation.

But it would not do to promise nothing at all in the way of an immediate instalment, and Lord Mayo seems to have acted in the spirit of the commercial traveller, immortalised, pictorially, by *Mr. Punch*. "Now, waiter, what is the smallest sum I can give you, without being considered mean?" The Chief Secretary promised

To bring in a Bill that should secure compensation to tenants for improvements, should increase the leasing powers of limited owners, and should encourage written contracts between tenant and owner.

This is the Government solution of the Irish Question.

Mr. Maguire opened the debate with an able speech. We compliment him on the moderation of his language, but it was his business to make a black picture, and he laid on the black vigorously. Lord Mayo, in reply, scraped a good deal of it off with success. Mr. Maguire urged that Ireland was under soldier government. Lord Mayo said that it was for the protection of the Irish, and that all the officials were Irish, and many of them Catholic. Mr. Maguire showed that Ireland was in a state of decay, and Lord Mayo showed that she was in a state of advance. Mr. Maguire contended for the destruction of the Church, but Lord Mayo argued that this would be unjust, and also useless. And so assertion was met by contradiction.

Mr. Neate attacked Mr. Mill's proposal that Government should forcibly buy the land and re-sell, and likened Mr. Mill to Jack Cade.

But the debate was renewed on *Thursday* with much more spirit. Three Great Bounding Brothers leaped into the arena and did their best.

Mr. Horsman made a very dashing attack upon the Government for having no policy, and for, consequently, doing nothing. He denied the loyalty of Ireland, he denounced the Church, and he declared that the present Parliament ought to deal with the Question.

Mr. Lowe despised the Fenians, disapproved of the new University, and was very condemnatory of ultramontanism. He pulled Mr. Mill's plan to pieces with much energy. He was for destroying the Church, but he evidently regards the Irish as very imperfect and objectionable creatures, utterly inferior to Englishmen, and disposed to give much more trouble than they are worth.

Mr. Mill (behold him above) described the Government Scheme as a beggarly account of empty boxes, and defended his own plans. He accused Mr. Lowe of not understanding political economy, and said that what was good political economy for England would not be so for Ireland, or for the savages of New Zealand. He cannot speak without being original, and he retorted the taunt of Utopianism by calling Members Kakopians.

A maiden speech of Mr. Jacob Bright, who rejoiced that a new political power had arisen,—that of working-men who had no vested interests in injustice and wrong,—and a vigorous reply on the whole case by Mr. Hardy, were the other noteworthy matters of the Second Night.

On *Friday*, Mr. Chichester Fortescue (a past and future Minister), intimated that Government must not be "permitted" to turn a deaf ear to the Irish appeal for justice. The O'Donoghue boasted that the immense majority of the Irish were disaffected, and he got it rather hot from Lord Claud Hamilton for assisting at the coffin processions in honour of the Manchester Murderers. Mr. Newdegate denounced the Jesuits as inciters to Fenianism. But the event of the night was a very fine speech from Mr. Bright, who was heard with admiration on all hands, and complimented by the Indian Minister for his eloquence and sincerity. We seldom quote; but must give part of his peroration for the benefit of those who read no reports:—

"I would counsel to all men moderation and justice. We are after all, I believe, of one religion. I imagine that there will come a time in the history of the world when men will be astonished that Catholics and Protestants have had animosity and suspicion amongst each other. I accept the belief in a very grand passage, which I once met with in the writings of the illustrious founder of the colony of Pennsylvania. He says that 'The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion, and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers.' Now, may I ask the House to act in this spirit, and then our work will be easy. An inspired king and bard and prophet has left us words which are not only the expression of a fact, but which we may take as the utterance of a prophecy. He says—'To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.' Let us try in this matter to be upright. Let us try to be just. The dangers which we see will vanish,

and we may have the happiness perhaps of leaving to our children the heritage of honourable citizenship in a united and prosperous empire."

The Debate was adjourned until the following Monday.

Among the smaller matters of the week were an admission by Mr. Hardy that the system of Baby-Farming (exposed so admirably by Mr. Ernest Hart in the *British Medical Journal*, to which reference was made) was atrocious, but he did not see his way to interference—a revival of the Cromwell Statue Question, whereof more when we get Lord John's final answer—the carrying, by a large majority, the Abolition Clause in Mr. Gladstone's Anæsthetic Bill for destroying the Church Rates—a statement that the Albany has stopped the Burlington House Works, and very likely the Academy will not move in 1869—and that the Lords on Friday enjoyed what may be called a rattling mill between the Duke of Argyll and the Lord Chancellor about the Premier's "Education of his Party" Speech, and the letter explaining it away. Both lads did all they knew, both were much punished, and the claret flowed freely. The veteran Russell awarded the stakes to the Duke, but the decision was contested, and the result was a wrangle.

THE ENCORE THIEF.

"Mr. Sims Reeves has dealt fairly with his Bristol audiences, and his Bristol audiences ought to deal fairly with him. He is called upon to sing *twice* everything which is put down for him in a programme, and bullied for not doing so. He was so treated on Monday night."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

T the usual hour yesterday morning, Mr. Punch, the worthy Magistrate, took his seat on the bench.

The night charges having been disposed of,

Bonassus Bellowmore, cheesemonger, was placed in the dock, charged with a determined attempt at theft.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the eminent vocalist, stated that he had been engaged at Exeter Hall on the previous night to sing in Handel's oratorio, *Jephtha*. He had sung, to the best of his ability——

The Magistrate. Then you must have sung very finely.

Mr. Reeves bowed, and continued. He had given the great and very trying air, "*Deeper and Deeper still*," and the audience had been good enough to signify the warmest approbation. He sat down, when the prisoner, with violent shouts, demanded that the air should be given over again. Many of the audience indignantly protested against the prisoner's dishonest conduct, but he persisted in his attempt at theft, and was at last given into custody. Mr. Reeves added that though the attempt at robbery had been directed against himself personally, he appeared on public grounds, and had no vindictive feeling against the prisoner, who, he thought, was stupid rather than wicked, and perhaps might be dismissed with an admonition.

The Prisoner said that he would not be called stupid. He liked music, and chose to have as much of it as he could get. He stuck up for the privileges of an Englishman, and stood on Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

The Magistrate. The Statute of Frauds might be more in point. But don't talk such nonsense, man. What are you?

Prisoner. A cheesemonger.

The Magistrate. Is anything known of him?

Policeman, B 52. I believe he is a respectable man, your Worship, but he is in the habit of acting in the way he done last night.

The Magistrate. Did last night, you mean. That evidence does not tally well with your statement of his respectability. Have you anything to say, prisoner?

Prisoner. I should say I had. What am I dragged here for? I say I like music, and I'll have as much as I can get. Why shouldn't Mr. Reeves sing twice when I tell him?

The Magistrate. Dear me, this is very dreadful, and I dare say this person is intrusted with a vote. Listen to me, prisoner. You sell good cheese, I dare say?

Prisoner. Very good, your Worship. I should be happy of your custom.

The Magistrate. Send me in a first-rate Stilton, ripe.

Prisoner. It shall be at your Worship's house before dinner time.

The Magistrate. It shall be paid for on delivery. If I like it, I will tell you to send me another, and that shall not be paid for at all. I like cheese, and I will have as much of it as I can get.

Prisoner. If I was not speaking to a Magistrate, I should call that stealing.

The Magistrate. Of course, it is stealing. Exactly like your trying to take a second song from Mr. Reeves, for nothing.

Prisoner. O bother! A cheese costs me money, I pay the farmer, and I pay the carriage, and I pay my shopman, and I pay the carter, or I could not deliver the article.

The Magistrate. A song costs Mr. Reeves money. He paid for instruction, he paid for years of study in Italy, he paid for the Broadwood on which he practised, and he paid for the carriage that brought him to the Hall, or he could not deliver the article. He undertook to sell it to you, and he did, and then you wanted another for nothing. The production of the article required special machinery and great skill, and caused much wear and tear of physical powers. Yet you persisted in your dishonest course.

Prisoner. I don't see it in that light.

The Magistrate. Then try and see it in the light of a prison-cell. I shall deal with you as I should deal with any other rogue, who buying one cheese of you, stole another. You will go to the House of Correction for a month.

Mr. Sims Reeves interceded for the prisoner.

The Magistrate. Well, Mr. Reeves, I am bound to say that you put a great temptation in his way, but he must learn to resist temptation. An example is necessary.

The prisoner was then removed to the cell, but before the arrival of the van he begged to be allowed to express his deep regret for what he had done. He supposed that he *was* stupid, but it had never occurred to him that an artist's voice was his property. He would never offend again.

The Magistrate kindly ordered his discharge, but intimated that he hoped any similar offender would be taken into custody, and brought before him for punishment, which he should certainly receive.

THE DANGER OF SELF-DEFENCE.

Mr. G. Thacker, Farmer, of Brownhills, Norton, hears a noise in his father's fowl-pen at night. He takes a gun, and, accompanied by his sister, goes to the spot with a candle. A man, who had been robbing the pen, springs out upon him, and knocks the candle from his hand. There is a struggle between them; the gun goes off by accident, and the thief, one James Hamer, a miner, is shot dead. Statements of these facts were deposed before a coroner's jury. A report of the case thus concludes:—

"This completed the evidence, and the jury were left to consider their verdict; and after a short time they found that the deceased was killed by the gun accidentally going off in the struggle. Mr. G. Thacker will, in due course, be taken before the Magistrates on the charge of having caused the death of Hamer."

A coroner's jury finds that a thief, in a struggle with a respectable man, on his father's premises, was accidentally shot, and "in due course" the respectable man is taken before Magistrates on the charge of having caused the thief's death. This is practical logic, so far as it goes. To make it perfect the Bench should have committed the accused for trial on a charge of manslaughter, or perhaps murder. Let honest men know that the idea of shooting a thief, even in self-defence, is not to be entertained. When, therefore, you go to disturb a fellow who is robbing your house, you had better never take such a thing as a gun with you, lest you should have the misfortune to be involved in a grapple with him, and chance to shoot him.

Punch's Contribution.

This Life-Boat Institution—hear!
It saved a Thousand Lives last year:
People with cash—it rests with you
To make, next year, one Thousand—Two.

Moral.—14, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

ADVICE GRATIS.

The best county to go to in Winter—*Summer-set-shire.*

The best county when you don't want to be in a draught—*Door-shut-shire.*

FLOREAT ETONA!

A Fifth-form Etonian describes his younger brother, who works very hard in pupil-room, as "a Sapper and Miner."

UNHEARD-OF TYRANNY.

Lord Bushfield, the great game preserver, is so strict that he will not allow even an egg to be poached on his estate.

The Best "Note."—Henry Leslie's Quire.

FAMILY GROUP BY STODGE,

WHO HAS BEEN MARRIED SOME TIME NOW. HERE HE IS HARD AT WORK ON HIS ACADEMY PICTURE, AND TAKING CARE OF THE CHILDREN WHILE MRS. S. HAS GONE TO THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE!

DIZZY IN DIFFICULTIES.

(*By a Member of the Country Party.*)

I tell 'ee what, mun, whether you 're a Tory or a Whig,
The longest way to market is the way you drives a pig.
If you makes any footmarks, they as follers 'em 'ool find
What zigzag hoof and hobnail prints you two have left behind.

One at a time is bad enough to drive, be 't sow or boar;
But, if you wants a job o' work, try drivun of a score.
And hard as ourn to manidge be, take swine, both gurt and small,
The Irish Pig 's the wust un, the pigheadedest of all.

There 's Benjamin our Ruler, wi' them Irish Pigs to drive,
Which, if he can accomplish, he 's the cleverest chap alive.
Sitch obstinate contrairy baists did ever martal zee?
Ah Benjamin, thy task is one as I don't envy thee!

Hark, how they grunts, and squakes, and squales, as much as for to say,
"I wun't, I wun't, I wun't go right; I 'ool goo my own way!"
Look how they bolts, this side and that, or sets their snouts on high,
And scrames ten thousand murders like, swate craturs, to the sky!

Protestant Pigs, and Popish Pigs, all pullun left and right,
Wun't yield to one another nare a mossel nor a mite.
There 's Landlord Pigs, and Tenant Pigs, as stubborn to command,
They all be ill-conditioned Pigs in that there plaguy land.

There 's Celt Pigs and there 's Saxon Pigs; there 's Orange Pigs, and Green,
There 's Pigs fed all on 'taturs; and they Pigs be wretched lean.
Then there be them there Fenian Pigs, that there half Yankee breed;
A set o' more unruly pigs on wash did never feed.

Look at 'em! When did Christian zee a crazier herd o' swine,
Since them as once run headlong, and was drownded in the brine?
Now, Benjamin, take my advice, though I be but a clown;
Mind none on 'em doan't run between thy legs, and vling thee down.

THE POPE AND THE PETTICOATS.

In spite of what the song says, it may be questioned if the Pope has recently been living a very "happy life." Besides his cares of state, and fears about his throne, other smaller worries have been troubling his existence. The ladies have annoyed him by their vanities of dress, and by coming to his churches decked out as for the opera, and flaunting their fine fashions in his holy face. His Holiness is one of the best tempered of men; but the flaring, glaring way in which the women have been going it has been enough to "rile a saint," as a Mormonite would say. So we can hardly be surprised that, speaking to an audience of some two hundred ladies, His Holiness gave vent to the following strong terms:—

"His Holiness severely censured the licence of the toilette, condemning the 'fantastic headdresses' in use, and the 'scandalously indecent' robes. He exhorted his audience to oppose to such 'propaganda of the devil,' a counter display of modest feminine attire."

"Propaganda of the devil!" There 's a stinging phrase for you! What a contrast to the pretty words which ladies generally use when they chat about their toilettes! Fancy a duck of a new dress, or a darling sweet silk jacket, being stigmatised as "propaganda of the devil"! Still, without exactly echoing such strong language as the Pope's, we agree with him in thinking that a lady should dress decently. When lovely woman stoops to the folly of absurdly following the fashion, she is pretty sure of spending all her thoughts upon her toilette, and will not think much of a lecture, even from the Pope. But to our mind any lady must be a proper goose, who stoops to wearing dresses "fantastic and indecent" like those which are Old-Nick-named the devil's propaganda.

Justice to Ireland.

Mr. O'Beirne, in his earnest speech about Ireland, deprecated the use of the offensive phrase of "the Irish members' eternal whine." It *is* very rude. Suppose in future, we say, instead of eternal wine, eternal whiskey.

DIZZY'S DIFFICULTY, OR MRS. ERIN'S PIGS.

Dizzy. "I'D LOIKE TO ZEE ANY O' *YOW* DROIVE UN!"

COMPENSATION FOR HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

IN Wednesday last week, at a meeting of the Marylebone Vestry, in reply to a question respecting negotiations for the purchase of Hampstead Heath:—

"MR SHAW, the representative of the vestry at the Metropolitan Board of Works, said he believed the negotiations were in *statu quo*, owing to the exorbitant price of £8,000 per acre, which had been demanded by SIR THOMAS WILSON."

If a Railway Company desires to cut a line through a man's park, destroying the repose and beauty thereof, which its owner wishes to preserve, and accordingly demands an exorbitant price for the land, the law empowers the Company to bring the man to terms by a jury in a Court of Law. Why should not an Act of Parliament enable the Board of Works to take the same course with SIR THOMAS WILSON? Has avarice any more right to be respected than ideality?

ANOTHER CRY FROM THE CUSTOMS.

A WEEK or two ago *Mr. Punch* called public notice to the fact that a great grumbling had reached him from the Custom House. The clerks there, it was stated, were the worst paid of all the Civil servants of JOHN BULL, and, as they had this grievance, like Englishmen they grumbled at it. With his usual benevolence *Mr. Punch* took up their case, and complained to MR. BULL, through their mutual friend LORD DERBY, who then managed his affairs. In the course of his complaint *Mr. Punch* was pleased to tender his advice to MR. BULL, that he had better behave liberally and pay his servants well, than get the name of being a stingy, screwy, skinflint, whom everyone that worked for him would do their best to cheat.

MR. BULL of course has listened to the Voice of Wisdom, and the Chancellor of his Exchequer is engaged, with other experts, in calculating what may be the smallest sum that MR. BULL can offer to his servants, in increase of their wages, without its looking mean. When this problem has been solved, *Mr. Punch* will have to state if he approves of the solution. Meanwhile he begs to mention that the Custom-house in London is not the only place where British customs are collected, and where British Customs clerks are miserably paid. MR. BULL should blush to read such a statement as the following, lately put forth in the *Civil Service Gazette*:—

"In connection with the memorial of the London Clerks of H.M.'s Customs, under consideration of the Treasury, we are glad to learn that the clerks at the principal outports have, with the Board's permission, forwarded applications to their Lordships. That the grievances complained of by their London brethren are felt in a still greater degree by the Outport Clerks is undeniable, and we trust that the anxiously expected amelioration will be extended to all the clerks throughout the Service, and that the irritation and discontent arising from the exceptional treatment which has so long characterised the department may henceforth and altogether cease."

"Irritation and discontent" among your servants, MR. BULL? And you stupidly pretend to boast of being a good master, Sir? Good workers want good wages, and when men are discontented with the money they receive, they are apt by human nature to render service grudgingly, and neglect their work. Depend on it, you will not find it pay you to be stingy, even at your outports. For only look at this, Sir:—

"There can be no good reason why the Outport Clerks who collect one-half of the entire Customs revenue should be differently treated from their London brethren who collect the other half, or that the same work and equal responsibility should be better remunerated at one port than at another. Let these invidious distinctions be swept away, and a liberal scale be arranged for the whole body of the clerks, and the committee now at work at the Treasury will have succeeded in removing one of the most glaring anomalies in the Service, and securing the heartfelt gratitude of a great department of the State."

With such a property at stake as your Customs, MR. BULL, you are silly to be stingy to those who are collectors of it. The better you pay them, the better you will find their service will pay you. Your new manager has declared that he will do his very best to pursue "a liberal policy," and, in the small matter of paying your poor Customs Clerks, you will be wise if you insist upon his keeping to his word.

A BISHOP IN PARTIBUS

(*Heligo-landium*).

THE Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is collecting funds for the establishment of an Anglican Bishop for North Germany, with Heligoland for his see!

Heligoland is a small sandy island, some thirty miles from the mouth of the Elbe, belonging to England, with a population of some three thousand Frisians, and as many rabbits, a banished British Governor, and a good many publics, lodging-houses, and gambling saloons. It is in short a sort of Hamburg Margate—but a Margate at once marred and gated *Oceano dissociabili*; a Margate towed out to sea, as it were, and moored some twenty miles outside of the Goodwins.

"Bishop of Heligoland" sounds comical. He certainly will have a see to overlook, but it will be the German Ocean, and it is difficult to imagine what duties he will find to do (now that the duties are taken off most things that enter the island) unless it be that of exchanging confidences and condolences with that "Banished Lord," the British Governor. We can imagine these heads of the Church and State of Heligoland, "by the sad sea-waves," and "we listen while they moan"—not the waves, but the Governor and Bishop—first antiphonically, then chorally, to some such effect as this:

Antiphonically.

Governor. The sea's all about!
Bishop. Fled are croupier and tout!
Governor. The bathers are gone!
Bishop. And the play-season's done!

Chorally.

Governor and Bishop. And we can't get out! we can't get out! we can't get out!

STROPHE.

Antiphonically.

Governor. Here I'm a British Gov'nor, with no Englishmen to hold,—
'Neath my parental sway!
Bishop. Here I'm a British Bishop, with no Anglicans to scold—
In a Hierarchal way!
Governor. So here we both are stranded,
Bishop. Landed here and Heligo-landed,

Chorally.

Governor and Bishop. With no work, and little play! and still less pay! and still less pay!

ANTISTROPHE.

Antiphonically.

Governor. Would we were countermanded, English Church and State disbanded,
And pilots, punters, handed to the Prussian pipe-clay school:
Bishop. For in our opinions candid, there's nothing on this sand-head,
For a Bishop to look over, or a Governor to rule.
Governor. Here's no Church for Confirmation,
Bishop. And no Commons for jawbation,

Chorally.

Governor and Bishop. Oh, would we were recalled, and our passage paid to Goole!

Antiphonically.

Governor. For that's the Port of Hull.
Bishop. Which it's flat, and very dull,
Governor. But of life and lark it's full,
Bishop. Compared with the strand of Heligoland,
Governor. Where we stand, hand in hand, banished, banned!
Bishop. With nothing to do, to dispel devils blue,
Governor. But to play the Van Amburgh to punters from Hamburgh,

Chorally.

Governor and Bishop. And pop at the rabbits that burrow the sand!

Roman and Improbable.

A NEW Cardinal is to be made, says a Correspondent from Rome. Is it to be an Englishman? The Papal Court, *on dit*, is somewhat against English-Manning it at present. If an English Head is required there's a publisher with a name made to hand: why not let us have one Cardinal *Virtue?*

CONVIVIAL DEFINITION.

HEALTH Officer for the Metropolis—A Toastmaster.

"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN!"

Volunteer Captain (bumptiously). "OFFICER'S TICKET!"

Considerate Clerk. "GOVER'MENT TARIFF'S HIGH ON THIS LINE, SIR. YOU'D BETTER GO AS A GENTLEMAN! CHEAPER!"

[*The Captain is shocked, loses his presence of mind, and takes advantage of the suggestion.*

THE CASE OF THE ALABAMA.

AIR—"*On Board of the Arethusa.*"

COME all who can face the plain truth told,
And object to be scolded, or to scold,
Both sides of the water, let 's cry "Hold,
Enough of the *Alabama!*"
HISTORICUS' columns let 's cut short,
Put SEWARD and STANLEY out of court;
With logic and law
They have played "see-saw,"
Till of talk both JOHN and JONATHAN tire,
And would rather put out than poke the fire,
Apropos of the *Alabama!*

Let the arbitrators settle the doubt
If by our *laches* she got out,
To chivy the Yankee clippers about—
This troublesome *Alabama!*
And over each "how" and "what" and "why,"
The arbitrators are meant to try,
Leave quibble and quirk,
And get to work;
With a brace of clear heads and an umpire fair,
And we 'll soon have the facts all straight and square,
In the case of the *Alabama!*

Like circus-horses that paw and prance,
You may lead a diplomatic dance
For a life-time without a foot's advance
In a case like the *Alabama.*
Still SEWARD found "*Con*" to LORD JOHN'S "*Pro,*"
But when STANLEY took office, he cried "Hullo!
'Twixt RUSSELL and me
The case stood—d'ye see—"
"No, no," says LORD STANLEY, "that can't be.
My cases don't stand, but keep moving," says he,
"And so must the *Alabama!*"

Then JONATHAN lend JOHN BULL a hand,
And your own long-winded Sec. command,
No longer on quirk and quibble to stand
In the case of the *Alabama.*
Though shelling out we own a bore,
We 'll pay any debt you can prove, and more;
And we won't split straws
About "why" or "because,"
But "as we'd be done by," we'll try "to do,"
Though we suffer for letting our fingers through
This troublesome *Alabama!*

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CONTINUATION OF CHAP. III.

* * * * * * * *

THE parachute descended safely, landing its cargo upon a Benician Island.

An old Boatman and his daughter found the wanderer on the shore.

The Boatman's name was MARTIN.

His daughter was known as ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER IV.

*** SIXTEEN years* afterwards.

In the pleasantest room of the pleasantest house in one of the Benician Islands, built in the Gothic style upon the crater of an apparently extinct volcano, sat an elderly man and a young lady.

"MR. PIEL DORNTON† will be here this evening, to sign the contract," observed LIEUTENANT MARCHMONT‡ to his niece, GRACE.

"Will he?" replied GRACE, her beautiful countenance suffused with blushes.

"Will he?" thundered the Lieutenant, who was an old irascible Peninsular hero, and brooked neither questioning nor doubt.

In a second something flew from his hand, and whirring past his niece's ear, within an inch of her golden hair, was dashed into a thousand fragments against the mantelpiece.

It was the tea-cup.*

Her eye darkened for a moment, where a splint from the crockery had struck her, but she soon recovered her good humour, and playfully taking up the classic urn, poured the contents upon her uncle's head.

He smiled.

"The sooner the better," she returned, replying to his observation about MR. PIEL DORNTON.

"*Sooner or Later*" was the warrior's innocent, but somewhat homely repartee.

GRACE felt the inuendo, though she said nothing at the moment; but years after, this dwelt in her memory, and the poignant satire embittered the otherwise happy hours of her young life.

Their house, better furnished than any other in the island, had been carefully fitted up with dumb bells, so as not to disturb the Lieutenant's repose, who was something of an invalid.

She sounded, and an intelligent Boomerang entered the room.

"Clear away," she said, addressing him in his own language.

The Boomerang, a fine handsome fellow, regarded his young mistress with an expression of unutterable melancholy, and commenced his evening's work, using his feet like hands, with a dexterity which only early education could have given him.

* *Sixteen years.* Six of the Authors wish to state that they were totally against such an absurd interval. What's got to be done they would undertake to bring about in seven. So they've told the Directors and the Editor.

† The Directors repeat that they have the greatest possible confidence in the Editor's good sense, but they did *not* think that he would have allowed such a name as this to be given to the hero of the Novel.

Editor's Note to the above.—He is *not* the hero.

Authors' Note (by a majority). Yes, he is.

Note of Authors' in a large minority. No, he is not.

Note.—The Editor trusts to the good sense, gentlemanly feeling, and kindly forbearance of all concerned to prevent a rupture. From the MS. in his possession he thought it was the hero.

‡ MARCHMONT is thought by all the Company a good name. But as there was great disagreement upon the question of his rank, and whether he should be in the Army or Navy, it was thought better to make him a Lieutenant, an office which belongs to both services, and it was finally determined that the uniform should be left to the discretion of the artist. *Signed by Editor, Authors, and Directors.*

Also, to avoid all description of MISS GRACE, his niece, she also shall be an artistic creation, as the Authors and Editor feel sure they can trust implicitly to the good faith, gentlemanly feeling, and good taste of the Artistic staff engaged, not to play the fool.

* *Foot Note.*—A few of the Authors remember this incident in the farce of *Box and Cox.* Being put to the vote it was allowed to remain by a majority of one. The Editor does hope he may rely upon the good feeling, forbearance, &c. &c.

Sometimes as she cast down her eyes, the poor Boomerang was sighing at her feet.

While these domestic arrangements are being carried out, let us say a few words about MR. PIEL DORNTON.

The REV. PIEL DORNTON had been in the island for nearly sixteen years. He was very rich. He had enormous feet and hands: no one knew how they had been acquired. He had no relations; that is in the island; nor did he speak of any one connected with him as existing elsewhere. He was unmarried; at least he had always given out as much. In build he was if anything somewhat above the middle height, with a strong leaning towards corpulency, which in a man of twice his stature, and of a less emaciated appearance, would have been unnoticed, or would have passed for an evident mark of good breeding; but in DORNTON it led the shrewd external observer to a wrong estimate of a character which was in other respects amiable, though perhaps a little too reserved for his associates. Generally, and among those of the other sex, especially his coleopterous propensities were the theme of unbounded admiration.

The Artist, who illustrates this work, will perfect the sketch.*

On his arrival in the island he had announced himself as a Clergyman, and the good Bishop, having immediately collated and inducted him, subsequently, gave him letters of introduction to all the most savage tribes, among whom the proficiency of the new minister upon the harp of Ancient Judah was to have been soon turned to account by the astute prelate.

But for one person.

GRACE MARCHMONT? †

Or another?

Was GRACE always in his thoughts? Perhaps.

OR ANY OTHER WOMAN?

Rising from his solitary meal, the Clergyman said "Grace," after dinner, to himself, and walked down towards the shore.

It was the cheapest and shortest route to the Lieutenant's house.

"Why give more?" he asked himself, as he descended the steep.

Footsteps behind him!!

He peered over the ledge of the rock; not a soul.

Taking from his neck the badge of his calling, he paid it out over the cliff. When it had reached downwards, some two hundred feet or so, he carefully fastened it to the stem of an old tree.

Chuckling to himself, the Clergyman readjusted what remained of his white tie, and walked slowly on.

No footsteps this time, but a young man in a boat.

The REV. PIEL DORNTON shuddered.

"Bah!" he muttered to himself, "this is cowardice!" and filling a tumbler of brandy from a magnum, which he invariably carried in his breast-pocket, he drank it off.

"So," he said, "Calmer now. Calmer."

He could read two names on the boat. "The *Penguin*, by JOSEPH."

Slowly he drew forth a pistol, and pointing it steadily at the oarsman, took such sure and certain aim——

CHAPTER V.

SLOWLY he drew forth a pistol, and pointing it steadily at the oarsman, took such sure and certain aim as would have undoubtedly terminated JOSEPH's existence, but that it was unloaded.

It flashed across his memory now that he had been at the Episcopal Palace in the early morning, and there had seen

The Bishop drawing a charge.

Little had he then thought how it would affect his after career.

The man in the boat, JOSEPH, looked up on hearing the snap of the trigger.

"*Pas pour Joseph!*" ‡ he sang out in a clear tenor voice, touching his cap reverently to the Ecclesiastic, and at the same time giving a strong pull with both sculls, which caused him to disappear within the water-cave.

The Clergyman remained wrapped in meditation.

* The Artist begs to state he has not been treated fairly; that is, if this *is* the hero. He understood him to be quite a different character. He will not alter his drawing. They may call the picture somebody else, if they like, and write up to it. But he is not prepared for coleopterous people. (*Artist.*)

Editor's Note.—Beautiful picture, but finished perhaps just a little bit too soon before the Authors had entirely agreed upon the character of their work. Everyone is *very* much pleased with it, and the Editor *does* hope he may depend upon the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned in this New Novel not to bring about a rupture, where everything should be, and indeed in reality is, one harmonious unity.

† The Author, who wished this tale to be a Poem, in Seven Books, using his liberty of publishing a note, begs to record his own conviction that this is the place for a song. Besides mention having just been made of the harp, what fitter opportunity can present itself? Again, "MARCHMONT" rhymes with "parchment" sufficiently for all practical purposes.

Editor's Note.—The Editor, with the other Authors and Directors, has promised that a song *shall* be put in on the first opportunity. The Editor and the rest reserve to themselves the right of judging when such opportunity occurs. But at the same time the Editor does really hope he may depend upon the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned, &c. &c. (*vide previous note*).

‡ They do not talk French in Benicia. *Directors' Note.*

If the Directors interfere, we will not write any more. *Authors' Note.*

The Editor *does* hope that the kindly feeling, &c. &c. (*as before*).

"*Vidi te!*" said a voice behind him, and turning, he recognised the kindly old Bishop looking at him slily through the crook of his highly ornamented crosier. "*Hamus id! hic est Lictor veniens,*" he said, in old monkish Latin.

It was a Coast-guardsman coming over the hill.

"JOSEPH, you have escaped me this time," said DORNTON to himself, as he parted with his superior, and wended his way towards Marchmont House.

He could not knock at the door. Strange, he was shy and nervous as a boy in his first love.

He climbed up the conservatory and looked through the top.

By the light of the lamp * he saw her fair form like a bright angelic picture, and he felt a thrill pass through his frame.

Slowly he drew forth the pistol, and took deadly aim.

"Tush," he said to himself, smilingly, "'tis but a mere matter of habit," and replaced the weapon in his tail-coat pocket.

But there was another form close to GRACE's.

Whose? The thought was madness. WHOSE FORM?

Dashing through the thin panes of glass which ill served to prevent his entrance, he burst into the room.

What sight met his gaze!

GRACE, in full ball costume, lying on the sofa, covering her eyes with her hands, and by her the aged Lieutenant, clutching the poker in his nervous grasp——

DORNTON ran forward, and——

(*To be continued.*)

* Some of the Authors wish to call this Novel, "Scenes from Clerical Life."

Editor's Note.—They won't, though. *Wait till the End. Then change the title if you like.*—ED.

AN OMEN TO QUACKERY!

ON the north side of the Strand,
Nearly close to Temple Bar,
Once there did the dwelling stand
Of a wight famed wide and far;
Who surpassed in name Old PARR.
But it fell upon a day—
Down, right souse,
Came the house
Of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.
O PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY!
'Twas upon a Saturday,
Thy house fell;
Fare thee well,
O PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY!

There, a quacksalver by trade,
HOLLOWAY, compounded Pills;
There a certain Ointment made.
They would cure all human ills
He declared in puffs and bills.
But one morning it gave way.
Down it went,
Tenement
Of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,
O Professor, &c.

Space to make for Courts of Law,
It would soon have had to fall;
This had forced him to withdraw,
Men, slabs, mortars, pots and all.
Therefore crumbling roof and wall,
When they came down, as we say,
With a rush,
Did not crush
Sham PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.
O Professor, &c.

But, auspicious omen, hail!
Thou in type portendest, clear
Emblem to the dullest eye,
Quackery's downfal to be near;
May thy verity appear!
Quacks, on public health who preg,
Read your fate,
Sealed when, late,
Fell the House of HOLLOWAY!
O Professor, &c.

From that Eternal City.

THERE has been a creation of Cardinals this last week at Rome. It may not be generally known that the first thing Cardinals do after their great elevation, is to collect themselves, and send round the Hat.

CONSIDERATE.—(A HUNTING STUDY.)

Tiny Groom (on tinier pony). "BEG PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT I WANT TO SHOW MY MISSIS THE WAY UP HERE. SHE'LL BE RUN HOVER, A WAITING AT THEM GATES!" ["*Missis*" *determines to keep T. G. before her in future.*

SHAKSPEARE IN PARIS.

HAMLET set to music! What a lovely notion! *Musique par* AMBROISE THOMAS; *paroles par* WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE! *Hamlet* sweetly warbling "To be, or not to be," to the beat of a conductor, and accompanied by fiddles! *Hamlet* with a ballet introduced in the mad scene: dancers draped transparently, all capering and frisking, while *Ophelia* sings a waltz, and then very picturesquely drowns herself by lime-light! The *Ghost* stalking on the stage to the sound of a dead march, and then singing a long solo, descriptive of his sufferings! Alas, poor *Ghost!* Alas, poor WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE! Bless thee, how thou art translated, to please our lively neighbours! Fancy "*Etre, ou ne pas être*" as a sentimental ditty! Imagine Milord *Hamlet* with a tremulous vibrato, singing an *addio* to his friend "*ce pauvre Yorick!*" Conceive, as a fit prelude to this exquisite *morçeau*, the opening of the church-scene with a chorus of old grave-diggers, one of whom, ere long, when the scene begins to flag, may dance a comic *pas*, or give a rattle with the cross-bones!

In winding up his notice of "this most successful opera," one of "our own Paris correspondents" naïvely says:—

"If M. AMBROISE THOMAS has not created a *Hamlet*, he has given to the world an *Ophelia* who will never be forgotten."

Created a *Hamlet!* Imagine a French tune-maker creating a *Hamlet!* One might as reasonably talk of the "creation" of *Othello*, when defiled as a burlesque. *Mais chacun à son gout.* Only we wish our lively friends, when they want to spoil a play, would keep their paws off SHAKSPEARE. Why can't they sing VOLTAIRE, or bring CORNEILLE out at the opera? It is bad enough to try to translate *Hamlet* into French: but we can *not* stand seeing "*Airs from Hamlet*" at the music-shops, and hearing them brayed forth by blatant German bands, or squeaked about the streets by beastly barrel-organs.

ARNOLD VON WINKING.

PUNCH'S NOTION OF "SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."—Brandy and water *with*—and a cigar.

IMPROMPTU.

(*By a Huntsman after a fall over a Blind Wire-Fence.*)

My dear Sire,
The Late Squire
Never had a fence of wire.
How it would have raised his ire
When he went to take a flyer
If he 'd hit a fence of wire.
Nothing in the country's worse
It is modern hunting's curse.
Many a misfortune dire
Happens through this fence of wire.

A Dream of the Future.

THURLOW LAW, Temple, just called, who is to be married directly Lent is over (AGNES ETHELDREDA is ritualistic, and working a "frontal"), is of opinion at this stage of his life that the playbill at the Strand exactly foreshadows his own little drama as it is to be—*Orange Blossoms* (inaugural ceremony at which LAW will appear in a new suit); *Paris* (wedding excursion); *Coal and Coke* (the fireside, and perusal of a professional author). THURLOW also appreciates the St. James's bill, with *The Chimney Corner* and *A Happy Pair!*

CHANGE OF NAME.

(*By the Poor-Law Board.*)

THE Poplar district to be known as the Un-pop'lar district.

Following a Clever Lead.

DEAREST ONE.—You did make me so wild, but you have now made me so happy. You referred me for an answer to that admirable and popular periodical, *Punch*, No. 1166, page 23, line 15, but, darling, I could not go out and buy that number, for fear of being observed. But at last I have seen it, and your beautiful words fill me with delight. I am happy indeed, and I hope this advertisement will not only gratify you, but will increase the circulation of the charming magazine—I mean periodical.—Ever your, ARGUS-EYE.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 34, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, March 21, 1868.

"IGNORAMUS" ON SOME GEOGRAPHICAL TROUBLES.

S I was waiting, this morning, for an "Atlas," I stepped into a shop, and bought a map, to help me to understand the newspaper articles on "Russophobia," and Central Asia, a distant district which, for aught I knew to the contrary, might be that Asia Major I am always expecting to turn up as the indispensable counterpart of Asia Minor; an Oxford training having taught me to believe that where there's a Minor there must also be a Major.

The purchase of this map set me thinking of the many maps and atlases I had been obliged to buy during the last fifteen years—indeed, ever since my interest in Epirus and the Ægean began to slacken—and of the many lessons in Modern Geography I had been constrained to give myself, to fill out my spare education, and effect my rescue from the total darkness of ignorance in which I must otherwise have blundered on, touching those various regions of the earth where War has left so many deep and crimson scars to attest her terrible presence.

I believe I first began to impoverish myself in this way when the war with Russia broke out; making excursions into the Crimea, plunging into the Black Sea and the Baltic, and dipping into the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, which last-mentioned expanse of waters I had always taken to for its melodious name, and fanciful association, in my very irregular mind, with a favourite pear. The next item in my expenditure with MAPPMAN was for India, of which rather important country, previous to the rebellion, I had possessed but little more than what may be termed a nursery knowledge, mainly represented by TIPPOO SAIB, tigers in jungles preparing to spring on defenceless white men, the Black Hole at Calcutta, the Great Mogul, crossing-sweepers in white turbans, the cruel Car of Juggernaut, and, above all, the burning of widows, considered by far the best thing to think of just before going to sleep on a winter's night in a warm bed, which, for the occasion, might be looked on as the mail from London to York, with the wind driving the rain against the windows. A serious geographical trouble was the war between Austria, and France and Italy, with its—the constant intrusion of this antagonist on my privacy was such an annoyance that I must beg the printer to employ small capitals—QUADRILATERAL, and notorious battle-fields chiefly remembered now by new dyes and bright dresses. But no part of the globe involved me in so much anxiety as Schleswig-Holstein, for years the terror of newspaper readers, the bore in the European family, the poor relation always dropping in and never welcome, until at last Prussian and Dane came to blows, and compelled us to determine whether S.-H. was a diplomatic myth or a geographical reality, and, to explore in maps provinces of which I, and I dare to say, tribes more of the "better educated classes," were as ignorant as we are to this day of Lapland or Turkistan.

All over the world have I known trouble. Danubian Principalities, Japan, Poland, China, States of the Church, Bhootan, Lombardy, Mexico and Austria, have been heavy trials; but never did I picture myself so far from home and ten to four as Abyssinia. RASSELAS! Where's RASSELAS? Just stepped out, Sir, to Fleet Street to ask how his friend SAMUEL JOHNSON is, after attending his Mother's funeral at Lichfield. JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.—he was here a moment ago telling me there were no musical instruments, not even a lyre, in Abyssinia—where has he gone? To dine in Arlington Street with HORACE WALPOLE and GEORGE SELWYN, and relate to them those marvellous stories about juicy steaks cut from live oxen, which CAMERON, and RASSAM, and STERN, may some day confirm in the exciting narratives we are all hoping they will soon return to deliver in the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society, Burlington House, Piccadilly.

Aden is now familiar to me as Household Troops, Annesley Bay has displaced Pegwel Bay in my regard, and Massowah and Zoulla are no mere acquaintances, but friends of long-standing, like Margate and Ramsgate. And yet could I draw an outline map of the country? I doubt it, so great is the depression in my cranium where the prominence denoting philo-geography ought to be; for all my life long I have experienced the greatest difficulty in distinguishing a peninsula from a promontory, and the shock I felt on Saturday evening last on finding that there was a sea of which I had never even heard—the Ochotsk Sea—I have not yet recovered from. But there is something else than the geography of Abyssinia to comment on. What was your guess when you read that the Aboona of Abyssinia was dead?

If I had seen such an announcement under the head of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, I should have expected to find that the Aboona was a rare animal of the country which had died unexpectedly through change of scene and diet. As it was I suspect my thoughts ran on a favourite Sultana of KING THEODORE'S. All wrong, the Aboona being Abyssinia's Archbishop of Canterbury, whose life, let us hope, was not disturbed by such a diversity of clergy and variety of robe and ritual as prelates in England suffer from.

But I must end, and it shall be, where I began, in Central Asia. I must take my map home and study it. I must be ready with my geographical knowledge against the time for which articles and letters are already preparing us, when the Oxus and Jaxartes (only rivers, I assure you, not, especially Jaxartes, pagan divinities) will be admitted into the best society, and met with at every London dinner-table; when Cashmere will have other costly associations beside shawls; and the constant mention of Afghanistan and Cabul, Herat and Candahar, the Tunghani and the Valley of the Ili will bring earthly trouble once more on

IGNORAMUS.

WE DON'T BELIEVE HALF OF IT.

A LETTER from the Capital of Civilisation, Liberty, Morality, Wisdom, and Human Excellence in every particular, especially Refinement and Elegance with Economy in Female Dress, informs us that:—

"What is called the imperial pamphlet, under the title of '*Les Titres de la Dynastie Napoléonienne*,' has appeared with the motto of '*Vox populi vox Dei*.'"

NAPOLEON THE THIRD calls himself EMPEROR, both *Dei gratiâ* and by the will of the French people. According to the motto of his Imperial Majesty's pamphlet, these appear to be just two phrases for one thing.

Did not a certain people once shout *Les aristocrats à la lanterne?* This was *vox populi* certainly. Another people, once upon a time, shouted for a certain BARABBAS. That was *vox populi* too. What more can be said in such cases, unless you add *vox diaboli?* The Universal Suffrage to which the French People owe their Second Empire, and present freedom of the Press, liberty of meeting, and immunity from oppressive conscription, was surely no better than *vox populi*, if it was no worse. When the Man of December adopts for the motto of his Monarchy, *Vox populi vox Dei*, does he not rest his title on the ground of a saying which at best expresses only a half-truth?

There is a cry which has been heard here in England by the Elect of the French People, whose forces now hinder the people of Rome from electing their own Sovereign. The British public sometimes cries "No Popery!" Here you have *vox populi*. Does LOUIS NAPOLEON consider it also *vox Dei?*

WEARING THEIR OWN HAIR AGAIN.

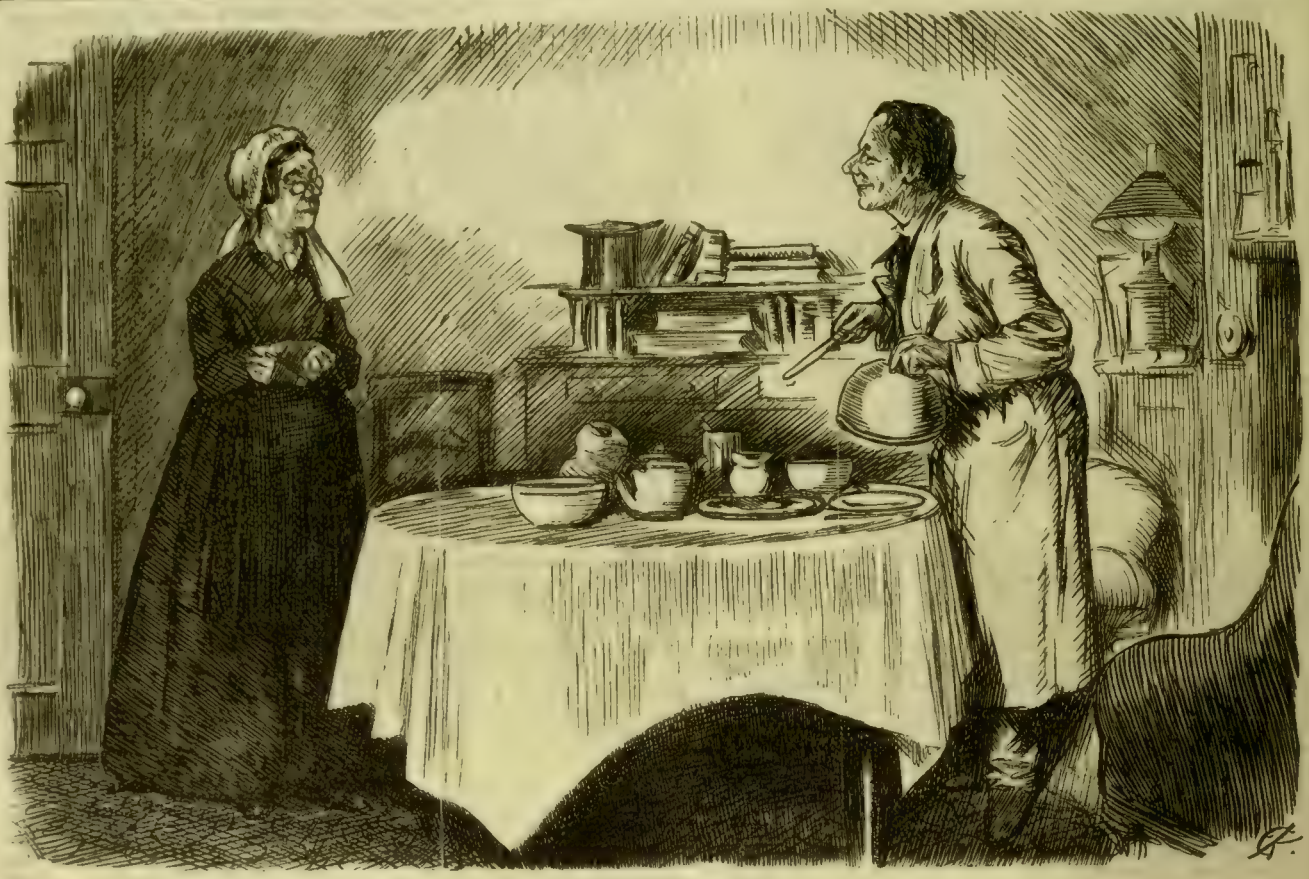
HERE is a delightful piece of news from Paris:—

"At the last Ball at the Hôtel de Ville a revolution was apparent in the ladies' style of headdress. No chignons, but the hair flowing over the shoulders, and a ringlet or two drawn in front, after the manner introduced by the PRINCESS OF WALES in 1863."

Crinoline has gone the way of all departed fashions, and chignons now are doomed to follow the same fate. In cases such as these there is no appeal against the Judgment of Paris. Venus bows to Paris in all matters of the toilette, and Ugliness is sure to imitate whatever Beauty does. Farewell ye chignons, therefore, and ye gregarines infesting them! Farewell ye frowsy frisettes, stolen from the neighing steed! Farewell ye pads of alien hair clipped in Caucasian back slums! Farewell, a long farewell to more than half your greatness, ye fashionable heads! And O ye monstrous hairpins, whose huge nobs the hilts of small swords and of daggers counterfeit, farewell! The Chignon's occupation 's gone!

Butter in Excelsis.

THE French paper, *La Liberté*, is given to that slavish eulogium characteristic of Imperialistic literature. It says that in the Irish debate, "MR. GLADSTONE spoke like a statesman, MR. DISRAELI like a writer in *Punch*." MR. DISRAELI spoke very well, and we have done and would do all fitting honour to his great talent, but the ascription to him of such immeasurable superiority over MR. GLADSTONE is fulsome flattery, offensive to gods and men.



A PARADOX!

Studious Lodger. "It's a pity, Mrs. Priggins, you don't understand Mathematics, or you 'd readily comprehend how impossible it is that this Steak which I sent from Table last Night a Rectangular Parallelogram, is now an Irregular Pentagon !!"

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER VI.

——And seized the weapon.

"In my own house!" exclaimed the Lieutenant. "Never!"

So saying he stirred the fire, which in the Benician Islands becomes a necessity during the July evenings.

"And Grace?" inquired the Clergyman.

"Is well," she replied, going towards the piano.

"Music!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, placing two fingers in his mouth, and giving a shrill whistle.

Whose Fingers?

His own.

She struck a few brilliant chords on the instrument, and then broke into a *Tarantella*.

"Shall we polk?" asked the Clergyman, seizing the Lieutenant round the waist.

"With pleasure," was the answer; and, gracefully curving and bending, they went round the room.

Oh! those happy evenings in Benicia!

"Now for the Contract," exclaimed Grace.

They all seized pens, but before Piel Dornton could affix his signature a loud report as of a cannonade burst on their ears.

The House divided.

"Smithereens!" exclaimed one of the three. The Lieutenant was the speaker. In another instant the speaker had left the chair. Amidst confused cries

The House Suddenly Rose.

"Ha!" cried the Lieutenant, as clutching at his niece, they went up slowly in the air together. "I know!"

"What!" exclaimed the agonised girl.

"The volcano on which our house was built was not extinct—the architect was wrong."

CHAPTER VII.

FREEDOM.*

Certainly Piel Dornton was in luck. The volcanic eruption which had caused Lieutenant Marchmont's house to be raised from the ground had forced him through the window, whence he fell, the worse for a few bruises on the velvet lawn in front.

"Fallen on the lawn," the Clergyman said to himself. "That promises well for a bishopric *in futuro*." He knew Latin and spoke it, when nobody was listening.

Marchmont House had disappeared, and with it the Lieutenant and Grace, *but the contract of marriage was still in* Piel Dornton's *hand*.

Piel looked cautiously round. He was a bold bad man, but even bold bad men sometimes are obliged to look round cautiously. "It

* Resolution carried by a large majority of Authors engaged on this work; viz., "That headings be affixed to every chapter, to be chosen by vote."

*** The Directors present their respects to the Editor, and wish to know what's become of the young men who were engaged at an enormous expense to illustrate this novel. Why, they wan't to know, hasn't there been a picture of any one as yet?

Editor's answer to the above.—All the Artists have sent in pictures of the same situation, and as each one had taken a different view of the time, place and characters, it was difficult to select *the* one exactly illustrating the great sensations in the foregoing chapters. The Editor, however, *does* hope that the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any *contretemps* occurring just as the work is progressing so favourably.

Notes. (*a*) Thirteen of the Authors were out of town when this was written, and agreed to leave the description of the voyage, and so forth, in the hands of the remainder, two of whom professed to have travelled all over the globe, and were able to vouch for all their localities. These two were under the control of the other five, among them are two professed naturalists, an archæologist, a geologist, and a pisciculturist. Four of them are members of the Acclimatisation Society, and the two first are Fellows of the Royal Geographical; at least, so they say.

(*b*) We, the Directors, think that the above description is too much like the Child's Noah's ark, but we are loth to interfere with the clear course of the story. Only *do* get on.

(*c*) They are getting on. It's all right. The Boomerang is —— in disguise. Piel Dornton is ——, and altogether it is most interesting as far as I've read. *Editor.*

To the Authors, from the Editor.—Now, gentlemen, send in your MSS., the Editor's in the room.

was easier for him," he recollected his father saying this, "to look round than to keep square."

At the thought of his father, Dornton paused and murmured, "Still taking it in through the pores. So many years ago. How quickly the time has passed."

His eye fell upon the paper in his hand. The sound awoke him from his reverie.

He walked to his own house, and unlocking a desk which opened with a spring, he drew from a secret drawer a small bottle of black ink, a steel pen, a holder, a sheet of white paper, and an ordinary blotting pad.

Then he lit the fire.

He was evidently uncertain as to his next proceeding.

He rang the bell.

A servant in a large mask and a deep sepulchral voice answered the summons.

Dornton asked if anyone had called, and receiving a reply in the negative, told the man that he was not to be disturbed for the next three hours.

He sat down before the desk, and spread out the contract before him.

To it were affixed the names of Charles Augustus Leonard Marchmont and Grace Marchmont.

What was he doing with that pen, and that black, black ink, which seemed to grow blacker and blacker under the hands of Piel Dornton?

He was writing.

It was a troublesome task apparently, for he laboured at the work slowly and wearily.

The clock-hands passed over the second hour, and still Piel Dornton worked on with the black wicked ink and the hard remorseless steel pen scratching the paper before him.

Had he been less absorbed in his occupation he would have noticed that to the topmost branches of the stately elm in front of his window was fixed a small cradle, which being moved gently to and fro by the summer south wind rocked its occupant as tenderly as if it had been set in motion by the maternal foot. Not that if he had seen it he would have taken much note of the circumstance, it being the common practice of the poorer classes in this part of the world so to dispose of their children when they themselves cannot pay for a nurse during the hours of their daily toil.

Had he known that within that cradle lay an infant, he would have in all probability pulled his blinds down; but as it happened, it entirely escaped his observation.

There lay the little creature, apparently quite content to play with the bells of its plated rattle, and suck the imitation coral.

Yet the child did not shake the bells, but held them in its little hand, grasping them so firmly as to prevent the slightest sound catching the ears of the anxious writer at the escritoire. Moistening the red-dyed bone between its chubby lips, the infant ever and anon cast a furtive glance towards Piel Dornton.

It was midnight before he had finished.

"The next thing," he said, "is to go to work with a will."

With a Will!

Then he arose from his chair and regarded his work with satisfaction.

"It is worth the risk," he murmured to himself; "it is worth the risk."

CHAPTER VIII.

LOST.

With a sharp heavy splash which sent the water up twenty feet high, the house, so singularly detached from its foundations by the volcanic action recorded in our last chapter, fell on the upheaving bosom of the ocean.

The question now was, whether the building would sink or swim.

It was an anxious moment for all three, for the faithful Boomerang who was just entering the room with a lamp when the explosion took place had been carried with them.

In the peculiar construction of their mansion lay their safety. The Architect had been a man of extreme fancy and great ingenuity (he had, indeed, been subsequently recommended to the British Government as a fit and proper person for a sinecure at one of their large establishments—the Hanwell College) and had fashioned the under flooring of the drawing-room, forming the ceiling of the kitchen, after the manner of the keel of a large boat.

What had always been an eye-sore to Lieutenant Marchmont now proved their salvation. The house floated on the waves, drawing about four feet of water,

without the occupants feeling any more inconvenient motion than they would have experienced on an ordinary sea voyage.

They were somewhat afraid to open the low French windows, whence they had formerly stepped on to the lawn—and they felt the want of air.

But on the second day they discovered three trap-doors in the roof, and the Boomerang having found a saw, in a short space of time with the aid of a few nails and a hammer, joined the three traps together, so that the whole of one side of the sloping roof could now be opened and shut at pleasure.

Fortunately the remains of the tea, with muffins, dry toast and butter, were still upon the table. The Boomerang, who, by the way, had been in their service for nearly fifteen years, was named Nutt—at least so he had always given them to understand—now rose with the occasion, and exhibited a spirit, a determination, and a knowledge which, though it did not strike them at the time, was far above any educational acquirements of the ordinary Boomerang native.

The Lieutenant sat moping in his arm-chair. Grace played a little upon what remained of the piano; but Nutt assumed the directorship, and at once, as a practical man, portioned out the tea, the dry toast and butter, so as to put them all on allowance for four days. "His religion," he said merrily, "taught him charity, and he always made allowances for everybody."

So they ate sparingly three crumbs each of toast, two drops a-piece of tea, and then sat on the ledge above, with the half-roof lifted up, and gazed upon the murmuring sea.

She was abstracted, and as the poor Boomerang regarded her placid features he heard her uttering gently a name—"Piel."

Looking down into the room, he saw the Lieutenant stealthily moving towards the sugar.

In a second he was down silently, and seizing the old man by the wrist, forced him back into his seat.

"Sugar!" gasped the wretched man.

"No," replied Nutt kindly, but firmly, "we must feed equally."

"And," added Grace, nodding to her Uncle, "as to the sugar, if you do not like it you must lump it."

They were the first unkind words she had ever spoken to him. She felt it was necessary, and that upon her resolution now depended their common fate.

(*To be continued.*)

EPIGRAM ON UNPRODUCTIVE ELOQUENCE. (NEVER MIND WHOSE.)

Bosh, bunkum, statistics, quotations, and stuff,
Palaver more, argument less, than enough.

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

This Little Duck wears an Effective Aquatic Jacket, strongly recommended for the Boating Season.

BELOW THE LOWEST DEEP A LOWER DEEP.

The Duke of Brunswick has lately astonished the audience at the Bouffes by falling through the bottom of his box into a *baignoire* (luckily empty) beneath.

It has been popularly reported that the Duke is too rich ever to come to the bottom of his strong box; but he evidently can not only get to, but *through* the bottom of any box less strong than his own.

We had always heard there was no strength in the Duke's public case. It seems now that the weakness extends from his public case to his private box, and that the Duke has accomplished a feat we had thought impossible, of falling still lower than he had done already. On his re-appearance, let us hope the band received him with "*Hail, Star of Brunswick!*"—said star being invited, it is presumed, to hail, in consideration of its being prevented from reigning.

MILLIONS AND MILLIONS.

The Emperor has published a Pamphlet, showing that the Napoleons owe their Imperial position to thirty millions of votes.

Mr. Horn has published a pamphlet showing that the present Imperial Government, for fifteen years, has cost the country 800 millions of francs a year more than the Governments which preceded it. In other words, we have Napoleon debtor to France, 30,000,000 of votes, France creditor to Napoleon, 31,000,000,000 of francs. So that every vote has cost France 1,033 francs = £41 5*s.*, or thereabouts.

This strikes us as very handsome interest indeed for fifteen years loan of a Napoleon.

Curiosities of Nomenclature.

We should be careful what names we give to our establishments. While "The Blackrod Grammar School" (see Commissioners' Report) sounds painfully appropriate, "The Mountjoy Convict Dépôt" reads as dismally incongruous. (To save future historians confusion, be it noted that the Usher of the Black rod, &c., is no connection of the well-known Parliamentary Functionary.)

A RICH COLE MINE.

From a distinguished Police Constable at the South Kensington Museum, to his Sweetheart at Shrewsbury.

You ask me, Susan, for to state unto yourself and friends
The sort of Show at Kensington as on my care depends,
Which I proceed to do, my love, with all my heart and soul,
The Show reflecting credit on myself and Mr. Cole.

The place were Brompton Boilers, but them things is took away,
(I bleeve they 're gone to Bethual Green, but really cannot say)
A stately red Museum stands, a truly noble sight,
More striking than the British M., as that is only white.

I let the public enter in, the glorious sights to see:
On Monday, Tuesday, Saturday, I let them enter free,
On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, they approach in different manner,
Defraying sixpence which they call, if playful-like, a tanner.

The Public is a stupid pig, my girl, and that 's a fact,
They really want an awful deal of telling how to act,
This Show is truly wonderful, if persons only knew,
Yet not one Swell in twenty knows the sights as he might view.

We 've all the Vernon pictures, and the Sheepshanks ones beside,
The pick and choice of British art, in fact the British pride,
Purchased regardless of expense by them as trouble took
To give them to a public as will hardly come and look.

I couldn't tell you half the names, but figures makes it clear,
A thousand and twelve over I have counted, Susan dear:
A thousand and twelve over, Sue, and every one a Jem,
And what are called Shadeovers, though there 's no shade over them.

Next, thank my Royal Mistress for this best of many boons,
I exhibit the late Raphael's original Cartoons,
Which here in all their glory may be pleasantly beheld,
It was not so at Hampton Court, which also fusty smelled.

But that 's High Art, at which the Swells as on the painters fawn
Because they are the fashion, when they 're not a looking, yawn;
So come with me, my Susan, to the gorgeous sights down-staire,
Gold, jewels, silver, ivory, enamel, china wares.

That play we saw the night when you unkindly did behave,
The chap went down burglariously and plundered of a cave.
Aladdin were the party's name, and what he saw was fine,
But nothing to the treasures in this Cave of Cole's and mine.

We 've ransacked every jewel-box for things no price could buy,
We 've watches, trinkets, amber, pearls, and splendid Bigotry,
The meedy evil relix as I 've heard from them as knows
Alone would make South Kensington the true A 1 of shows.

A Trojan's column, large as life, at least a fairish slice,
Wren's model of St. Paul's before he took the King's advice,
And such Italian pulpits, cut and carved to that degree,
I suppose they 'd stupid parsons, so required fine things to see.

Old painted coaches and sedans, as like could tell some tales,
As bright as them I see at France, I mean to say Versales,
And lovely music instruments as melts your eyes in tears
To think the ladies they belonged is dead two hundred years.

Which France reminds of purchases that 's only just come in,
(I says to Cole, says I, you know the way to frisk the tin)
We 've got some crack Art Furniture, as took the highest prize
I never saw such heavenly blue, except in Susan's eyes.

Of creature comforts let me speak, of which I can report
Refreshments are provided of the very primest sort.
But O that ass the public, when on our map they read
"Provisional Arrangement" they think *that* the place to feed.

And now, dear Sue, I 've told you not the half of what I guard,
That Swells don't come more fluently does seem uncommon hard.
A place like this of mine and Cole's, at once a Show and School,
The man or woman as don't see is nothing but a fool.

All the Difference.

Greenbery, hearing that Trollope was to be made a Peer, expressed his pleasure at this distinction being conferred on one of his favourite authors. He was soon undeceived, and laughed at for supposing it possible that Literature in this country should receive such a recognition. Men reminded him that Anthony Trollope was only a Story-Teller, while Sir John may have been a Tory-Teller.

THE GREAT ZAGAZIAS.

(A Bumpkin Ballad.)

JOSIAS GUTCH was GUTCH's name,
Which he took at his christening,
You might yourself ha' heard the same,
Had you been there a listening.

JOSIAS had a labouring friend,
Whose name was not JOSIAS,
Though I.A.S. was at its end,
And it was ZACHARIAS.

Jos was a worker in the fields,
A sort of hedge-and-ditcher-man;
ZAC lived by what the garden yields,
And therefore was a richer man.

Now once upon a holiday
Jos, having no employment,
Thought he would have a jolly day,
Devoted to enjoyment.

And so he sought the market town,
To see the yearly fair there;
And coming home told ZACCHY BROWN
Of all the sights as *were* there.

"The fust thing as I zeen"—(but, yes,
'Tis here we must announce it,
"Zeen" stands for "Seen," as every "s"
As "Z" these men pronounce it.)

"The fust thing, ZACCHY, as I zeen
Wor zomething like a Zircus,
As they 'd put up upon the green,
Just oppoz*ite* the Work'us."

"I've zeen a Zircus too," says ZAC,
"With horses and young wimmin
As had small clothes upon their back,
Which they looked very zlim in."

Says Jos, "Aye, that t'ain't nout at all,
Fur when I got outzide it,
I zeed a pictur on a wall,
And zo I ztopp'd and eyed it.

"Aye, that 's the Jock for me," says I.
"What was?" asks ZACHARIAS.
"The name writ up," was his reply—
'Twor the Great Zaga-zias."

"Great what?" cried ZAC, and scratched his head.
"I 'll tell you," says JOSIAS;
"Didn't ye mind, ZAC, what I zaid?
'Twas the Great Zaga-zias."

"I 've zeen," says ZACHARIAS, "too,
Queer beasts as four foot goes on,
But not a Zaga-zias, noo—
At least not as I knows on."

"It worn't a tiger, eh?" "Noo, nor
A lion," says JOSIAS.
"It worn't nout else but what it wor—
'Twor the Great Zaga-zias."

"Wor it alive?" "D'ye think I 'd pay
To zee a Zaga-zias
As worn't alive? Noo, noo, you may
Make zure there, ZACHARIAS.

"Well, I gives tuppuns at the show
Of lions, tigers, lots on 'em;
And also leppards, which you know,
Be beasts as has great spots on 'em.

"Great bears wor lyin' at their ease
Sly lynxeses a watchin',
And monkeys too, and chimpanzees
Continually scratchin'."

"I've zeen all them, the blessed lot,"
Says MUSTER ZACHARIAS;
"But what I want to know is what
Be this here Zaga-zias?"

Says Jos, "He worn't about the show,
Though I looked round and round un,
And if he had been there, you know,
I'd zartin zure ha' found un.

"So back I goes right oop to door,
Where I had had to come in,
Just where in front zix men or more
Were trumpetting and drummin'.

"'My tuppuns I wants back,' zays I,
The folks grinned standing *by* us,
'Cos why?' zays I, 'that board do lie,
There bain't no Zaga-zias.'

"'What not zeen 'im,' zays he to me,
A pointing at the paintin'.
Zays I, 'that 's what I've come to zee,
Zo don't you zay he *bain't* in.'

"'He 's in,' zays he. Zays I, 'which be
The way?' Zum zteps wor nigh us,
Zo down I went, and in a tent
Zeed the Great Zaga-zias.

"Lor! Zuch a brute, with zuch a fute!
And zuch a mouth, my eye! as
I never zeed, I han't indeed,
Has the Great Zaga-zias.

"He makes a noise, he grunts and blows
Like wrostlers when they're grapplin',
His great long nose do touch his toes,
And takes a bun and apple in."

Cries ZAC, "Why mun, I think you can't
Know what you zay, JOSIAS;
That beast there wor an Nellyphant,
And not the Zaga-zias."

"The Zaga-zias that beast wor,
I tell ye, ZACHARIAS:
I paid my tuppuns, and they swore
It wor the Zaga-zias."

"It wor an Nellyphant," ZAC cries,
"You saw his tusks and trunk too."
"D'ye think," says Jos, "that I tell lies.
D'ye think that I be drunk too."

"An Nellyphant, ask any one,"
Says laughing ZACHARIAS.
Says angry Jos, "you zto your fun;
It wor the Zaga-zias."

At last to ask they did agree
The Parson without bias,
Who went with them himself to see
If 'twas the Zaga-zias.

The Parson drove 'em in his trap,
Drawn by his old mare Margery.
"Woa, lass!" cries Jos, "there be the chap!"
'Twas WOMBWELL's Great Menagerie.

"There be the pictur', that's the one.
Look oop!" JOSIAS cried, "There!
That be the Zaga-sias, mun,
As they have got inzide there."

The Parson said, "You're wrong, J. G.,
'Tis not the Zaga-zias—
That is an elephant." "You zee
I'm right," cries ZACHARIAS.

"If 'tis an el'phant, all the zame,"
Objects the hard JOSIAS.
"Why write above it that there name—
'Here's the Great Zaga-zias?'"

The Parson read and stared, then he,
Turning, exclaims, "Good gracious!
What you make ZAGA-ZIAS, we
Pronounce as thus, SAGACIOUS."

"Where 's el'phant writ?" asks JOS GUTCH, warm,
"*The placard isn't spacious,*
They've left it out, and drawn his form
Beneath 'THE GREAT SAGACIOUS.'"

L'EMBARRAS DU CHOIX.

Edwin sends his Wife to a Sale to Buy some Furniture—"And look here, Angelina," says he, "don't attempt to Bid yourself; but just glance round the Room, choose a Broker whose Appearance inspires you with implicit Confidence, make a fair Arrangement with him, and let him be your Agent in the Matter."

A CONVERSATION ON KILLJOYS.

Scene—*A Smoking-Room.*

Bradshaw. Stokes.

Brad. Been to any of the Theatres lately?

Stokes. No, I'm ashamed to say. It's very stupid of a fellow to sit mooning at home when there is so much intellectual entertainment to be had at every playhouse; and not only that, but also at every music-hall. What an exquisite song that is—"*Not for Joseph!*"

Brad. Capital. Really, considering what abundance of recreation there is for any fellow of decent mind to enjoy if he chooses, one feels that one ought to make an effort, and dine earlier. It's too bad to allow one's self to prefer a cigar.

Stokes. Talking of that, here's something that, once in the way, might even entice you from cigars. Then, indeed, possibly it would make you give up smoking altogether. And it's likely enough to beat any play, even of the highly comic order that is now popular.

Brad. What are you talking about?

Stokes. The British Anti-Tobacco Society.

Brad. The Anti British-Tobacco Society you must mean; anti-cabbage.

Stokes. No, I don't. Here it is advertised in the *Times*—(*reads*)

BRITISH ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY.—A Conference at Exeter Hall. To-morrow (Saturday) Evening, 21st March, at 7 o'Clock precisely, to discuss the question, "Is Smoking Injurious?" Rev. Edward White in the Chair. Supported by Dr. Edmunds, Robert E. Wainewright, Esq., John H. Esterbrooke, Esq., Mr. Thomas Reynolds, and others. Admission free.

There! No charge for admission either. The counterblasts of these British Solomons must be worth hearing.

Brad. British Solomons! British pumps, British prigs, British meddling, officious, fussy humbugs!

Stokes. Don't be angry. It will be good fun to see these solemn buffoons, and hear them, seriously, with grave faces, and probably under violent excitement, declaim in strong language attended with furious gesticulation. In a scene on the stage they would make the people roar.

Brad. They make me savage. I hate all these impertinent Societies with their movements anti this, that, and the other, anti every practice, pleasure, and enjoyment of their neighbours—anti wine, beer, and spirits, anti Sunday excursions.

Stokes. You see, by the way, they have got a Committee.

Brad. Hang them, yes! We shall soon get bound hand and foot by a set of platform agitators—these not anti-humbugs, but the reverse; humbugs-anti. The next thing will be an anti-beef and mutton, or anti-butcher's meat agitation by the Vegetarian Asses. We shall have anti-racing societies, anti-hunting, anti-shooting and fishing, anti-theatrical, anti-pictorial, anti-poetical——

Stokes. Societies of the Philistines.

Brad. Brutes! We shall have anti-amusement associations; anti-billiards, anti-croquet, anti-cards, anti-dancing, perhaps even anti-football and anti-cricket: a set of leagues, altogether, anti-social, including perhaps, ultimately, an anti-matrimonial alliance.

Stokes. Well, you have already the monastic orders.

Brad. No, no; the anti-comfort and enjoyment fanatics of Exeter Hall have nothing of the monk about them. Publicity is what they like, not seclusion. Besides, they are specifically British; varieties of the British Snob. How foreigners must laugh at them, and at us for giving them any hearing!

Stokes. Well; if we listen to them; we too can laugh at them.

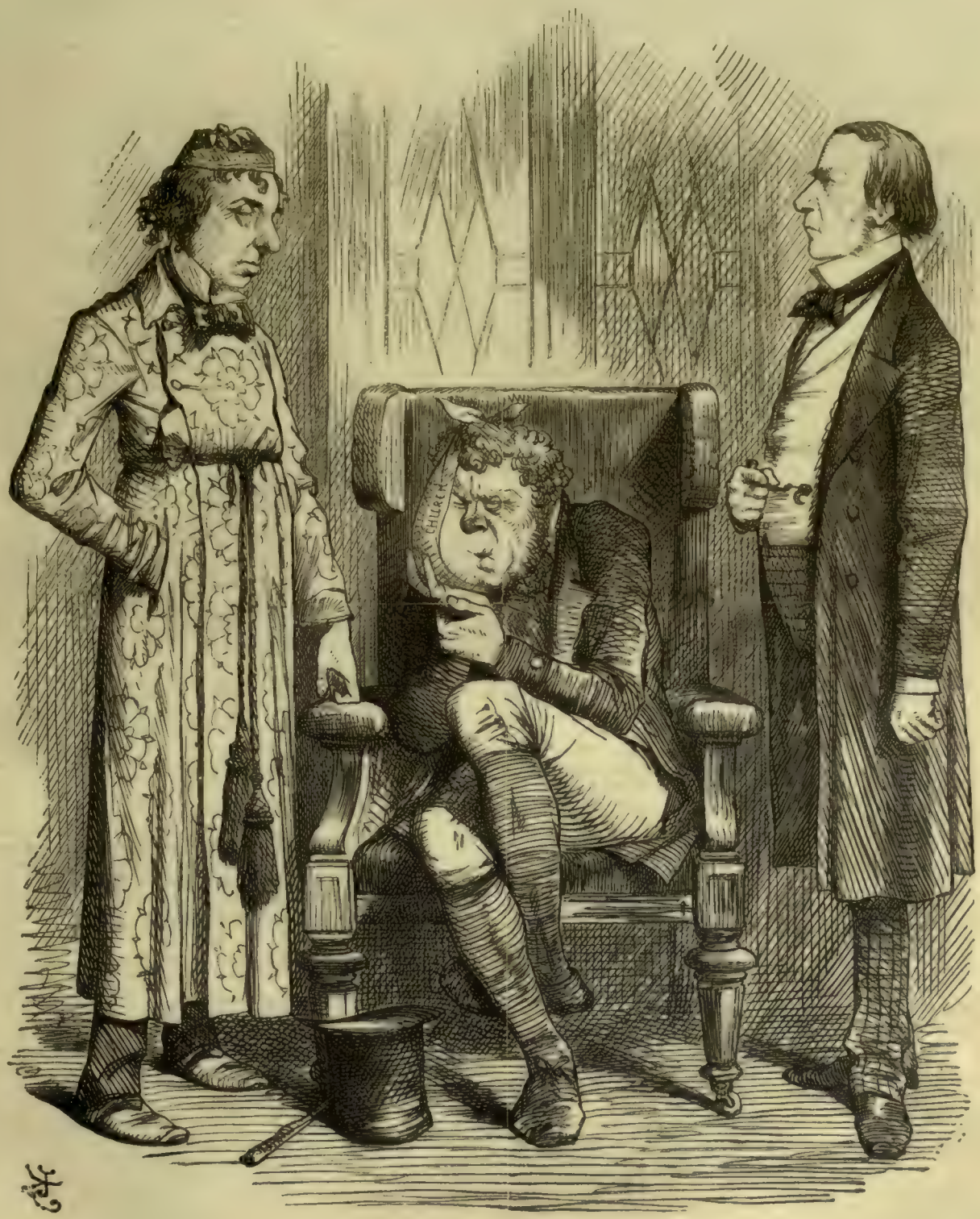
Brad. My good fellow, it's no laughing matter, when you find these coxcombs influencing legislation, and actually getting restraints imposed on your personal freedom!

Stokes. There's something in that. But don't grind your teeth.

(*Conversation closes.*)

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

We have every reason to believe that the next edition of the "Corn Flower Waltz" will be dedicated to Messrs. Brown & Polson.



PADDY'S BAD TOOTH, OR DOCTORS DIFFER.

Dr. Gladstone. "I SAY THAT IT OUGHT TO COME OUT AT ONCE!"

Dr. Benjamin. "I'M DECIDEDLY IN FAVOUR OF STOPPING!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, *March* 16. Fourth and last night of what we have been calling the Irish Debate, but which in presence of certain facts to be mentioned presently, it may be convenient to distinguish as the Maguire Debate. For it hath a sequel, which, moreover, may be even more memorable than what led to it.

Even as Robert Bruce (they say) halted his entire army, at an important crisis, until arrangements could be made for the comfort of a Scottish matron whom Juno Lucina had visited at that inconvenient date (of course we don't believe a word of it) *Mr. Punch* delays his rush into the ranks of Hibernian battle, while he bestows a favouring and encouraging smile upon the Younger Gladstone, who to-night made his *début*, and acquitted himself as one worthy of his sire. His name being Henry, we were happy

"To see young Harry with his beaver off,"

and we wish him many a crowded hour of fight and fray, and all the honours to be won thereout.

Many men had hit out, Gregory had remembered his swashing blow, and Bruen had given a good hug, when the clock struck ten. Nicholas Nickleby translates a drama in which a bad man hears a clock strike ten—remembers that he heard a clock strike ten in his infancy, bursts into tears, and becomes a virtuous character for ever. We are not aware that anybody burst into tears when the clock struck on this occasion, but probably more than one person burst into a perspiration. For the Chariot of the Hour brought Mr. Gladstone, and there was That in his eye which meant business.

It boots not (boot is from the Anglo-Saxon *Botan*, to profit, and hence the large profits of bootmakers) to detail the series of blows which he dealt at the policy and plans of the Government. Had he stopped after this, nobody would have been much hurt. But he brought to our mind a former master of Eton, who, having screeched reproof at an offending lad, added, "I've a great mind to flog *you*." Then, after a considerable pause, which gave the culprit much comfort, he would add, "And I *will*, too." Mr. Gladstone drew down a tremendous storm of Opposition cheering by declaring that the time had come for Dis-Establishing the Irish Church.

["Dis-establishing," by the way, is a detestable word, but you must not say "subverting," because the Church is supposed to be able to stand without state aid—why not "divorcing"—for incompatibility of disposition of revenue?]

Then Mr. Gladstone informed the Premier that unless his speech, for which we were looking, materially differed from the speeches of his colleagues, the Opposition meant not only to ask the Decided Opinion of the House, but to take a Practical Step.

Then we all looked at the Premier.

And he looked at us, as he stood at the table, and waited until the cheering of Mr. Gladstone's side, and the answering cheers of his own men should have ceased.

It boots not to detail his sarcasm, and his counter-attack, in which he commented upon the conduct of those who demanded that in the first hours of his Ministry he should deal with a question of 700 years, a question which they, when in office, had never dared to touch. Here he made some good play. He had next to say something on behalf of Religion, and the desirability of connecting it with Government, and of having a Church to keep Faith steady. He denied that anybody but dissenters and "philosophers" opposed endowments. But this was his thunderbolt:

"*I deny your moral competence to deal with the Irish Church without an appeal to the Nation.*"

He was for attending to necessary business, and would then cheerfully hasten to appeal to the enlarged sympathy of our countrymen, which fortunately last year's Reform Act had secured.

Mr. Maguire withdrew his motion, and the House went into the interests of Oysters and Mussels. Then it adjourned about two o'clock in the morning of Saint Patrick's Day. That Saint's anniversary in 1868 will be remembered.

Tuesday. The Commons had a great wrangle about the constitution of the P[illegible]ounal to which Private Bills should be referred, and there was a divi[illegible], but we should think that you don't want to hear anything about [illegible]. Dodson moved something, and then we got into a Fog. Th[illegible]sthetic Treatment of Church-Rate Bill was considered, as amen[illegible] and mind the last comma but one, as that shows the sense. M[illegible]Bruce brought in his Education Bill, and explained it, but it was [illegible] to be pressed, if the Government scheme, to be set forth to the Lor[illegible] the Duke of Marlborough, were satisfactory. Mr. Bruce is [illegible]ompulsory Education, with Religion, but gives power to a par[illegible]approving of the instruction, to take his child away. Whereof mor[illegible]d a great deal more—at fitting time.

We[illegible]sday. Previous work having been awfully dry, to-day we got at the [illegible]Liquor. Mr. Abel Smith moved the Second Reading of his Bill ab[illegible]ut Sunday drinking. He proposes that all public-houses shall be closed on Sunday, except from 12·30 to 2·30, in the day, and from 8 to 10 in the evening. No drinking on the premises.

Mr. Locke opposed, believing that the working men did not need the legislation in question. So did Mr. Labouchere, who said that it had been urged that the women were in favour of the Bill, the fact being that it was the woman, in London at least, who drank the most, and that as soon as the husband had laid down the shilling for food, and gone off to his work, the wife went off to the public-house to drink gin with her gossips. This was his fancy sketch, and of course there was given an answer in the shape of another fancy sketch of crowds of women standing round their husbands at the gin-shops and begging for a share of the wages in order to buy food.

Mr. Gladstone could not see that we ought to desist from our crusade against drunkenness, only because it was said to be on the decline. But he was unwilling to do the working-class good against their will. He thought well of a proposal for giving a six days' licence to such publicans as desired it.

Mr. Roebuck was very indignant with the Bill, and asked its promoter whether, "when passing by his club on Sunday, he did not turn in to read *Punch* and take a glass of Sherry." We hope he does, as both are virtuous actions.

Mr. Hardy, for Government, would oppose the measure, but would not oppose full inquiry into the question.

Mr. Thomas Hughes supported the Bill, and pointed out that the club suggestion was not in point, a club being a private house into which no one could go but the owners, and the artisans were, with his full approval, forming clubs for themselves.

There was a good deal more talk, and there was much jeering, on both sides, at the petitions on the subject, those for the Bill being signed by women, Sunday-school scholars and the like under the influence of the clergy, and those against it, by the frequenters of the public-houses, and under the influence of the publican. Finally

The Speaker decided that by reading the Bill a Second Time, the House affirmed its principle, the Bill *was* read a Second Time, and sent to a Select Committee.

Thursday. The Bishop of London made, as might be expected, a rational and moderate speech in presenting a petition from some Senators of Cambridge in reference to throwing open the Universities. The bishop epigrammatically said that the petition was not numerously signed, because the prayer did not accord with popular excitement on either side.

It is pleasant to turn from coarse politics to fine China. A singular discovery has been made at Bow. Evidence has been detected as to the manufacture there of English porcelain, and moulds have been found whence china now at South Kensington is stated to have been made. The Practical Geologists of Jermyn Street are charged with the matter, and report that Messrs. Bell & Black, on whose property the discovery has been made, evince liberal willingness to make further research in the interests of English art. If any goose questions the ability of our departed potters, we shall henceforth be able to say Bow to the goose.

Lord Mayo introduced the Irish Reform Bill. This is the Tory Radical Reform for Ireland:—

1. No alteration in the county franchise.
2. Borough franchise reduced from £8 to £4—adding about 9,000 to 30,000.
3. Same lodger franchise as in England.
4. The boroughs of Downpatrick, Dungannon, Bandon, Kinsale, and Cashel to be disfranchised, and the seats to be given to the counties, and Portarlington to give up its seat to Dublin.

No Member spoke up against disfranchisement except Mr. O'Beirne, Member for Cashel, who protested, remarking that his borough was larger than many English boroughs which retained their men, and moreover was a classic borough, for it was the first place that had returned Sir Robert Peel. But the Duke first sat for Trim, and where is Trim?

Mr. Gladstone said that there were good principles in the Bill, but it did not go far enough with Extension.

Friday. A Railway Bill was explained by the Duke of Richmond. One of its features is compulsory—there is to be communication between passengers and guard. But it appears by figures that a railway carriage is the safest place in the whole world.

Mr. Gladstone gave Notice that on the following Monday he would present the terms of a Resolution on the Irish Church. He hoped the Government would help him to a night; if not, he should do his best to take one. Mr. Bright made an opportunity, in the course of the evening, of complimenting Mr. Disraeli on certain postal improvements, and of hoping that if he remained in office long enough, he would effect some more. Possibly the Premier thought he had enough to do in looking after his own post.

A Word to Domestics.—A good servant should always be ready to "answer" the bell or the door, but never a master or mistress.

SENSATION NOVELS.

Mary. "Please, Sir, I've been looking everywhere for the Third Volume of that Book you was Reading."

Lodger. "Oh, I took it back to the Library this Morning, I——"

Mary. "Oh! then will you tell me, Sir, if as how the 'Markis' found out as she'd Pisoned 'er Two fust 'Usbands!!"

A FRENCH MORALITY!

If anybody but *Mr. Punch* had said what he is going to say, anybody would not be believed. But from information which *Mr. Punch* has received through his own eyes and ears, he is able to make this startling assertion. There is now in performance at a London theatre a play taken from the French, in which there is ardent love, very stirring interest, and a sensation effect, and yet not only is there no offence, or suggested offence against morality, but the whole purpose of the play is to exhibit high principle, severely tried, but triumphant. We keep on reading and re-reading the above lines, they seem so absurd, but we are not writing in our sleep—*Mr. Punch* saw the play with his own fine eyes. Go and see the wonder for yourselves; the piece is called a *Hero of Romance*, and is performed at the Haymarket. Mr. Sothern has the principal part, plays it with great finish, and executes a leap in the dark from which Lord Derby would recoil; and Miss Robertson, the heroine, is a great deal more than charming. Mr. Compton has walked out of his line into another which he makes his own most artistically, and the Manager, who has nothing to do, manages, with the aid of an amazing get-up, to seem everybody. Two of the scenes are admirable paintings and building up. The play is very attractive, but the Miracle of Morals is what specially wins for it *Mr. Punch's* applauding smile. Is Gaul among the prophets?

Question for Railway Contractors.

Much interesting information has been elicited from Sir Morton Peto before the Court of Bankruptcy in evidence touching the financial management of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. In connection with that subject, there is a question which does not appear to have been put to the honourable baronet. Does the firm of Peto & Co. include among its partners any such gentlemen as *Bardolph, Gadshill, Pistol,* and *Nym?*

The United Service.—Solemnisation of Matrimony.

DAME PARTINGTON AND HER MOP.

(*An Oxford University Prize Poem, respectfully dedicated to the signers of a certain Address to a certain Archbishop.*)

Dame Partington stood on the shore,
As stern as old woman could be:
And her wonderful mop she bore,
With which to sweep back the sea.

Before her crept up the tide,
Behind her arose the towers
That rise in stately pride
Round Isis's mystic bowers:

To mask each yawning gap,
Where the rampart is crumbling down;
On her head was a trencher cap,
On her back was a Master's gown.

Proudly that gown she wore,
As one of her worth aware;
And her mop-handle bore
"Tests" carved in letters fair.

Now and anon she backed,
"High and dry," from reach of the brine,
To save her reticule, packed
With Articles Thirty-and-Nine,

In the which, as her ballast and stay,
And sheet-anchor she seemed to confide,
As in forcible-feeble way
She apostrophised the tide:

"If it's coming—let it come,
Dame Partington is here!
Wild waves might frighten some:
Dame Partington knows no fear!

"These waves may rise and roar,
And with weaker bars make free;
But e'er they flood *this shore*,
They've to deal with my mop and me!

"Through sand the brine might sop,
But 'tis rock on which I stand:
What I hold *looks* like a mop,
But it *is* a magic wand.

"Though Ocean come up like 'the bore,'*
It comes but to lick my feet—
The swifter its rise, the more
Precipitate its retreat!

"I trust to the Articles here,
This impious sea to stop;
I trust to the walls in my rear,—
But most I trust to my mop.

"And if the friends I serve,
From the raging and roaring deep,
Their walls wish to preserve,
They'll see that this mop I keep!

"For save this mop is nought
That trusted to can be,
'Gainst the wild wave of Free Thought,
And Inquiry's rising sea.

"Dame Partington is here
At her post to resist the main;
And if saucy waves come near,
To sweep 'em back again!

"But rob me of my mop,
And gone is my magic power;
My Articles I drop
For the wild waves to devour.

"My rock is turned to sand;
My towers and walls decay:
Free Thought is Lord of the land,
And sweeps Altar and Throne a

"If your loaves and fishes you'd s
And crozier and mitre a-top,
Sole barrier against the wave,
Uphold Dame Partington's mop

* The phenomenal tide-wave of the Severn.

APPEARANCES.

Plushington. "I say, Stodge, singular thing—your Landlady addressed me 'My Lord' when I asked if you were within!"

Artist. "Not at all, my dear Fellow. It's your Hat and Personal Appearance! If you don't mind, we'll encourage the Idea. It will give her Confidence in me, and—— Eh?" [*Plushington will be delighted.*

SONG FOR THE SELECT COMMITTEE.

(*On the Sunday Liquor Bill.*)

Says a drunken artisan,
" Make me sober if you can,
Shut the public-houses up on blessed Sunday;
I shall just lay in a store
Of strong drink the night before,
And shall booze besides on Saturday and Monday.

" Beer would spoil, get flat and stale.
Go without my Sunday's ale
If I must, by Sabbatarian regulation;
Gin, you beggars, to be sure,
Overnight I shall procure,
And that won't produce the less intoxication.

" 'Twill be but such moral coves,
As resorts to fields and groves,
When the Sunday gives 'em time for an excursion.
That your Sabbatarian laws,
Will to want refreshment cause—
But you won't make me abstemious by coercion.

" Public-houses if you close,
You'll shut Clubs up, I suppose;
Put the Swells upon a level with the Masses.
If you don't, just you look out—
I say mind what you're about—
You had better not insult the working classes."

AN ADMIRABLE PRECEDENT.

Says the *Inverness Courier*:—

" Last week Mr. Gorrie, editor of the *Orkney Herald*, was publicly presented with £100, subscribed by gentlemen connected with Orkney, including the Earl of Zetland, Mr. Dundas, M.P., Mr. Laing, M.P., and many others, in appreciation of his editorial talents and usefulness."

We congratulate Mr. Gorrie, who instructs, if we recollect aright, about 67 islands—some called "Homes," because there are no homes on them—and we are much pleased with the conduct of Grand Master Zetland, and the other contributors. We should be happy to see the Orkney example followed; and a tribute of the same kind to *Mr. Punch* would be a delicate attention from gentlemen connected with the adjacent isle called Great Britain.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF A BISHOP.

The following statement appears in a newspaper paragraph uncommonly well headed. Note, that the St. Barnabus Church to which it refers is that of Heaton, near Bradford, Yorkshire, not in Pimlico:—

" On a recent Sunday morning an elderly gentleman, who had been noticed as a stranger in the congregation, walked into the parsonage of St. Barnabas at the close of the service, and introduced himself to Mr. Mitton as Dr. Baring, Bishop of Durham. He told the young clergyman that he had previously heard of his ability and worth, and had the pleasure of offering him the living of Bishop's Auckland (the parish in which the episcopal palace is situate), and which had become vacant by the appointment of the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson to the incumbency of St. Peter's Church, Westminster. Mr. Mitton, full of surprise and thankfulness, accepted the living, which is worth between £700 and £800 a-year, and will forthwith enter upon its duties."

The heading prefixed to this narrative is "Remarkable Case of Church Preferment." Capital! A good living given by a bishop, unsolicited, to a clergyman who is no relation to him, on the pure ground of personal fitness for its duties, constitutes, indeed, a case of Church Preferment which cannot but be considered very remarkable.

Crack Shots in Concert.

On Saturday the 7th of March, tame pigeon shooting commenced. The members of the Gun Club assembled numerously in their enclosed ground, Shepherd's Bush, to partake of that truly sportsman-like recreation. Should those gentlemen, during the season, continue to meet on Saturdays for the purpose of popping at pigeons, they will give us reason to consider whether their *réunions* might not with propriety be called the "Saturday Pops."

The Voluntary System.—On the Organ.

WELL! WHY NOT?

Bradford Barracks, Yorkshire,
March 18, 1868.

Dear Sir,

I send you rather an amusing incident which occurred near here the other day, and which you may think good enough to insert in your paper:—

Scene—*Interior of Fashionable Hairdresser's Shop.* Hairdresser *about to Brush* Swell's *Hair by Machinery.*

Swell (*perceiving for the first time the Screen attached to brush, nervously asks*). What is that thing on there for?

Hairdresser. To keep the little 'airs from blowing hinto the face, Sir.

Swell (*thinks it a capital invention, but finds after a little that the hairs are worse than ever, and exclaims*), Confound your screen, the hairs are all coming into my eyes.

Hairdresser (*bowing with great politeness*). But not into *mine*, Sir.

[Swell *collapses.*

Yours, &c., Bosh.

Generosity to Ireland.

Justice to Ireland, Britons true,
You'll grant, and trust its healing action.
Giving her only what's her due,
D'ye think to give her satisfaction?

WAITING FOR REPORTS.

Most Governments have had sins of omission to answer for, in their behaviour to Ireland, but the present Administration will also have laid to its charge sins of Commission.

AWKWARD REMINDERS.

(*A Chapter from a New Political Romance.*)

"I have been reminded in the course of this debate of expressions which I used five-and-twenty years ago. I could remind other gentlemen of the expressions they used on the same subject five-and-twenty years ago; but I do not much care for that sort of thing." *

"NOT care for that sort of thing?" said *Mr. Punch*, laying down the *Times*, and turning to a volume which lay on his writing-table. It was a punchy small 8vo, with two labels, the upper one inscribed "D'Israeli's Novels and Tales," the lower bearing the names of "Coningsby" and "Henrietta Temple."

Mr. Punch had only lately bought the volume, but he remembered to have read one of the stories in it when *Coningsby* first made a sensation. A quarter of a century had elapsed since then, and the dashing political novelist had transferred his powers of ingenious construction, fluent utterance, and daring invention, from the library table to the Treasury Bench of the House of Commons, where he now sat in the proud position of Prime Minister.

"Not care to be reminded of the expressions he used five-and-twenty years ago," repeated *Mr. Punch*, slowly turning over his *Coningsby* "I don't wonder at it. It can hardly be pleasant, with the history of 1866 and 1867 fresh in men's minds, to be reminded how, in 1844, Young BENJAMIN DISRAELI wrote:—

"'The principle of the exclusive constitution of England having been conceded by the Acts of 1827-8-32,' said CONINGSBY, 'a party has arisen in the state who demand that the principle of political liberalism shall consequently be carried to its extent; which it appears to them is impossible without getting rid of the fragments of the old constitution that remain. *This is the destructive party; a party with distinct and intelligible principles. They seek a specific for the evils of our social system in the general suffrage of the population.*

"'They are resisted by another party, who having given up exclusion, *would only embrace as much liberalism as is necessary for the moment; who, without any embarrassing promulgation of principles, wish to keep things as they find them as long as they can; and then will manage them as they find them as well as they can; but as a party must have the semblance of principles, they take the names of the things that they have destroyed.* Thus they are devoted to the prerogatives of the Crown, although in truth the Crown has been stripped of every one of its prerogatives; they affect a great veneration for the constitution in Church and State, though every one knows that the constitution in Church and State no longer exists; they are ready to stand or fall with the 'independence of the Upper House of Parliament,' though, in practice, they are perfectly aware that, with their sanction, 'the Upper House' has abdicated its initiatory functions, and now serves only as a court of review of the legislation of the House of Commons. *Whenever public opinion, which this party never attempts to form, to educate, or to lead, falls into some violent perplexity, passion, or caprice, this party yields without a struggle to the impulse, and, when the storm has past, attempts to obstruct and obviate the logical and, ultimately, the inevitable results of the very measures they have themselves originated, or to which they have consented. This is the Conservative party.*

"'I care not whether men are called Whigs or Tories, Radicals or Chartists, or by what nickname a bustling and thoughtless race may designate themselves; but these two divisions comprehend at present the English nation.

"'With regard to the first school, I for one have no faith in the remedial qualities of a government carried on by a neglected democracy, who, for three centuries, have received no education. What prospect does it offer us of those high principles of conduct with which we have fed our imaginations and strengthened our will? I perceive none of the elements of government that should secure the happiness of a people and the greatness of a realm.

"'But in my opinion, if Democracy be combated only by Conservatism, Democracy must triumph, and at no distant date. This then, is our position. *The man who enters public life at this epoch has to choose between Political Infidelity and a Destructive Creed.*'

"'This, then,' said MILLBANK, 'is the dilemma to which we are brought by nearly two centuries of Parliamentary Monarchy and Parliamentary Church?'

"'Tis true,' said CONINGSBY. 'We cannot conceal it from ourselves, that the first has made Government detested, and the second Religion disbelieved.'"

The italics are meant to indicate, what it would be hopeless to attempt in description, the effect which *Mr. Punch* gave to these words as he read them. Let the reader imagine all that is most cutting in sarcasm, pointed in invective, and seathing in contempt, conveyed by the inflections of the most wonderful of human organs — an organ ranging from the deepest bass of virtuous indignation to the highest falsetto of screaming fun—and he will have some faint conception of the force given to these passages by *Mr. Punch's* reading.

England listened; and, as the voice of the admirable reader paused on the concluding sentence, burst into a guffaw that rang from John o'Groat's to the Land's End, from St. David's Head to Orfordness.

As the laughter died away, *Mr. Punch's* flexible voice was heard again,—"Is it indeed the truth that a Parliamentary Monarchy has made Parliament detested, and a Parliamentary Church has made religion disbelieved? Is it not rather clever Humbug and unprincipled ambition availing themselves of the emergencies of party, and the privileges of a Church, that have worked this feat?

"*Voyons*, HERR SPRUCH-SPRECHER." So saying, he turned from his *Coningsby* to his *Times*, and read, with the same malicious but masterly emphasis, this extract from MR. DISRAELI'S latest Defence of Establishments:—

"If you admit that it is wise to connect the principle of religion with government, the mind is naturally brought to endowment. It is the practical mode of carrying the system into operation. It gives a corporate character to the religious principles which influence men. A Church—an ecclesiastical endowment—a Church, whatever its character—for when I use the word 'Church' I speak not only of the Church of this country, or even of the Roman Catholic Church, but of any body of religious men who have an organisation—such a Church steadies faith. It is a bulwark alike against incredulity and fanaticism, and I do not myself practically see how such a state of things can be carried on unless you adopt the principle of endowments. I should say this particularly with regard to this country, because the spirit of our legislation of late years has extended into so many subjects—into education, charity, the reform of criminals, and other matters—which it is utterly impossible to carry into effect unless the State has at its command the active and dignified co-operation of a body of men like the clergy, set apart for such noble and spiritual purposes."

Again the guffaw arose, more irrepressible than before. *Punch* waved his *bâton*, and all was silence. "You have heard the Strophe," he said; "now for the Antistrophe." And he read from *Coningsby*:—

"The only consequence of the present union of Church and State are, that, on the side of the State there is perpetual interference in ecclesiastical government, and on the side of the Church a sedulous avoidance of all those principles on which alone Church government can be established, and by the influence of which alone can the Church of England again become universal."

"There is, I think, a rising feeling in the community, that parliamentary intercourse in matters ecclesiastical has not tended either to the spiritual or the material elevation of the humbler orders. Divorce the Church from the State, and the spiritual power that struggled against the brute force of the dark ages, against tyrannical monarchs and barbarous barons, will struggle again in opposition to influences of a different form, but of a similar tendency; equally selfish, equally insensible, equally barbarising."

By this time the feeling of outraged propriety had overborne the sense of the ludicrous, and there was no laughter from listening England.

"What! all amort?" said *Mr. Punch*. "Be not alarmed. That was the cockerel's note of twenty-five years since. It is not thus he crows now,—now that he uplifts his cock-a-doodle-doo from the steeple,—where he fulfils the appropriate function of weather-cock." And, turning once more to the *Times*, he read:—

"I am in favour of ecclesiastical endowments; I believe they have contributed greatly to the welfare of this country. I believe they are one of the greatest securities for civilisation, and I believe that they are beloved on the whole by the population of both islands."

"*Utrum horum mavis, accipe*," said *Mr. Punch*, turning with light laugh, and ever-ready Latin, to Mother Ecclesia, in the venerable person of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, "BENJAMIN is, indeed, the Angel of the Church, the 'Angelical Doctor' of these Evil Days; but tell me, Mother, for it is thine to split straws, and take distinctions between natural and non-natural senses, which reading of the oracle are we to be guided by?"

* See MR. DISRAELI's Speech of Monday, March 16.

THE EASIEST OF WAYS AND MEANS.

LAY the lash of taxation on where you will its incidence is unpleasant. But different quarters are comparatively more or less sensitive; let the scourge cut into the less. There is one that should be so callous as to be incapable of suffering from any fiscal infliction, if truth inspired the proverb according to which "pride feels no pain." Now, therefore, BENJAMIN, read, and perpend the subjoined statement, which concerns the work of your situation:—

"ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—The number of persons using armorial bearings is constantly increasing. In the financial year 1855-56 the tax produced in Great Britain only £53,769; in the year 1865-66 it produced £65,024. A return which has been issued shows that in this last year the tax was paid by 55,603 persons; 15,077 of them, being persons keeping four-wheeled, two-horse carriages, paid a tax of £2 12s. 9d. each, and the other 40,526 paid 13s. 2d."

Of course proverbs must be taken with large grains of salt. The pride that cherishes the "boast of heraldry" is probably not so entirely devoid of tenderness in the pocket that it would be altogether senseless of any expense it may be required to sustain; but it can stand a good deal. You see that it does, in paying the present tax on Armorial Bearings, which it pays willingly. Would it not, perhaps, stand a great deal more? Very likely; and then the question is, how high you would be able to screw that impost up without making people disuse the things that render them liable to it—as one would say if talking of matters concerning parties whom one could presume to call GARTER, CLARENCIEUX, NORROY, & Co.,—without checking consumption.

However, there is an opposite plan, which might perhaps be successfully adopted, for raising the national wind by the scutcheon-tax. Everybody in these days can practically have a coat-of-arms if he will pay for it. Suppose the tax were considerably reduced. Might not the consequence prove to be a very large increase in the number of its payers? Is there not reason to expect that if you allowed the Public a reduction, they would more than make up for it by taking a quantity?

At any rate the tax on Armorial Bearings, as a source of revenue, has this immense merit that it is optional; and what can be fairer than that they who choose to bear arms should, at least rather than the single class of Income-Tax payers, pay for our battles?

PUTTING IT MILDLY.

Miss Scramble (who has followed Major Crasher over big fence). "I say, just tell me, have I hurt my Hat!"
Major Crasher. "Well, it *is* a little out of Shape, perhaps!"

THE FIGHTING-COCKS.

High Wycombe's roaring Radical,
Conservatism's glory:
South Lancashire's keen Liberal,
Old Oxford's model Tory!

Each on his foe's old dunghill perched,
Point spur, and ruffle feather, Cocks!
Cock of the walk if one must be,
Both of you are its weather-cocks.

If virtue were consistency,
What casuist shall settle,
Of these two doughty champions
Which is "pot" and which "kettle"?

And yet there *is* one difference,
At least, between your cases;
It is that Dizzy has changed masks,
While Gladstone has changed faces.

CHEESEPARING OFF ON THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

Alderman Lusk, Member for Finsbury, and Alderman Candlish, Member for Sunderland, can hardly know how wretchedly dull is the life of a poor officer of the British Army in a garrison town, otherwise they would never have objected in Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates to a vote of £3000 for officers' Billiard Tables. One would think that Finsbury and Sunderland must be both of them very illiberal constituencies to be represented by Mr. Lusk and Mr. Candlish. How could Lusk, an Alderman of the great Corporation of London, have been capable of such small economy? It is not so much to be wondered at in Candlish, who must be connected with the Savealls.

A Style of Italian Opera suitable for Railway Companies.—The Opera *Buffer*.

AN EMPIRE IN BANKRUPTCY.

The French empire will, financially, be soon in a nice fix, according to the balance-sheet which M. Horn has issued. Assuredly this Horn makes rather doleful music. Here, by way of a finale, is a sadly mournful strain:—

"The financial credit of France and her political credit are fallen lower than before 1852, and her internal condition is characterised by general embarrassment, which is turning to misery. . . To continue as we are is impossible, and there remains for France no choice between reform and bankruptcy."

Reform and bankruptcy! Scylla and Charybdis! Look either way he will, the Emperor can hardly find much pleasure in the prospect. What a tempest would arise from the stormy Marshal Niel, if reform should take the shape of a reduction of the army! How would M. Hausmann rave at a Reform Bill which should clap a stop upon his organ of destructiveness, and check him in the costly work of pulling down half Paris! How would the lovely Empress pout at a proposal to reduce her yearly pin-money, and to put her on a limited allowance of new bonnets! Yet, on the other hand, the Emperor would hardly like to figure in the Court of Bankruptcy. With all his strong ambition to be likened to his Uncle, he would scarcely wish to be discovered out at Elba. (Oh!) Will he then do penance in his balance-sheet, we wonder, and turn over a new leaf in the Imperial account-book? If he listened to the voice of wisdom, this would be his course: and if he would gain the good opinion of the world, his first act of reform should be to lessen his large army. Let him follow in the footsteps of his friend, Mr. Bull, and the course which he pursues will cease to be the road to ruin. M. Horn shows him at present on the horns of a dilemma, embarrassed by the choice between reform and bankruptcy.

Correspondence.

The Military Authorities have stopped all "drumming *out* of the Army." "What," asks Noodel of us, "have the Horse-Guards to do with any drumming *out* of the Army, while to my own knowledge as a constant admirer of military bands, they still allow drumming *in* the Army. Are we under martial law?"

THE CHARITY SERMON.

Pet. "Ma, let me have Sixpence, to put in the Pool!!"

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS!

Who killed the Cat?
"I," said Arthur Otway,
"If in rather a hot way,
I killed the Cat!"

Who 'll weep o'er his grave?
"I," said Russell, V.-C.,
(And Knox, North, Dunn with me)
"We 'll weep o'er his grave!"

Who 'll ring a joy-bell?
"I," said John Bull,
"With a good heart I 'll pull,
And I 'll ring a joy-bell!"

PRESTIGE WITH A HOOK.

M. Horn, in his "sweet remembrancer" of a pamphlet, *Le Bilan de l'Empire*, addressing his fellow freemen, neatly says:—

"Debt alone sustains us, very nearly in the same manner as the hanging man is sustained by the cord round his neck."

Very nearly. This qualification is exquisite. By the enormous debt which France has been made to incur by the maintenance of "bloated armaments" for the glory of dictating to Italy, and keeping Europe in alarm, she is not yet quite hung up. But, adroitly suggests M. Horn, if she doesn't mind, she very soon will be.

A Fair Complaint.

Sir,—How dull Parliament is! I shall cease to take in the *Times* and other newspapers unless Mr. Whalley does something worthy of his name. I really haven't had a single laugh out of him this Session. If Mr. Low Comedian in any other theatre was so utterly unworthy of his position, he 'd soon be dismissed by the Manager. Why do not his Peterborough employers stir him up?

Yours, Antony Lollop.

Lounge Club.

The Appropriation Claws.—A Pickpocket's Fingers.

IDEAS ON ADVERTISING.

(by a wondering mind.)

I Wonder what would be the effect on the circulation of that part of the Press which addresses itself to the educated Public, if it took to putting up, and posting about, such advertisements as these:—

READ THE TIMES. (Threepence.) Leading Journal.

SATURDAY REVIEW. (Sixpence.) Superior Class Censor.

PALL MALL. (Twopence.) A. 1. Evening Paper.

PUNCH! (Threepence. Fourpence, Stamped.) The Most Amusing Publication in the World.

I wonder whether any increase of readers which advertisements of that sort might procure a respectable paper would consist of instructed and thinking persons, or of other people.

I wonder if a Bishop will not tell me by-and-by that he has received a circular like this:—

Messrs. Spelter & Co., Ecclesiastical Decorators, Plumbers and Glaziers, respectfully beg to invite the attention of the Clergy to their Superior Stained Church Windows, which they are prepared to supply Gratis. Arrangements have been made by Messrs. S. & Co. with numerous Patentees, Manufacturers, and Mercantile Firms and Parties in Extensive Business, to execute Designs in Coloured Glass for their respective Advertisements, as of Bedding, Soap, Upholstery, Linendrapery, Cocoa, and Cod Liver Oil, &c. Messrs. S. & Co. propose to subordinate these ornamental devices to a higher purpose than that of secular profit, by rendering them available for the composition of those

"Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light,"

of which a fair pattern is exhibited at Westminster Abbey in a memorial window, representing the progress of the construction of a Railway, and designed to illustrate the life and works of an eminent Engineer. Reverend gentlemen are particularly requested to consider the advantage they would find in substituting the reliable blazonry of commerce relative to Genuine Articles, True Conveniences and Comforts, and Real Luxuries, executed with scrupulous regard to positive fact, for grotesque and inartistic illustrations of the superstitious legends of the Middle Ages. Messrs. Spelter & Co. trust that by the acceptance of their proposal to furnish sacred edifices with Pictorial Advertising Church Windows, they will be enabled to experience the gratification of combining Utility, Ornament, Sound Doctrine and Devotion, with Economy.

I wonder, indeed, but I shall not wonder, if I shall soon see churches whose windows are actually glazed with advertisements in glowing colours. That is what British taste appears to be on its way to when we behold illuminated posters lining all the approaches to a place for the performance of classical music; for instance, the Monday Popular Concert Room at St. James's Hall.

Fly not Yet.

At a meeting of the Aëronautical Society, it has been announced that a Member, named Spencer, has flown; and that as soon as he shall have perfected his wings, will fly the length of the Crystal Palace, where, we suggest to our friend Mr. Grove, the flutterer had better be engaged. This is the first flying Spencer we have heard of since *Mawworm's*.

DEFINITION. (BY A QUAKER.)

Full Dress, an *empty* ceremony.

Answers to Correspondents.

Historical.—Yes, he was called Octavius Cæsar, from having only eight notes in his voice. (*Vide* another note in Singer's *Shakspeare.*)

Pale Face.—No, we never heard of any such establishment as "The Convivial Hospital."

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER IX.

A BIRD IN THE HAND.

When Grace awoke on the fourth morning she was surprised to find Nutt already up, and apparently engaged in placing lumps of sugar about the roof. In his hand he held a small cruet. To her inquiries, he merely said, "Wait, and you will see."

She waited for an hour, and Nutt hearing a slight scream, rushed to her.

"Oh!" she said, "I am very foolish, I know, but an enormous creature flapped up against the side, and took away some of the sugar. There—look—there he is in the water."

Nutt watched the living thing narrowly, and then replied, "I thought as much. That is the Pangofflin, or Mew-pig. It is only seen in the summer in this southern climate, and then but for a month. It is a great delicacy, and is almost if not entirely unknown in England, and the more northern countries. It shows us, moreover, our exact situation. We are," he added, looking cautiously round, "Longitude sixty-seven by two and a half, latitude twenty-eight, by ninety, and therefore we cannot be very far distant from the small cluster of islands known as the Parsongkor Daycoovert group. The cruet which I now hold in my hand contains common table salt. It is an excellent substitute for fire-arms."

Grace was somewhat surprised at this, but urged him to continue his interesting conversation.

The poor Boomerang's eyes glistened at the implied compliment. Mastering his emotion with a cotton pocket handkerchief, he proceeded:—

"The sugar which you see I have placed about the roof will serve as a safe bait for the Pangofflins, who will alight and attempt to carry a piece away. That one just now succeeded only on account of your screaming."

"I will be more careful in future," said Grace.

"When a larger one than usual has perched, I shall take the cruet, and extracting a dainty pinch of the saline condiment between my finger and thumb, I shall sprinkle it upon his tail. This operation

has a mesmeric effect, the bird staggers, and after a few feeble endeavours to regain his liberty, he falls and dies."

"You speak," exclaimed Grace, in wondering admiration—"you speak, like a book." He was about to say something when,

"There," she exclaimed, suddenly,

Look!

CHAPTER X.

EDUCATING A PARTY.

Nutt stepped forward, quietly, and in a second more had captured a fine plump Pangofflin, which had perched itself near a lump of sugar.

"You must pluck him," said Nutt, laughingly to Grace.

The Lieutenant looked up for one moment. "You must examine him first, and pluck him afterwards," said the old man.

"He is thinking of his first army examination," whispered Grace. "Poor Uncle! The events of the last few days have completely shattered him."

Lieutenant Marchmont was evidently not long for this world.

"The Pangofflin, you will observe, Miss Marchmont," said Nutt, "is something between a pig and a trout, and while it has all the exquisite fat of the turtle, possesses none of the coarseness generally inseparable from the flesh of a dirty feeder."

Grace blushed.

"The tea-pot will serve us for a stew-pan, and while he is being cooked, distill the liquor through the spout into a tea-cup, which you will find will furnish your uncle with a nutritious soup.

"Let the stewed Pangofflin stand for an hour, then divide it into six equal parts."

"That will be one for each of us, and three over," said Grace, who was already beginning to show an aptitude for abstruse calculation.

"True," replied Nutt. "One of the other three parts we will use for a different but not less useful purpose."

A groan from the sofa interrupted their conversation at this point. It was the Lieutenant.

"He cannot last out two days," observed Nutt, after feeling his pulse and looking at his tongue, "However, I will prescribe for him."

So saying, he took one of the chairs, and turning it upside down, commenced unscrewing the little brass wheel on one of the legs.

This wheel he then rubbed gently with his pocket handkerchief, upon which it left a slightly greasy smear.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, "let us never despair. Your uncle, unknown to us, has taken the sugar at which the first Pangofflin had a peck, and, as might have been expected, it has not agreed with him. Now for my remedy: each of these little brass

wheels contains a certain amount of oil, which from time to time has been rubbed into them, in order to render their transit across the carpet easy; this oil can be extracted, and being placed in a cup, will make excellent medicine for the Lieutenant. In the absence of a chemist's shop, these little wheel-castors, I think they are termed—will give us the nearest approach we can obtain to

Castor Oil.

The Lieutenant groaned.

"Quick! quick!" exclaimed Grace, raising her Uncle up in her arms, "or it may be too late."

CHAPTER XI.

WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

Piel Dornton walked towards the window.

"It *is* a risk," he repeated, and pressed the papers which he held in his two strong hands.

"There are no witnesses; why not?" he said to himself.

Looking upwards he perceived the cradle: and started.

No Witnesses!

"The child is out late," he said, frowning. "Mrs. Dixon should be more careful. How does she know but that a high wind might——"

He paused.

Should he never be free?

The southern breeze which had hitherto rocked the cradle forwards and backwards, was gradually dropping, and in its place was springing up a stronger and sharper blast which, driving down from the north often visits the Benician country, sometimes in its fury tearing up trees, rending rocks, and carrying away men and animals for twenty miles with irresistible violence. This dreaded breeze is called the Azuwos. It was springing up now.

Piel Dornton gently undid the rope by which the cradle was suspended.

The wind blew fiercer.

Piel Dornton rang the bell. "Tell Mrs. Dixon I wish to see her."

With a heavy crash the cradle fell.

In a minute the frantic mother was kneeling by the side of her infant.

"Who has done this?" she exclaimed.

Piel Dornton passed down the garden on his way from the house.

"My dear Mrs. Dixon," he said, in his softest tones; "you left your baby on the top of the tree." She paused and pressed her brow. He continued, quietly, "When the southern wind blows, the cradle is rocked, I know; but when that wind drops, and the Azuwos arises, the cradle, Mrs. Dixon, will fall, then down must inevitably come the cradle, the baby——"

"Aye, Piel Dornton," interrupted the woman, savagely, "And all."

She was kneeling on the grass, with her baby clasped in her arms, and both hands stretched high above her head towards the starry sky.

Piel Dornton, papers in hand, passed on.

"Mary Dixon," he muttered, "You mean mischief."

But for the present, the Will.

Turning the corner he entered the bank of Messrs. Chekk, Diss, Count, & Co., the great Benicia Agents.

What was he doing there?

CHAPTER XII.

IN BANCO.

The Clerks received him.

"We were just closing," said old grey-headed Mr. Snagg, the Senior Cashier; "but pray walk in, Mr. Dornton. What can we do for you, Sir?"

"Cash this," replied Piel Dornton, presenting a cheque for two million six hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds.

"Will you have it now," inquired Mr. Chekk, "or wait until it is given to you?"

Piel Dornton preferred the former alternative. "I shall also require money for this," he added, presenting a formidable-looking document.

"The signature is a good one," said Mr. Snagg, smiling, "I don't think there'll be much difficulty about that. I will just make a memorandum of the transaction."

So saying the methodical old man drew out a neatly-bound ledger and made the following entry:—

"*Paid to the* Rev. Piel Dornton *on account of* Lieutenant Charles Augustus Leonard Marchmont's *cheques to said account, and also on account of the aforesaid* Charles Augustus Leonard Marchmont's *last will and testament, the sum of three million sterling, allowing the present price of Benician stock and discounting the same at* 93¾."

Here followed the date and the signatures for himself and the Partners.

And so Piel Dornton went back to his house the acknowledged Heir *of the late* Charles Augustus Leonard Marchmont.

☞ The Directors (to the Editor) express themselves much pleased with the first illustration to the interesting novel, *Chikkin Hazard*. They do not profess to know much of drawing, but isn't the house a little out of perspective? [Being bound by the rules of the Novel Company to communicate with the Artist, and receive and publish both letter and reply, the Editor has great pleasure in announcing that he has received the following from the Artist. *Ed.*]

"Dear Eddy,—I will not be interfered with: if I am to draw at all, it must be with a free pencil. I'm glad the Directors like the picture, but if I am to do everything in perspective, *why you must give me more space*. Hang it, you give the Authors five times (I've measured it) as much room as you do me. Why shouldn't one number be only a picture; extra work, of course, requiring an extra honnyraryum. I don't know if this is the word, but in English I mean 'pay.' Yours &c.,

"*The Artist.*"

From the Authors.—The majority of the Authors have decided that the representation of the Boomerang is a mistake. A small minority (who *dined* with the Artist the night before—we've found *that* out) say it's excellent. You, as Editor, should tell the young gentleman that he *must* keep to *our* plan, or you'll get somebody else.

Note in haste from the Artist.—"Either *my* representation of the Boomerang is *the* one or not. If not, I won't do any more. Why should I go on drawing up to the Authors' ideas? I can't undraw the thing: I can withdraw though—and will. Let them make their confounded Boomerang suit *mine*—Yours, *The Artist.*"

Note by the Editor.—The Boomerang turns out to be —— in *disguise*. I can't say more at present. * * * Since writing the above the Editor is happy to inform the Directors that a compromise upon most equitable terms has been effected. *The recent* illustration will be taken to represent *the disguise*, from which in future pictures the Boomerang will gradually emerge. And the Editor *does* hope that the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any *contretemps* occurring just as the work is progressing so favourably.

From Directors to Editor.—Why don't you publish opinions of the Press? Puff it Sir, puff it.

Editor to the Directors.—The Press hasn't expressed any opinions. Don't tell *me* to puff it—you can puff it yourselves. I know my work.

The Editor begs to state he has received numerous offensive letters from the shareholders. It is not in accordance with the rules to publish them. Let all offensive communications be addressed in future *to the Directors*.

MORE FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "Chikkin Hazard."

Sir,—

The drawing sent herewith requires some little explanations.

This morning, at 10·30 A.M., I had prepared everything necessary for the illustration of Part IV., which Part I expected to receive in manuscript at 10·35, according to promise. My models (male and female, including the individual whom I have engaged to sit for the Boomerang), my Reader, who deciphers MSS., and selects the subject, my Instructor in Navigation, my Tropical Ornithologist, and Entomologist, and the gentleman from Kew, who has kindly undertaken to coach me in the Benician Flora, were all waiting in my studio to help me in the execution of the required woodcut.

11 o'Clock struck; no MS., but a telegram from one of the gentlemen connected with the Letter-press of *Chikkin Hazard*, and suggesting a subject! I went to work immediately with all my staff. At 11·35 (just as I had finished the illustration) another telegram from another gentleman, which rendered a totally different composition indispensable.

I went to work once more. At 11·46′ 12″, *another Telegram!* and so on till 2 P.M.

I then made up my mind to choose my own subject; and that none should feel aggrieved, I have ventured to select for illustration an incident, which may possibly not be described in the Letter-press, but which nevertheless *must* force itself on the mind of the reflective reader; namely, Grace's toilet on the roof of the ark.

I have endeavoured to show how, through the discretion and ingenuity of the Boomerang, Grace is enabled to perform her ablutions, and put on her back hair as privately as if she were in the seclusion of her own Benician bower.

Trusting that the difficulties I had to labour under will prove a sufficient excuse for the liberty I have taken in thus acting on my own responsibility,

I remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

Gaston de Malaqueil.

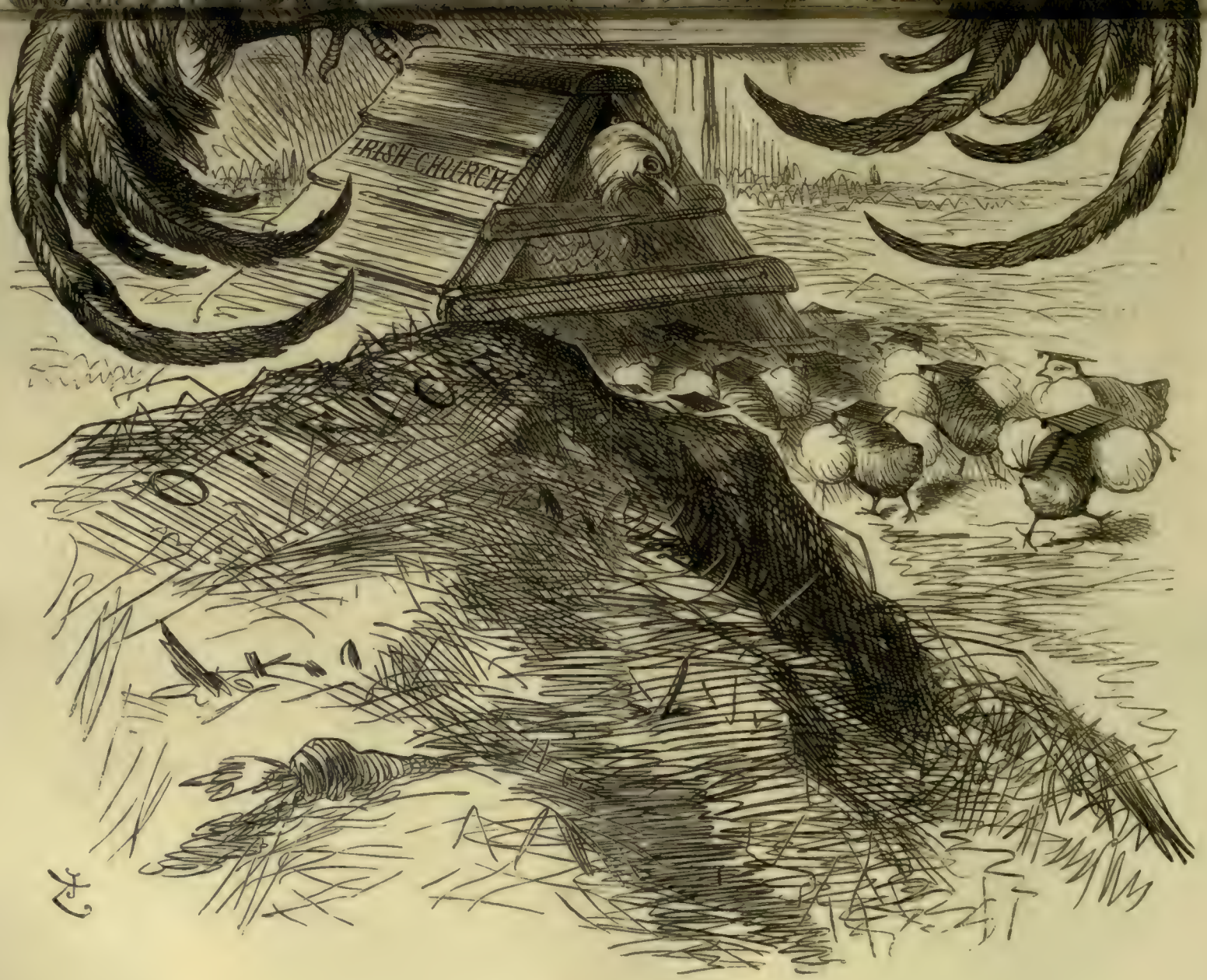
Epitaph on a Barrack Cat.

(*By* Colonel North, M.P.

This Cat of nine tails,
That set up nine wales,
Though a cat of nine lives
No longer survives,
But lies here with North's wail
For each separate tail!

An Apology.

Four new Peers were announced. Three of them might as well be Peers as anything else; but the fourth, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, is a scholar and an author. It is needless to say that the announcement was, in his case, a mistake. We apologise to the Peer-makers for having inadvertently suspected them of intending to include a celebrity in a batch of insignificancies. We ought to have known better.



BATTLE OF THE SPURS.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

HABET!

1. That the Established Church of Ireland should cease to exist as an establishment, due regard being had to personal interests.
2. That it is expedient to prevent the creation of new interests.
3. That the Queen be asked to hand over to Parliament her interest in the temporalities of the Irish sees and other dignities.

That is the triple cord with which Mr. Gladstone stood up, on *Monday, March 23rd* (*dies notanda*, colour chalk to your taste), and proposed to execute the Irish Church.

Mr. Disraeli, counsel for the Irish Church, Religion generally, Faith, the Altar and the Throne, and the Angels, procured stay of execution until the following Monday.

He next day wrote a letter to the Dartmouth Union (not the workhouse of that delightful place, but a Society calling itself "National," of which Lord Dartmouth is Chairman), and said that "we had heard something lately of the crisis of Ireland." In his opinion

The Crisis of England is at hand!

"For the purpose is avowed, by a powerful party, of destroying that Sacred Union between Church and State which has hitherto been the chief means of our civilisation, and is the only security for our religious liberty."

Ere these lines reach the eyes of the Universe, *Mr. Punch* will have remarked, in a mild and Shakspearian manner,

"Now they are clapper-clawing one another."

Of course this is the beginning of the fiercest and most important fray which it has been his duty to record, and he feels impressed accordingly. But it is somewhat inconvenient to be always in hysterics. Moreover, although his convictions upon the propriety and expediency of removing the Irish Church are graven with a pen of diamond upon a tablet of adamant—diamond cutting diamond—he begs leave to refer the pensive public to his Cartoon for what he will venture to call, in cookery-book language, "the Same Another Way." There will be plenty of sesquipedalianism without his aid. Nevertheless, he knows how to do the big bow-wow at the proper time.

In the Lords, the Chancellor explained his new Bankruptcy Bill. No person who reads *Punch*, and acts up to his teaching, can ever be in pecuniary difficulties, but the heathen may be interested in knowing that—

Imprisonment for debt is abolished.

But if, after judgment, Snip the tailor thinks you are bolting to Boulogne, he may set Snap the bailiff on you, and bring you before Snorum the judge, who may commit you in default of bail.

Only in open County Court is a man to be committed, and by the judge, instead of the present system of locking up a working man because a scoundrel tally-man has duped the wife into taking credit for trash.

But the County Court may arrest a Quarter of a debtor's earnings.

You may not make yourself a bankrupt, as now.

But you may, after twenty-one days after your advertisement that you can't pay anybody, no creditor interfering.

Scotch system of Trusts in Bankruptcy to be tried; that is, creditors choose any trustee they like to assist in the winding-up, and they may have inspectors over him.

No suspension of final discharge for more than three years.

After-acquired property to be available for creditors, after proper maintenance for family, and paying later debts.

County Courts to be the Bankruptcy Courts; but for London and twenty miles round, a Tribunal, which shall also have appellate jurisdiction over all bankruptcy.

The Law Lords discussed. Lord Westbury was strong for a big Chief Judge; Lord Chelmsford approved his successor's Bill; Lord Romilly advocated the cheap and simple way in which the estates of the dead are sorted in Chancery (clear your mind of cant; old Chancery jokes are gone by), and the Bill was read a Second Time.

"Time," says Shakspeare, "is a Bankerout, and owes more than he is worth," so we hasten on to remark that (after the awful Irish notice) Sir John Pakington moved the Army Estimates. He wants Fourteen Millions of money, 138,691 men, says that recruiting has greatly improved, (it will improve still more, we hope, now that Mr. Otway, whom we heartily congratulate, has carried his resolution against Flogging in the Army,) and that the Enfields are nearly all converted into Sniders. We hope that the Militaire will repay to Snider the love that Schneider has for the Militaire. This allusion will puzzle posterity. Let posterity be puzzled. It will be, many a time and oft. For instance, what does Tom Hood, the elder, mean by this:

"Burn the Breeks of meddling vicars
Picking holes in Anna's Urns"?

Does posterity know that a vicar of the name of Breeks insisted on defacing a monument erected by a widow whose Christian name was Anna? Shall it know that a very fast songstress in Paris has made a sensation by singing "*J'aime le militaire*"?

Tuesday. The Duke of Marlborough introduced the grand Government measure on Education. It has one very good feature, namely,

THERE IS TO BE A MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

The rest of the Bill is mild enough. There are to be grants for secular schools, but there is nothing compulsory about the measure. The Duke again administered his anodyne—we are not so far behind other nations. But, Duke, we are. You argue from sloppy and generalised statistics, against sound ones, and it is of no use prophesying smooth things to please the parsons. We ought to be ahead of all nations, instead of living in a fool's Paradise. However, the Minister is a gain, and once we get him, we'll work him.

The Commons discussed Licences to trade, and no doubt grievances are to be proved. But we can't relieve piece-meal. Mr. Gladstone never loses a chance of letting the Publican know what the ox and future C. of X thinks of him. "Out of the seller of spirits, and out of what he sells," said Mr. Gladstone, "it is our accepted conviction that we ought to get as much as we can." Which words will bear fruit in their season. Fine spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues, and we know who will touch up fine spirits by the issue of licences with fines.

Mr. Gladstone's Bill for the Gentle Slaying of the Church Rate came in for its last stage, and after a feeble attempt to get adjournment, numbers 131 to 28, the Bill was read a Third Time, and passed with cheering. It is to be hoped that the Premier has signified to the Peers that the measure must be accepted, or the next will be worse. The child's rhyme indicates what the present Bill is, and what the future may be:—

"Here comes a Candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a Chopper to chop off your head."

Wednesday. Perfectly dull, except that Mr. Beresford Hope brought in a Bill about Tancred's Charity. This Tancred is not the hero of Tasso, or of Mr. Disraeli, but was a pig-headed old Yorkshireman of the last century, who left his property in what is called a charitable and Bounderby way. Without detailing the old donkey's caprices, except that two of them provided that deer should be kept up, and women excluded from his place, it may be mentioned that the Charity Commissioners propose to upset most of his nonsense; and that this Bill, which was to perpetuate some of it, was thrown out.

"Ed, oimè, grida, è qui Tancredi ucciso."

Thursday. On the motion of Earl Stanhope, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the working of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act,—the Act (it may be necessary to inform the *post nati*) which was typified by *Mr. Punch* in the immortal Cartoon of Lord John Russell who wrote "No Popery" on Cardinal Wiseman's door, and then ran away. It was a Protest, however; and now Protest-ants can afford not only not to mind whether the Pope calls a clergyman Bishop of Holborn or Bishop of Hippopotamus, but to be glad that any effort is made in behalf of any respectable sect of Christian religionists.

A Vote for Volunteers, not nearly liberal enough, was taken, and there was a debate on the Bribery Bill, which went a little way. Then came the Mutiny Bill, and Mr. Darby Griffithe, hindering it, was told by Colonel Stuart Knox that he was talking nonsense, and on making a lumbering sort of remonstrance was ordered by the Speaker to confine himself to the question. Mr. Otway—we are happy to repeat it,—carried by 152 to 127—his motion against administering to soldiers the punishment which should be reserved for, and most lavishly bestowed upon ruffians who commit crimes with violence.

"Descend, ye Nine, descend and sing,
Till soldiers' cheeks with triumph flush:
Descend, ye Nine, descend and sing,
Till ruffians' hides shall redder blush."

Friday. Earl Russell, afraid that England and America are growing too affectionate, did what he could, by a recapitulation of his own mistakes during the Rebellion, to cool down the feelings of the former, and bring her back into an attitude of "proper pride." But the chill fastened upon his own amiable endeavour.

Miscellaneous talk—clever speech by Mr. Gregory on the British Museum, good one by Mr. Disraeli, who has a Bill ready for the Extrusion of the Beasts—debate on Compulsory Pilotage: the shipowners said to like the present system, because, if they have a compulsory pilot, they are exonerated from liability; the Trinity House inclines to a voluntary Palinurus—an interesting Indian debate, Lord Cranborne protesting against a protest by the Viceroy, who accused him of discrediting English rule—complaint that the Fenian editors in the Irish gaol are not allowed the *Times* and the *Illustrated London News*: they ought to be allowed; the latter, as *Nothing in the Papers* would open their minds wonderfully to grand truths and true morality.

But the event of the evening was the Government answer to the Gladstone challenge. The Premier, like *Lara*, will not "wait for their assault," but proposes to charge for himself, so Lord Stanley's

spur of fire is to head a rush upon the enemy. He moves an Amendment (which must be voted on first) to the effect that, "though Modification in the Temporalities may, after pending inquiry, be expedient, any proposition tending to Disestablishment ought to be left to a new Parliament." The manœuvre has brought down a storm of wrath, but if the affair of the Cocks is a battle for place, all is fair in war, and if an affair of principle, and the House is in earnest, Mr. Disraeli might as well try, as Dicky Suett said, to bolt a door with a boiled carrot.

CANINE.

Pet. "Ma, do Speak to George. He says I must be a Mongrel, 'cause I haven't got a Black Roof to my Mouth!!!"

HOLIDAY WORK AT HULL.

The numerous Sabbatarian readers of *Punch* will rejoice greatly in perusing the subjoined glad tidings:—

"Fined for Selling Fish on a Sunday.—At the Hull Police Court, on Tuesday, a fish-hawker was summoned on the information of a police constable for having sold some plaice on a Sunday morning. The officer said he saw the defendant sell the fish on the east side of the Humber dock basin. Defendant admitted that he had sold sixpennyworth of plaice, but he was a poor man, and did not know that he had done any more wrong than a smack-owner who had sold his £10 worth of fish. Defendant was fined 5s. and costs."

A fine of five shillings may seem a slight punishment for the crime of selling fish on a Sunday. But perhaps the criminal convicted of that enormity at Hull could not pay. He said he was a poor man. Not paying his fine he would have been sent to prison. Very likely he was. Our Sabbatarian friends may cherish the thought that he had a week's low diet and hard labour in the House of Correction.

It is satisfactory to see, as in this instance, Sabbatarianism vindicated pure and simple. When a tradesman is fined for keeping his shop open on a Sunday, it may be said that he is punished principally for an offence committed against other people, the assistants, or servants whom he deprives of their lawful rest. But the penalty imposed on a hawker for desecrating the Sabbath by labouring in his vocation, is punishment inflicted simply and solely for the offence against the Sabbatarian religion. The hawker is punished for nothing more than desecrating the Sabbath personally, by himself. This is religious liberty—the liberty to enforce religious observance.

Without and Within.—He grinds his organ in the street. I grind my teeth in the house.

AN OXFORD MISERERE.

"By the Statute passed in Congregation at Oxford on Saturday last, Undergraduates are allowed to reside in lodgings during the whole of their University course, without having their names entered on the books of any College or Hall. A strong but ineffectual fight was made by the Conservative party in Congregation to throw out the statute, or hamper it with restrictive conditions. It remains to be seen whether they will be more successful, by aid of the non-residents, in Convocation."—*Oxford Intelligence. March* 26.

Upon us is come the abomination—
Anathema sit—of desolation!
Here's treason triumphant in Congregation,
And small hope left e'en in Convocation—
Miserere!

Here's John Duke Coleridge, that pestilent prater—
Sapping and mining—a turn-coat traitor!—
To let loose in a rush on his *Alma Mater*
The lava-flood from Dissent's foul crater—
Miserere!

While Truth's well-water—that *aqua fortis*—
Applied as a solvent in Church and Court is!
Till sound old Faith rare as sound old Port is,
And our Articles are *in articulo mortis.*
Miserere!

With *Comtist* oxides Church-fetters are crusted,
And Renan rots what Mansell had rusted:
While Gladstone, the bulwark that once we trusted,
Has "caved in" a-top, and at bottom, "busted,"
Miserere!

Gone the test of the faith—our Thirty-nine Articles!
Ecclesiæ corpus a chaos of particles!
While the matricide's crime a godless bar tickles,
Which Coleridge's poisons calls wholesome "catharticals"—
Miserere!

Gone the test of the purse—our College system.
Poor scholars brought back—as if Oxford had missed 'em!
And Church-Militant told to her service to twist 'em,
While she's robbed of the shillings with which to enlist 'em!
Miserere!

Gone the test of manners—the hob-and-nob-ery
Of tufts and tutors, which sinners call snobbery;
Each common-room a scene of bobbery!—
And Dissenter's schism-shop, or "*corroborie.*"*
Miserere!

As if, with Church feuds (*primæval* and *medi*)
Our Congreves and Conington's hot and heady,
Our Rapers rash, and Jowetts unsteady,
We hadn't schisms enough already!
Miserere!

When the Universities are turned "National,"
That is Latitudinarian and Rational—
With a Broad Church by its new lights to fashion all,
And a Stanley and Maurice to play the—dash and all—
Miserere!

* See, for a description of this dance of naked savages painted black and white, (what a type of Oxford under the new regime!) the Journals of the Australian progress of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

"Florence and her Memories." [Such is the attractive title of a lecture announced for delivery at Exeter Hall. Several questions suggested themselves on reading the placard. What Florence? Whose Florence? Why Florence, rather than Marian, or Emily, or Augusta? What is the nature of her "Memories?" Engagements? Conquests? Triumphs? Parties? Rivals? Defeats?—Will the lecture be followed by others of a similar description? After "Florence and her Memories," shall we have "Clara and her Confessions," or "Rose and her Revelations"?

Inscription for an Old Clothes Shop.—"Nothing New."

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

First Swell (on foot). "Not Sold him yet, then, Fwed?"

Second Swell (mounted). "No, can't get my Price; No, fact is, 'have three Fellows coming to Dinner on Thursday. We're going to Eat him! Will you come?!"

First Swell. "Thanks—sorry I can't. Engaged to Dine off a Family Pony of Raggles's!!"

AN "OFFICIAL ENGLISH" DICTIONARY WANTED.

The art of calling a spade a spade seems sadly out of fashion with our Poor-Law Inspectors. Instead of swallowing their squeamishness, and speaking in plain English, and telling us plain truths, they use fine official language to veil in some degree the horrors they discover, and which it is their duty plainly to disclose. Their official English teems with euphuistic epithets, which no unofficial dictionary can help us to translate. For instance, who could guess that "insufficient" and "inadequate" meant half what is ascribed to them by Mr. Ernest Hart?—

"'Inadequate' and 'insufficient' stood for the evils which had been exposed in connection with the Bedminster Union, the scrubbing of black gangrened hands in mistake for dirt, the holding a patient's hand against a place hot enough to ignite a match, and a number of other cruelties, only prevented from being inquired into by the resignation of the master and principal officers, and to his (Mr. Hart's) mind the Poor-Law Board too often connived at the quashing of an inquiry, which, although it might cause a scandal, would show where the weak points were. But if there were no official inquiries the accidental inquests brought to light the evils. Quite lately inquests had been held on paupers 'done to death' in provincial workhouses, and one showed how a child was killed by being placed in scalding water, and then having the blisters rubbed off with a towel. These were some of the facts which would help the Poor-Law Board to a translation of the words 'inadequate' and 'insufficient' in their inspectors' reports."

Or who, without the help of Mr. Hart's translation, could have imagined that fine phrases, like those he further mentions, veiled such terribly foul facts?—

"Thus, 'want of classification' meant that people with bronchitis were put in beds with people with the itch, as at Bury Union; it meant the aggravation of the sufferings of the sick, in short, by neglect of the most cruel and indescribable character; 'insufficient attendance' meant no labelling of bottles, neglect of giving to the sick their proper diets or at the proper times, leaving the sick to their own help or no help at all, the mixing of the convalescent sick who needed rest and quiet with the noisy lunatic."

As language was invented to conceal our real thoughts, so fine official language has likewise been invented to hide the real facts. But far better sicken people by telling them plain truths, than gloss over evil doings which are sure to bear ill fruit. Clearly our Inspectors, if they are to be of use to us, must learn to write in language which we can understand. Otherwise, the Poor-Law Board must issue a new phrase-book, in which "official English" will be put into plain Hebrew, or something else approaching to our mother tongue.

NONSENSE PROVERBS.

What 's in the pot mustn't be told to the pan.
There 's a mouth for every muffin.
A clear soup and no flavour.
As drunk as a daisy.
All rind and no cheese.
Set a beggar on horseback, and he will cheat the livery-stable keeper.
There 's a B in every bonnet.
Two-and-six of one and half-a-crown of the other.
The Insurance Officer dreads a fire.
First catch your heir, then hook him.
Every plum has its pudding.
Short pipes make long smokes.
It 's a long lane that has no blackberries.
Wind and weather come together.
A flower in the button-hole is worth two on the bush.
Round robin is a shy bird.
There 's a shiny lining to every hat.
The longest dinner will come to an end.
You must take the pips with the orange.
It 's a wise dentist that knows his own teeth.
No rose without a gardener.
Better to marry in May than not to marry at all.
Save sovereigns, spend guineas.
Too many followers spoil the cook. (N.B. This is *not* nonsense.)

FASHIONABLE DEFORMITY.

Considering that the month is not November, Guys are plentiful in Paris. Else we should not see recorded such freaks of dress as this:—

"The latest novelty is a puff petticoat, which sticks out in a bunch, and causes the 'female form divine' to look rather like the Gnathodon or Dodo."

Strange are the mandates of the fashionable modistes! Here is Beauty ordered to put on the outward seeming of Deformity, and Youth and Loveliness disfigured in a manner to resemble old decrepit Mother Bunch! Beauty, unlike Charity, must be "puffed up" a little, if it follows the new mode.

To Mrs. Humpty, or Miss Dumpty, this may matter very little; but surely ladies of good figure are much to be condoled with, when an ugly fashion robs them of the charm of a fair shape. Women are a *race moutonnière*, we know, in blindly following the fashion; else we should say that ladies who wear dresses, deforming them like Dodos, must really be great geese.

PADDY'S NEW PICTURE-BOOK.

'Twas a sight Saxon eyes to bewilder
John Bull saw through Pat's cabin-door,
Pat, enjoying a pipe with the "childther"
Round his knees clustered close on the floor.
The boys, with their keen Celtic faces,
The girls, with their sweet Celtic eyes,
And lithe limbs, whose natural graces
Defied tattered linsey and frieze.

By the hearth sat the wife at her stocking,
With her needles in rythmical play,
While her foot kept the rude cradle rocking,
Where a rosy young Celtikin lay.
From the brown hearth the turf-reek ascended
With the blue curls of Paddy's *dudeen*,
And cool light, and warm shadow were blended
On the prettiest group ever seen.

Pat was busy, but not upon treason—
Nor pike nor revolver was there—
With a wide-open volume his knees on,
Whose title John read, printed fair:
"Irish history—People's edition—
Eighteen sixty-eight—volume two"—
Volume one, all of wrong and sedition,
On the hearth, burnt to ash, smouldered blue.

Round the new volume, cheap, but clear-lettered,
The children pressed close to his knee,
And the father's slow spelling was bettered
By his babes, 'cuter scholars than he.
He might trip in his moods and his tenses,
But the import they caught in the rough;
For those bright Celtic wits and keen senses
E'en half-uttered words were enough.

But the pictures! Ah, there was the glory
Of the book, to old listeners and young!
'Twas they gave a point to the story,
And a glow, in advance of it, flung,
That lit the dark cabin with splendour,
Like the outburst of sun after rain,
Till from hard the old faces waxed tender,
And the young more of youth seemed to gain.

For frontispiece, England and Erin
Crowned with shamrock and oak seemed to stand:
With Justice her sheathèd sword bearing,
And her scales, even-poised, in her hand.
And facing this picture of union,
The Heir of the Crown of the Isles,
While Erin, in loyal communion
Of creed and class, brought him her smiles.

A page further on, 'twas a prison
Where law-breakers sat, but the sun,
The great sun of Justice, new-risen,
Had blent "green" and "orange" in one.
By an Irish-American plotter,
A Downshire grand-master I saw—
And Ascendency's pillars a-totter
By the firmly-based columns of law!

And the same sun of Justice whose beaming
No foul party colours could smirch,
A few pages further, its gleaming
Had spread from the Cell to the Church.
And in its fair radiance were clustered,
Unhindered, the Protestant few,
While the Catholic myriads mustered,
To receive, not their dole, but their due.

No longer sly slave and hard master,
Like lions with lambkins at play,
Walked Popish and Protestant pastor
And worshipper, each his own way.
And there Irish landlord and tenant,
By fair-dealing no longer foes,
One grown honest, the other turned clement,
Made the waste places bloom like the rose.

For that new light of Justice in Heaven,
Was reflected by strange light on earth,
As with new peace new plenty was given,
Where lately reigned hatred and dearth.
These things in the new Irish history
That Pat showed his children, John saw;
A morality 'twas—*not* a mystery—
And John shouted Erin-go-Bragh!

THE FUTURE LOUNGE. (1870.)

Adela to Emmeline,

I cannot write any more at present, dear, as I have only an hour and a half left for dressing for the Drive on the Thames Embankment. The trees are all out now, reminding one of the charming Champs Elysées, and the river has lately been scented with some delicious perfume. The promenaders are not allowed by the Police to bring over such tiny bottles to be filled in the river. Tom has a beautiful Gondola, and the Life Guards' Band plays on the Westminster Pier in the afternoon. In haste, your ever affectionate,

Adela.

P.S. Papa has now taken one of the new flats, so address to—
3, *Buccleugh Terrace, Embankment Avenue.*

"The Crisis of England."

Veil of Isis! what's a crisis?
Double pull on Whip's devices,
Talk in vein of King Cambyses,
Spouters shouting into phthisis,
Independents raising prices,
Ladies' gallery cooled with ices,
Caves emitting sly advices,
Bets like "juvenile Lord Dice's,"
This is what he calls a Crisis,—
Brothers—*teneatis risus?*

All the Difference.

In the future disendowment of the Irish Church, among other difficulties, there will be the case of Mr. Guiness, who did so much for St. Patrick's Cathedral. So, at the outset, the question is in this instance less of pounds than of *guineas*.

A PISCICULTURAL FENIAN.

The *Limerick Chronicle* describes a "torpedo" found a short time since in an upper room which had been the lodging of a gentleman named Murphy. Mr. Murphy is a reputed "Head Centre." His torpedo appears to have been a Fenian fish out of water.

A MUMBLE.

"Azella." Query, As Ella?

Caution to Clubs.—You had better get the Select Committee to smother Smith's Sunday Liquor Bill. Those who live in glass-houses should not throw stones.

GUESSES AT THE CATALOGUE.

Guess at the Motto. "Look here, upon this picture, and on this."
Hamlet, a play by Shakspeare.

473. Dressing for Church . . . . . *J. E. Millais, R.A.*

"I chose not *her*, my heart's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine,
In gems and garlands proudly decked,
As if themselves were things divine."

474. The Wooing o't . . . . . *T. Faed, R.A.*

"Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Looked askient and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't."

475. Tancred and Argantes . . . *Sir E. Landseer, R.A.*

"The shock that dashed
Each steed to earth, where each in anguish gnashed
Its teeth, and shrieked its noble life away,
Scarce bowed their haughty heads. They, unabashed,
Sprang lightly up, war's perfect masters they,
Drew the gold-hilted swords, and stood at desperate bay."

476. The Collar of Malachi . . . . . *D. Maclise, R.A.*

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
That he won from her proud invader."

477. Procession at the Consecration of the First Temple. *S. Hart, R.A.*

"Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays
With priests' and warriors' voice between."

478. The Witches' Warp and Woof . . . . *Gustave Doré.*

"See, the grisly texture grow,
'Tis of human entrails made,
And the weights that play below
Each a gasping warrior's head."

479. Life upon a Cast . . . . . *A. Elmore, R.A.*

"When maidens listen
To burning words, with eyes that glisten,
And lips that saying, mean not 'Nay.'"

480. The River's End . . . . . *T. Creswick, R.A.*

"As a bright river that from fall to fall,
In many a maze descending, bright through all,
Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
In one full lake of light it rests at last."

481. Jaques departs to visit the Duke . *J. R. Herbert, R.A.*

"To him will I. Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned."

482. Serena as Ariel at the Earl's Moorish Ball . *W. P. Frith, R.A.*

"If sweet Serena, on this signal night,
Shine the first idol of the public sight,
If gallantry's fixt eyes pronounce her fair,
By the sure sign of one unceasing stare,
The die is cast—he weds—the point is clear;
She cannot slight the vows of such a Peer."

483. The Murder of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou . . . . . *E. M. Ward, R.A.*

Prince. I am your better, traitors as ye are.
King Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*
Gloucester. Sprawl'st thou, take that to end thy agony. [*Stabs him.*
Clarence. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*
Q. Margaret. O, kill me too!

484. Sea and Shore . . . . . *J. C. Hook, R.A.*

"The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her."

485. Bishop Burnet ordering the raising the sides of the galleries in St. James's, Piccadilly . . *J. C. Horsley, R.A.*

"When Burnet perceived that the beautiful dames,
Who worship (they think) in the Church of St. James,
Were content on their lovers kind looks to bestow,
And smiled not on him as he bellowed below."

486. Psyche . . . . . *F. Leighton, A.*

"Though ne'er to mortals bliss was given
Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,
Hers is the only face in Heaven
That wears a cloud amid its joy."

487. Royal Obsequies . . . . . *P. Calderon, R.A.*

"When a prince to the fate of a peasant hath yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim lighted hall,
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute round the canopied pall.
Through the courts at deep midnight the torches are gleaming,
Through the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming,
And down the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall."

488. The Vision of the Sea . . . . . *R. Ansdell, A.*

"Where
Is the ship? On the verge of the wave where it lay
One tiger is mingled in ghastly affray
With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke of the battle
Stain the clear air with sunbows. And near this commotion
A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,
The fin-winged tomb of the victor."

489. Conjugal Love in the Middle Ages . . *H. S. Marks.*

"Then wold I say, 'Now good lefe, take kepe
How meekly looketh Wilkin oure shepe.
Come now, my spouse, and let me ba thy cheke.
What aileth you to gratchen thus and groan?'"

490. A French Aristocrat before the Revolutionary Tribunal. *H. O'Neil, A.*

"He dropped his mantle, tore aside his vest,
A ribboned cross was on his knightly breast.
It covered scars. He deigned no more reply,
None, but the scorn that lightened in his eye:
He kissed his cross, and turned him to the door—
An instant, and they heard his murderers roar."

491. A Knight well armed . . . . . *V. Prinsep.*

"As a knight should gaze Count Otto gazed,
When Bertha in all her beauty blazed,
As a knight should hear Count Otto heard,
When Liba sung like a forest bird;
But he thought, I ween, about as long
Of Bertha's beauty or Liba's song
As the sun regards the clouds that play
Round his radiant path on a summer day."

492. Loyal Sir Byng . . . . . *G. D. Leslie, A.*

"Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing.
And pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest men droop,
Marched them along, fifty score strong,
Great hearted gentlemen, singing one song."

493. Eclipse of the Reformation . . . . *W. F. Yeames, A.*

"When persecuting zeal made royal sport
With tortured innocence in Mary's court,
And Bonner, blithe as shepherd at a wake,
Enjoyed the show, and danced about the stake."

494. Kailyal on the Car of Jaga-Naut. . . . *E. J. Poynter.*

"Now bring ye out the Chariot of the God—
The Maid of perfect form and heavenly face,
Set her aloft in triumph, like a bride,
Upon the bridal car.
The ponderous car rolls on and crushes all,
Through blood and bones it ploughs its dreadful path.
And all around, behind, before
The bridal car is the raging rout,
With frantic shout and deafening roar,
Tossing the torches' flames about."

495. Ocean Nymphs . . . . . *W. E. Frost, A.*

"Where
Down, through tress-lifting waves, the Nereids fair
Wind into Thetis' bower, by many a pearly stair."

496. Harmonies . . . . . *J. A. Whistler.*

"Who sees not music's colour hath no ear,
Who hears not colour's music hath no eye."

497. "Only Eleven to the Holidays." Statuette *J. Durham, A.*

"The indented stick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are cleared away,
Bears witness, long ere his dismission come,
With what intense desire he wants his home."

498. Marble Group. The Genius of Convocation, clutching with either hand the Bishop of Natal and Mr. Mackonochie, stamps upon the Dean of Arches, and flings himself upon the bosom of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is sustained by Faith, Hope, Charity, and *Mr. Punch*, and by his contempt for the entire business . . . . . *Punch, P.R.A.*

LITTLE BIT OF SENTIMENT.

(FOR FOXHUNTERS ONLY.)

Non-Sporting Man. "Why, Bob, old Fellow, how Wretched you Look! And what are all these Boots and Things about for?"

Bob. "Well, they're going to be Put Away to-morrow for Seven Months. Isn't *that* enough to make a Fellow look Wretched?"

THE PRIME PREEMIEER.

'Tis thought, by them that sets their mind
On lofty state and station,
That fine amusement they would find
In rulun of the nation.
But I take it that what wi' work, worry, and fuss,
No slavery 's moor severe;
And there 's nobody I oodn't like to be wuss
Than the Prime Preemieer.

Start young in Parliament 'a must
In trade as politician,
And all his youth fret out there, fust,
His gizzard with ambition.
By the time that he gets to the top o' the tree,
To an end his lease med be near—
A poor farmer I 'd sooner a precious deal be
Than a Prime Preemieer.

But what to me most strange appears
Is, whether Whig or Tory,
He mostly reaps but scoffs and sneers,
Instead o' praise and glory.
Purty nigh all the peapers and slashun reviews
Pursues un wi' gibe and wi' jeer:
So I 'd fur rather wear hobnailed boots than the shoes
Of a Prime Preemieer.

When, arter all your pains and care,
You finds yourself in clover,
You don't bide hardly no time there
Afore they votes you over.
To be badgered and bullied and kicked o' one side,
Arter labourun year by year;
Why, what honest man 'ood, wi' a mossel o' pride,
Be a Prime Preemieer?

The Broad Sanctuary, Westminster.

Church Parsons, High and Low,
What sneaking spite they show,
Against plain, honest, outspoken Dean Stanley!
They suggest that he 's a pal
Of the Bishop of Natal:
How Divines are apt to hate a man that 's manly!

CONUNDRUM.

Q. It is made with a train, it travels with a train, it is of no use to a train, but a train cannot travel without it.
A. A Noise.

AN EXPLOIT IN ABYSSINIA.

(*By a Special Correspondent.*)

The personal prowess of our countrymen is very remarkable. It is wonderfully exemplified in the exploits which, when occasion takes them to India and other partially civilised or uncivilised countries, they are wont to perform upon the natives. In particular, they are uncommonly good hands at kicking those who offend them. You may call this an Irishism. Never mind. Thinking of that, reminds us to say that, amongst those countrymen of ours who are especially wont to astonish the natives by the feats of the foot abovenamed, we by no means intend not to include, but, on the contrary, do somewhat expressly class Irishmen. It would not at all surprise us to learn that the following narrative was penned by a hand, of which, in national parlance, it might be said that the natural weapon is the shillelagh:—

"Before leaving Ad Abagha we had rather an amusing episode with the natives, which might, however, have proved costly. Being averse to start at so early an hour as seven o'clock, we did not strike our tents till after the troops had left, and were left alone in our glory on the top of the hill. A crowd of the Aborigines, on plundering bent, rapidly collected, and the eyes of an Argus, and the hands of a Briareus were required to protect our numerous chattels. All at once I perceived a dusky individual sloping off with a bridle. I gave chase, and overtook the thief. Now, my stature is diminutive, and my physique anything but formidable, but, like Mr. Jaggers's clerk, I have the greatest regard for portable property, and unlike *Othello*, I deny that 'he who steals my purse, steals trash.' Moreover, my blood was up at the audacious theft, so I made a furious onslaught on my stalwart but fortunately unresisting adversary, and kicked him from top to bottom of the hill with the greatest gusto."

The hero of the adventure above related is a gentleman attached to the Abyssinian Expedition, and connected with the London Press. His entire letter impinges on the mind's ear with a Hibernian resonance, especially notable in the quotation, first of *Iago's* words as those of *Othello*, and next in assigning a dissent from the valuation of a purse expressed in them as a reason for objecting to being robbed of a bridle. As an illustration, however, of the alacrity at kicking, characteristic of our countrymen, comprehensively considered, the foregoing extract is splendid. No matter how stalwart and gigantic the native may be who displeases one of them, nor how slight and diminutive may be that countryman of ours, English or Irish, the latter never experiences the least difficulty in kicking the former down-stairs or down-hill, and not only does it with the greatest ease, but also, again to quote an example of phraseology deliciously distinctive, "with the greatest gusto." But the writer who thus racily expresses himself, his stature being diminutive, and his *physique* anything but formidable, states, not merely that he kicked his stalwart adversary down a hill, but that he kicked him from the top of a hill to the bottom. Can this gentleman's nationality be doubtful?

FASHIONABLE MODESTY.

Considering the follies which are put forth in *Le Follet*, we rarely find much pleasure in the news which comes from Paris in the matter of the fashions. Here, however, is a statement which most thoroughly delights us:—

"The dress is not worn so low as last year, either on the back or front."

It sadly lowers one's opinion of the sense of the fair sex to consider that, with many women, modesty is nowadays a matter of mere fashion. For many a month past dresses have been worn so low as barely to be decent. Ladies who of late have been modestly attired, could lay no claim whatever to being in the fashion. Decency, however, is once more to be the *mode*, and, as few ladies have the courage to disobey their dressmakers, we may hope that for a while, until the fashion changes, we may be able to dine out, and even go to dances, without blushing for our partners.

MANNERS!

Young Mistress. "Jane, I'm surprised that none of you Stood up when I went into the Kitchen just now!"

Jane. "Indeed, Mum! which we was su'prised ourselves at your a comin' into the Kitching while we was a 'avin' our *Luncheong!!*"

SANTIAGO!

Mr. Punch must really get a new hat; he has so many courteous salutations to make, just now, that the brim of the present one is unduly flexible. But that brim shall come off and put him to an open shame, sooner than he will refrain from saluting a lady who has just stepped into the editorial arena, gracefully and without *fanfaron*, as might be expected from the author of *George Geith*. We wish Mrs. Riddell all the good fortune which we know she is going to deserve, with her *St. James's Magazine*. Her publisher's name is of good omen. Skeet, the first Lord of the Admiralty informs us, is "a long scoop used to wet the sails of vessels." May he wet those of the good vessel, St. James, with the water of Pactolus. That's pretty. We further compliment Mrs. Riddell on her going in, as becomes a woman, for good old Toryism. We would not give two-pence, *sans-culotte* as *Mr. Punch* is, and thirsting to imbrue his pike in blue blood, for a lady who did not believe in Mary as against Knox, Charles as against Cromwell, the Chevalier as against George, Pitt as against Fox (if she ever heard of either) and Lord John Manners as against Gladstone. It is the joy and right of weakness to lean on what it thinks is strength, especially if strength is handsome and pensive, so we gratulate Mrs. Riddell on the sturdy Tory article, with which she frights the Radicals, and a good deal more upon the new and going to be capital novel with which she freights the *St. James's*. But we must buy a new hat.

"Oysters, Sir!"

A great reduction in the price of natives may be hourly expected. According to *Land and Water* there is an "Oyster Bed at—" of all places in the world—"the Pyramids," probably in the Pool generally found with them. Hopes are entertained that this now somewhat rare shell-fish will next be discovered nearer home—in the Staffordshire Potteries, or on the Mendip Hills.

MATRIMONIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

(For Particulars inquire over the Way.)

A Gentleman, heir to large property, but born blind, is in Want of a Wife. Beauty not requisite. She must be intelligent, amiable, and accomplished; but plainness will be no objection if anything short of palpable disfigurement.

The Friends of a Young Lady wish to procure her a Suitable Husband. She is sensible, sweet tempered, and pretty, her only defect being that she is unable to sound the letter H. A Deaf Gentleman would find this an excellent opportunity.

Ugly Women! Ugly Women! Ugly Women!—A Young Man who has run through all his property, but now sees the Error of his Ways, and is a Reformed Character, wishes to Marry and Settle. He would wish to Settle any fortune that his wife might bring with her on herself, with Remainder in the hands of Trustees to the Survivor for Life. Any Lady of strictly moral and religious principles and an affectionate temperament, whose Inclination for Holy Matrimony has, notwithstanding pecuniary affluence (say from £30,000), been opposed by disadvantages of personal appearance, may Secure a Fond Husband, who is considered very Handsome, but, being himself indifferent to externals, regards only those qualities in a married partner that are truly valuable.

Roman Initials.

There are, it is said, in the Roman Church four "sacred congregations" of which the Pope has decided that his expected successor, Cardinal Bonaparte, shall be a member; namely, the congregations of bishops and regulars, whose functions respectively concern rites, regular discipline, indulgences, and holy relics. Of these four congregations three appear to preside over departments which, being those of rites, regular discipline, and relics, may be correctly described as the Roman Three R's.

STUDY IN A HIGH WIND.

TO CHIEF RABBI ADLER.

Mr. Punch reads in that excellent paper, the *Jewish Chronicle and Hebrew Observer*, that at Liverpool the new Hebrew congregation wants—

AN ASSISTANT SHOCHET AND PORGER.

Mr. Punch has on hand an assortment of young men of the Earl Russell type, prepared at a moment's notice to undertake anything, from taxidermy to seismography, and many of them are pteridophilists, but none of them knows what a shochet and porger is. Will the admirable Chief Rabbi Adler clear our addled wits? And while about it, will he tell us whether it is really true that many rich Jews scarcely contribute to the fund of the Board of Guardians of Hebrew Poor, an institution which enables the Jews to avoid all the scandal which we, and Ernest Hart, and Lord Devon, and some others are trying to do away in the case of the Christians? *Mr. Punch* makes no apology for interfering, everything is his province, as it was Bacon's (with apology for mentioning such a name) and he is particularly anxious for answers to both questions.

American Riddle.

Why have the United States Congress impeached President Johnson?

Perhaps because they think of making him President again, and don't want to elect an untried man.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 30. *Mr. Punch* cites, with pleasure, a charming passage from the Premier's brilliant novel, the *Young Duke*:—

"Ah, that terrible House of Lords," said May Dacre. "Scarcely forty-eight hours and all will be over, and we [Catholics] shall be just where we were. You and your friends manage very badly in your House," she said, addressing herself to the Duke.

"I do all I can," said his Grace, smiling; "Burlington has my proxy."

"That is exactly what I complain of. On such an occasion there should be no proxies. Personal attendance would imply a keener interest in the result. Ah, if I were Duke of St. James for one night!"

"Ah, if you would be Duchess of St. James!" thought the Duke, but a despairing lover has no heart for jokes.

His Grace did better than joke. He hurried off to London, got into the House of Lords in time, delivered a fresh and effective speech for Catholic Emancipation, hastened back to overhear the lovely *May Dacre* delightedly reading it to her father, and the next time the Duke and *May*—— But get the book: it is full of dash, wit, and "go."

Why *Mr. Punch* quoted it is that dear *May Dacre's* reform has come about, and that early in the week the Privy Seal to the author of the *Young Duke* carried a standing order which practically does away with proxies.

The Commander-in-Chief did not see his way to opposing the Mutiny Bill as altered to prevent Flogging, but his Royal Highness hoped that consideration would be given to the question of military punishment. It was necessary, we suppose, that some such speech should be made; but *Mr. Punch*, who is not good at seeing red-tape difficulties, cannot perceive reason why the Duke, and General Forster, and the Horse-Guards should be in any fix. Surely, in peace time, there are fifty practicable punishments, exclusive of a cruel one, and in war time nobody proposes to take away any power necessary to a General:—

"For Britons rarely swerve
From discipline, however stern, that serves their force to nerve."
Childe Harold.

Merely mentioning that on *Wednesday* the Chancellor of the Exchequer has brought in the Bill enabling Government to Acquire the Telegraphs, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to the Great Irish Church Debate, which occupied the Four Nights.

Monday. Before the play, a farce. Certain Tories demanded the reading of part of the Act of Union with Ireland, and the Coronation Oath. The gentlemen meant that Mr. Gladstone was about to ask Parliament to violate law, and the Queen to commit perjury. The farce was not very well received by the audience.

Mr. Gladstone moved his Anti-Irish Church Resolutions. He spoke very moderately, declared his own consistency, urged that the time had come, and dwelt tenderly with the rights, real or possible, of all persons in any way interested in the Church. Let us build up with the Cement of Human Concord the noble fabric of the British Empire.

Lord Stanley moved his Amendment, that modifications in the Temporalities might be expedient, after the pending inquiry, but any proposition for Disendowment should be left to a new House. He said all that a clear-sighted man, with a future, could say in favour of an obstructive device.

Mr. E. A. Leatham. This Parliament, being without passion, ought to deal with the question.

Mr. O'Neill. It has no right to do so. And the Church increases in efficacy.

Mr. Pollard Urquhart. Parsons have increased, not flocks.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane. A party effort to turn out Ministers.

Mr. Moncrieff. Nobody dares to defend the Irish Church. It is an alien ascendency that can effect no religious good.

Lord Cranborne. Lord Stanley's speech was nothing but petty cavils and poor excuses for delay. I will have nothing to do with his Amendment. But you are going to draw down the certain and bitter enmity of a third of Ireland. Mr. Disraeli is a weather-cock. Of course, on religious grounds, I oppose the destruction of a hallowed institution.

Mr. Laing. I object to party moves, but cannot sacrifice Ireland to a Ministry.

The Solicitor-General. There ought to be no hurry. What is proposed is Confiscation.

The Late Attorney-General for Ireland. Government had no policy, except delay. The vigour and vitality of Protestantism would be incalculably benefited by Disendowment.

Tuesday. Mr. Hardy, the Home Secretary, in a vigorous speech, personally attacked Mr. Gladstone for sudden conversion, and handed him a letter to prove it. Violation of the Union, injustice to Protestants, precedent for spoliation of other property. He ably represented his Oxford constituents, and even won Mr. Bright's praise for his manly, Yorkshire championship of a bad cause.

Mr. Goschen. Parliament had a right to deal with the rights it had given.

Mr. Peel Dawson. The real object was to set up a Popish Church.

Mr. Torrens. Rise above party, and you will find Ireland easily governed.

Sir Hervey Bruce. What do the Catholic Members say about the oath they took?

Mr. Carter. Coventry wishes to see a Dis-endowment.

Serjeant Armstrong. The Church is hated as a symbol of oppression.

Colonel S. Knox. Mr. Gladstone was cowardly. The Crown was linked with the Church.

Mr. O'Reilly. If Ireland cannot look to England for justice, she will look to the West for Revolution.

Mr. Shreiber. Stand by the Church, or troubles and calamities are coming.

Captain White (a very good maiden speech). Let us do justice, whether injustice be to our advantage or not. Irish Protestantism had suffered from over-pampering.

The Irish Attorney-General said what a clever, energetic lawyer could say for his client the Church, and her rights.

Mr. Bright, smiling at legal cobwebs, humorously arrayed the varying utterances of Ministers, and ridiculed the calling that a revolution which affected only a tenth of a country. The Church was a failure, and its demolition was asked by a Protestant minority in Ireland, by all the Catholics, and by general consent in England and Scotland. Remember how well other denounced measures have worked. Do not play the game of the Fenians. One of his best natured speeches.

Thursday. Mr. Roebuck would support Mr. Gladstone—hating all Establishments. Don't talk to me about sacredness; no human interest is sacred. But mind, if this is only a trick to oust Mr. Disraeli! As to other considerations, I am an Imperial Englishman, and the Catholics are hostile to our rule. No sentimental talk about oppression shall prevent my maintaining Imperial rule.

Mr. Henley, of course opposing, spoke so much in the style of the old days when an illustration was not held to be objectionable because it was a little full-flavoured, that we must only say that the gallant old Tory uttered his mind, and protested against breaking a treaty made with the weak.

General Peel scorned the Amendment, and opposed the Resolutions, jollily as usual. No surrender.

Mr. Lowe. Twelve per cent. of rich people have State assistance, seventy-eight per cent. of poor people have none, and the rest are bribed to hold their tongues. Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? [Well quoted, but read on Mr. Lowe.]

Mr. Horsfall. Stand by the Church, and dissolve.

Mr. Clive. I should like to know how the Church ministrations are to be provided for.

Mr. Gladstone. I will tell you in my reply.

Mr. Leefroy. No right to disendow while the Union exists.

Sir John Gray complained of Orange disloyalty.

Lord Claud John Hamilton (second son of the Lord Lieutenant), a grenadier. A bold and well-given maiden speech. He was uncomfortable about the feelings with which the spirit of Lord Palmerston might be inspecting the proceedings of Mr. Gladstone, whom he had trusted.

Mr. Bernal Osborne. Very smart. His best point the comparing Lord Stanley to his hesitating namesake in the tragedy. But he had a scheme, for establishing Four Bernal Osborne bishops instead of the present lot. Will he be one?

The Indian Minister did his best, but had learned too much, as Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, to talk Gathorne Hardily.

Friday. Mr. Disraeli. If we should see the unreasonable event of the Resolutions being carried, I shall not object to go into Committee with them on the 27th of April, but I shall oppose them unequivocally.

Mr. Gladstone. All right.

Mr. Coleridge. We have a perfect right to deal with the Irish Church. Let us.

Mr. Beresford Hope. Don't rip up old sores. It's only the spite of the Catholic priests because other people are better off.

Mr. Stansfeld. Such defences as we have heard may ruin principles and institutions. Is Ireland to be loyal? Then destroy the Church.

Earl of Mayo. That is the talk of thirty-four years ago. Voluntaryism in Ireland will not do. Mr. Gladstone's scheme will not do. All this is premature. Fenianism has nothing to do with the Church.

Colonel Greville. The Church is associated with oppression.

Sir C. Lanyon. Belfast is indignant with Mr. Gladstone.

Lord Hamilton. He directly attacks property rights.

Mr. Cardwell. We have done good and great things in thirty years. We began by the Abolition of Slavery, we end by the Abolition of the Irish Church.

Mr. Disraeli (who spoke for two and a half hours). This House, as Lord Palmerston's manifesto showed, was not elected to decide the Irish Church question. We ought not to be asked, at eight days' notice, to repeal the Union. I denounce this vast and violent change proposed. It violates the rights of property. And where, if you separate religion from Government, will you stop? Are we to recognise the Pantheistic principle? Mr. Gladstone represented Ritualism and Popery. That combination had superhuman power; but, while the Queen allows me to stand here, I will fight it.

Mr. Gladstone. I fail to discern relevancy. I perceive heated imagination. It is ultra-democratic, if not anarchic, to say that Parliament cannot act without appeal to the constituencies. Each of the Establishments must stand on its own merits. It is too late to endow the Catholic Church. Mr. Disraeli wants to set up the Pantheism he deprecates. Let Parliament show its sincerity, and clear the ground for its successor.

Mr. Newdegate would not consent to anything.

Lord Stanley's Amendment was rejected by 330 to 270: majority, Sixty.

Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions were carried by 328 to 272: majority, Fifty-Six.

At 3·15 the House adjourned till April 20. *Vivat Hibernia*

TO THE FEMALE SEX.

Our Adored Ones,—Please read this little paragraph:—

"Women are in every respect weaker than men; their loves and hates are more impulsive and less rational, far less under their own control than the corresponding passions in men; the changes in bodily condition and constitution often act in a subtle manner upon their minds, causing the question as to how far they are quite responsible for their actions to be more frequently raised in their case than in the case of men. The universal observation of experience—how readily the impulses of woman, for good or for evil, get the better of her reason——"

Now, Fair Sex, listen. The above propositions are contained in a petition for the life of a female who, taking a hatred to her (bad) husband's child, sent it out of the world. We could wish to know whether you accept this kind of advocacy, and whether you are prepared to allow that when you do anything foolish or wrong (and you know, dears, that such things *will* happen) you are Irresponsible. Because, if so, you will save *Mr. Punch* such a deal of trouble. He will never argue with you any more. He will only smile, and talk to you about operas, and chasubles, and sensation novels. What do you say, Strong-Minded, what do you say Weak-Minded, what do you say Average-Minded? Will you give up the game, and, ceasing to be our Dictators, become our Dolls? Answer, pets!

THE SNOB-VANDAL.

The venerable Marquis of Lansdowne, at once Nestor of our party-fights, and Mecænas of our arts, in the last days of his life bestowed a drinking fountain on Berkeley Square. After his usual gracious and princely fashion, the good old Lord went for his design to a sculptor, not a stone-mason, and, also after his fashion, to a *young* sculptor, one of the most graceful and tasteful of the rising generation of artists in clay and marble, Alexander Munro. In due time the sculptor modelled and carved a fair nymph, from whose uplifted urn poured a stream of clear water for the passers-by who liked to drink. The statue was at once a beautiful decoration of a place where beauty, in marble at least, is rare—a London Square, an honour to its sculptor, and a seemly memorial of the kindly and cultivated old nobleman, who had given it to the neighbourhood. And now some snob has defaced the poor nymph of Berkeley Square by knocking off her nose!

Is there any capital of Europe in which such an outrage could have been perpetrated, except indeed for a lark, by some rowing, roving Englishman?

These are the things that make sensitive and cultivated Britons blush for their country, and bear out what *Mr. Punch* has insisted on more at length in another article this week, that we have amongst us an element of coarse, stupid, brutal insensibility to the beautiful in art and nature, feeling and conduct, which is as rife in "upper" as in "lower" classes, and can display itself comfortably, indeed is rather at home than not, along with what is conventionally called good breeding, good society, and good manners. Whatever we may think of the Irish Establishment, English taste wants "levelling up" most decidedly.

Shakspeariana.

Standard. But it was not only for its eloquence and its wit that Mr. Hardy's speech evoked such plaudits. *It had the genuine Church and State Ring.*

Benedick. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover. So they ring pigs.

Jenkins. "I am sorry to say, my Leddy, I 'm obleeged to give Warning."
My Lady. "Why, Jenkins?"
Jenkins. "Why, your Leddyship insists on us wearing Powder—and—and I find that Powder is Ruining my Complexion."
My Lady. "It don't ruin mine—but you can go."

HOW WE DRIVE IN ABYSSINIA.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, among all its useful functions, exercises none more useful than that of Inspector-General of Administrative Departments, especially the Poor-Law Board, the Horse-Guards, and the Foreign Office, prints in its number for March 26, a story which ought to be repeated till it is contradicted; or, if it cannot be contradicted, till those who are chargeable with the amazing stupidity and cruelty it discloses, are exposed, and, if possible, punished. Here is the story:—

"The Turkish and Egyptian mule-drivers, engaged for the transport service of the expedition, on joining, were placed under officers who did not know their language. In the confusion of starting an expedition like this, they were left some days without food or water. They naturally did not like it, and were flogged daily by fifties, when really the poor creatures only expected to be properly used as first-class mule-drivers. Interpreters were then sent, and Captain Annesley, who knows no end of language, offered to take them all in his division. This was acceded to, and they were soon made happy and contented, working like slaves; so well, indeed, that Captain Annesley was thanked and complimented, and it was further promised that the threat of discharging them should not be carried out. Suddenly, down comes an order to pay up and discharge them all, and to take away the clothing they had received from the Government. They had all thrown away their old rags, and the Government clothing was all they now had. It was represented how unjustifiable it would be to send the men back to Egypt in that plight, but remonstrance was in vain. They were embarked under an armed guard, and an officer of the department had to go on board and take the clothes from off their backs. In some cases they were allowed to keep their trousers, otherwise they would have been utterly naked. This was on the 18th of February, when it is very cold in the northern portions of the Red Sea, and even in Egypt. . . . One day about 150 of these poor devils came up jabbering to an officer, who could not understand them, and reported it as a case of mutiny. Forthwith two companies of infantry were sent down, and sixty of the Turks were tied up to the triangles and got fifty lashes each. It then leaked out that the poor wretches had been three days without rations, and were only complaining."

Mr. Punch simply repeats the tale. He cannot improve it. Comment on its monstrous combination of stupidity and brutality would only weaken the force of the facts, if facts they be. If they are not facts, the sooner they are denied the better for our reputation.

The truth is, that for all the pluck and "practical" good sense over which he is so ready to hug himself, John Bull is too often the most offensive of snobs,—brutal, pig-headed, and blundering,—as odious a creature, altogether, as any that lives; a being to blush over, and to repent in sackcloth and ashes for.

Here—assuming this story to be true—the "nigger-driving" element, which is one of the odious ingredients in John Bull's character, is in the ascendant; and the worst of the thing is, that nobody hesitates about believing such a story. It is, in fact, only a reproduction, on a large scale, of the blundering cruelty and overbearing stupidity which mark the dealing of your English snob with "niggers," wherever he has authority over them. *Only* of your English snob, however. Happily, there is your English gentleman to trim the scales. But then your "snob" is so frightfully frequent in this blessed country! Is there any other country under the sun so overrun with snobs—any other where the snob is to be found, rampant, in all ranks, classes, callings, and in such force that he often determines their tone and establishes their laws? We doubt it. The snob is the British Philistine, and not a corner in our island but boasts its Goliath. *Punch* once tried his hand at a "Book of Snobs." Alas! the subject is too big for a book! It affords matter for a library.

Scientific and Seasonable Intelligence.

On Wednesday, being the First of April, the Harveian Lecture was delivered before the College of Physicians by Professor Holloway.

The audience assembled in honour of the lecturer, and the anniversary, included a large number of visitors. In accordance with a saying, ascribed to Abernethy, that "at forty every man is either a fool or a physician," it was observed that many of them appeared to be above forty.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Mr. Gladstone is for dis-establishing the Irish Protestant Church. Mr. Disraeli, on the contrary, is for Diz-establishing it.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

Scotch Kirk. "HOOT, MON! DINNA FASH YERSEL'—ME AND FATHER PAT DO UNCO' WEEL WI' THE VO-LUNTARY SEEY-STEM. AIBLINS YE 'LL BE A' RECHT THE NOO!"

THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.

MORE GRIST TO THE MILL.

Medical students will have read with some interest a telegram from Florence, according to which :—

"In to-day's sitting in the Chamber of Deputies the debate on the Grinding-Tax Bill was continued."

There are many taxes that may be said to be grinding. Schedule D, by earners of precarious incomes, is felt to be a particularly grinding tax. But a Grinding Tax Bill, so called by its authors, of course does not mean a Bill by which a grinding tax is to be imposed. It must signify a tax upon grinding, the consideration whereof may occasion some of those youth who design themselves candidates for diplomas in medicine and surgery to rejoice as being better off than the Italian students are likely to be, in having no tax to pay on the only means of possibly passing their examinations.

It is curious, we may observe, taking another view of the Grinding Tax Bill proposed by Victor Emmanuel's Government, that such a measure should have originated in Italy, how suitable soever it may be for some Italians. The British Legislature is that wherein, one would think, the proposal would first have been made to tax Italian grinding organs.

SUBMARINE OBSTRUCTIONS.

It appears that a Special Committee has been sitting since 1863 on the subject of floating obstructions and submarine explosive structures for sea-defence, and that they have already reported on "Passive Obstructions for the Defence of Harbours and Channels." Do they include in these the Board of Admiralty? It professes to exist for the defence of harbours and channels: it is eminently obstructive; and, as passive means not active, it has every right to that epithet also. Altogether, we should say it is a typical example of a "Passive Obstruction for the Defence of Harbours and Channels."

A Beales Administration.

According to the *Dispatch*, the West-end Cabinet Makers have given a testimonial to Mr. Beales, to express their satisfaction with his conduct of the Reform agitation. It consists of an English oak cabinet, embellished with a silver plate, bearing an inscription. So now the great M.A. has been made by his supporters the master of a Cabinet. This looks emblematical if not ominous. The multitude may some day make Beales Prime Minister. If they do, no doubt his Cabinet will still be a wooden one.

THE ARCHES JUDGMENT.

Sir Robert Phillimore proceeded to give his elaborate judgment in the cases of Martin *v.* Mackonochie and Flamank *v.* Simpson.

The learned Judge said that, in the first instance, it would be necessary to give an historical and archæological account of the Court in which he was sitting, and he accordingly entered at great length into a description of that Court, and of Bow Church in which it was formerly held, and from the arched roof of which, *de arcubus*, the Court took its name, and not, as some think, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom it belongs. He then described the origin of Christianity, the corruption of the Church of Rome, the Reformation of the Anglican branch, the Marian persecution, the stern rule of Elizabeth, and the regicide and Puritan troubles, and admitted that in the lukewarm state of the Church in the time of the first Georges, there was much extenuation for the present excess of zeal at Saint Albans. Here he warned the Church and his hearers not to confound the religious edifice in Holborn with St. Albans in Hertfordshire, upon whose foundation in honour of the British protomartyr Alban, and into the disfranchisement of whose borough for corrupt electioneering practices, the learned Judge animadverted for several hours. He then sketched from evidence and from conjecture the early lives of Messrs. Mackonochie and Simpson, profoundly observing that an investigation into the method in which a character had been trained threw much light upon its subsequent development, a position which he learnedly supported by citations from Cicero, Apollonius Rhodius, Plotinus, Anastasius, and the *Seven against Thebes*. Having shown that in his youth Mr. Mackonochie had been almost reprehensibly careless in his personal appearance, the learned Judge acutely pointed out that the reaction which not unfrequently succeeds to such carelessness might have induced that gentleman to over-excess in regard to ecclesiastical costume, while in the case of Mr. Simpson, who as a young man was remarkable for neatness, the Dean of Arches felicitously indicated a persistence of nature which in other days might have produced an Ignatius Loyola, of whose interesting and romantic biography he then gave a brief but comprehensive view. He then reverted to the main thread of his judgment, and proceeding to the question of candles, read an account of the Roman candle (which he carefully distinguished from the elegant but dangerous pyrotechnical device of that name) which was composed of string surrounded by wax, or dipped in pitch, described the splinters of wood fatted, which were the lights of the lower orders of England in 1300, and the incorporation of the Wax Chandlers' Company in 1484. He congratulated the Church that the question was not one of oil, because that would have brought in Her Majesty's Coronation, and the results of the introduction of gas upon the whale fishery, both which topics were providentially excluded from the present inquiry. It would be unjust to do more than to condense the remainder of his remarks, in which he proved, *inter alia*, that although in Chaucer, Rabelais, Hudibras, and Don Juan there were many references to ecclesiastics and their habits, it would not be safe entirely to depend upon secular, not to say profane authors, for authorised teaching upon the dogmas of the Church. It was clear, he thought from the sixth Homily, against Excess in Apparel, which he read *in extenso*, that the Church did not especially favour a theatrical tendency in adornment in private life, though he admitted that this had nothing to do with the question of Church vestments, but then as the question of vestments had not come before him, so that he was relieved from the painful necessity of entering into it at any length. On the question of incense, the Dean was especially elaborate, and detailed its various preparations, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman, and urged that though at first it was excusable and even meritorious, as it tended to counteract the unpleasant odours arising from assemblages of uncivilised persons, in times when lavation and perfume was not so well understood, it was hard to find the same justification for it in the present day, when personal cleanliness is the rule, and when, as he showed by some prolonged extracts from M. Eugène Rimmel's work on Perfumery, private persons could for a trifling outlay save the Established Church any necessity for providing odours. Having gone, with similar conscientiousness, into the other questions of ceremonial and manipulation, and having proved by abundant extracts from Southey's *Book of the Church* that the Roman Catholic and the Protestant religion had one origin, and that the only reason why the churches could not happily reconcile was the deplorable fact that there were insurmountable differences in the way, as he showed from Diodorus Siculus, Porphyry, and Trunculus Elephantiacus, the Dean gave his judgment for Lighted Candles, and against Elevation, Incense, and Mixed Wine (except mixed privately) and regretted that a more important authority than himself had not happened to be called in *tantas componere lites*. The majority of the audience had fainted with fatigue long previously, but an agent of the defendants had strength to give three cheers, and was then carried out of Court, followed by the learned Dean, who apologised to him for omitting to quote a fine passage from the *Gesta Romanorum*.

THE COMPOUND HOUSEHOLDER AGAIN!

Mrs. Waring. "Well, Mum, my 'Usban' says if they Rates 'im, he 'll take it out in Relief!!"

DOUBLE-ACTION.

(by the right honourable b. d'disraeli.)

As in harps so in men, again and again,
I've proved to my own satisfaction,—
And as far as effront'ry could prove to the country—
There's no secret like "double action."

If you want to progress, yet keep out of a mess,
And hold place in defiance of faction,
Adverse notions to burke, and consistency shirk,
The secret is still double action.

If a man in a ship wants to make a clean trip
From port to port, say does he tack shun?
No, he first works to starboard, and then works to larboard,
In fact he adopts double action.

In opinions or schemes still betwixt two extremes,
Truth lies, and requires a transaction,
A touch of black, here, and a touch of white, there,
That is, in two words, double action.

Thus my weight I divide, one half on a side,
So to balance the other's attraction,
And, *in medio tutus*, defy to confute us
The fools who eschew double action.

VINEGAR FOR A ROCK.

We noticed, with our usual chivalry, the new "Evangelical" paper, the *Rock*. We also smiled at its ludicrous little picture. The smile has gone round, and the Journal has discovered an obliging correspondent:—

"The Rock.—In reply to several correspondents who have demurred at our choice of the emblem which adorns our pages, and which is intended to represent the rocky eminences of Ararat, which the Persians call 'the happy mountain,' from its having been the resting-place of the Ark, a friend vindicates its appropriateness. He thinks that a more fitting emblem could scarcely have been chosen for *The Rock*, whose principles are those upon which alone the true Ark," &c., &c.

We omit the profanity, and merely suggest that on the *Rock's* own showing, Ararat was a place on which a construction which had been quite done with was abandoned by wise folks who came out of it. Is that the *Rock's* notion of the Church of England?

PICTURES IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Let *Mr. Punch* pay his tribute to an act of Christian kindness and true sympathy with suffering on the part of a brother artist, Mr. Absolon, who without money-payment has given three months of well-occupied time to the painting of ten pictures in distemper, for the decoration of one of the sick wards of Guy's Hospital.

It is sad, from a sick bed, day after day, week after week, to have no choice for the weary eye between the blank white-washed walls before it, and the sufferings all around. To provide a pleasanter resting-place for the patients' ken in one of the wards of Guy's, Mr. Absolon has painted these pictures, scenes of pleasant, bright, out-door life—a fisherman's wife, watching on the beach for the return of her husband's boat; young men and maids tossing the tedded hay; gleaners coming home at eventide with their gathered sheaves; harvesters eating their mid-day meal in the shadow of the oat-stooks; a pair of English rustic lovers at a stile; a Scotch lad and lassie, he taking a thorn from her round arm—the suggestion is Burns's; a congregation gathering in an English village churchyard of the olden time; a brace of Swiss *mädchen* in their hay-boat on the lake at the glacier foot; a group of Italian *contadine* gathered about the fountain—and as the central subject, summing up the thought which has inspired the series, the gentle figure of *Mercy* from the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The pictures are of large dimensions, some nine or ten feet by six or seven, and executed boldly and broadly in distemper, in a material and style which will give the right effect for works to be hung some twenty-five feet from the floor, and viewed from the other side of a spacious hospital-ward.

We should never look gift-horses in the mouth, and it would be out of place to criticise these pictures as we should criticise works produced for sale, or prompted by desire of distinction or display of skill. But we may say without impropriety that Mr. Absolon's pictures are excellent specimens of the broad and decorative kind, full of open-air brightness and sunshine, and, in their colour and treatment, as in their selection of subjects, well calculated to cheer and enliven those whose sad and suffering hours they are meant to beguile. Why should not the example Mr. Absolon has set be followed? — not, however, entirely at the cost of the artist, as in this case. Why should not some of the many, who at once love Art and feel for suffering, subscribe to have similar series of decorative pictures executed for other wards of other hospitals? Think of the delight that might thus be diffused at comparatively little cost; for those who wrought in such a cause would, we are very sure, be as liberal with their labour as those who commissioned them with their purses.

There are the men—Duncan, George Fripp, William Beverley, Telbin, John Gilbert, and scores beside—what need to enumerate them?—Who will take up our hint, and say to them, here is the work?

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY FOR IRELAND.

The Anti-Church Pills are a sure
Relief from disaffection
In Ireland, and a certain cure
Of chronic insurrection,
All absenteeism will remove,
Arresting revolution,
Invigorate and much improve
The general constitution.

*** Prepared solely by Gladstone & Co.; Carlton Terrace and St. Stephen's. Observe the Opposition to the Government Label, to counterfeit which is plagiary.

A Fact for France.

What will some of our French contemporaries say to the fact that at Willis's Rooms the other day, a splendid testimonial was presented by upwards of 300 Members of the House of Commons, with Mr. Gladstone at their head, to Mr. Brand, on the occasion of his retirement from the office of "Whip" to the Liberal Party? Perhaps their remark will be:—"Behold how English legislators kiss the rod!"

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XIII.*

FLOATING CAPITAL.

We must use our privilege as novelists, and leaving Piel Dobnion in enjoyment of his ill-gotten gains, return with lightning-thought speed to the Volcano Villa, buoyed upon the broad bosom of the mighty ocean.

While they were thus floating, the Lieutenant was sinking fast. Nutt held him up head down-

wards, beat his hands and feet with hair-brushes, spent hours upon him (as many as he could spare away from the necessary work of navigation) in applying the red-hot poker, as, he confessed a last chance of stirring his fast numbing extremities, all in vain.

Early in the morning of the fifth day at sea the Lieutenant was committed to an ocean grave. They interred him decently.

Nutt said as much of the prayer for the High Court of Parliament as he could recollect from memory, and Grace's clear ringing voice intoned an "Amen" whenever his recollection of the precise words failed him.

Then they sat down and wondered.

Sad as was the Lieutenant's fate it was a providential occurrence, as the cold tea was coming rapidly to the last drop, and even as it was Nutt was obliged to limit their allowance of food to ⅞ of an half an inch of the remaining dry toast per diem for Miss Grace's sustenance, and $\frac{3}{16}$ of the same for himself.

The Pangofflins becoming crafty were no longer to be allured by the saccharine bait which in spite of the ingenious remedies invented by Nutt for his recovery, had proved so fatal to the Lieutenant.

Within the last two days Grace Marchmont had noticed a gradual change coming over the hitherto despised Boomerang.*

"His features are softening," said Grace to herself, as she came upon him once fast asleep. "I trust it is no indication of the brain."

His legs and hands caused her no small anxiety.

"And this man," she thought, "is undergoing so much for *me*."

One morning she ventured to ask him if he could tell where they were now?

"Where are we now?" he repeated, gently. "I think I can ascertain the precise spot for you without reference to such geographical charts as unfortunately for us are in the possession of the Admiralty officials in various parts of the world. Have you a thimble?"

She had three still in her workbox, and gave them to him, wondering to what use he would adapt them.

"You see, Miss Marchmont, in this hand I hold a small pellet formed of the dry toast, which I shall subsequently consume for my

* *Note.*—An influential minority of the Authors protest against this being the Thirteenth Chapter, it ought to have been a continuation of the Twelfth. Coinciding however with the majority in the main idea of the story, they yield upon this point.

*** The Editor compliments the influential minority upon the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone which he hopes will prevent the occurrence of any *contretemps* likely to endanger the success of the thrilling novel now so favourably progressing.

Note.—Three Authors of the Company protest against this sudden end of the Lieutenant's career. They had taken a house in a quiet spot for the last month, on purpose to produce four most effective chapters, giving a detailed account of his lingering illness, the prescriptions, the weather, the anguish of his daughter, her song (by the musical Author who was staying with them), and finally his death, with a last dying speech and confession. On their coming up to town they find that he's been killed. "Sir (to the Editor) this is murder—murder most foul and most unnatural, and most unfair upon us who had been at such expense and trouble." *Why not make him only in a trance and recovered by the sea-water!*

Editor to the Above.—Gentlemen, you did not leave your address, and we were obliged to get on with the story. When the work is published in three volumes your admirably written chapters will form a valuable and agreeable addition to the literature of the country. But in the meantime, now you have come back to town, the Editor *does* hope that you'll chime in with the present arrangements, and further, that the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned, will prevent any *contretemps* occurring just when the work is progressing so favourably, and hourly rising in public estimation.

P.S. If the Musical Author will kindly look in between 10 and 4, and sing his composition to the Editor and the Directors they will be delighted to hear it. It is really too good for print, and far above the heads of the general public.

*** Inquiries from Shareholders in the Sensational Novel Company as to the Declaration of Dividends, &c., must be made to the Directors or the Manager. The Shares are going up rapidly, and very few remain to be disposed of to the public. The Editor has a few which he may be prevailed upon to part with by private contract.

* The Editor begs to call the attention of the Artist to the gracious manner in which the literary gentlemen engaged on this chapter have strictly executed their part in the contract made in the last number, as to the "gradual change in the Boomerang" (*Vide* previous notes). The Editor welcomes this sign as one of unanimity and heartiness in co-operation which will go far to complete the success already achieved. The other Artists engaged by the Company are requested to send in their works according to agreement.

breakfast. I will merely call upon you to observe that I have nothing concealed in my sleeve, and I need hardly remark that, situated as we are, I am in possession of no mechanical contrivances, no sort of springs, or false bottoms."

She bowed slightly, in token of acquiescence, and he proceeded.

I place this tiny pellet upon your work-table, which I see stands sadly in need of repairing, and I hide it for one minute from your view by the simple process of covering it with one of the three thimbles with which you have kindly furnished me. Moving these rapidly from left to right, and again from right to left, I pause for a moment to ask you where, in your opinion, the little pellet of toast is at this moment concealed.

She considered.

At length she replied, with evident hesitation, "Under the centre one."

He lifted up the thimble on the right side. Underneath it lay the pellet.

He tried the experiment several times, and invariably with the same result, varied only by the situation of the toast-pellet in relation to her guess.

"I have taken this means, Miss Marchmont," he said, "to show you how difficult it is to pronounce with certainty upon the position of even so small an object as a toast pellet within a narrowly limited circumference, and therefore, by parity of reasoning, how magnified becomes the difficulty, when its subject is the exact position of two human units within the almost boundless circumference of the vast ocean."

She sat gazing upon him with her large eyes open, in almost childlike reverence of a character so gradually revealed—so new to her. Then she glanced downwards towards his feet. He interpreted her glance, and answered it.

"They are sea-legs," he said. "I will make you a pair."

Presently he came up from below with a beaming face. I have discovered our exact position." Grace looked at him inquiringly,

"We are," he said confidently, "Here!"

It never occurred to her to doubt his assertion for one moment. A week ago she would have resented his proffered opinion as an impertinent outrage.

That day they ate the last of the toast, and drank the remainder of the cold tea.

Towards evening Grace complained of an unsatisfied craving for nutritious food. The flight of the Pangofflins was indeed a loss.

Nutt sat silent for a few minutes. Then he turned to her.

"Will you play on the piano?" he asked.

"I cannot sing the old songs," she replied, "but I will comply with your request."

While she struck the few remaining notes, he was busy fashioning a pin into a hook-shape.

Then he dropped his line into the sea.

"I have no bait," he said, "and your music is now our sole chance. Play something catching."

A tremendous splash and a heave, which, as appeared to her, nearly capsized the frail tenement, caused her to leap from her music-stool in consternation.

"Ah!" she exclaimed in terror. "He has fallen overboard!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"TE CREDO, MEUS PUER!"

Paulus Bedfordus, in the "Adelphi."

What feeling at her heart was it that sent the life's blood coursing from her face, that forced her to lean against a chair for support?

He was overboard.

Drowned, perhaps!

Neither.

"Do not be afraid," cried the voice of Nutt, reassuring her, "it is a terrific looking monster, but he will not hurt you."

He had hooked and landed an enormous marine creature, which writhed in grotesque twistings as it opened its jaws, and flapped its fins and tails against the sides of the drawing-room.

"Oh, take him away, he will spoil the furniture," was the feminine cry which rose to her lips; but she immediately checked herself, and holding out her hand to Nutt, said smiling, "Forgive me, I am very foolish, I know."

"We are indeed fortunate in securing such a prize as this, Miss Marchmont," said Nutt, securing the creature from committing further acts of violence, by holding one of his antennæ, nipped tightly in the forceps of the tongs. "It is the developed Shrimp of the Antipodes, and is known in Southern waters as The Colleen Prawn. Its fin is equal to the most savoury turtle, its flesh just over the ribs nearly approaches in flavour the delicate Southdown, the brain has all the qualities of the most plump partridge, while the "coral" which comes away in clusters, far excels the plover's eggs, and the tail is far superior to the ordinary apple-tart, upon which so much store is set in more northern climes. When stewed it distils from itself a delicious liquor, scientifically known as Shandegaf. Its presence here shows we are not far from land."

He looked at her: her face was pale, and in another second she would have fallen to the ground but for his support.

"I have talked too much," he said, kindly. "You are hungry."

So saying he at once proceeded to cut from his new acquisition a piece of rich juicy meat. The fire was burning, (he had contrived to keep it perpetually alight, as he had only a few matches, which he knew could not be easily replaced), and placing the teapot upon it, he had in a few minutes cooked sufficient to serve for their meal.

Then they sat down and ate heartily. It was like pork-chops.

After the dinner they drank from the thimbles a portion of the Prawn's Shandegaf, which indeed was hardly less strong than a liqueur.

Then they suffered from indigestion. But neither spoke of their sufferings to the other. So they sailed on for three hours.

Grace was the first to arouse herself.

"If we are so near land, would it not be possible to see it? But," she immediately added, fancying that Nutt was hurt by the insinuation, "we have no telescope."

Nutt, from whose face all traces of the Boomerang native were fast disappearing,* looked quickly round.

She watched his movements eagerly. He seized the drawing-hearth broomstick, which could be lengthened or shortened at will, and wrenching off the brush end, pulled it out to its full length, and applied it to his eye.

Grace was in ecstasies. It was indeed just like a telescope. He then explained to her how a glass with water in it possessed magnifying properties, and one without water did not. The first, a tumbler half filled with sea-water, he fixed on the larger end, the handle; the other, a wine-glass partially filled, he attached at right angles to the smaller end where the brush had formerly been.

With this instrument he reconnoitred, for some time unsuccessfully. At length a loud shout escaped him.

"We cannot be far distant from the coast of Benicia," he cried.

She clasped her hands in expectant agitation.

"Through the large end I distinguish the shape of a buoy. On it is some writing. They have only one of this sort to mark the ship line off the Benecia coast, and as I read it—" he began to spell "B. E.—"

She waited in agony.

"It is," he cried. "It is——"

The Benicia Buoy!

At that moment one of the fearful Atlantic waves, which had for the past five hundred miles been collecting for one vast effort its gigantic force suddenly——

* In fulfilment of the agreement between the Authors and Artists. Most honourable.—*Editor.*

Note.—The Authors who have undertaken the Piel Dornton part of the present tale—that is as appears to *them* the really interesting and sensational portion—want to know how long it is before they are to come on again. What the (bad word omitted by Editor) do the public care about voyages and travels, and all that sort of thing, what they want is *the* backbone of the tale, the thrilling *plot*. The aforesaid Authors further present their compliments to the Editor, and beg to state that if their Piel Dornton, &c., Chapters in continuation do not appear in the next issue of the periodical they will at once produce it in a separate form in another magazine as *The Blarney Stone*, the principal character being Piel Dornton.

*** *The Editor to the above.*—All right—yours shall appear in next number. I've read it—it's excellent. I think where you make —— fall into the * * * * and * * * * * hangs on to the * * * * * * * is admirable. In the meantime the Editor *does* hope that the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any *contretemps* occurring just as the work is progressing so very favourably.

(*To be continued.*)

SOMETHING MORE FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "Chikkin Hazard."

Dear Sir,

The drawing sent herewith requires some little explanations. I have again, as you see, chosen a subject for illustration out of the depths of my own consciousness. None of the incidents mentioned in the MS. are pictorial; moreover, I did not receive the MS. in time; moreover, when I *did* receive it I could not make it out, on account of the numerous erasions and corrections by different hands.

On the other hand it struck me that Grace and the Boomerang must occasionally have found the time hang rather heavily on their hands; and I have tried to show how the Boomerang, being a man of many parts and possessed of varied and delightful accomplishments, was able to divert Grace's mind from her peculiarly painful position (on the roof of the ark).

Faithfully yours,

Gaston de Malalœil.

P.S. I have put them in evening costume, to show that in spite of their forlorn position, they still preserve their self-respect and cling to the habits of good society. The bird is intended for a tame pangofflin; the pangofflin is a variety of the spoonbill, at least so my ornithologist tells me. It feeds on lettuce, mustard and cress, beetroot, &c., with the usual dressing; the peculiar construction of its bill is, according to my ornithologist, a splendid practical illustration of Mr. Darwin's well-known theories on the origin of species.

G. de M.

VERY LIKELY.

"Now, Sir, if he does Anything you don't Like, give him a jolly good Leathering."

SMALL BEER SAMMY.

Air—"*Champagne Charlie.*"

A linendraper's shopman, I go in for a fast life,
But shouldn't mind a gal with lots of tin to be my wife.
Our business 'ouse is splendid, but our people are so near,
They won't allow us nothin' to drink stronger than small beer.
So Small Beer Sammy is my name,
Small Beer Sammy is my name;
Still I 'm good for getting tight, my boys,
Still I 'm good for getting tight, my boys,
Who 'll come and have a pint with me?

Oh, if I could afford to come it strong and cut it fat,
Then I 'd go to the Derby with a veil around my 'at.
Champagne corks poppin' round my 'ead 'ow prime 'twould be to 'ear.
Meanwhile at this establishment our potion is small beer.
Small Beer Sammy, &c.

I know the odds, and all the 'aunts of betting men frequent,
On Saturday 'alf-'olidays, as I 'm a sporting gent.
Although I ain't accustomed for to mix with prince and peer,
I gamble in a small way as I likewise drink small beer.
Small Beer Sammy, &c.

When in luck's way and flush of cash I take a great delight
In going to the Music Halls, and so I spend the night.
None of your horatorios so solemn and severe!
The last new comic song for me, myself who sing small beer,
Small Beer Sammy, &c.

Now, gents, let 's 'ave a spree, come, fill your glasses to the brims!
This, this is beer brewed under swipes; some bumpkins call it "sims,"
Because it "seems" malt liquor; oh my eye 'ow wery queer!
"Sims" is the draught for Sammy, which is also called Small Beer.
Small Beer Sammy, &c.

"The Question of the Hour."—What o'clock is it?

ARISTOCRATIC MOUTHFULS MINCED.

Mr. Punch,

You have read divers notices of a Book entitled *Charlie Villars at Cambridge*. A word on the name of Villars.

First, let me remind you that the names of our Aristocracy are not all pronounced as they are spelt. In verse, for instance, if Mr. Close were to write:—

Behold two persons of the higher ranks,
Cholmondeley beside Marjoribanks,

his lines would not scan. Of course the Laureate (to the King of Bonny) is incapable of such a mistake. His muse, however, might (for a due consideration) express herself thus, with metrical propriety:—

Extensive as the world is Cho'm'ley's fame;
And Marj'banks is a man of equal name.

A poem in heroic measure, but cockney dialect might contain such a couplet as this:—

Abergavenny in the Park I sor,
A ridin alongside of Grosvenor—

—but its prosody would be incorrect. To square that with propriety of utterance, a metropolitan bard would have to make those two names read thus:—

You 'll own that Aberg'enny's no mean cove, nor
Less of a swell will you consider Gro'venor.

Or, here is an epigram which I imagine to be at least euphonious—

Gro'venor one day exclaimed, "In for a penny."
"In for a pound," responded Aberg'enny.

Now, Sir, with respect to the name of Villars I have to ask you whether that it is not an orthographical mistake? I have heard some people so pronounce a name spelt otherwise, and I want to know whether it is nobbish or snobbish to say, Villars for Villiers. As heir to a rich uncle, I expect shortly to move in high society, and am anxious to be able to clip all my words correctly and

No Mistake.

P.S. What do you say to Daniel, pronounced Dan'l?

"HA! WHARE YE GAUN, YE CRAWLIN' FERLIE?"

erily, some very harmless and well meant utterances by the Duke of Cambridge at the Highland Dinner have, we perceive from the *London Scotsman* (a capitally managed paper, by the way) aroused the patriotic rage of one W. Burns, who scolds the poor Duke for talking of "Englishmen," and who declares that the Scotch are not Englishmen, and have never been conquered, and all the rest of it. As the Duke's genius, even with General Forster to prompt it, may not be up to the work of scrunching a fiery Scot, we beg leave to help his Royal Highness. Let him tell the Scotch that they *are* English, and that they have been conquered, and that they give a remarkable proof of subjugation. Their own extraordinary dialect is good enough for their ordinary purposes, but they read the English Bible, and perform all their religious services in English. They are ashamed to use their "Doric" in a place of worship. Give 'em *that*, Duke, and not Cambridge butter.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SYREN'S VOICE.

Piel Dornton had calculated his chances cleverly; perhaps too cleverly, for it is so difficult for a sharp man of the Dornton stamp to avoid being just a thought too clever for himself. He stretches out his arm to gain his object, but having griped the coveted possession, he overbalances himself and falls. The Rev. Piel Dornton had not yet fallen, but was he overbalancing himself? This was a question for the business conclave which met behind the glass doors in the Banking House of Chekk, Diss, Count & Co., the great Benicia Agents.

Their decision was that the papers in their hands were correct, and they could find no reason for disputing the legality of the several instruments.

So Piel Dornton was cringed to, and bowed to, and fawned upon by the Benicians, and visiting cards from the wife of the Lord High Admiral, and the Bishop's Lady, down to the last importation into Benician salons, were showered in at the doors and windows of Phlebosco Palace, now the residence of the fortunate clergyman.

On the tenth day after the disappearance of Volcano Villa with its living freight, it became painfully evident that the Lieutenant and Grace had ceased to exist.

The Rev. Piel Dornton invited the inhabitants to a Masqued Ball, and he himself, as Cupid, was the gayest, and apparently the most light-hearted of all that merry, chattering, brilliant crowd.

"You are so satirical," said Lady Anna Domino, removing her mask in order the more easily and gracefully to apply her lace-embroidered mouchoir to her aristocratically-chiselled nose, a custom which the highly refined though somewhat artificial Benicians invariably adopt on occasions such as we are describing.

"Not to *you*," murmured Piel, looking into her full hazel eyes, whose lids were gradually lowered under his steady gaze.

"But you love some one else," she whispered, turning away her head.

"No; on my soul, no," exclaimed Dornton, passionately. The sound of the waltz came fitfully through the doors.

She was a handsome woman, Lady Anna, and she knew it. Through life, ever since her early impulsive marriage with the dissolute Sir Falsenows Domino, (who, *criblé des dettes*, had died, leaving her his entire property) her experience among men of the world had been of the *veni, vidi, vici* order.

And now, what was this had suddenly come over her? Was she, the charmer, to be charmed at last? Had she, who had made even women's natural enemies, the serpents, dance to her piping, at length found the serpent who was to pipe to *her* dancing? Where was the fascination? Or was it he who was fascinated after all?

He watched her lying at full length upon the snow-white ottoman beneath the overhanging fuchsias and dainty jessamines; he watched her as she arranged her pink satin dress with its drapery of *moiré antique*, trimmed with the rarest embrocation, seldom applied, except, as now, externally, and he smiled as she threw herself back, reclining upon the damask pillows. A coronet of diamonds, each separate stone far exceeding the koh-i-noor, sparkled in her dark hair; rings flashed and coruscated again and again, lighting her taper fingers; small tinkling bells, Benician fashion, sounded from her sandals as she pressed the drawing-room pile, or shook her feet twinklingly, over the edge of the *fauteuil*. Torches of naphtha (for Piel Dornton spared no expense) shed their soft light upon her, and upon the cream-like and rosy tints of the cold frozen ice and small thin wafer cake which she had taken for her refreshment in that pale voluptuous hand.

"I wonder," she said, after a little pause, "where Banbury Cross is?"

"Do not talk the world's cant to *me*," said Piel Dornton, suddenly rising and violently kicking over the *ormolu* tables, the lamps, the chairs, and the bigger ornaments in the room. "I know you—beautiful as you are, I know you." He stood by the mantel-piece glaring upon her. Her eyes looking up, met his, and she listened intently. She had never seen him in this mood before. "Tell me," he said, calmly, yet with firm determination as he flung the velvet stool through the window, "Tell me, why am I here?"

For one moment she, the conqueror, the syren who loved so many to their destruction, felt how she had been trapped, caged, caught.

Piel Dornton rose from the hearth, and coming towards her, clasped her waist in his iron grasp. She was powerless in his hand, and suffered herself to be carried into the ball-room like a child.

The Bishop was bringing the festival to a close by leading the last dance, which, as is the Benician custom, has something in it of the religious element and of the action of worship; the entire movement has its own peculiar music, and is dedicated to one of the Island's patron saints, St. Vitus—the other patron being the guardian of Hospitality, namely St. Invite-us.

Piel Dornton forced Lady Anna to kneel down, as his ecclesiastical superior removed from his face the white and red colours which had served him for a temporary disguise during the Masque.

"My Lord," exclaimed Piel, seizing the Bishop's hand, "She will be my wife."

"*Bene ego nunquam!*" said the good Bishop, piously. "*Fecisti tu unquam?*"

Piel took a ring from the finger of the fainting Lady Anna, and was preparing to repeat the usual formula after the Bishop, when a slight rustling was heard in the crowd, and a black figure, closely hooded but with two brilliant eyes piercing through the apertures of her mask, stepped forward. On one arm she supported what was apparently a large oblong shaped bundle.

The disengaged hand she stretched out, and before the bystanders could prevent her ——

CHAPTER XVI.

'OTE 'OTOH XATT,

——Handed to Dornton a letter.

"Who brought this?" he cried, when he had read it.

No one could tell him. It was a black-hooded mask, and she had gone, silently, as she had come.

Lady Anna fainted, and was carried insensible to a fountain, in whose sparkling basin she was tenderly deposited, in the hopes that the cold fresh water would revive her.

"Who will take a message for me?" muttered Dornton to himself, confusedly, "Is there no one I can send?"

As if in answer to his half-spoken thought, a voice from the throng around hissed shrilly, "Me vil."

"Who spoke?" asked Dornton. A small form emerged from the crowd. It was the bundle which the Mysterious Mask had on her arm: a child.

"How old are you?" asked Dornton.

"Fourteen months and a half," was the ready answer.

"The emissary for my purpose," said Piel to himself. A bold bad man cannot act alone; he needs an instrument, a tool; rarely do bold bad men find such an one present to their hand as did Piel Dornton now.

"You know the town well?" he inquired, before handing him the note.

"Vev vel," answered the infant.

"Your name?"

"Ditthon; but they called me Little Billee."

Had not the ears of Piel Dornton been careless to their own good, he would have recognised in the infant's lisping accents the name of Dixon, and he would in all probability have called to mind the mother's

words in the garden, uttered only a few short days ago, "*Down comes the Cradle, The Baby* . . . AND ALL!"

But he heeded not signs and sounds which might have saved him even then.

"Take the letter, BILLEE," he said, and gave it to the boy.

"Largethe," urged the child, extending its hand.

"He means Largesse," observed a bystander.

DORNTON regarded him curiously for a moment.

"We have met before," he said.

The child's clear upward gaze brought no distinct time or place to his memory, and so dismissing the matter from his thoughts, he threw the urchin a piece of money, and waving back the curious crowd, he pressed his brows over his hat, and bidding them look to the comfort of the LADY ANNA, strode from the ball-room, and scattering the pampered menials right and left, touched a secret spring in the wall, which, turning on a pivot, allowed him to pass through, and instantaneously closed behind him.

"At this moment!" he muttered, shaking his clenched fist in impotent rage towards the starry firmament. "To send to me *now!* But no matter!"

Here he thrust his hand into his open vest, and smiled with bitter scorn as he continued, "She shall be mine. Had I risked so much to stop short of my object *now?* PIEL DORNTON, there is a devil luring thee. What care I? Devil or angel to-night decides her fate and mine, perhaps, for ever. So that is well," he said, as he drew a twelve-shooter from his pocket, and examined the priming. "This will enforce, when arguments and cajoleries fail." He trifled with the weapon for a few minutes, firing it off, loading and reloading, aiming at a tree while running, until he appeared satisfied with his own proficiency. Then he paused. What was that? a rustle? He fired into the bushes. With a scream like that of a child, a wild cat bounded forth and was lost to sight in the surrounding gloom.

PIEL DORNTON, who was an excellent shot, fired again, and the animal fell mortally wounded. "Bah!" exclaimed PIEL DORNTON, "This is folly. I have many miles to walk ere I reach *her* house. It must be done to-night—to-night! I have sworn it, and it shall be done." He turned out of the public path, and took his way by the Black Pine Wood. Alone.

As he disappeared among the arboriferous productions of a beneficent Nature, a small form emerged from behind a bush, and stole cautiously into the deep darkness of the night.

The diminutive watcher was searching for something. At last he stopped, and examined what appeared to be a shapeless bundle of white fur.

"In my power now," said the strange being to itself, "and he wanted to know if we'd met before. Yeth, MITHTER DORNTON, and we'll meet again thoon. Ha! Thee!"

The clouds breaking allowed the moon to send her strong bright white light upon the ground, bringing out a tall retreating shadow.

Concealing himself from the receding pedestrian's view by crouching within the deep shade of the shadow-head, and moving on hands and feet evenly with it, LITTLE BILLEE (for he it was as our readers may have already guessed) closely followed him, dogging his footsteps.

So they descended the hill. One bent on his own cruel selfish purpose, utterly unconscious of the other; the latter with all the concentrated hate and suspicion of an infant's nature, pursuing steadily and marking down his prey.

Once and once only the thought crossed him that a struggle was inevitable, and he clutched his coral more firmly, and hushed the jingling silver bells, which, sounding mournfully in the night wind, fell on PIEL DORNTON's ear as a warning knell; but he heeded it not, and in his pride and false security strode onward to his fate.

The Benician Island was lulled in repose as PIEL DORNTON crossed the Common.

The sound of silent steps following him cautiously; surely; onward. Onward.

Down the Hill. Aye, Down the Hill.

To the Directors, from the Authors forming the Sensational Novel Company Limited.

Gentlemen,—It is with sincere regret that we feel ourselves compelled by the strictest sense of duty towards each other, of our mutual interdependency. [*** This word admitted by a majority, and this bracket inserted in justice to the minority] to address you upon a subject which affects in the highest degree the well-being of the Company, the literary *status* of the gentlemen contributors, both Authors and Artists, the health of the Editor [inserted by me—*Ed.*] and the taste of the general public. Gentlemen, according to the published articles of this Company [*Vide* No. 1391 of this Journal for March 7, 1868, page 105.—*Ed.*] the Directors, the Authors, and the Editor, only and solely, individually, and collectively, separately and each for himself or for others associated with him, reserve to himself, to herself (*** An eminent lady novelist has since joined the Company, authoress of *Blabbington Black's Forgery, Charlotte's Birds*, &c. &c.—*Ed.*], and to themselves, to HAVE AND TO HOLD in reserve the rights of printing and publishing such notes as "they," the aforesaid, "may deem necessary for the clear explanation of the novel, the benefit of the public at large, and their mutual protection." Now, Gentlemen, we, the undersigned and aforesaid, do beg to call your attention to the constant breaches of this stipulated agreement from time to time on the part of the EDITOR, in conjunction with one of the gentlemen engaged as ARTISTS by the present Company, a gentleman recently coming out of his ambush, and signing himself Gaston de Malaloeil, which we believe is *not* his name, [*** Yes it is.—*Ed.*,] which aforesaid breach of agreement consists in the Artist being allowed to issue his own notes—not, with even then questionable taste, through the Editor and under his plume,—but as one of the notes to the tale of *Chikkin Hazard*, in which he disparages our combinations, disputes our conclusions, and finally with a transparent apology, ventures to draw upon his own resources for an illustration to his own puerile invention. Gentlemen, we demand the immediate dismissal of the Editor, and that a severe reprimand be conveyed to the Artist. If our demand is not instantly complied with, we resign. (Signed by the majority of the Authors, and for the rest.)

The Directors to the Authors.—Gentlemen, we can only repeat that we have the greatest confidence in the Editor's discretion, we leave the matter entirely in his hands, feeling sure that we can carry on the Company with the present novel to a most successful issue, aided only by the minority who did *not* sign the recent manifesto.

Directors to Editor.—Can't you make capital out of this slight fracas, and puff the novel? Thus: have a bill out headed "DISMISSAL OF THE EDITOR (THIS DAY. FEARFUL SCENE between AN ARTIST and AN AUTHOR engaged on the Great Novel of CHIKKIN HAZARD." Puff it, sir, puff it.

Editor to Directors.—It's your business to puff it. Do it: only don't play tricks with my name, as I am advised that an action for libel will lie.

Editor to the Authors.—In allusion to the above difference which has unfortunately arisen between the literary and artistic gentlemen connected with the publication of this *admirably written* and *beautifully illustrated* novel, the Editor feels assured that the misunderstanding is of the most trivial and temporary nature, and that, as far as he is personally concerned, he is certain that with the courteous answer of the Directors the affair will be brought at once to a happy termination,—he, as Editor, explaining to them, that as he holds so many paid-up shares, and also his present position, by distinct written and stamped agreement with the Directors, in return for having promoted the Company, it will be impossible for him to yield to their demand for his dismissal without gross injustice to himself, and therefore he is willing to go so far as to promise that no notes from the Artists shall be admitted henceforth as genuine unless countersigned by him, the Editor; and finally, he *does most sincerely* hope that he *may* trust to the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned, to prevent any *contretemps* occurring just as the work is progressing so favourably.

From Some of the Authors.—The explanation is satisfactory. But in allusion to the letter signed Gaston de Malaloeil, we wish to know *who sent the telegrams to the Artist* about the picture? The telegraph boy who was sent backwards and forwards has not received a single sixpence. His mother, a most respectable person, has called to-day to prefer a charge against nine gentlemen for cruelty in overworking the lad. Justice, Sir, to the aged mother.

Editor's Note.—The Directors will see to this. The other Artists are now preparing their blocks, so Gentlemen, pray get on with your thrilling story, as *I* am dying to know whether the Boomerang *does* turn out to be ——, also if PIEL DORNTON ultimately —— as I supposed, and so on to the end. Once again, the above difficulties being perfectly smoothed and everything settled, let me press upon you most strongly that the Editor *does* hope that the continuation of the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any *contretemps* occurring just as the work is progressing so favourably.

ANOTHER SMASH FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

THANKS in a great measure to the jokes of *Mr. Punch*, the spirits have left off their concert-giving lately. But how easy it would be to copy their performances will be seen from what PROFESSOR TYNDAL has disclosed, in one of his late interesting *Lectures upon Sound*:—

"There is practically no limit to the distance through which sound may be transmitted through tubes or rods of wood. The music of instruments in a lower room may be made to pass to a higher floor, where it is excited by a proper sounding-board, being all the while inaudible in the intermediate floors through which it passes."

The spirits, we repeat, have not been musical of late, or at any rate their concerts have not been widely advertised. Still, as their performances may ere long be resumed, for gulls as well as geese are very plentiful in England, it may be worth our while to notice that without the aid of spirits, sounds may be conveyed from one room to another, as easily as a waiter could convey that of a codfish. If a guitar or an accordion were played upon down-stairs the sounds might be transmitted by the help of wooden tubes to the apartment where the spirits were holding their *séance*, and thus might wondrously astonish the weak minds of the audience.

FANCY BY FRIAR TUCK.

YE merle that ys soe black of winge,
Hard by ye garden bowre,
A ryght good song in sooth dothe singe
After ye April showre.

Now, wherefore ys hys songe soe swete,
Ye why I can affirme;
Hys grace hee singeth after meate
For slugge and fat lobbe-worme.

A Groundless Alarm.

As it is probable that in the course of future Irish Church debates, extending over a long series of years, the question of doing away with "Ministers' Money" will arise, to quiet the fears of aspiring Viceroys, Secretaries, &c., it should be explained that there is no intention of abolishing the salaries of Her Majesty's Government, in Ireland, or elsewhere.

IMMEDIATE.—If "The Girl of the Period" is as she is represented, the sooner a stop is put to her the better.

"QUALIFICATIONS."

Painter (*who has always been ambitious of "writing himself down an R.A."*). "Think they might have Elected me, having Exhibited and had my Name down all these Years! I might have——"

Friend (*Man o' the World*). "My dear Fellow, I've always told you, you don't go the Right Way to Work. You see they *could* only Elect you for your Painting, for——why do you wear such Thick Boots?!!"

ALEXANDRA'S OFFERING TO ERIN.

Air—"*The Four-leaved Shamrock.*"

"I've found this four-leaved shamrock, beside a fairy well,
Take, Erin, take the charmèd growth, and let it work its spell."
To giver and receiver it brings blessing from above;
The letters on its leaflets make the legend, TRUTH and LOVE.
And that's a spell diffuses a magic all around,
And clothes with bud and blossom the hardest hungriest ground.

To the fairy-well it grew by two streams run side by side,
One from TRUTH'S bitter fountain, one from LOVE'S sweet spring supplied,
But round about the margin sharp shards and flints were piled,
And thistles thorns and nettles grew stinging rank and wild.
And if any water struggled through those stones and weeds to day
'Twas now the bitter, now the sweet, that forced its separate way.

And ever and anon came they who filled their pipkins full
From the bitter stream for Erin, who thereat wry mouths would pull,
And turn away to them that drew of Love's stream warm and sweet,
Though if quaffed by truth untempered it un-nerved head, hands, and feet.
While if one stooped to clear the stones and pluck the weeds away
Thousands of eager hands opposed, of clamorous tongues shrieked "Nay!"

Until at last there came the hour, and with the hour, the man
Who set at naught opposing hands, nor heeded shriek nor ban.
But thrust the hard and heaped-up stones and stinging growths aside,
And made way for those parted rills henceforth in one to glide:
So letting warm attemper cold, and bitter season sweet,
That the waters mixed were cordial, whereof each was poison, neat.

And where these streams first mingle for blessing and for boon,
And ripple golden to the sun, and silver to the moon
This four-leaved shamrock hangs its head the sister founts above—
And proclaims upon its leaflets its nurses TRUTH and LOVE.
And who should bind on Erin's brow and in Erin's pathway strew
Those leaves, but Alexandra, the Loving and the True?

WHINE AND WATER.

Rum parties—we beg pardon for naming rum—we mean queer persons are these Temperance Apostles. "Drinking ought to be made difficult instead of easy," writes Sir Edward Sullivan, "every legal hindrance should be put in the way of procuring drink." What a pity that we can't go to the fountain head, and indict Nature for hanging her wealth of grapes where they can most easily be picked. Had Nature been a Sullivan, she would have hung these wine-fruits on the top of the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, instead of putting them close to the hand, as if to contradict Sir Edward's creed. No, Irish baronet darling, punish the man who makes another drunk, punish the man who sells bad liquor, punish the man who gets drunk, but Free Vintners and a Free Vintage for a jovial yet rational Englishman. Your ancestor was Clerk of Cork, and his descendant should not break Bottles.

Over Indulgence.

Mr. Gladstone is almost too liberal to the Irish Church. Not only would he respect vested interests, but in his anxiety to give compensation to those young gentlemen who have been brought up in the expectation of good livings, he is willing also to provide for vestmented interests.

The Spirit of the Age.—Gin.

ALEXANDRA'S OFFERING TO ERIN.

FAC-SIMILE OF A CURIOUS BAS-RELIEF

RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE SHED AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A PLEA FOR THE POLICE.

When *Mr. Punch* next takes the chair at any public dinner, he probably will startle some old fogies in the company by making an addition to the usual list of toasts. After doing honour to the Army and the Navy and "Our Gallant Volunteers," *Mr. Punch* will fill a special bumper to the health of the Police. They may fitly now be classed among our national defenders; and, indeed, the many dangers they encounter in our service entitle them most thoroughly to have their health proposed whenever public toasts are drunk. Knocked down, and kicked and stamped upon with heavy hobnailed boots, and bonneted and bludgeoned, and beaten black and blue—to all this our Policemen are well nigh as well used as the eels were said to be to skinning; and, in addition to all this, they have of late been shot at, and have served under fire as bravely as any of our troops.

For encountering these perils, and for the weary work of ten hours, daily watching in the streets, the wage is nineteen shillings weekly, with a hope by slow degrees to earn six shillings more. The man who rises to be sergeant, as not one in ten can do, will get eight-and-twenty shillings weekly for his work; and, what his qualities must be, the following will show:—

"To enter the police as constable a man must bring a long and unimpeachable character for honesty, industry, sobriety, intelligence, and good temper. . . An able constable who is offered a Sergeant's vacancy has to go through an educational examination which, ten years ago, would have broken half the Civil Service candidates. The arithmetic and writing he has to do are, perhaps, in these days not thought so dreadful as they used to be, but he has to draw out hypothetical cases of police charges, and to give answers in writing to such cases, stating whether he would detain or liberate prisoners under such and such circumstances, and his reasons in writing for or against."

Plenty to do and little to get is evidently now the rule in the Police Force, and one is not surprised to learn that "the matter is becoming one of chronic discontent." Skinflints may contend that while the ranks continue full, there surely is no need to proffer higher pay. But men who are not skinflints will not let their eyes be blinded by a short-sighted economy, and will have the wisdom

"To look at three things—1st, that the police service now requires a much higher class of men than was thought necessary when they started as watchmen in 1830; 2nd, that the growth of the force has by no means kept pace with the growth of the metropolis they have to guard; 3rd, that 19s. a week now is not much more than equal to 14s. a week forty years ago. The deduction is obvious. Not only must the force be increased, but the pay must be such as to induce good men to enter, and, above all, when entered, to remain in the service. Entering the police force should, in its pay and future rewards, be held out as an object of ambition to able and respectable men, and not regarded, as it is now by the most intelligent constables, as a mere resource against want, to be retained only till something better presents itself."

With ruffianism rampant, and Fenianism scarce squelched, and robberies with violence still frequent in our streets, it will hardly be denied that we have urgent need of a strong army of Police. There is little to be gained by being stingy in the matter, except the chance of a picked pocket or a broken head; and skinflints who object to increasing the Police rates, if they find themselves garotted, may be told it serves them right.

A TERRIBLE STREET IMPROVEMENT.

My Dear Mr. Punch,

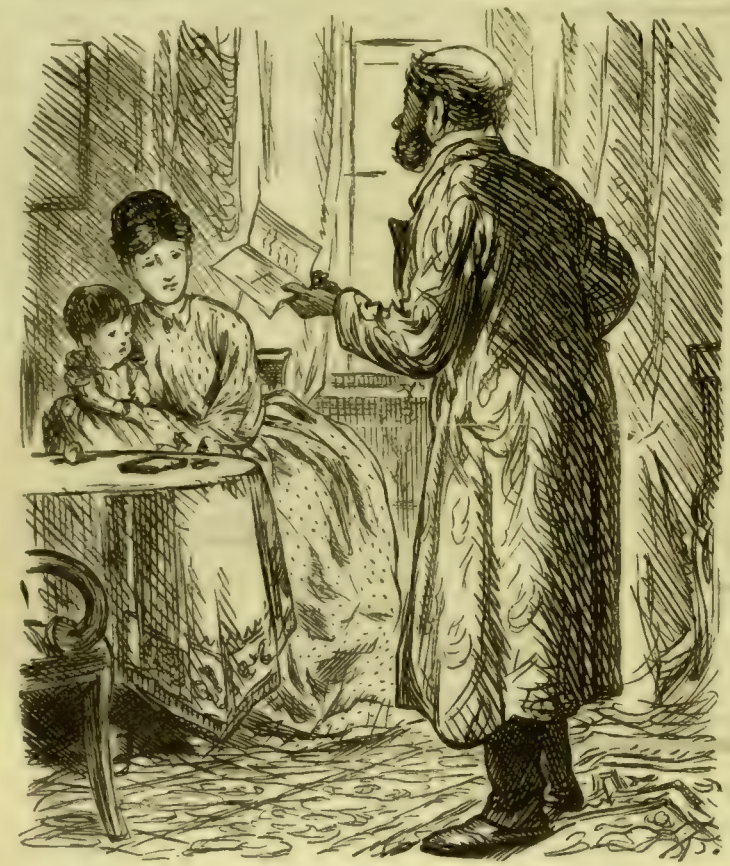
I write with mingled horror, surprise and indignation to inform you that the other day, as I was walking down Park Lane, I saw a large steam-roller at work upon the roadway! There was a crowd of starers round it, as though it were a Dodo or a Plesiosaurus, or some other prædiluvian and now non-extant monster. Viewing it myself as a proof of the levelling spirit of the age, I own the sight of it excited in me pangs of grief and terror. "*Stare super antiquas vias*" is the maxim I admire, and I hate new-fangled notions of what *some* call "street improvements." Especially I hate to see true Britons condescending to take lessons from the French, as in this matter of street-rolling. Far better let our carriages be knocked about and splintered in the good old-fashioned way, and our bones be bumped, and bruised, and battered as they used to be, than degrade ourselves by copying those confounded foreigners, and by driving on smooth roads which may lead us to destruction. Steam-rollers, to my thinking, must end in revolutions, and if we Frenchify our streets we shall soon see barricades in them.

I remain, Sir, yours in some alarm,

One of the Old School.

P.S. Nothing is safe nowadays. The Irish Church is threatened—Saint Paul's will go ere long, and Windsor Castle follow it—while the regalia at the Tower, being useless in a Commonwealth, will be pawned or put to auction to reduce the national debt.

Feels Aggrieved.—Our Landlord, who is miserly, is envious of the Metropolitan Board of Works, because they hoard up so much property.



A SUBTERFUGE!

Papa. "A Letter from your Brother, Louisa—Declines to Stand Godfather to that dear Child; says he isn't a *Ritualist!* Now, did you ever!!!"

WOMAN'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

What makes Miranda laugh or cry
Without apparent reason why,
Now fixes her in spasms fast bound,
Now bids her kick and stamp the ground,
While standers-by around her close,
These try to hold her down, and those
Apply ammonia to her nose?
Hysteria.

By what is she, at times, possessed
With cunning not to be expressed,
Whence to no purpose, for no gain,
All sorts of things she 's apt to feign?
What, in her, feigns, without her will,
Almost all modes of being ill,
Which baffle, oft, the doctor's skill?
Hysteria.

What is it, as we read at school,
That Pythoness, on three-legg'd stool,
Out of her ordinary wits
Did drive into prophetic fits?
She that is mesmerised obeys
What influence, in these modern days?
What in the female "medium" plays?
Hysteria.

What cause the softer sex inclines
To maudlin converse with divines?
Whence do the various clergy bear
So vast an influence o'er the fair?
Whereby has Ritualism increased?
What works for Rome; has never ceased
To serve the purpose of the Priest?
Hysteria.

I may get married if I find
A maiden suited to my mind,
One that would be, with ornament
That pleased her husband's eye, content.
Should such an one my fancy seize,
Heaven I shall beg, upon my knees,
To avert from her that dire disease,
Hysteria.

A Page always Growing.—The Page of History.

A COMPANY LIMITED BY LORD JOHN MANNERS.

To the Editor of Punch.

Sir,

I takes in *Punch* reglar—upon my word—so beg you'll lend the assistance of yer powerful pen to turn out the present obnoctious Government. I'll give you a specimen of ow they've bin interferin with a most promisin commercial enterprise. If you won't believe me, vell then read the *Pall Mall Gazette* vere the facts is related—only in an unvorthy and ostile spirit to the aggrieved Party.

A gent in this vicinnity—a very intimate friend of mine—come into possession of them two lanes leading to the Roehampton Gate, or Paget's Gate, as 'tis sometimes called, of Richmond Park, along with other property carabouts vich he vanted to improve. The lanes ad bin, up to then, open to the public on sufferance; to all foot passengers and to sitch carriage people as ad the right of ongtray. They was considered pretty sequestered lanes, green and flowery and all that, vith daisy and buttercup medders about 'em, oss chesnuts in bloom at the proper season, and sich. Along a bank at the side of one of 'em growd flowers vich I'm told was vild strawberries, but is now done away with by the improvement of the Main Drainage.

Now ven this ere cove, this partickler friend of mine, got old of this ere property, thinks he, "It would be a capital spec to set up toll-gates at the hentrances of them two lanes, and charge so much an ead for everybody vantin to go them ways into Richmond Park."

Accordinly vat does he do but starts a joint-stock concern, under the name of "The Clarence Roads Company (Limited)," and puts up, at the openins into the lanes from Roehampton and Sheen, notices statin that for the future the Public (except them as vas duly privileged) vould be altogether excluded from them there ways to the Park.

Vereupon vat d'ye think that Lord John Manners goes and does? He writes my friend vord as the Paget Gate of the Park was open only on condition that the public vas allowed free way to it by them lanes, and, if that vas in any vay restricted, he 'd shut up the gate. Vy, it's only 100 yards from my friend's ouse, and the nearest other gate at Sheen is 3 miles off by an ard dusty road!

A crueller trick vas never played at a cove's expense. It reminds me ow my feelins vas urt vunce in my early days by an artless imposter vat sold me an old goodfornothin vescat for two shillins by avin put, to seem as if it had bin left, in the pocket a farthin vitch I thought vas arf a sovrin.

Sir, if yer doesn't turn out Dizzy and his ole lot, anyow, I opes yer 'll insist upon his dischargin that Chief Commissioner of Vorks of his'n, that Lord John Manners, by vich, vith the despotic power vat he vields vith sich an eye and, a cove—I von't name no names—as bin regularly

Flummuxed.

Clarence Villa, April 1, 1818.

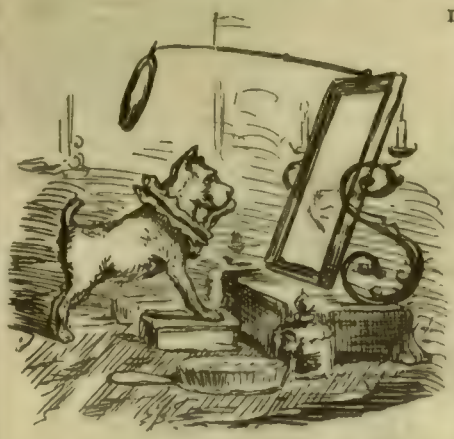
"The Parcel of a Reckoning."

For a reason which it might be uncivil to assign, we have no great distaste for seeing commercial folks at logger-heads. Just now the Great Small Parcels question is up. A tradesman desires to pay the railway for carrying one big parcel, which is made up of lots of small parcels, to be delivered by his agent. The railway says that every parcel is a parcel, and ought to be paid for. If *Mr. Punch* were a great London grocer he would support the former, if a Railway Shareholder, the latter; but as it is he is like the American lady who, beholding her husband fighting with a bear, remarked that it was the first time she had ever seen a fight without caring which licked.

A MENDED SAW.

"As Safe as a Church." If you wish to convey the very opposite notion, of insecurity, alter this proverbial expression into—as safe as the Irish Church.

TWO CHARACTERS ON THE TURF.



Sir,—A pleasing sense of satisfaction was doubtless derived by many persons in common with myself from the following passage in the "Sporting Intelligence" imparted on Monday last week to the world by Argus :—

"It would be unjust to the committee, who are assimilated to the Jockey Club, not to acknowledge the great good they have done to Steeplechasing in the neighbourhood of London by the example they made of a person who had lately committed a glaring robbery, in ordering his jockey, after starting, to pull up at the first fence and return home, whereby his backers were defrauded of any chance for their money. The committee sat in Petty Sessions in Burlington Street, and the prisoner having admitted his guilt, Lord Westmorland, who sat as Chairman, pronounced the sentence of the Court. This was that the prisoner be prevented from running any Steeplechase under the rules of the Committee for the next five years, and that the jockey be suspended from riding until next year, provided he has not drunk himself to death within that time, which is more than probable from the appearance he presents."

"A couple of cads very rightly served, especially the jockey's employer, the lower cad of the two." Such, Sir, was the reflection the foregoing statement very naturally suggested to my mind. But judge, you and your right-minded readers, who venerate the aristocracy of your country, what a change my feelings presently underwent, when I came to read, in the *Times'* leader on the Universities' Boat Race, the astounding information, with reference to the Grand National Steeplechase at Bedford, that :—

"Another horse, which is reported to have 'had the quality of all there,' was at the last moment withdrawn by his owner, the Duke of Hamilton, simply because the odds laid against him were not heavy enough, of course to the loss of his other backers."

It nearly took away my breath. I assure you, Sir, I almost fainted. What! Whom had I unwittingly been setting down for a cad, and a cad beneath a knavish jockey? Was it possible that the "person" of whom, according to Argus, the Steeplechase Committee "made an example" for an act which he designated by a word that I cannot repeat, the "prisoner," on whom they "sat in petty sessions," who "admitted his guilt," and was sentenced to five years' exclusion from the fellowship of sporting men, was it, I say, possible that this person should be identical with a personage in the first rank of the Peerage? I shuddered as I asked myself the question. As I repeat it I shudder again. No, no, it was impossible. Argus must mean one person, the *Times* another.

Hamilton, Brandon, and Chatelherault! Three great names. Think of the possibility of having, for a moment, associated them with that opprobrious monosyllable of three letters—C.A.D., cad. Fearful confusion of ideas! However, *Mr. Punch*, how careful we ought to be in our reflections on the conduct of any one connected with the Turf. Let us ever bear in mind the peculiar influence exerted more or less on the nature of everybody, and affecting even gentlemen otherwise of the nicest honour, engaged in money transactions within the sphere of that noble, but moral sense impairing animal, the horse. Forgetting this, what a misapplication one might make of the word cad! Happy, however, in the thought that it would be unintentional, and reserving that expression exclusively for the order to which alone it is appropriate, believe me, *Mr. Punch*,

Yours truly,

Legge Lane, April, 1868. Fitz-Garter.

Exserit Rabidos Ignes.

A meeting of "determined Conservatives" has been held in the Music Hall, Canterbury. Had it been in the Canterbury Music Hall we might have attended, for we should like to have heard Sir Brook Bridges on the abandonment of principles which have been for centuries our Polar Star. The peer in embryo meant to refer to the pending act of justice to Ireland. But for the weather, we should think that another star, elegantly named Sirius, but familiarly known as the Dog-star, had been raging over Kent, and inclining the gallant squires of Kent to slightly lunatic views of matters. But when their leader tells them that the Crisis of England has come, who shall blame these descendants of Washington Irving's hero, Determined Cock?

HOW TO QUASH THE QUACKS.

My Dear Mr. Hardy,

Allow me to congratulate you on your famous Irish Church speech. I like to hear a man speak plainly and not beat about the bush, even though, as in your case, I may not at all agree with him.

As you have now a character for pluck as well as firmness, I hope that you will shortly exercise those qualities in dealing with a matter which undoubtedly demands them. A man must have some courage to stamp upon a skunk, and that is what a medical journal now requires of you :—

"We venture to hope that the Home Secretary will be induced to press forward the Medical Acts Amendment Bill, which will rob the quacks of their power to assume medical titles. It has been lying in the Home Office for three years; and Sir George Grey, Mr. Walpole, and Mr. Hardy have, in turn, expressed a general approval of its main provisions, but pressure of 'public business' has hitherto prevented the measure from being introduced."

There can hardly be much public business which should be deemed more pressing than that of taking care of the health of the public. *Salus populi suprema lex*, as your classical constituents could easily explain to you. Now, the people's health is constantly endangered by quack doctors, and in dealing with these miscreants the law should be supreme. Take away the titles which they falsely assume, and you deprive them in great measure of their power to offend. The boobies who consult the quacks are of all people the likeliest to be duped by a fine name, and when a quack bedubs himself "licentiate," or "doctor," the boobies think his title has been legally acquired, and flock to fill the swindler's pockets with their fees. *Distinguo* is a word unknown in their vocabulary, and any advertising scoundrel who calls himself a doctor to their mind ranks as highly as a qualified M.D.

Help the boobies, therefore, and help to quash the quacks, and be *laudatus à laudato*, even by your,

Punch.

PUNCH AT THE PALACE.

"Now," said *Mr. Punch*, with what remained of his fine voice, after cheering all the way from Putney up to Mortlake, "*Now* is the time to visit the Crystal Palace!"

This remarkable remark was made at half-past noon on Saturday the Fourth, and few of those who heard it were aware of its significance. But it occurred to *Mr. Punch* that, having shaken hands with Oxford, the proper thing to do was to get away to Sydenham. For after hearing the young oarsmen give their details of their race, it seemed a pleasant contrast to hear the "*Ancient Mariner*."

Besides the flowers and the air, and the Bath buns, and the beer, there is always something fresh at the charming Crystal Palace. Fresh music especially is certain to be found there, thanks to Mr. Manns, that most electric of conductors. A new symphony by Mendelssohn, a new symphony by Schubert, these the Crystal Concerts have this winter introduced, and, by way of further novelty, they add the "*Ancient Mariner*."

Mr. Punch goes to a concert to enjoy, and not to criticise; so he will not perplex his readers with a critical description and account of this cantata, however strongly he be tempted to show off such fine phrases as "melodic progression" and "contrapuntal cleverness," which every critic nowadays has at his pen's tip. *Mr. Punch* will only say that good music invariably gives him a good appetite, and that on Saturday the Fourth his hunger was so great after listening to the concert that he was forced to get a dinner *impromptu* at the Palace: and this *impromptu* dinner proved to be so good a one, that *Mr. Punch* in making it took all the time he could, and then pronounced it *un impromptu fait à loisir*.

Academy Catalogue. 1867. No. 1106.

So the Johanna men have lied
  Like Southcote, the Johanna woman,
And bold Sir Roderick tells with pride,
  That Livingstone is safe, and comin'.
Last year the sculptor wrote "the late,"
  When our brave David's bust was shown:
Who 'll care for that dead marble's fate,
  When we have got a Living Stone?

Horsepital Contributions.

Another bit of spooneyism exposed. Soft people actually believed that the betting fellows at Tattersall's had gentle moments, and were in the habit of stealing aside to deposit small money in the box of St. George's hospital. To make this easier for the kind creatures, a box was put up for them in their own haunt, and at the end of the year there were found a bad fourpenny piece and many bits of tobacco-pipe. The old hospital-box had its usual £100, or more. However, the spooney can continue to believe as before, and that the betting men did not like to risk their charity in their own box.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—(A FACT.)

Florence. "Gus, dear, wake up, I've a Brilliant Idea! We save Five per Cent., you know, by belonging to a Co-Operative Society; but suppose we belong to *Two* Societies, we shall Save *Ten* per Cent.!"

[*You would hardly believe that Gus called her "a little donkey," and went to sleep again.*

CANINE.

Toby prays that *Mr. Punch* will find room for the following, which, he fancies, will be read with considerable alarm by those who are Old-Bogyfied by fears of Centralisation:—

"The Inland Revenue Collectors, to the affairs of which department has been delegated the duty of collecting the new dog tax, have received payment on no less than 400,000 dogs more than the old parochial collectors. This success is a fresh step in the direction of committing the general collection of taxation to the officers of the Crown, instead of the nominees of the parish."

Toby is an honest dog, and, having yearly paid his tax as such, may be allowed to blush for his defaulting brethren. Many of them no doubt have for many years evaded the parochial collector, and are debtors to the State for considerable arrears. *Toby* has no sympathy with such dishonest dogs, and he is glad to see that honesty is being thrust upon them by the aid of the Excise. In the interests of caninity, *Toby* wishes that a black list of the men who are convicted of having shirked the dog-tax should from time to time be issued, so that would-be honest dogs may all refuse to live with them. Moreover, *Toby* would suggest, if his master, *Mr. Punch*, will kindly suffer him to do so, that stamped collars should be issued for dogs that pay the tax, in order that all honest dogs may recognise defaulters, and cease to wag a tail at them when meeting in the street.

Garlanded Virtue.

"O! By yon bright sun, tell it not in France,
Publish it not where 'Vanity' is dear,"
Virtue—Monthyon virtue—looks askance,
And cynic Saxons grin from ear to ear.
That prize, each Gallic breast to morals kindling
Its latest winner is in gaol for swindling.

THE FAITH OF THE FEW.

It would seem that the expression, "One in a thousand," may fairly be applied to the Protestant population of some Irish parishes, where the Established Church is maintained.

VERNON, CUR NON?

We fail to see the force of certain complaints that the award has been published by which Mr. Vernon Harcourt condemns Alberic Drummond Willoughby, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Joint Hereditary Grand Chamberlain of England, and patron of fifteen livings, to pay the plaintiff in a recent action £1,200 a year, and fines him £100 a month for any delay which, after a given date, may occur in the purchase of the annuity. The plaintiff is surely entitled to have it known that the case was a good and just one, and the public is interested in knowing that justice has been done upon the Joint Hereditary Grand Chamberlain. We detest vulgar curiosity, but the publicity of a legal sentence, which an award under the order of a Court is, must be desirable for the monition of those who have not yet imitated Lord Willoughby de Eresby. For which reason *Mr. Punch* makes record of an otherwise unedifying matter.

TO THE RODERICK THAT'S NAE DOO.

Hail to the Chief that in Science advances,
First in the high geographical line,
Chosen in Faraday's place who by France is;
Famed for his work in Geology's mine!
Who with a second sight
Born of reflection, tight
Stuck to the hope which proofs well-grounded show;
Letters from Livingstone:
Shout, every mother's son,
Roderick I. Murchison, ho, ieroe!

Taking it in Snuff.

Mr. Grimston, for a Telegraph Company, protests against the scheme for taking the wires into the hands of Government. The reason he gives is that the Companies, for doing the work badly, get enough out of the public to pay a good dividend, and therefore we have no right to wish to be served well and cheaply. Grimston's Eye Snuff may be very good, but Grimston must not throw dust into our eyes.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, April 18, 1868.

THE CELESTIAL HAT.

THE ANGLICAN LIBERTIES.

Preaching about the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Rev. Mr. Bellew, who approves of that impending measure, and further thinks that, as its consequence, the Church of England must and should be disestablished too, on the evening of last week's Sunday bespoke his audience thus:—

"Were there not hundreds of churches in England supported entirely on the voluntary principle—his own for instance? What benefit was the Establishment to them? Neither he nor his church received a farthing in the way of endowment."

There is something in that; and perhaps, if the time for settling the British Constitution could come over again, many friends of the Established Church would wish it re-established on the voluntary principle. But Mr. Bellew desires that it should not be established at all. He went on to say:—

"The Church of England, as an Establishment, had found itself utterly unable to deal with a heretical bishop, and therefore might as well cease to be an Establishment."

Fair and softly, Mr. Bellew. Wo ho, Sir! Whom do you call heretical? The Bishop of Natal? If so, Dr. Colenso might tell you that you're another. He could say, with justice, that he holds the Thirty-nine Articles as much as you do. His biblical criticism may, like the successful Easter-piece at the Olympic, be "all my eye and Betty Martin," and it may be as remote from sound doctrine as that diverting extravaganza is from tragedy, but, whether sound or unsound, is out of the question. It is not heretical in the eye of the law, has never been decided to be by any competent tribunal, and could only be made so by an *ex post facto* Fortieth Article. Well, Mr. Bellew, you could perhaps get that, if the Church ceased to be an Establishment. But, if you could have a Fortieth Article, you could also have a Forty First; and Article Forty Two, decreed by ecclesiastical disciplinarians, might interdict clergymen from earning an honest penny by reading *Shakspeare*, and other profane authors, or by lecturing upon any secular persons or things for the entertainment of the public. As it is, the Church of England cannot make new Articles without the consent of the Legislature, which no doubt is fortunate for Colenso, but may be also lucky for you.

Neat.

"Your young friend Wigsby should be a good lawyer," said Smith to Robinson, "at least he has a large collection of law books, nobly bound." "Sir," said Robinson, "you appear to think that law is binding." Smith has offered a reward for the meaning.

IMPORTANT RAILWAY NEWS.

The past Easter has been marked by the opening of two railways into wild and savage Northern districts. One is an extension of the Highland line, and is called the Sutherland Railway; the other is an extension of the Metropolitan line, and is called the St. John's Wood Railway. Of the former, *Mr. Punch* means to say nothing until he shall have Inspected it, but the speeches at the inaugural banquet were very jolly, especially the Duke of Sutherland's and Lord Ronald Gower's (the latter told how a Scotch magistrate, to whom an old woman called, "O man, stop my coo!" very properly responded that he was not a man, but a magistrate), and *Mr. Punch* is rejoiced in any improvement which may spare even a few Highland horses the barbarities practised upon them in the tourist season—barbarities which destroy the pleasure of all travellers except the coarser Cockneys and the British provincials.

The line which is now open from Baker Street runs through the stern and frowning wood of Saint John, then takes a district which reminds one of the glories of Marlborough's Arms, and finally conducts us into scenery which, surrounding a famous cottage, may as well be called Swiss as anything else. Here the rail halts, but it is to be pushed on to the swarthy moor consecrated by the memory of the patriot, John Straw. *Mr. Punch* performed the return journey with much ease and safety, and was not greatly longer in doing it, for sixpence, than he would have been in an Atlas omnibus, for threepence. The carriages are new and luxurious, the stations well built and cheerful, and the clerks and porters are, at present, all affable, and indeed encouraging. The stern "Now, jump in!" of the Southern district is here exchanged for the gentle "As quickly as you please, for our time is up;" and the snapping "What class?" is here translated "For which class do you wish a ticket?" These holiday amenities are agreeable, but will disappear as business increases upon a much wanted line.

Mr. Punch, whose hopes, like those of his friend Serjeant Ballantyne, in the boat-case, are of great depth, looks sanguinely (that is to say, with blood-shot eyes—thanks to the Easter wind) to the development of the interesting region which has now been brought within the range of civilisation. The inhabitants are not ill-conditioned, and some of them are said to be humane and hospitable, while the spires of more than one church show that missionary effort has been successfully directed. Their language has affinity with that of the Pembridge districts, and Bayswater, but, probably owing to insufficient drainage, is less guttural. The amusements of the inhabitants are of the dreary kind usual among savage tribes; they frequently meet at each other's houses, and voluntarily undergo slow torture, four or more performing on instruments, and they will often decoy a lecturer or other mountebank from a neighbouring tribe, and reward his imbecile exertions. They have no history worth naming, but there linger traditions of a Great Spirit called the Pine-Apple Ghost, who revealed to one of their ancestors that a murder had been committed somewhere, but who, with the usual unpractical habit of apparitions, vanished without leaving his own address or that of the victim. The Government imposts are collected without material difficulty in this wild district, though at times it is necessary to resort to the extreme measure of cutting off the water, and the Fiery Cross has long ceased to be carried save in the form of the Hot Cross of the Good Friday bun. There is no reason against settling in the region, except that the chiefs to whom the habitations belong are somewhat exacting, and any neglect of their dues involves a demand, not exactly of black mail, but by a very black looking male, who is severe about settlers who are unable to settle. But much will now be done for their advantage. *Mr. Punch* adds, however, that the new railway does not take you from the North to the Baker Street Station, but to a point at a great distance from it, and you have to make your way through passages, and down stairs, for a quarter of a mile or less; and unless you are athletic and in training, you arrive in time to see the red eye of the City carriages receding into the distant gloom. This part of the business must be rectified forthwith, or it will be *Mr. Punch's* painful duty to be persistent in warnings which will not help dividends.

Potage à la Coster.

Gourmands have been talking horse a good deal lately, but they have not yet begun to talk donkey—though much of a certain kind of table-talk may be considered as analogous to the utterance of the braying animal. No; but when ass-flesh becomes an article of food—and why shouldn't the pony of Hierosolyma be as good as any other?—then it will also become a subject of conversation. Let us, then, observe beforehand that an ass's head, in brains and everything else, is equal to a calf's, and is peculiarly suitable for making moke-turtle.

QUESTION FOR DR. MARY WALKER.

Why ought a Medical Quack to be a Woman?
Because he's always a *Charlotte Anne*.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"Pray, don't put too many Coals on, Mary! It makes me shiver when I think that in Three Hundred Years we shall have None left!"

SONG OF THE DYING SWAN.

No surrender! No surrender!
  No Reform! I used to bawl.
Then, of weak points blind defender,
  I insured the loss of all.
Irish Church Expropriation,
  In a measure due and just,
Would have been her preservation;
  'Twas refused; and go she must!

Had we Tories but consented;
  Long ago to prune the tree,
Gladstone's axe, in time prevented,
  At its root we should not see.
Then it might have stood, to shelter
  All its own—perchance to grow,
Ireland having justice dealt her:
  Now it will be all laid low.

Wisdom's lessons clean forgotten,
  We persisted, o'er and o'er,
In defending what was rotten;
  Lose both that and something more.
All our use has been, poor buffers,
  Easing shocks to still keep on.
Ah, we put our trust in duffers!
  Now our occupation 's gone.

THIS FLYING MAN.

Sir,—There 's a man who professes to fly from one end of the Crystal Palace to the other. What of that, Sir? Nothing; my wife and I for the last twelve years have, once in six months, taken a fly up to town from Peckham, to make calls.

Yours,

Pippitywix.

N.B. Now, Sir, is the time of year for seeing the bloom on Peckham Rye. Come and dwell with me and be my love, and sing, Rye fol de riddle, &c., as of yore.

The Fortune of War.—Prize Money.

A PARLIAMENT OF LADIES' MEN.

The great event of last week, next to the Prince and Princess of Wales's visit to Dublin, was the meeting on the Women's Suffrage Question at Salford, in the Free Trade Hall, on Wednesday. If it was not a perfect success, that was partly owing to the absence, occasioned unfortunately by a bad cold, of the eldest Miss Bright, daughter of Friend John, M.P. Train up a child in the way she, as well as he, should go. Also, to have been completely successful, the meeting should have been honoured with the presence of One who is, not excepting Mr. Mill, the greatest philogynist in the world, and as such would have offered it the suggestion which follows.

The capability of women to choose between political good and evil being questioned, let it be tried. Ladies, try it yourselves. On the basis of universal suffrage, or any other that you may prefer, choose a Parliament of your own. Though unrecognised as a legislative body, it will be quite legal—just like Convocation. Indeed, it will exactly answer the very purpose which Convocation serves. Convocation enables us to see what laws the clergy would make if they could, and how fit or unfit they are to be intrusted with legislative power. Your Parliament of unacknowledged legislators will also, by their debates and conclusions on the various proposals brought under their consideration, show us what sort of addition you, in your representatives, might be expected to contribute to the Collective Wisdom. And in the meantime it will perhaps do something more than Convocation ever does; that is, it may now and then frame some measure so sensible as to get adopted by the real Parliament, and passed into a law.

The Great Prize Conundrum for 1868.

Who will win the Derby this year?

*** A correct answer in plenty of time before the race, and an undertaking by the sender to bear all loss, will meet with prompt attention.

Local Colouring.—Paint on Cheeks.

ORANGE-ISM IN EXCELSIS.

If Mr. Disraeli anticipates any difficulty with the Orange lot, *Mr. Punch* advises him to send for one M. Agouste, at present engaged by the Management of the Holborn Circus, but whom the patriotism of that Establishment would doubtless induce it to surrender at the prayer of the Minister. M. Agouste disposes of the Orange Question in the most miraculous way. In fact, he declines to concede that there is any question. The Oranges in his hands, or on his heels, or in his plates, or wherever else he may choose rather to wish than to put them, obey him with a promptness which suggests volition as well as volitation. Whether they eddy idly aloft, move gracefully in mid air with the regularity of the planets, or rotate before him in an endless little chain, they seem to be moved by machinery rather than by a man's caprice. The sight is so remarkable, that Mr. Disraeli had better go and see it for political reasons, and the rest of the public for the sake of beholding a feat which *Mr. Punch* hesitates not to declare unique. He will add, while about it, that the Holborn Circus has nearly supplied the loss of Astley's; and, if the former were dirty instead of clean, and the boxes were disagreeable instead of comfortable, the charm would be complete. As it is, we must put up with luxury for the sake of a capital evening. There is a clown, too, who speaks out, and has some new jokes, and whose impudent persistence in mischief sends the children into ecstacy. When *Punch* smiles, and the children laugh, all is right.

The Royal Smoker.

The Prince of Wales is known to be a great smoker. The Queen it is said does not approve of this taste, or Her Majesty would have given H.R.H. the magnificent Regalia now kept in a dry place in the Tower.

Strange that the beefeaters who show visitors over the Tower are the only people allowed to "puff" the regalia.

Fetch the Engines.—"A heated imagination" may be defined to be—dreaming the house is on fire.

NONSENSE EPIGRAMS.

BY FIELD MARSHALL.

Potus is tight, tight as a drum,
But still no sounds of music come.

Smith takes the school, and weds the master's daughter—
A better-half who'll give poor Smith no quarter.

My suit hard-hearted Susan will not hear,
Because I've but three hundred pounds a-year;
And so, until my income's more, 'tis plain
That if I Susan sue, I sue in vain.

"Wonders never cease"—don't you be taken in,
For still more frequently they ne'er begin.

"I know I'm clever, and I paint,
But men I cannot draw"—Di said;
"Because," so answered I her plaint—
You're far too blue, and deeply *re(a)d*."

They say that Jones has lost his mind:
Poor Jones, he won't have much to find.

Brown boasts he's cut me dead,
But I survive instead.

The salmon to the sea,
The eagle to the sky,
The titmouse to the tree,
The pigeon to the pie:
All things in order run
Beneath the solar sun.

He's spoons on her—so runs the horrid slang about—
But it's no go,—the Governor's close, and won't fork out.

"Soft as velvet are her eyes,"
The enraptured draper cries:
"Why don't you say at once," jeers Green,
"That they are velvet een."

"Your book's in everybody's mouth—"
Men rushed to tell the poet Bland:
"I'd rather hear from *North and South*,
That it's in everybody's hand."

When Stead was introduced to Shaw,
Supplanted I should be, I saw;
And so it happens as I said,
Shaw has another friend in Stead.

Naso takes snuff and gives great sums to Firms and Co.'s:
Naso will soon find out he's paying through the nose.

The little bird sat on the rolling stone,
And commenced a recital to me;
But the wolf came down and fractured his crown,
So the tale is a mystery.

MUSICIANS' LATIN.

Mr. Ella, in his "Record of the Musical Union" (cited in the new announcement of the Handel Festival), has a remarkable quotation. He observes,

"Of Costa, therefore, it may truly be said, *Quisque suæ fortunæ faber est*."

Punch has a profound respect for Latin, no matter how introduced (or with what variation from the received text, as when, in Mr. Ella's next quotation, he says of Æolus, *et temperat ira*); but, as matter of mere curiosity, he would like to know what Mr. Ella thinks the above saying means, and especially, whether he supposes *Quisque* to be Latin for *Costa? Faber*, perhaps, in that case stands for *faba*, and no doubt Mr. Costa is both a bean and a brick. Would somebody seek Ella's bower, and give him this message?

IS IT CORBAN?

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a very able article on Establishments, says "Every Englishman has a right to spiritual services from some given clergyman." There is no such thing as a given clergyman, we always have to pay for him—to say nothing of those collections. Else, we would not look a gift clergyman in the mouth,—unless he were a Chrysostom.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL STEREOSCOPE.

LORD RUSSELL.

(*Photographs executed on the same day, April 16th, by artists of the "Telegraph" and "Standard."*)

"Though the veteran Reformer has withdrawn from his old place of command, his services in the cause of civil and religious freedom are such that his absence from the fore-front of the battle against the Irish Establishment would fill many minds with deep disquiet. All the more important is it, therefore, that their hereditary leader should step forward, and say that he heartily goes with the younger and bolder men. Coming from the chief of the aristocratic Whigs, such a declaration will have a powerful effect on the weakkneed Liberals. Nor can Lord Russell's worst enemies pretend that he has taken up the question hastily, or that he speaks with the precipitancy of a convert. From the first moment of his political career he made war on that Establishment which in the evening of his life he assists to overthrow."

"Where are now the honour and consistency of Earl Russell? What public man, not of our days merely, but of the half century in which he has played a prominent part in politics, ever sank so low as he will sink to-night, ever threw away honour and consistency with such a feverish impatience as he manifests in throwing away the last rags of those qualities left him? The enemies of Lord Russell must be unforgiving, indeed, if they do not feel some compassion for the poor old man who stands up to-night to repudiate with trembling haste, and amidst the applause of the men who have been his bitterest revilers, his cherished and matured opinions, because a majority of the House of Commons has voted the other way, and an alliance with that majority might perhaps give him yet another few months of office."

A POOR LOOK OUT FOR COUNTRY PAUPERS.

Attention has been lately directed to the fact that many of our poorhouses are far filthier than pigstyes, and that many of our paupers are far worse housed, and fed, and nursed, and cared for than our pigs. Respectability, of course, is shocked by the disclosure, and affects to be astonished that the workhouse inspectors have not disclosed the evils which the press has dragged to light. But this surprise will not be shared by those who read the following, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"Inspectorships have long been the chosen reward of political friends and adherents; and the Poor Law Board, in the view of the President, may still with safety remain the favourite asylum for out-door pensioners of parties, provided there be a due amount of codification and regulation, and that everything is properly bound up in red tape."

An overseer has been defined as "one who overlooks;" and an inspector is a person who does not inspect. When sent to look into a workhouse, he goes with his eyes blindfolded by routine and red-tape. Find fault as little as you can, or you will only bother *Us*, is the hint that he receives from the Poor Law Commissioners. Now, however, that the matter can no longer be smoothed over, they propose to make poor union doctors, who are already overworked, responsible for seeing that the poorhouses are looked to:—

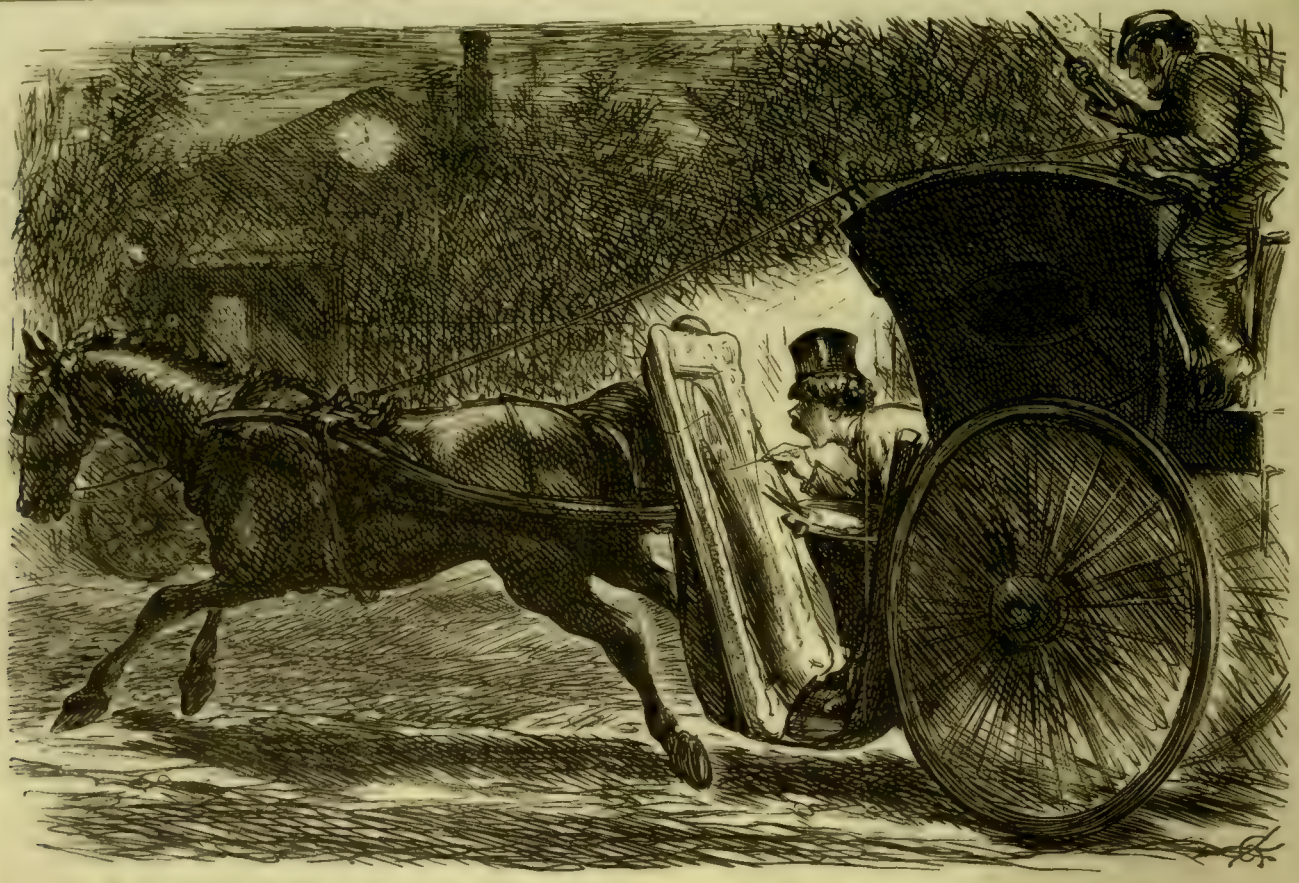
"It is proposed to shift the responsibility of seeing that the new order of things to be constituted in the future is maintained, and that the houses are made perfect, from the Poor Law Board to the overworked and ill-paid medical officers. They are to inspect themselves, their workhouses, and their guardians, and to make weekly reports, monthly reports, quarterly reports, to the Board. Already loaded with work and paid less than postmen or day labourers, exposed to the indignation of their guardians, and yet making a living almost entirely out of their private practice amongst these guardians, they are to remonstrate, they are to initiate reforms, they are to do the work, and inspect the mode of doing the work."

Who physics poor people should himself be poor, this has long been the rule in workhouse medical appointments. Guardians like to hire some poor devil of a doctor, who is fearful to offend them, and whom they may bully and browbeat as they please. They often get him to attend their families at half price, and their servants for nothing, on the threat of cutting down his pittance of a salary, or else of bringing in a rival to the parish, whose exclusion is the sole cause of the poor fellow's submission to their terms. How can such a slave speak the truth about his masters, and, when they neglect their duty, call attention to the fact? Nevertheless, to make a scapegoat of their surgeon, and consider him responsible for their own shortcomings, is what the Poor Law Board would suffer country guardians to do. *Punch* protests with all his might against such vile humbuggery, and adds his weight of influence to what is here proposed:—

"The necessity for an auxiliary corps of medical and technical inspectors is urgent and plain. It has been granted in London, and with the best effect. There is no pretence for withholding the same benefit and safeguard from the sick poor in the country. It is, too, a most cheering fact that the immediate result in London of the improved management and inspection of workhouses has been an immense and unexpected saving. The Chairman of the new St. Pancras Board of Guardians, in his first annual report, just issued, announces that in that workhouse alone, while profligacy, mismanagement, cruelty, and vice have been placed in check, while the clothing is better and the dietary improved, the saving has amounted to no less than £11,000 a-year. What has been done for London must be done for the country, and by the same means."

A Picture.

The well-known caterers for the refreshment of the travelling public will be glad to hear that they have been selected as a subject for a Landscape Picture in next year's Academy Exhibition. Churches in the distance, water in the foreground; the title, "Spires and Pond."



FLICKERS WAS AT WORK TILL THE LAST MOMENT ON HIS PICTURE!

[*For further details, see all the Penny Papers.*

WOMAN, PAINTED BY HER MASTER.

Scene—*The Street.*

Brown. Woman's Right to Vote. That's up again. There has been a meeting at Manchester.

Jones. They're always having meetings at Manchester.

Brown. A profound remark. Well, this one was attended by an Archdeacon, a Member of Parliament, and Mr. Chisholm Anstey. It was to have heard a speech from Miss Bright, the eldest daughter of the Member for Birmingham, but she was unfortunately ill. However, the Mayoress of Salford spoke, and Miss Becker.

Jones. I hope she kept up her pecker.

Brown. Now I call that true wit. Mr. Anstey has discovered that by the old law women have the vote already.

Jones. I am opposed to the whole humbugging botheration.

Brown. Stated with grace and precision. Might one ask why?

Jones. Women, I take it, are divided into three lots, maids, wives, and widows. There's the divorced ones, but they needn't count, as a woman who hasn't the sense to keep a husband when she's got him can't be fit to make laws.

Brown. A specimen of the generalisation dear to sundry. But let us take the three classes. Go on.

Jones. There's Maids. Now I ask you, would you go giving a vote to a girl who don't know the Chancellor from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and who would vote that green was blue to go to a ball, or cut out a rival flirt?

Brown. Your estimate of the young ladies of England does you credit. Well, as to Wives?

Jones. That's a hundred times worse. If the wife's to vote as her husband tells her, that's only giving him two votes; and if she votes against his orders, it's a case for two establishments, or two black eyes, according to his resources.

Brown. Sir, your chivalry is exemplary. It is quite impossible, of course, that a well-informed woman should exercise legitimate influence upon her husband?

Jones. What! Would you reduce Englishmen to a set of henpecked humbugs, tied to their wives' apron-strings?

Brown. The question is convincing. About Widows?

Jones. Why, I wouldn't care about their having it, at least after a certain age, say sixty. Young widows are always looking out to catch a parson or a soldier, and I think the Church and the Army have influence enough. But I object to letting in the principle.

Brown. If I admire anything more than close argument, it is honourable consistency. I believe you have stated the case fully, as against the women, and I wish that you had attended the Manchester meeting, and crushed the affair.

Jones. You flatter me, old fellow, but if I have one thing more than another about me, it's the power of grasping a whole question, and treating it in an English and practical manner. Good bye. [*Exeunt.*

HYMEN HIMSELF AGAIN.

"Marriages" throughout Lent's season,
Few are in the papers found;
"Births" and "Deaths," as if no reason
Could check either, still abound.

As the rushing out of waters
That were long by floodgates pent,
Lo the sons of men, and daughters,
Getting married after Lent!

Oh!

Dear Sir,—Here you are at last:—

On the bank of what Canal would be the best place for felo-de-se?

The Suez Canal; because the act would be evidently one of *Suez-side.* (All well at home, Thank you.)

Yours, Tommy.

Overheard.—It was not such a very bad pun of Jocasta's, when, on Bertram showing her a portrait by Say in the National Portrait Exhibition, she remarked that it must be "a speaking likeness."

NEW GUY FAWKES, OR DIZZY'S CHEF-D'ŒUVRE.

"Under the guise of Liberalism—under the pretence of legislating in the spirit of the age—they are, as they think, about to seize upon the supreme estate of the realm."—*See* Mr. Disraeli's *Speech, April 3rd* 1868.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN DUBLIN.

(By Our Special Irish Correspondent.)

TO comply, Sir, with your stipulations, I take up the pen of Mercury, plucked from the wings of the pretty little God of Love, to dip it in the blackest ink—*absit omen*, as we used to say at ould Trinity—in order to give you a correct, luminous, and mighty particular account of the present visit of their Royal Highnesses to the Emerald Isle. On Thursday night, Sir, or as some of the very early Christians call it Wednesday morning, at five o'clock (five o'clock! divil a less, if ye 'll excuse the observation), when my *vally de sham* rushed into the chamber where your own Special lays his weary *caput*, and says he, in a sort of ecstasy, and waving a shaving towel like a maniac, says he—

"Och, glory be!" says he. "'Tis the flate intirely all stayming, like hot praties, in Doblin Bay."

"Git out wid ye, Cornelius," says I, addressing him in his own vernacular, not having forgotten my native tongue during my protracted residence at Boulogne-sur-Mer, but speaking it with the least taste in life of a foreign accentuation. "Git out wid ye, Cornelius then," says I, "and don't distorb yer masther in his first beauty slape," wherewith I rolled myself round, with my face to the wall, as the most delicate hint to the menial to retire, and be blessed to him.

"Sure," continues the baste, yelling with excitement. "What are yez sent here for, at all at all? An't it to chronicckle the ivints of the Ryle Vist to Doblin, and is it meself that 's to do the wurk for yer kind implyer, *Misther Ponch*, and you a snorting in the shates and blankits there?"

"Cornelius," said I, sitting up majestically in bed, "You leave me this day month: I warn you."

"Maybe, thin, ye 'll settle that thrifle o' wages——"

The conversation at this point will scarcely interest the generality of your readers. The upshot was that I came to an arrangement with my faithful *vally de sham* which will be highly satisfactory to you, inasmuch as you will obtain all the information you require on the subject, and more than it would be in my power to furnish you with. All you will have to do is to settle with *me*.

(*From the Observations of* Cornelius Delany.)

5 o'clock, A.M. The Charnel Flate staymed in. Thar wor the *Mine-Otter*, the *War-ere*, the *O'Killes*, and the *Diffense*. An' if they hadn't bin jist nine hars in crassin the charn'l they 'd ha' bin here befur this.

[By a skilful manœuvre I managed to get Cornelius engaged as a waiter in one place at the Royal repasts, and as an attendant he was admitted when a man with your own Special's reputation would have been feared, and the doors closed against him. Being myself busy upon this visit as part of my future History of Great Britain, I have left the present account in his hands. He will send you his account himself by the first post.]

The Ryle skooner staymed into the arbour, and all the ships at say run up flags, and foired sloots. The Ryle party, including some of the quarries in waitin', didn't same mighty well afther the say parsage; bot His Ryle Hoighniss the Prince and Har Ryle Hoighniss Princess Arlegsonderer wor as chairful and brimmin wid good spirts as a keg o' Keenan's best. Bedad, Sorr, it made yer hart hop on to all our tongs, it did, to say the pair of Ryle Hoighnisses, so swate and sorreptishious an' smoilin' this way an' that as the Lord Liftin't with the Mashyniss of Have-a-Corn (in such toight boots that it 's meself that don't wander at the toitle), wid, as somebody said, "his Staff;" but I sor nothin' of the sart—not avin a walkin-stick in the Liftn't's hand, nor a bomboo cane. Thin there was the Lord Challenger, a purty soight intirely, in his robes and wigs, an' the Granddear Gyards wid fixed bagnets, to resave the Ryle Copple on the landin'.

"Long life to yer!" sez I, chairing wid my caubeen this away.

"Be aisy now," sez the Mashyniss Have-a-corn, pushing me back contimptuus. Bot Her Ryle Hoighniss had cot me oi.

"The heavens be your bed, Arlegsonderer!" sez I. "'Tis yerself that 's the Rose o' Denmuk!" With that Her Ryle Hoighniss nodged the Prince, an sez she blushing, in a whispur, "Sure Berty dear, 'tis Misther Cornelius De Lany, him as oi've minshunned to yez so arfen."

Wid that the Good Grayshus Prince rases meself from the ground where I was ginnyflicting on wun knay, and sez he, "Misther De Lany," sez he, "'tis meself that 's de-loighted to wilcome yez to these parts."

With that I pulled out o' my pocket the pome I'd composed, whin the Lord Liftn't steps forwurd with an ard-driss.

"Markkis," sez the Prince, "Forst come forst sarved."

"'Tis manners," sez I, backin op me fushur Sorvrin.

"Misther De Lany will oblige," sez Arlegsonderer, with swate kumplasence.

"Ai!" sez I, boshfully, "'tis a thrifle, bot if Misther Dan'l Gudfere, the Lader of the Granddear Archestrar, likewise the foifes and droms, if he 'd jist play the ac-compniment, it moight be som-thin' grotifyin' to a thriflin' potion of your Ryle Hoighniss's sobjicks."

With that I song my Ode, which the Prince went homming all the day out, so plased was he with me purr-formance. Afther this, which left me exharsted on the sile, the Prince and Princess of Wales partook of lonch, an' were driven through the Phaynix Parruk, accompanied by the Lord Liftn't on the Saxe-horn.

I heard that "The ships on the river were decked with coloured lights." Decked, Sorr! bedad, it must have been pleasant walking intirely.

There was great chairing and cries of daylight as we passed through the strates, meself disgeyuised as a liveryman, up behoind the car, and clearly among all the chairs of the poplace I heard with proide, "More power to your elbow, Corny Delany. Shure 'tis himself 's the boy to wroite for *Misther Ponch*."

I bloshed, Sorr, but recovered, and bowed with the utmost poloiteness. More in nextht.

The races wor at Ponchestown in honour of your own Special.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

We really didn't mean it, and if we ever begged pardon we 'd do it now, but a Roysterer (who subsequently and at our expense showed himself an Oysterer) rushed in and defied us to give him a Shaksperian quotation applicable to Sir Brook Bridges having been made Lord Fitzwater. How could we help saying with *Don Pedro*:—

"What need the bridge much broader than the flood?"

But the Roysterer, who is noisy but not clever, did not see it.

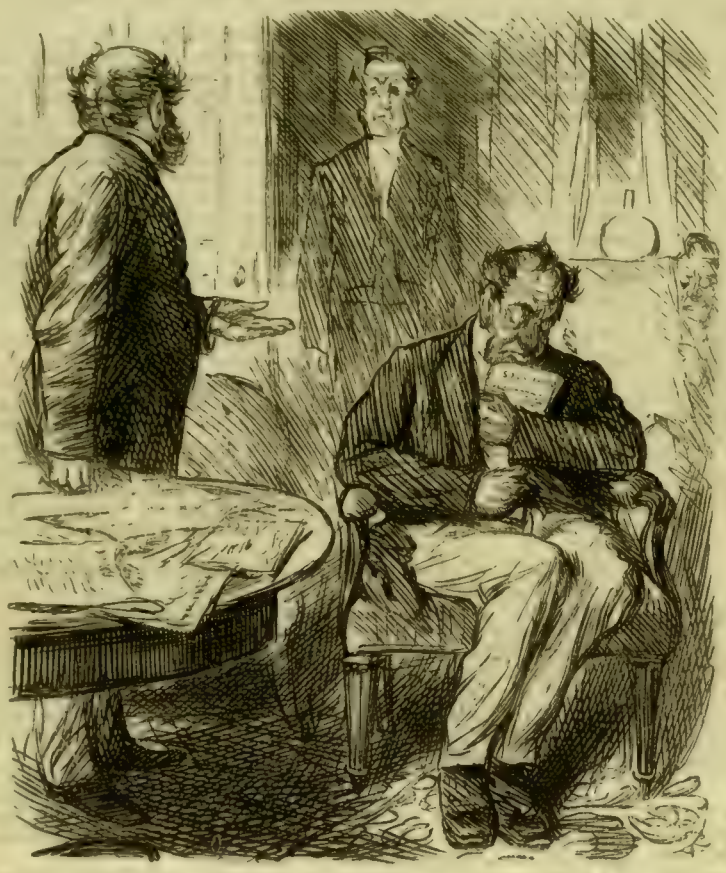
"Why," says we, in a rage at his stupidity and his voraciousness with the bivalves, "if the bridge is the right size it fits the water, don't it, hass?" He swallowed eleven oysters before he could speak again.

"An Excellent Piece of Principality."

Ireland, whose sons are born poets, prettily presented the Princess of Wales with an Irish Dove. Wales, not to be behind-hand, had prepared as a gift, a Welsh Rabbit, but it was clandestinely devoured by one of the "Bards," who was unfortunately born too late to come under the police arrangement of Edward the First.

One Letter Different.

A new word might be introduced to express the whole art and mystery of Croquet—Croquetry. The objection, perhaps, to this neologism is, that people might confound it with Coquetry, with which reprehensible diversion the game can, of course, have no possible connection.



CLUB LAW.

Waiter. "DID YOU RING, SIR?"

Member (trying to be calm). "YES. WILL YOU WAKE THIS GENTLEMAN, AND SAY I SHOULD BE OBLIGED IF HE'D LET ME HAVE THE *SPECTATOR*, IF HE'S NOT READING IT."

[*Old Wacklethorpe has been asleep, with the Paper firmly clutched, for the last two hours.*

THE PÆANS OF FOREIGN PRIESTS.

THE Ultramontane *Osservatore Romano* is absurdly cock-a-whoop on the subject of MR. GLADSTONE's Disestablishment of the Irish State Church Resolution. Similar journals in Spain express the same ridiculous exultation. A Correspondent of the *Post*, writing from Seville, says:—

"All the Spanish papers are exulting over GLADSTONE's victory, and I was gravely assured by a priest yesterday that all the aristocracy of England were Catholics at heart, but that it was only their fear of the QUEEN that prevented their openly acknowledging the Catholic religion."

But what will our ultramontane neighbours say when we tell them that MR. WHALLEY voted on the side of GLADSTONE, and has had to apologise, therefore, to Irish Orangemen? Perhaps, that WHALLEY has at last revealed himself; that he really was, as he was said to be, a Jesuit in disguise, and has now thrown off the mask which he has no need to wear any longer.

Suppose, however, that DIZZY had gained the day. Then Parliament would have pledged itself to endow Popery in Ireland. Would not this, indeed, have been a triumph for the Roman and Spanish Priest-party? Our WHALLEY has not played false. He took the more Protestant side of the two. There was a pin between two sides to choose. 'Twas not quite "heads I win, and tails you lose."

DANGER OF UPSIDE DOWN.

WHO are the Lower Orders?
The uneducated masses,
The unintellectual classes,
They are the Lower Orders.

Who'll be the Higher Orders?
The newly enfranchised masses,
Preponderating classes;
They'll be the Higher Orders.

Who'll be the Lower Orders?
Educate the masses,
Or, educated classes,
You'll be the Lower Orders!

Ermine without Silk.

A CONTEMPORARY, in a leader relative to the new Judge, MR. JUSTICE HANNEN, observes, "He never took silk." We should think not. There is no occasion for anybody to say, "Set a Judge to try shoplifters."

MUSICAL AND MELANCHOLY.

OLD fogies, who like music, have been set talking of late by a rumour that the Ancient Concerts were to be revived in the course of this next summer. Whether this be so or not we neither know nor care, but from the bottom of our heart we hope no music hall will put forth such a programme as the following, should the manager aspire to give an

ANCIENT CONCERT.

Ancient Comic Song. . . .	"*The Cork Leg.*" By MR. TOORALOORAL.
Ancient Sentimental Song .	"*Poor Dog Tray.*" By MISS SELINA SQUAWL. Chorus, by the Company, "*Bow, wow, wow.*"
Ancient Negro Melody . .	"*Coal Black Rose.*" Played upon the Ophicleide by MR. BELLOWS.
Ancient Costermonger's Ditty.	"*Sam Hall.*" By MR. GALLOWS. (Sung in character.)
Ancient Serio-Comic Song .	"*All Round my Hat.*" By JOLLY SMASH, the Great Comic Creature.
Ancient Children's Hymn .	"*O Jerusalem!*" By SIGNORINA SCHREECHA.
Ancient Air with Variations .	"*Sich a getting Up-stairs.*" Performed upon the Cat-call by MR. SQUEELS, "The Whistling Waggoner."
Ancient Dance & Breakdown	"*Jim Crow.*" By MR. NIMBLE, the Great Crural Comic.
Ancient Popular Song . . .	"*The Ratcatcher's Daughter.*" By MDLLE. SMITH.
Ancient Clown's Song (*not* from SHAKSPEARE)	"*Hot Codlins.*" By MISS CHEEKY.
Ancient Nigger Melodies . .	"*Jim along Josey*" and "*Buffalo Gals.*" Performed upon the Bones by MR. SAMBO RATTLER.
Ancient Sentimental Song .	"*O Susannah, don't you Cry for me!*" By MADAME UGOLINO BROWN, "The West End Warbling Wonder."
Ancient Ditty	"*Nix my Dolly Palls.*" By MR. BLUESKIN. Chorus, on this occasion only, by the Audience.

"SWEET GIRL GRADUATES!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ISN'T this *delicious!* I take it from a paper by a lady in *Macmillan's Magazine*:—

"Of course it would be exceptionally easy for those ladies to keep residence, whose fathers are Masters of Arts living at Cambridge; but there would be no conceivable danger or impropriety in allowing a respectable married M.A. to license his house as a hostel for girls not so favourably situated."

Fancy going to Cambridge! O, I should *so* love it! Ever so much jollier than a stupid Ladies' College! Every girl, you know, goes nowadays to College, and there could be no *danger* in our being sent to Cambridge. Pa says he is afraid that we should learn to smoke, and to play billiards, and drink beer; but lots of girls do *that* without going to Cambridge.

Instead of "wines" we should give *teas*, and O what fun it would be toasting our own muffins! I rather doubt if Pa would like me to play cricket, but he would not object, I'm sure, to my joining a good croquet club, and I'm already such a *dab* that I should win no end of matches. Instead of racquets, I dare say we should play battledore and shuttlecock, which you know is really a good strong *athletic exercise*. I don't much care for rowing, for it blisters one's hands terribly, but lots of girls are fond of it, and would *die* to go in training for a match with Oxford. Fancy the excitement at a race of "sweet girl graduates with long golden hair!" What cheering there would be if *light blue* showed in front, and retrieved its long lost laurels!

Believe me, yours excitedly,

GEORGIANA GUSH.

P.S. As for "little go's" and things, I'm sure we should come out at least as well as many of *you men* do. At any rate you surely would not have the heart to *pluck* us.

GOLDEN GOOSE KILLING AT CHESTER.

"'Tisn't every day," say the agriculturists of Hampshire, proverbially speaking, "that we kill a pig." So, perhaps, the Portsmouth lodging-house and hotel-keepers, in the language of their county, thought to themselves when they stuck it into the people who came to see the Volunteer Review. It is not everyday that they get such a pig as the sight-seeing British Public to kill. Therefore, when they do get hold of that sort of pig, if they kill it, and eat it up, from snout to tail, pettitoes and all, they do not act otherwise than with that enlightened selfishness which is said to be the basis of all goodness. They are wise in their generation—but some other persons are otherwise. Let Argus, sporting correspondent of the *Morning Post*, amuse you with an illustration of the unwisdom of those other persons:—

"Mr. W. E. Jones, one of the most respected members of the Ring, has done such good service to the Turf that it is fit it should be recognised. I have often in these letters called attention to the extravagant charges to which racing men are subject, and showed how Doncaster, Northampton, Chester, and other places, had killed the golden goose by driving people away on account of the way they skinned them."

The goose that regularly lays golden eggs, you will observe, is a very different creature from the occasional and fortuitous pig. To kill the pig is all very well, but killing the goose is most injudicious, and indeed suicidal. A goose appears to have been thus effectually killed the other day at Chester:—

"Mr. Jones, it seems, having made up his mind to go to Chester for the races, and wishing to enjoy the comforts of an inn, wrote to a well-known hotel to know their terms for a sitting-room and bed-room for the four days during which the meeting lasted. To his communication he received a reply, stating that he could have the accommodation he wanted, but that each person who came into his sitting-room must pay one guinea per diem for that room, as well as that sum for his bed-room, and eighteenpence a-day for servants."

The goose of an impolitic publican, killed as above, was cooked as follows:—

"Mr. Jones, of course, declined these terms, as he conjectured the meals would be handicapped on the same terms, so he forwarded the letter to the *Sportsman*, in which newspaper it was published, and as other sporting papers have copied the communication, the establishment in question has got an advertisement for which they would rather not have bargained, although it was a gratuitous one."

In sending the letter which he had received from the chrysochenophonous innkeeper to the *Sportsman*, Mr. Jones proved himself a very valuable contributor to a sporting paper. There is no better sport, in the opinion of *Mr. Punch*, than to see an attempt at over-reaching result in a tumble heels overhead. This sort of moral capsize is as diverting to a rational creature as the spectacle of anyone accidentally losing his physical balance, falling down and rolling over, is to a fool.

"My Vocal Reed."

Mr. E. J. Reed, who makes ships, is habitually wigged in the *Standard*, and has loftily responded that he makes very good ships, better than any of his critics could do, and that he does not care for any attack. He then likens himself to Narcissus, and says that his foes "are free to pine away into a sound with hating him." Good; we like pluck. But does Narcissus Reed recollect how Echo was avenged? The cruel Fitzcephissus was condemned to see his own face in a fountain—some MSS. read a wet dock—and to admire his own perfections until he collapsed. What says Narcissus Reed to that?

THE DONKEY'S DELIGHT.

The field of literature is at present yielding abundant crops of sensation novels. They are a species of food for the mind which you may call thistles.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRICK ACT.

Leaving the pinewood forest on his right, Piel Dornton sprang upon his dark horse, which was waiting for him, and dashed rapidly across the broad uneven common.

Unconscious of observation, he muttered to himself, "So, Piel! richer, feared, aye, and loved! What have I to desire? What remains?" Onward he sped dashing, crashing, through a plantation, as the night wind sighed and the stately trunks* bent to the ground in the soft southern breeze, as though owning in the man their Lord and Master.

"Aye! ye green things," he exclaimed, standing upon his saddle, as he urged his panting mare into a gallop, "bow to *me*, to *me*, who am—ha! ha!" He laughed excitedly, and pressed his hand to his fevered head.

It was a sudden thought, but a good one, for his purpose. The horse was cantering on at an even pace, making the circuit of the common several times before proceeding, and giving his rider time for the execution of his rapidly conceived design.

He tore off his coat, waistcoat, and hat, while the horse was still in motion, and throwing them away appeared in the disguise of a marine. Continuing thus for a few minutes, he aimed right and left, as with a gun, and seemed to be defying an enemy.

"No," he said to himself, "this disguise will not do," whereupon lightly humming a tune, which appeared to exhilarate the noble steed that bounded beneath him, he recklessly divested himself of the military uniform, and in less time than it takes to describe, he exposed to view the dress of a sailor, which he had evidently been wearing beneath the other two.

"I can reserve the Apollo for another time," he thought, slightly opening the front of his sailor's shirt, through which it was possible to see the glittering spangles of the Sungod's costume. "It is enough if I escape detection in this. 'Twas as a sailor I have always wooed her."

"Hi! hi! hi!" Shouting to his mare, and hitting her sharply on the off fetlock he waved his hat aloft, and hoisting a bundle in a pocket-handkerchief tied on to the end of a stick, across his shoulder, careered onward.

His delay had enabled Billee to come up with him; concealing himself under the shadow of the flowing tail, as he had hitherto done in that of his rider's head, the infant followed him with stern purpose, and resolve, taking firmer and surer hold of him at every step.

On the border of the forest Dornton tied his horse up to a tree. Far off shone a light in the window of a lonely cottage.

"She is there," was all he said.

A gust sweeping the plain, took his light sailor's hat, and throwing it madly from branch to branch, drove it at a fierce pace through the intricacies of the forest; here Piel Dornton followed swiftly, for if he ever could be attached to anything animate or inanimate, he would have been to that now brimless battered hat as it bounded gaily over the moonlit plain which reached for miles in the basin naturally formed by the perpetual landslips, and the overshading pine hills surrounding it. He would not shout, he would not cry for assistance. Onward he hurried. One moment with extended arms to seize the receding form, another prone upon the uneven soil, then with his short curly hair streaming behind him in the breeze, he flew across the open plain. Onward! onward!

A distant murmur fell upon his ear. Louder, louder, the voices of a myriad deep-tongued monsters baying for a victim.

"The Sea!" he cried in terror. "It is the sea!"

Lucid, two-horned, antler-bearing, changeable, vague, wandering, nightly, continuous-by-night, silent, tacit, smiled the daughter of Latona upon the son of Saturn and Ops and brother to Jupiter and Pluto.*

* The Directors think that there have been several good opportunities for advertising lost. Advertisements pay very well. This is an opportunity lost, so evident, Trunks, portmanteaux, &c. [The Editor being bound to publish these notes, publishes the above without comment.—*Ed.*]

* *Notes.*—The Authors who looked over this description of the ocean erased this description of the moon shining on the sea, and described the fact simply in five words. On an early copy being sent to them for perusal, they find the Editor has restored the passage. Why?—(*Signed.*)

Editor.—Gentlemen, you are only three out of the number, why did you erase the passage aforesaid? It was written by a scholar and a poet, the Author, in fact, to whom was promised that he should write a song in this on the first opportunity; failing this, that he should be allowed to indulge in poetic licence. He is a scholar and gentleman, and retains his classic knowledge. He was brought up at Eton and Oxford. A touch here and there gives elegance. I beg the subject may be dropped.

The Authors, the three above-named with others, to the Editor.—Sir, We did not state our reasons, but will. Scholar! pooh!—no more scholar than—well, never mind. "Retained his classic knowledge," you say: you mean, Sir, *retained his old school books*, and makes the barest extracts from them, which are to pass for cultivated scholarship. He was with us, you may recollect, in the country (the humbug! he pretended he must be away in the country to get inspiration!) and we coming upon him unexpectedly found him writing his portion of this work with an old copy of the *Gradus ad Parnassum* before him, open at the article Luna, to which pray refer, and you will find all his epithets in the original Latin *Lucida, bicornis, corniceera*," &c., &c. Then turn to article Neptunus, and in the very first line you will find this gentleman's paraphrase word for word. Now, Sir, if we dealt thus with you and the public, what would *you*, what would *they* say? It was this impostor then who wrote those Latin and Greek headings to the Chapters, eh? Gross ignorance, Sir, gross. Again, Sir, as to the heading to Chapter XIV., any schoolboy knows that "*tibi credo*" is the form, or "*In te credo*," not "*Te credo*." But enough of this.

Editor to the Above.—Gentlemen, the Editor has been imposed upon. The Classic Poet is no longer connected with this Company. The passages complained of were allowed (the Editor is willing to explain how) to remain at the wish of the Directors, upon whom the Musical Poet had called to sing some of his compositions for this work. The Editor *always* thought him a detestable humbug, but does not shrink from admitting that the epithets were admitted as a compromise, so that the Directors and Editor might not in future be obliged to listen to his singing every day, and at every hour between ten and four. However, he has received a certain amount for his shares, and has retired; and now, Gentlemen, the Editor takes the present opportunity of expressing a strong hope that the good feeling and forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any *contretemps* occurring, just when the work is progressing so admirably.

His pace had brought him impetuously to the very verge of the abrupt cliff, when from the door of the cottage a female form issued, and throwing herself across the object of his pursuit prevented its being carried forcibly over into the boiling waves beneath.

The first ray of morning light fell on their faces.

The woman raised her arms and screamed. She would have fallen over the cliff had not Dornton caught her in his arms.

"Bess! look up! speak to me!" he cried in an agony.

He knew she had recognised him, but at that moment, yielding to as irresistible an impulse as that which urged the Grecian Matron Hubardé to make osteological search within the closed recess, or the wary Pimannos to entrap the yielding and simple Simonides on his road to the Athenian Fair, or the impulsive Hornerus to dare Dyspepsian dangers * in extracting the solitary fruit of the Plumm-bearing tree,—he pressed his hot lips to her icy cold forehead, and felt such a thrill of pleasure shuddering through his frame as threatened to render his position upon that unguarded ledge every second more dangerous.

He had not noticed it, but by a coincidence he had stopped on the exact spot where some days before he had dropped the white cravat over the edge of the cliff, and it had remained there fluttering in the breeze.

"You are in my power now," he whispered, with concentrated passion in her ear. "Come! your father is dying; I know he will consent; let the past be forgotten. Come! Come!"

He seized her round the waist, but her voice returning, she uttered a piercing shriek, which was suddenly answered from below.

Dornton paused. He was a bold bad man, but even bold, bad men must pause sometimes. The time had come for him.

"It is Joseph," cried the poor girl. "He has heard me, and comes to my assistance."

"Bah!" laughed Dornton, savagely, "he is two hundred feet below the level of the sea, your chickweed-gathering lover; 'twill be dusk again ere he reach us. You are mine! Nay, pretty one, do not struggle."

But he had to exert all his force, for Bess, accustomed to row her father's smack of seventy-eight tons, could put out more than the ordinary strength of a woman. But she was hardly a match for Piel Dornton, who lifting his now unresisting burthen far above his head, was offering her his love or instant destruction, which two steps forward would have accomplished, when a hand apparently issuing from the earth, grasped him firmly round the ancle.

The Horse.—He *was* walking in the last number, but as it gives more life to the picture by introducing a horse, the Editor ventured to put him on horseback. It'll go so much better. The Editor regrets having been unable to send a proof with this alteration in it to the Authors, but there wasn't time before publication.—*Ed.*]

(*To be continued.*)

* The Editor, in answer to numerous queries from the Authors, has great pleasure in announcing that these elegant interpolations, so happily illustrating the situation, are from the pen of the celebrated Authoress who has recently joined this Novel Company (Limited). The Editor is sure that the esteemed member of the Company, the author of the *White Ram*, &c., will be the last person to find fault with the style of the hand which has produced *Canaries of Supplication*, *Shalotte's Inheritance*, *Blabbington Black's Forgery*.

In haste by the Authors to the Editor.—Why wasn't there an illustration last week?

From the Editor to the Authors, in haste.—Don't know.—*Ed.*

ANOTHER LETTER FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "Chikkin Hazard."

Dear Sir,

I have given up all hopes of illustrating *Chikkin Hazard* from the MS., which is getting more and more illegible.

Letters conveying hints of subjects for my pencil are a bore.

Telegrams are a nuisance.

Personal interviews combine both these characteristics.

I must illustrate independently, or not at all.

I beg to send you some studies of that interesting creature, the Boomerang, in various moods of thought and action.

I also send you some Benician birds and fishes, and I only hope you will like them.

Faithfully yours,

G. de Malaiœil.

P.S. Why the Dickins didn't you publish my last drawing?

[Our Artist is evidently having a lark with the Authors.—*Ed.*]

Not a Water-Colour.

"Aquascutum" is informed that he is wrong in his supposition that the Portrait of Mackintosh, No. 227 in the National Portrait Exhibition, represents the well-known inventor of the Waterproof Overcoat.

An Omission.

We omitted to state that among the distinguished persons placed in mourning by the elevation of Lord Cranborne to the House of Lords is Mr. Disraeli. We hasten to correct the omission.—*Court Circular.*

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, April 25, 1868.

PORTRAIT RAMBLINGS.

ON our return from the Horticultural Show, met Sir William Temple, with a bundle of asparagus in his hand, which he gave to Tradescant, the gardener, who was walking arm-in-arm with Sir Walter Raleigh down Elizabeth Throgmorton Street. The Knight kissed his hand to the Duchess of Feria, looking out from a Dormer window on the Spanish galleons going to the Tower, and asked her whether she was present the night before at the 300th representation of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," when who should touch him on the sleeve, unperceived till that very moment, but the reputed author—"*Still* so gently o'er me stealing," was Sir Walter's rather neat salutation to the dramatic Bishop, as he crossed Berners Street, and got mixed up with the Delawarr Indians, slashed with crimson (escorted by Sir Charles Cotterell, M.C.) coming from a *conversazione* given by the Pharmaceutical Society in the Library of Holland House, and then on their way to George Heriot's Hospital, to see the collection formed by Brookes, the anatomist, rather to the annoyance of Cobbett, who was returning from one of his "Rural Rides" on the Derwentwater estates, where he had joined Wordsworth, always fond of an "Excursion," Lamb, Sheil, curiously enough at that time Master of the Mint, and Denzil Holles, the last of the "Five Members" of the party to arrive. As soon as he came in from shooting at Ranton Abbey, and had changed his ribbed stockings—a present from Strutt, the inventor, on his marriage with Kitty Clive—which were wet after a long walk across the Plains of Abraham, the party sat down to a rubber, Whiston cutting in without any controversy with Mulready, Sir Charles Wager betting on the odd trick, and giving Admiral Penn a Rook(e) at chess, Home varying the entertainment by reciting "My name is Norval," and helping Father Mathew and Whitbread to brew some punch *à la* Romaine, which Abernethy enjoyed greatly with a biscuit, while Dibdin, lately elected a member of the Catch Club, sang "Tom Bowling" to the delight of Fielding, Earl of Denbigh, and Stump, the Portrait Painter, who had just left St. George's Hospital. The harmony of the meeting was interrupted by Byron and Lord Elgin beginning to quarrel over Marbles, which so annoyed Horner and Pye Smith that they sent for a Constable; but Dance took other measures, and matters were restored to a friendly footing, so that Sir William Ross was able to go on painting his miniatures at the Polar Regions, where he would have treated Master Lambton to see Lord Keane as "Hamlet" if Croker had not taken his Murray, and accompanied à Beckett and the Archbishop of Canterbury to Paris on a Trigonometrical Survey from a Barrow. Somebody knocked at the door, and asked if Mr. Mathews was "At Home"; Sir Humphry was ready to take his Davy that he had gone to the Lyceum with Arnold the composer, but Dr. Farnaby, the school-master, told Spelman that he had seen him at the Rugby Station with Usher, earnestly talking to Lord Somerville about his breed of Merinos, which Hogg, (the Ettrick Shepherd, to whom the Highland Society had lately awarded their premium for his "Essay on Sheep,") thought superior to the Edgeworths' "Irish Bulls." Nobody was fleeced, for very fortunately Payne Knight sauntered in with Day—"Sandford and Merton" Day,—fresh from Oxford, and persuaded Southey to go for "The Doctor," who had not been gone five minutes when Addington drove up in his Clarence, and invited Dr. Price to reduce the National Debt over a glass of brandy-and-water, the best thing possible for any uneasiness in the Pitt of the stomach, as that distinguished member of the theatrical profession, Parsons, once, when he was not himself, but Moody, told Bishop and Priestley, at Abbotsford, the evening they joined Dean Vincent at a game of Howe, when, and where, with Cromwell's Chaplain, who—the Duke of Wellington, newly elected for Trim, was an eye-witness, with Travers, the oculist—caught Mrs. Trimmer at Blind Man's Buff, and declaring that the more the merrier, dragged Hannah More away to croquet, as she Lingard with De Quincey in full Highland costume, on Clapham Common, brilliantly illuminated with Drummond's lime-light, discussing Sir Henry Pottinger and the Opium War, which reminded Mrs. Opie of an anecdote John Kemble told her of the "O. P." riots, the year Queen Caroline induced "Palmyra" Wood to accompany Wedgwood and Potter to Pitcairn's Island, on an expedition with Withering the botanist, who found Paley fishing for compliments (Clerk of Eldin had "broken the line") and Lord Grey of Rolleston reading *Foul Play* to Gifford, feeling somewhat sore at having been cut up by Sir Charles Bell, who, however, soon gave him his "Hand;" so Bloomfield went back to his shoemaking, and Jerrold's last was repeated by Sydney Smith to Melbourne, Lord Abinger laughing till he was Scarlett again, and Coleridge and his Frend intoned "The Ancient Mariner" to Nelson and Miss Brontë, which the Members of the Lunar Society pronounced to be all moonshine, although George Selwyn, who had been with Romilly to see Sarah Malcolm hanged by Lord Norbury on Telford's Suspension Bridge, and from thence to Tattersall's for his Mackintosh, declared John Scott's lot to be a capital one, for he was then Attorney-General and sure to be Chancellor, as Lord Denman remarked, when he told Dr. Arne that the Court granted him a Rule Britannia, an opinion in which Sheridan, who had left Home, and gone to Law, at Stoke Pogis, to escape a Dunning, entirely coincided, contrary to the prospectus of the Dilettanti Society (Sheridan's friend, *Mrs. Malaprop*, called them the Dilatory Society) dining together periodically about the time when Thomas Campbell was editing magazines, and despatching Holman, the Blind Traveller, on an expedition to Lyons, the Lord Keeper to Coventry, where Buckland had found the Great Seal, and Richard the Second to the Jerusalem Chamber, in which retreat that Monarch was discovered by the Duke of Richmond administering Dr. Gregory's powder, wrapped up in Emery paper and disguised in Farren-aceous food, to Davies Gilbert in such profuse quantities, that the distinguished P.R.S. turned Giddy again, and could only gasp out that his initials were L.E.L., and that he loved "Perdita" Robinson better than "Spectrum Analysis," which Sir Charles Wale and the Prince of Wales both heard, as well as all "The Medical Officers of the Army," who got Leveridge to play the "Roast Beef of Old England" to Joah Bates, at that particular instant in the Abbey, conducting himself, as usual, very creditably, and endeavouring to convince "Sir Plume" that the part he played in the "Rape of the Lock" was a feather in his cap, whilst Commodore Trunnion and the Duchess of Kingston had to listen to such a Jeremiad from Bentham that Mrs. Jordan, Bland as ever, began to sing—"and shall Trelawny——"

(Here the MS. breaks off, never, let us hope, to be resumed. The only intelligible account that can be given of these unconnected, unfinished "Ramblings" (fitly named) is that our Contributor had been at the National Portrait Exhibition the whole of the day, and falling asleep after his great exertions and dinner, still clutching the Catalogue with both hands, was the sport of a fantastic and dyspeptic dream.)

SOME MISUNDERSTANDING.

MR. PUNCH has been surprised by receiving the following information from a distinguished physician:—

"SIR,—At page 136 of your current volume you describe me as a prig and a humbug."

The letter thus commencing is signed JAMES EDMUNDS, M.D. *Mr. Punch* never applied, or ever dreamt of applying, the terms Prig and Humbug to DR. JAMES EDMUNDS. On reference it will be found that those are merely the words of an angry smoker in a dialogue, who is inveighing against an Association which he dislikes—the Anti-Tobacco Society—in the mass. A preceding enumeration of persons advertised to attend a meeting of that body happens to include the name of a DR. EDMUNDS, who, for aught *Mr. Punch* knew, might have been a Doctor of Laws, or Divinity. He had not the least idea that DR. JAMES EDMUNDS was a Member of the Anti-Tobacco Society, and is by no means sure that he is now. DR. JAMES EDMUNDS writes especially in the character of Honorary Secretary to the Female Medical Society. That is quite another thing. Has he actually read what he complains of, or has he been misinformed?

"When he Stamped, Sir, I Stamped."

Dr. Johnson.

THE "Great Tichbourne Case," as it is called, has been introduced at Tattersall's, and made the subject of speculation. We hear that the last odds were ten to one in favour of the claimant's succeeding to the title and estates.—*Land and Water.*

Very good puff. Every little helps. But in a legal assembly, where perhaps human evidence may be as well understood as equine pedigree at Tattersall's, the betting the other night was ten to one in favour of the Baby Baronet.—*Fire and Air.*

A. Those ultra Ritualists are Papists without doubt.
B. Say rather, Papists without the P.

"NOT TO PUT TOO FINE A POINT ON IT."

Transatlantic Party. "Look 'ere, Waiter! Change this Knife for a Pea-eater. Stranger and me air on different Platforms, and I might hurt him."

THE WELSH ODE.

We have been favoured with an early copy of the Ode which was recited to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Carnarvon. It is much better than we expected. It contains 469 lines, but we are unfortunately able to give only the beautiful conclusion. Its simplicity is perfect.

"Yes, Prince, O yes indeed,
You are a friend in need,
And now Cadwallader and all his goats
Brings you their votes,
Dear youth.
'Deed truth.
We are very glad to see you in our Wales,
And though we're usually as slow as snails,
To-day we frisk and sport
About your Court,
Like gay Welsh rabbits with their little tails.
We much like your Princess,
O yes,
Her features are as pretty as her dress,
We hope the Dane will deign
To come again,
Some pleasant morning when it shall not rain:
And all our mountains,
And our fountains,
Sir Watkin Williams Wynn shall then explain.
We thank you, noble couple,
That you did take the trouble
To come and feast upon our squeak and bubble,
And eat our carps,
And hear our harps,
We'll drink your joy until we all see double.
We are not very wise,
But very good,
Welsh you must not despise,
That's very rude,
So bless you both, Prince and Princess of Wales,
In twenty vessels of our newest ales.
Good speed,
Yes, indeed."

Miss Faithfull announces a novel called *Change upon Change.* But it's a thing you never can get there; the flash stockbrokers are too proud to carry coppers, or silver.

NOVELTY IN TICKETS-OF-LEAVE.

There might be a Ticket-of-Leave System which would work admirably—a system under which the Police would be empowered to present certain persons, of the class officially reported by them as "characters" who are "known to" them, with tickets of admission to see criminals, of whom some may have been their own associates, or "pals," undergoing punishment. Convicted felons no longer fare sumptuously every day; but in their prison fare, for any purpose of determent, skilligolee might be replaced by turtle-soup, unless their fellows without are kept well aware that they are dieted on the former and not on the latter. A clause should be introduced into the Capital Punishments within Prisons Bill providing a limited number of select ruffians with the accommodation requisite for enabling them to witness the execution of any one of their order whom it may be necessary to hang for murder. Due provision should likewise be made to give parties of the same class opportunities for witnessing such instructive exhibitions as the one described by the *Chester Chronicle* under the head of "Flogging Garotters." Another spectacle of a different nature was going on hard by:—

"At the time when a joyous crowd of people were collecting about the Chester Railway Station for the purpose of witnessing the arrival of and showing their loyalty to the Prince and Princess of Wales, two fellows confined in the castle were writhing under the infliction of the cat-o'-nine tails for robbery."

Is it too much to say that the crowd collected about the railway doubtless included some persons whose more suitable place would have been among the spectators of the scene that was then proceeding in the Castle, narrated as follows?—

"The prisoners, Hart and Cooke, were taken from their cells to one of the prison yards about half-past six. Hart, who is only eighteen, was the first to undergo the punishment awarded to him, viz., fifteen lashes. So terrified did he become at the preparations that while he was being fastened to the triangle he cried. At the first blow he shrieked loudly, and continued to shout and clutch the post to which he was fastened until the full number of strokes had been dealt. Cooke, who was thirty-two, and was sentenced to twenty lashes, was compelled to look on. At the first blow he, too, set up a piercing cry. Both looked pale and exhausted after the flogging."

It is of no use making a garotter howl unless he is heard, and heard by those who will be instructed by his howling. Revenge is unchristian; but Society, like individuals, may try to make enemies repent, if, indeed, it is not our duty to try as hard as ever we can. On the principle of loving-kindness, let garotters be shampooed, if shampooing will tend to stop garotting; but, as flogging is found rather to do so, flog them. Don't inflict a pang upon the worst of ruffians, except to the end of deterring other ruffians from cruelty. Spare not the lash in any degree to effect that end. But then let the pangs of the scourged savage be exemplary. Let not his contortions of visage be wasted; his howlings and writhings thrown away: let them always have the proper witnesses: all the other rascals in prison, and as large a number as may be convenient of outside blackguards privileged with tickets-of-leave.

A KICK AT THE CANCAN.

England boasts its hornpipe, Scotland its reel, and Ireland its jig. But what, except the cancan, is the Frenchman's national dance? We ask, because we notice that a writer in a Paris newspaper is savagely indignant on this tender point:—

"Enfin, Mlle. Finette, une brune que l'on connaît, est engagée dans un bastringue de Londres pour y danser la 'danse nationale' des Français—dit l'affiche—le cancan. Pourquoi pas? '*Partant pour la Syrie,*' n'est-il pas pour le moment notre air national?"

Anglicè, et aliter, facit indignatio versum:—

"The cancan! mon Dieu! 'tis an insult to France,
To call that vile orgy her national dance.
Perfidious England as well may declare
'*Champagne Charley*' is known as her national air!"

MAY BE HEARD EVERYWHERE.

"Songs without Words"—a remarkable performance; but perhaps a still more wonderful feat is playing upon words.

REMINISCENCES OF PORTSMOUTH.

SOME CORPS MUSTER AT 3·30 AND 4 A.M. DETERMINED NOT TO BE LATE, PRIVATE JONES BORROWS AN ALARUM, WHICH MAKES HIM RATHER NERVOUS ALL NIGHT—

BUT FAILS TO WAKE HIM AT THE RIGHT TIME.

THE POLICEMAN, HOWEVER, IS MORE SUCCESSFUL, WITH A STONE AT THE WINDOW.

DRESSING.

"CONFOUND IT! WHERE'S MY OTHER LEGGING GOT TO?"

MUSTERING.

SOME FELLOWS HAVE TO COME A LONG WAY, AND THERE IS NOT MUCH CHOICE OF CONVEYANCE.

GOING DOWN.

JONES'S PIE DISAPPEARS QUICKER THAN HE EXPECTED.

WAR.

DELIGHTFUL FOR BROWN, WHO IS MARCHING PAST, TO SEE HIS DEARLY BELOVED PRE-OCCUPIED WITH A "REGULAR" FROM THE GARRISON!

THIS CORPS HAS NOT YET GONE INTO ACTION.

Skirmishing Captain. "FIRE AWAY, BOYS, AND PICK OFF THAT MOUNTED OFFICER!"

AFTER THE BATTLE.

PRIVATE JONES HAS ENDEAVOURED TO REFRESH HIMSELF BY FILLING HIS CANTEEN FROM A WATER-CASK, WHICH, HOWEVER, HAS BEEN USED BY THE ARTILLERY TO WASH THEIR SPONGES IN. DISTRESSING RESULT!

A RUSH FOR THE LAST TRAIN; AND THE FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGES.

DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING PASSENGERS' TICKETS!

WHALLEY AND FOLLY.

OUR contemporary the *Spectator* says, in reference to MR. DISRAELI's assumption of terror lest our religion should be in danger:—

> "It were better to have MR. WHALLEY for Prime Minister, for he at least would not say these things without honestly believing them. But *bad as it would be to have a fool for Prime Minister of England*, is it not worse to have one who, not being a fool himself, but very much the reverse, addresses himself," &c.

Mr. Punch is never so outspoken as this. When he wishes to intimate his belief in the non-wisdom of folks, he says with the Shakspearian lady—

> "I do not call them fools, but this I think,
> When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink."

But he would like to know what the sapient electors of Peterborough say to the above label, so neatly gummed on their representative.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HAND OF FATE.

THE towering Atlantic wave, whose dizzy height only those who have once surmounted it to gaze upon the lake-like valley beneath, can possibly imagine, seized the devoted house with the hand of a giant, and twirled it into the air, as NUTT had often done with his hat for GRACE MARCHMONT's evening amusement. For one instant she clung to him, but in the next, relaxing her hold, she, with true feminine instinct recollecting that her watch, which played two tunes and struck the quarters, would be most useful to her on some future occasion, wound it up rapidly, securing it tightly by the chain to her waist, and then as her maiden blood rose to her cheeks, pressed both hands firmly upon the skirts of her dress. So she awaited her fate.

NUTT's one thought at that moment was for her.

The huge wave gathering itself together like a concrete sea-wall careering on the face of the ocean at a rate too fearful for contemplation, began to quiver beneath its own immensity as though trembling under the consciousness of its murderous work.

Ah! how little do we, sitting by our comfortable firesides, realise such dangers as these; and, after all, how small, how little, does this mighty work of nature seem when told on paper. And what is it? A man and woman by themselves unaided, save by their own intelligence, left to battle with a vast Atlantic wave. And not an Atlantic wave only, but one which had rolled itself from one ocean to another, which had glided stealthily round the world's four corners into the broad ocean highway,—a double horror, a multiplied power, an Atlantic wave in the Pacific.

The wild wind was its master, driving it onward in the dark night. It sucked in the smaller fish at its base and heaved them up to the top. Some of these NUTT was enabled to catch and place in his pockets.

"She," he said to himself, "likes fish."

What tables and chairs he could reach at the moment, he attempted, somewhat unwisely, to seize and secrete about his person, as they were forced through the house window by inner pressure. As he did so he thought to himself how the time might come when she would be glad to sit down upon something, and then *he* would provide the means. Would she be touched at last? Would she at length understand him and read his heart?

A sharp cry from her attracted his attention, but the night was too dark for him to be guided to her, by anything except her voice.

He stretched out his arms, and leant, as he imagined, in her direction. This action had unforeseen consequences.

The sudden weight, so slight in itself, thus brought to bear more upon one side than the other, destroyed the equilibrium of the already tottering sea-wall, and shaking for one second as if the course of its fall were still uncertain, it toppled headlong and fell with one great gigantic ruin, and then the sea was calm and tranquil, and the moon shone out as upon a peaceful valley.

GRACE awaking from her stupor, found herself upon dry land. She pressed her hand to her side.

"My watch! thank heaven!" was her first exclamation.

The next instant she thought of the Boomerang.

Yes, where was NUTT?

And the House?

GONE.

She uttered a loud cry. She shouted his name, there was no response. She was on an unknown sea-shore, alone.

Then the roof of the house in which they had suffered so much together drifted in on the tide. In its wake, floated a few notes of the old piano from the lower *b* to the upper *c*, reminding her of many happy hours in her Benician home past and gone.

Then she had recourse to true feminine relief: she cried. This was a relief to her. After a while she began to ask herself what *he* would have done had Providence willed him to be in her place then.

She came to the conclusion that her best course was a careful search. This led her to the southern extremity of the island, for she had no doubt it was an island, from seeing water entirely surrounding it, and here she began her work in real earnest.

A magnificent growth of trees of all sizes and descriptions covered the cliff down to the sea's edge; it had all the appearance of a carefully preserved and well timbered park, so bountiful had nature been in this respect, and so careful of her bounties.

With a faltering step she approached the confines of the park, and uttered NUTT's name. There was no response; but as she neared the largest tree in the plantation a vague sense of heat well nigh overcame her.

"You are getting warm," said a well-known voice, in tones of deepest anxiety, not two yards distant from her.

"I am," she murmured faintly, "burning," and she stretched out her hand.

In another moment NUTT's strong grasp, as he stepped from behind a large trunk, prevented her falling to the earth.

"Forgive me," he said to her, almost apologetically, "I had but just awoke from a deep sleep, and seeing you approach, my first idea was to recall to your mind the light days of innocent childhood's pleasures, and to conceal myself behind yonder broad-shouldered pine."

"It was scarcely fair," she replied feebly, but with returning strength. "You should have cried 'hoop,' or something to that effect. At first I thought you lost," and the delicate form shuddered. Ah! what Heaven was this to him! He would have had her always shuddering, for that one thrill of strong excitement had set his veins on fire, and made his hair stand out rigid in the last red light of the glorious sun.

"Come," said he, playfully, "no more games: it is getting late, and this is our first evening in our new quarters. We have much to do. What say you, MISS MARCHMONT, shall we name this group of trees, Seek Plantation?"

She answered him with an angelic smile, "Call it rather Hide Park."

"Be it so," returned NUTT, "and now to provide for our evening meal, for nothing is left us from the wreck of the old house."

"Except a few bon-bon crackers," said GRACE, who had by this time regained her usual composure.

NUTT pondered for a few seconds, then he answered.

"No," he said. "There is not enough in one at a time for a single meal, and I doubt whether in this new climate the saccharine compositions would agree with us. Let us keep them as luxuries, and perhaps I can find a better use for them hereafter."

"Why mayn't I eat them now?" she asked pettishly, "I shall, if I like."

NUTT regarded her in silent, loving, despondency. Who was this strange being who had so enthralled him? Was this the return for all his untiring patience, his unflagging zeal in her behalf?

She looked up. "Forgive me," she said, smiling. Forgive her! there was nothing to forgive. So he put the bonbons in his own pocket, and told her that he had a good use in store for them which she should soon know, and satisfied with this assurance she put no further questions.

The sun had gone below the horizon, and night, later in these southern parts than elsewhere, was coming on slowly but surely.

GRACE looked at her watch. It played a tune and struck the quarters.

BEDTIME.

From the Authors at work upon the PIEL DORNTON *portion of the Tale to the Editor.*—Sir,—Why is this favouritism? Why do you allow the Artistic Staff (which seems reduced to a Power of One) to illustrate only the other, and we may say secondary part of this work, upon which we are not engaged, of which we do not in its extent entirely approve, and to which you are, it appears, inclined to attach undue importance? Why has there never been a picture of PIEL DORNTON? Why not of the thrilling events in Chapters XVI. and XVII., and why was *our* portion of the story to be filled up with pictures of the Boomerang? *We* know, because *we* assisted at the plot, who the Boomerang is, and will turn out to be. (If he does not turn out to be what he was arranged to eventuate in, we shall withdraw and bring an action for obtaining——But this will be a matter for our Solicitor's consideration.) But we must strongly object to his appearance in the PIEL DORNTON Preserves. Yours, *The Seven Authors engaged upon this.* Signed.

Editor to the Seven Authors.—Gentlemen,—Your PIEL DORNTON part is so graphic as to need no illustration, and the reason why the Boomerang pictures were introduced was because the Editor was afraid lest in the perusal of your exciting story the public attention should be entirely withdrawn from the other part. At the same time, as the Editor is bound to publish all notes in connection with this work, he wishes to say that there is No Favouritism. That the Editor is *equally pleased* with *all* the Authors, and also with the amiable and indefatigable Artist; and he does sincerely hope that the good feeling and forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned, will prevent any *contretemps* occurring just when the Work is progressing so admirably.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE IRON AGE.

NUTT, whose whole appearance,* to the astonishment of MISS MARCHMONT, had gradually lost all its Boomerang character, divined her thoughts at once. "You shall have, before nightfall," he said, "a house worthy of Hide Park, and," he added, after surveying the island for a few seconds, apparently calculating its internal resources, "every luxury which modern improvements furnish, or the dross of unbounded wealth can purchase."

She watched him in tearful admiration; she devoured him with her eyes. He was so strong, so good, so persevering.

"Now, make haste," she said to him, sharply, "and don't stand gaping there all day."

This inuendo cut him to the quick, but he felt it was deserved, and so he determined to be inactive no longer.

He plunged into the thicket, and almost instantly returned with an enormous tree.

"What on earth are you going to do with that?" was her question.

"This," he answered, "will be your house. MISS MARCHMONT, we are indeed fortunate. This is the Plant of the Entire Building. The trunk is in four compartments, and nature has herself made the staircase in a rough and rugged way, only omitting banisters and stair-carpets, which we can easily add. We have but to fix this firmly in the ground, and more than half our work is accomplished."

"Stay!" she exclaimed. "Have I not seen at home printed offers for selling an Entire Plant for Building or Manufacturing Purposes?" He nodded assent. "Why," she continued, with her eyes widely opening at the vastness of the idea, "I have seen as much as £100,000 offered for such a Plant."

"You have," said NUTT, "this is it; we are indeed in luck."

He laboured on for half an hour, and had then only got the first floor finished. He stopped for a few moments to gain encouragement from her smile and wipe the perspiration from his own brow. She was thoughtful.

"I *must* help you," she said, presently. "If I could only twist the sand on the sea-shore into bell-ropes—or—or—oh, dear, what *can* I do? It will kill me to sit idle."

This was a good healthy sign, and NUTT would not discourage her.

"Well," he said at length, "you can go down to the shore and obtain some of that white and red sea-weed; when dried it will make admirable ornaments for the fire-stoves."

She rose quickly, but as suddenly stopped, and looked downwards. She had on only the very thinnest white satin shoes, having been in full evening dress when the fierce Atlantic wave had swept them on their new career.

"Your poor feet!" he said, tenderly, but with a puzzled air, for he himself was without boots of any sort.

She leant against a small tree, in thought. It bent with her weight and she jumped away from it, fearing that it was about to break, but on her removing the pressure the tree sprang up again into its original place.

She pointed this out to NUTT, who ran to examine the phenomenon. The next instant she saw him raising his hands and shouting like a maniac.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"This, MISS MARCHMONT," said NUTT, as quietly as his excitement would permit, "is indeed a most opportune discovery. Without it we should have had to undergo much suffering; *with* it we are at once upon our road to comparative ease and luxury even here. The damp of the marsh, the flints of the beach, the unpleasant moisture of the sands we may, by the aid of this natural provision, alike defy. This is the celebrated BOOT-TREE."

"I have often heard my poor uncle mention it," she said, and a shade of melancholy passed over both their faces, as they remembered the deceased Lieutenant, and thought how fond he would have been of the Boot-tree had he been still alive. Then they came to action.

"Let me take the measure of your foot with this leaf. Thank you. 80 in the shade. Now," said NUTT, "in another moment you will be fitted."

He gained the top by means of short stunted branches, and selecting the strongest and best small pair from the uppermost boughs, descended triumphantly with them in his hand. "It is the Spring time of year," he said, "and therefore these early boots have elastic sides."

"I'm sorry to hurt your feelings, MR. NUTT," she said, when after trying one on it had been found to fit admirably, "but they are both rights."

* "Whole appearance" was substituted by the Editor in lieu of "Face, form, features, hands, feet, legs," &c., which you gentlemen had seen fit to foist into this portion of the narrative. This is an answer to the Authors' query. See Illustration labelled "Omega" in last week's number.—*Ed.*

From Authors to Editor.—Sir,—Those pictures of the Boomerang only partially represent *our* idea of the Boomerang. Good heavens! Sir! we *all* went and explained our meaning to MR. MALACHI one morning. He *said* he understood it when we left him. He never gave us any luncheon, nor offered us anything to drink.

"The rights of woman," said NUTT, playfully; "but," he added, seeing that she looked serious, "There is one left," and he went up aloft again to fetch it, returning as before.

Armed with these she descended to the sea-shore, while NUTT cut down a few oaks, and having concocted a sort of putty with some earth moistened by the early dew, he commenced soldering the walls together, so as to keep out the draught. His next difficulty was the stair-carpets, and then the door-bell. This last nearly staggered him. While he was meditating this new difficulty, he thought he heard his name called, and looking round sharply, saw nothing. He was certain he heard it repeated feebly. He ran to the edge of the cliff as quickly as he could, for his new boots (he also had plucked a pair of a shinier and harder kind) pinched him sadly, and looking down, he saw what made his blood stagnate with horror, and recede from his thumping heart.

(The Editor is bound by agreement to publish all notes, &c.)

Thirteen Authors engaged on the Grace and Boomerang Department. To Editor—Why didn't you publish our letter to you last week? Publish it.

This is not the way to talk to an Editor. I don't like it. Alter your tone.—*Ed.* Sent to Authors aforesaid.

From Directors to Editor.—We have been appealed to by Thirteen Authors. Pray comply with their request.

Editor to Directors.—Gentlemen,—In accordance with your calm and temperate letter, I will, in this Number.

Editor to Authors.—The Directors wish your letter published. It was an accident that it was not done before. Everything that your Editor can do to forward your views for the general good shall be done; but do not let there be a feeling of bitterness springing up specially towards your Editor, who would not hurt a fly. And, Gentlemen, you *should* be above underhand reprisals. The Editor with pain alludes to the hamper sent to his Office, labelled Game, and which contained nothing but live frogs. The powdered sugar was fortunately given to the Office boy to put in his tea, and was *not* used by the Editor in whiskey-and-water *as advised*. It blew the boy's teacup into atoms, and the spoon struck him a severe blow in the eye. *This* is not *revenge*; and if it were, would be unworthy of you. One of the Gentlemen engaged upon the PIEL DORNTON part of this Work, informs me that you've threatened him with a booby trap if he calls upon any one of you. Now, Gentlemen, under the circumstances I will publish your letter if you still desire it. But the Editor feels sure that by the time it appears you will have reconsidered its terms, and will thank the Editor, with tears in your eyes, for his gentle forethought and calm advice. The Editor knows that you are *all*—Authors and Artists alike—good, kind-hearted fellows at bottom, and that these little differences do but arise from various views of Art, accidental to the essence of Individual Genius. We shall go very evenly to work in future; equal chapters being given to each set. And now, Gentlemen, the Editor . . . . . [The Editor was just winding up this address at the moment of going to press, when the following communication arrived:]

From the Thirteen Authors.—Just read proofs. *Ours* is *the* part of the story.

From the Seven.—Seen the proof of next. Good gracious! Why don't you condense *their* part? Stick to PIEL DORNTON. You know the plot was settled on paper briefly thus:—

"BOOMERANG and GRACE should be wrecked out of their House, and should be immediately——" [The Editor cannot publish the remainder of this, as it reveals the future plot]—and these fellows, the Geologist, the Naturalists, the Ornithologists, and the Artist on your staff are just following out their own fancies, regardless of the plot at all. Stop it at once, or we'll withdraw, and bring out a new Novel, called "The Captives of Corcyra," and ruin you.

We are only seven in number, and the others are thirteen. Literary men and Editors fight for less in Paris. We are determined, if we feel the necessity, to call them all out, and commence with you, Sir, as Editor. Six of *us* will fight, and six will be seconds; the seventh is a Doctor. (*Signed, the Seven.*)

Editor to the above, suddenly received.—There is no time to reply. *Must* publish the notes. I know I am bound to do so. But you are joking. I see you are joking. Come, come, I'm as fond—I mean the Editor is as fond of a bit of fun as you are, and he enjoys the joke, only don't push it any further, and let us all dine together with the Directors at Greenwich. Whitebait just in, small and fresh. There, name your day; and now, Gentlemen, the Editor, in closing this correspondence, is sure that he may invariably depend upon the good feeling, the forbearance, and the gentlemanly tone of all concerned, to prevent any *contretemps* occurring just when the Novel, well written in all parts, and admirably illustrated, is progressing so favourably.

GOOD NEWS FROM PARAGUAY.

THE tidings from Paraguay are exceedingly interesting and important, and although, from the peculiar mode in which South Americans of opposite parties forward intelligence, we are perfectly uncertain whether Brazil has demolished Paraguay, or Paraguay has exterminated Brazil, or there has been any fight at all, the news which comes from such a distance and in so many ships must command respect. Furthermore, there is one bit of intelligence which must make the English heart beat pleasantly. Iron-clads, supplied by British Merchants, have proved to be honest, sea-worthy articles. This advance in commercial morality is to be hailed with joy and pride, and we rejoice and are proud accordingly. Whatever may be said of Marine Assurance, in shipbuilding we believe that honesty is the best Policy.

Our Fair Flesh and Blood.

WE are indebted to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for making us aware that one of the Speakeresses at the Manchester Suffrage Meeting spoke of being "heavily weighted by Nature." Do ladies who are a trifle too *embonpoint* (that, we believe, is the correct word in fiction) expect that the Franchise, when they get it, amongst other marvellous charms, will make them thin? If so, there will be an end to the stout resistance which they seem disposed to make to the many grievances of which they are the pitiable victims.

AS SCUMMLES'S PICTURES ARE INVARIABLY "SKYED" AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION,

HE HAS GIVEN UP HIGH FINISH, AND ADAPTS HIS STYLE TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES!

AN ABYSSINIAN EXHIBITION.

THE cost of the Abyssinian war is a matter of no consequence whatever to the nation at large, as it has been imposed wholly on the payers of Income-Tax. Still, these persons, made to pay for fighting their country's battles, constitute a minority of the population which is large enough to be not altogether contemptible. If Government could, without any expense to the masses, recoup the victims of confiscation, it might as well, for it would do so with perfect safety from clamour. Now the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will be enabled to make restitution of conscience-money on the part of Government to the sufferers of partial taxation with perfect convenience to the people at large if SIR ROBERT NAPIER succeeds in capturing KING THEODORE. His Majesty the NEGUS may possess no treasury, the contents of which would serve to indemnify the British Income-Tax payer; but is not so extraordinary a potentate as the Abyssinian tyrant a treasure in himself? First catch your NEGUS, of course; but, having caught him, bring him away and constitute him an exhibition. In so doing there would be no need to keep him in a cage or den; he might be made perfectly comfortable, only open to public inspection during certain hours daily at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, or some other place equally commodious. Admission on five days out of the six (on Sundays THEODORE being a Christian would, even if instructive exhibitions were allowed to be open, of course have leave to attend to his devotions) might be one shilling, the sixth day being a half-crown day, for the accommodation of the superior classes. After having been shown in London as long as he continued to be sufficiently attractive, he might be conveyed throughout the rest of the United Kingdom, and afford a spectacle to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, Dublin, and the various provincial towns. Then, if the State had not made enough money by him to replace the amount which he has occasioned it to exact from a single class, he could be sent abroad to fetch more, travelling, not necessarily in a van, all over the Continent, and doubtless, drawing contributions in abundance towards obtaining income equivalent to what he has cost that section of the people who have had exclusively the honour of paying for the expedition against him.

THE MODERN INQUISITION.

PERHAPS, the PREMIER, who has now got to make a BISHOP OF HEREFORD, will write one more letter, and satisfy the British Booby on the subject of "MR. DISRAELI's religion," which appears to afflict divers. Scarcely a day passes but some new conjectural impertinence, or some particularly unnecessary information is tossed out. MR. DISRAELI knows that *Punch* has not refrained from a great lot of good-natured allusions to the nationality of which the former is so justly proud; and it is possible that we may have many another cartoon of which he will be the smiling or scowling hero. But we protest—and we are as good a Protestant as MR. HARDY—against sneaking into a gentleman's study, and taking notes as to whether Prayer Book, Missal, WATTS's Hymns, Koran, or Shaster, be most thumbed, and publishing inferences. We do not see whose business it was to announce that MR. DISRAELI had no particular religion until he was five, and that he was then taken by SAMUEL ROGERS to Hackney Church, especially as we believe the latter statement to be false, MR. ROGERS and his father having been regular attendants at the Unitarian Chapel at Hackney, of which the celebrated DR. PRICE was, in older days, Minister. Nor do we see why the pastor of Hughenden should gratify vulgar curiosity by proclaiming that the PREMIER has been a regular Church-goer for seventeen years, and was a Communicant at Easter. Is this England, or America? We do not habitually admire French legislation, but the late edict against ransacking Private Life is not without its merits. Somebody will be asking about our religion next, and will need all his own to bear the consequences.

A Dangerous Gift.

THE last possessor of the watch, which was the cause of BARRINGTON, the Pickpocket, being transported, has bequeathed it to the South Kensington Museum. Curiosities of this sort give so much delight to visitors, that, not improbably the watch in question will send some one into a transport a second time.

PATENT NIGHT-LIGHTS.—Stars.

THE IRISH BALMORAL, OR A VISION OF 1869.

FEMALE SELF-EMANCIPATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Woman is a tender and delicate organisation, with an intelligent heart in it. I speak abstractedly, and of womanhood in general, not as you find it individualised without exception in every woman—washerwoman, for instance, or charwoman.

The intelligent heart of woman, Sir, is for many purposes worth all the brains in the world. Is it equal to the performance of political functions? Would it suffice for the exercise of the elective franchise, and ought it to entitle women to votes? Every man, almost, will admit that MISS MARTINEAU is naturally at least as well qualified to choose a representative as MR. BROADHEAD, or MR. CROOKES, and even that she would probably be represented by some one not inferior, morally or intellectually to the man of their choice. But then it may be said that MISS MARTINEAU is no ordinary "person." Very true; could not women, however, for political emancipation, be levelled up sufficiently near to such a person's standard? "Educate the masses" has long been the cry—attended with very little wool. Suppose we now begin to shout "Educate the Lasses."

Legislators have decided that the numerical majority, educated even as they are, is the wiser portion of mankind. They appear not to have the same confidence in the majority of womankind. MR. MILL, probably takes the philosophical view in considering the majority of women equally fit to vote with the majority of men. But it must be owned that the mistrust existing on the other side is not wholly unfounded. An objection of some weight to absolutely universal manhood suffrage is that the multitude of men is gregarious, and apt, now and then, to follow a leader who may be a wolf in sheep's clothing, or, even a goose. Now women are much more gregarious than men. With very few exceptions they all go in droves: as you see in the matter of fashion. Whilst the crinoline mania lasted, what was the good of pointing out the absurdity of crinoline? How many women did it induce to leave their hoops off? Rather than that they died at the firegrate, martyrs to fashion. Ask any woman now to drop her monstrous chignon. You might as well request a black cat to turn white. This very general unreason may, not unreasonably, be regarded as a disqualification for the suffrage. Is it not fair to say to the fair sex—"Emancipate yourselves from the tyranny of fashion, and then you shall enjoy the rights of free women."

I may be an optimist, *Mr. Punch*, but I look to a bright future for female humanity. I confidently expect to see the time, if I live long enough, when, should the leader of the demi-monde, or whosoever else may be the dictatrix of the fashions at Paris, take up the vagary of wearing a ring in her nose, her example will not be followed by the women of England. And then I trust that my enfranchised countrywomen will, grateful for kind and good advice, rush to the poll, if they are asked to, and vote for

A LADY'S MAN.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

The White Fawn at the Holborn is, as its original, *La Biche au Bois*, was at the Porte St. Martin, as successful an Extravaganza as any piece of the kind since the glories of the VESTRIS productions at the Lyceum. It is capitally played throughout; the music is sparkling, and has the advantage of better voices than can usually be found in an ordinary acting company, while the six legs belonging to the three Low Comedians execute terpsichorean wonders in a grand Dance-Contest, which takes the place of a fight, in such a grotesque fashion as leaves scarcely any other dancers in London a leg to stand upon. The combinations of colour evince great taste in costume, while the Ballets (for there are two, and one of them most ingeniously lit up with electric sparks) shows the Management's great regard for its patrons in the stalls by its admirable "Natural Selection."

The mention of *The White Fawn* reminds us of the new piece, *The Black Sheep*, at the Olympic, which we have not yet seen, because it is not (or was not at the time of writing) yet in sight. We may hope, however, that to the question, "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep, have you any Wool?" MR. B. WEBSTER may be able to reply, "Yes, Sir, I have, Sir, House Crammed Full." With which good wish we leave Theatricals for the present week.

Thanks to King Theodore.

TWOPENCE more of Income-Tax! It is enough to make one savage. As one *might* say, but for fear of saying something vulgar, "Twopence more of Income-Tax, and Up goes the Monkey!"

"NOT DONE YET, EDINBURGH?"

SOME Perfervid Scots have had a riotous meeting over the affairs of the Caledonian Railway. It must have been an exciting affair, for if the *London Scotsman's* report be complete, the speakers were too much in earnest to quote BURNS. They were vivacious enough—*e. g.*:

"MR. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, of Glasgow, proposed a motion which he hoped would be taken in the right spirit. [*With* the right spirit, he perhaps meant, for things went on in a most whiskeyfied manner.]

"MR. JAMES ANDERSON, Glasgow (speaking from the gallery). The like of ROBERTSON coming forward after all this nonsense about our shares—it is making a perfect fool of every one of us. (*Laughter.*)

"MR ROBERTSON. Who are you, Sir? who are you? (brandishing his fist.) I know you of old, Sir; I know you of old. I leave it to any shareholder, I leave it to COLONEL SALKELD himself, if that is not a fair and legitimate proposal of retrenchment and economy.

"MR. ANDERSON. It's a perfect farce; that's all I have got to say. (*Laughter.*)

"MR. ROBERTSON (again shaking his fist). *Are you not done yet, Edinburgh?* Do you think we are going to lose our money, and stand hearing you Edinburgh oyster boys with your £750 preference stock?

"The CHAIRMAN. I think, as the board is to a considerable extent newly constituted, MR. ROBERTSON might have spared himself the trouble of bringing forward this.

"MR. ROBERTSON. I differ from you, Sir."

Why Edinburgh oyster boys, MR. ROBERTSON? Was that meant for a term of reproach? If so, allow a Saxon to say that it falls harmless. *Mr. Punch* has had such oysters in Edinburgh, (likewise at Portobello, which was taken by ADMIRAL VERNON with six ships only) as—with concomitants—made him more than happy." Are you not done yet, Edinburgh?" is, however, a splendid outbreak, worthy to be handed down with *Quousque tandem, Catilina*, "of Ciceronian pleading" (*Burns*).

THE PLEASURES OF SHOPPING.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM one of the old school, and like the old ways. Judge then, my old friend, of the shock to my equanimity the other day. I required six pennyworth of coat buttons, and went into the first shop which looked like one for the sale of that article. On entering, I walked up to the counter and said to the man, "I want some buttons."

"Oh, Sir!" said he, "please go to the other side, to the 'Button Department,' this is Baby Linen."

I went to the other side, and "I want some buttons," said I.

"What do you want them for?"

"For my coat."

"Oh then, Sir, if you please, to the next shop, this is the 'Ladies' Button Department.'"

I was accordingly ushered by a perfumed ladies' button department gentleman, through several gilded corridors, then up one pair of stairs, and down another, and finally found myself roaming at large in the gentlemen's department general. I went up to the first counter, and repeated my request.

"Oh, Sir, if you please," said the attendant, "the other side; this is the 'Gentlemen's Flannel Department.'"

It is needless to describe the thing any further. Suffice it to say that, after applying at the Gentlemen's Hosiery Department, running a tilt at the Gentlemen's Pantaloon Department, and being nearly stranded on the Gentlemen's Fancy Shirt Department, I got what I wanted, sixpennyworth of buttons.

Ever yours, dear *Punch*,

JOHN STRONG.

An Answer Requested.

PINKSYTT, who is better acquainted with painting than politics, would be glad to know to what the writer of an address in the papers signed "JOHN WALSH"—an artist he never heard of before—refers, when he speaks of "the incidents of my first canvass." P. says he remembers too well the incidents of his.

QUOTATION WANTED.—"The Lushy Eglantine."

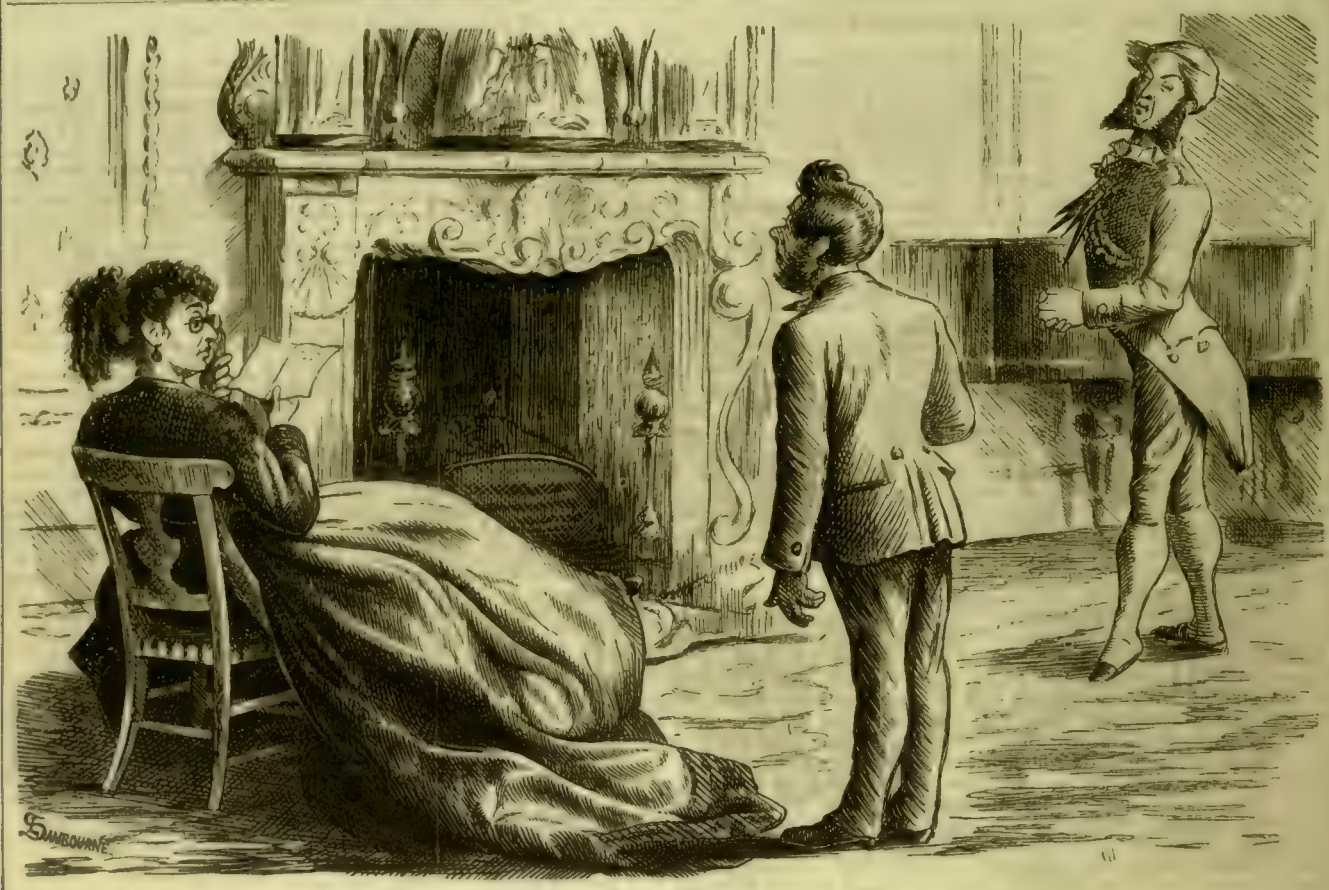
[The Editor of the Botanical Department gives publicity to this query from "Flora Magnolia," with a doubt whether she has given the second word *quite* correctly.]

SAYING BY A SORE AUTHOR.—MR. STINGER, the critic who reviewed my book, thinks himself a gadfly, when he's only a bug.

ANOTHER VERSION (*for a musical genius.*)—Thinks himself an A sharp when he's a B flat.

TO EPICURES.—The best man to consult on the "Art of Laying the Table," would be the Notorious MR. HOME.

A VERY TEASING PERSON.—LORD TAUNTON.



NOT MEETING HIS MATCH. THE NEW FOOTMAN.

"No doubt your Capabilities and Honesty are all that could be desired, but the *first* Consideration is, that John Thomas should be properly Matched," &c. [*James is disgusted, and quits his profession.*

MR. JOHN THOMAS UPON THINGS IN GENERAL.

A Letter Addressed to Miss Ann Stubbs, *a Country Cousin.*

Dear Hann,

Of noose that 's stirrin, there aint nothink I deplores
Like these ere Civil Suvvice Trade Co Hoperative Stores.
Its getting quite the fashion now for Swells as is Tiptop
To turn a onest penny by a keepink of a shop!
There U may C a Duchess with a pen behind her Ear
A tying up a parcel, tho her Usbing is a Peer!
While peraps at the next counter there a Countess U may C,
A making out a Hinvoice for a duzzen lb of T!
In shawt they act as shopboys, tho their Aunts sisters came over
With the Conkering Norman Ero, when he landed M at Dover.
Now to me as a True Briton its most orrible degrading
To see our Harry Stockracy like grocers all a trading.
And it really shox a footman of well constituted mind
A pusson who 's a Shopkeeper to ave to walk behind!
Which to carry ome her parcels I would certingly decline,
For muskyler exertion it isn't in my line.
And fancy ow disgustink if my friends I chanced to meet,
While carrying soap and candles down a fashonable street!
The hidea so unmans me I must quit this orrid theme,
And turn to your last letter, which to me is sweet as cream.
I'm glad as you were Bridesmaid at the wedding of your friend,
And that you liked the Bookay which I made so bold to send.
Your dress must ave looked bootiful, but may I just explain
That Crinnyleans is out of date, U should have worn a train.
And ave U eard that chignongs is wore higher on the ead,
And dark air is more fashnable than either brown or red?
But tho some may say as Carrots isnt pleasing to the eye,
They 'd better live content than stand the Azzard of the Dye.
I 'm glad as U were fortnit in obtaining of a view
Of the Princess Alexandra when to Dublin she went through.
Which if Hireland were more favored by the sunshine of her smile,
Things wouldnt look so gloomy in that unenlightened ile.
A Balmoral near Dublin might attract their future king,
And as Paddies say, More power to his Elbow it would bring.
So I reelly think the Guvermint they ort to make a grant
For the Prince to unt in Ireland, which without it Y he can't.
For osses is Xpensive now, and as they say in France
When the Prince he goes out riding he must do the thing *on Prance.*
But talking of Xpences, I may be aloud to say
Its lucky as pore phootmen have no hincome-tax to pay.
Else from each lb of our wages there 'd be took now tuppence more,
To elp to pay for thrashing of that wile King Theodore.
And tho I dont deny as he deserves to get a wacking,
I think it costs us reether dear to polish off that Black king!
Which in whackswork when Xibited at Madam Tussoo's Show
To the Chamber of her Orrors he ort certingly to go.
But the dinner-bell is ringing and altho it may be rude
To break off thus abruptly I must sudnly conclude.
So oping as King Theodore will shortly cry Peccavy,
Believe me, Yours affectionate John Tommus, of Bellgravy.

Barely Civil.

The inhabitants of India are better treated than those of London. The last mail says,—

"Sir John Lawrence has by a notification settled the shoe question. All those who wear European shoes and stockings are not to be required to take them off at Durbars, or on entering courts of justice," &c.

Whereas all those who wear European shoes and stockings are required to take them off before entering the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, where a stern notice orders them to wipe their Feet.

Medical Intelligence.—Surely if a Medical Quack can be called a woman because he 's a *Charlotte Anne*, a Chemist might be called a Ditto, as he is an *Anne Eliza* (Analyser).

MR. PUNCH PAYS HIS YEARLY VISIT TO HIS BELOVED TENANTRY IN PUNCHESTOWN.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 20. Easter holidays being over, DR. DISRAELI's young friends re-assembled, to count the weeks until Whitsuntide holidays.

Various vacancies occur. Peers have been made, and the voices of Sirs JOHN WALSH, BROOK BRIDGES, and JOHN TROLLOPE will be heard no more in the Nether House, Lords ORMATHWAITE, FITZWALTER, and KESTEVEN walking into the Chamber of Peers. SIR MORTON PETO, bankrupt, has resigned Bristol, for which MILES and MOBLEY fight on the day *Mr. Punch* appears, and there be other changes.

The work began with a severe attack by MR. SMOLLETT on the Madras Irrigation Company and the conduct of the Government, which has been guaranteeing interest for ever, without taking care that the waterworks shall last for ever, or even for any time at all, inasmuch as, according to MR. SMOLLETT, the channels are so constructed as to be of no use. Next, the Company having collapsed, Government takes the affair into its own hands. MR. SMOLLETT was very severe on everybody, and used language which does not seem out of place in *Roderick Random*, but which its author's descendant might have made a little more decorous for the House of Commons. The Indian Minister answered, of course, and, equally of course, there was an empty house. Who cares about watering the provinces of India?

MR. WATKIN moved for an inquiry into the affairs of Ceylon, but he was set upon by MR. ADDERLEY, whose hymn was that

"Although the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,
And every prospect pleases,
E. WATKIN has the bile."

Then we got on Estimates, and the debates were dull, until a select party began an attack upon Hampton Court Palace, and tried to reduce the vote for keeping up that place. *Punch* is happy to say that LORD JOHN MANNERS utterly routed them. Hampton Court Palace is a place of which the poor are particularly fond. They can get there without much expense, there is no trouble in going in—(the artisan's wife seldom being afflicted with a lace parasol which has to be taken away from her—fine ladies and cooks suffer heavily in this way), there is no trouble in seeing all the sights, the gardens are very pretty, and the gold fish very tame and fat, and there is no attempt to bother the visitor by improving his mind when he only wants rest, and peace, and fresh air.

Tuesday. MR. SHAW LEFEVRE brought in a Bill for giving a wife absolute control over her own property, or earnings, or deposits. He mentioned that there are 3,200,000 married women in this country working for their living—800,000 of them in trades. The Law Amendment Society thinks that the law should be altered, that the wife should retain her property after marriage, instead of its becoming the husband's, and that anything which she afterwards may obtain should be at her own disposal. The Sanctity of Marriage would, of course, be appealed to, but as that was habitually violated by settlement under Chancery order, the objection was answered by anticipation. MR. MILL seconded the motion. *Mr. Punch*, who never hesitates to express his opinion on anything, from a new pin to a new planet, says that there is much Philosophy in the view of MESSRS. LEFEVRE and MILL. But he does not suppose that it will find much acceptance, because there is a sort of notion, partly derived from the usage of several thousand years, partly from human nature, partly from theological teaching, that somehow marriage is a little more than a mere partnership between EDWIN JONES and ANGELINA BROWN, and that in return for EDWIN's name, strong arm, protection, support, maintenance, fidelity, and labour, ANGELINA is to become a complementary EDWIN, rather than to remain an independent ANGELINA. Also, the marriage service says something about a mystical union, the conditions whereof may not seem exactly satisfied by rival banking accounts. There are a great many hard cases, divers of which are the fault of people who are in such a hurry to be married that they don't take half the pains to inquire into the character of a spouse which they would give to that of a servant. But there are settlements for the rich, and protection orders for the poor; and so long as a married couple, neither rich nor poor, lives together, it may be for the promotion of affection that there should be no separate interests.

After the Matrimonial Noose Question had been laid aside, we came to the Capital Punishment Bill—the measure for making executions private. Hereupon MR. GILPIN rode a race upon his favourite hobby, and delivered a long speech to show that there ought to be no executions at all. He finished with so pathetic a picture of the dying criminal, penitent and ready for glory, but considered unfit for earth,

that MR. GREGORY sprang up and declared that the question was not one of softening hearts or saving souls, but of preventing the QUEEN's subjects from being murdered. But the speech of the night was that of

MR. MILL, who approved of many of the labours of the "philanthropists," but said that they ought to know when to stop. To deprive a criminal of the life of which he had proved himself unworthy—solemnly to blot him out from the fellowship of mankind, and from the catalogue of the living—was the most appropriate and the most impressive mode in which society could deal with so great a crime as murder. Imprisonment would be far more cruel, and less efficacious. None could say that this punishment had failed, for none could say who had been deterred, and how many would not have been murderers but for the awful idea of the gallows? Do not bring about an enervation, an effeminacy in the mind of the nation; for it is that to be more shocked by taking a man's life than by taking all that makes life valuable. Is death the greatest of all earthly ills? A manly education teaches us the contrary; if an evil at all, it is one not high in the list of evils. Respect the capacity of suffering, not of merely existing. It is not human life only, not human life as such, but human feelings, that should be held sacred. Moreover, taking life for murder no more implies want of respect for life than fining a criminal shows want of respect for property. In countries where execution is morbidly disliked, there is no abhorrence of the assassin. MR. MILL added that we had been in danger of reducing all our punishments to nothing; and, though that disposition had stopped, our penalties for brutal crimes (for which he earnestly recommended the Scourge) were ridiculously light, and ought to be strengthened.

A speech like that "stints the strife;" the House went to Division, and by 127 to 23—Majority 104—affirmed the principle of Capital Punishments. Discussion on the clauses followed, the only remarkable proposal being MR. NEATE's, who, because hanging was disagreeable, would administer Carbonic Acid Gas, or allow the criminal to destroy himself. The latter suggestion made the Committee laugh; and certainly, the idea of CALCRAFT coming into the cell, and, like the gaoler of SOCRATES, respectfully presenting GORDON, of Jamaica, or PRITCHARD, of Glasgow, with a bowl of poison, was provocative. The Bill passed through its last stage but one.

Wednesday. Theology, of course. Battle on a Bill for allowing Roman Catholics to be buried, with their own religious service, in Irish Churchyards, without obtaining leave from the Protestant incumbent, who, it was asserted, always refused this. The measure was resisted by the LEFROY and NEWDEGATE party for the usual anti-Catholic feeling; but MR. HENLEY, who has his prejudices, but is not a bigot, suggested that the real objection to free burial might be, that three sets of religionists might come at once, and the churchyard be a scene of unseemly strife. But

"Gin a body meet a body,
Need the mourners fight?"

This is only a detail, and the London cemeteries never witness frays. The Second Reading was carried by 74 to 51.

Thursday. The EARL OF DERBY, walking with a vigorous step, again took his place in the House of Lords. He will accept *Mr. Punch's* congratulations.

MR. D'ARCY M'GEE, an Irish gentleman whose antecedents were rebellious, but who became a loyal and valuable servant of the Crown, has been brutally murdered, at Ottawa, by a Fenian, who assassinated him on his way from doing his duty in the House of Commons. The Canadians are justly enraged to the utmost, and caught the murderer, and, as they believe, accomplices, for all of whom there will probably be "a short shrift and a long cord." The COLONIAL SECRETARY tonight spoke worthily of the slaughtered victim, who is assuredly a martyr to loyalty.

MR. GLADSTONE's Bill for the mild extinction of the Church Rate was considered by the Lords. It was introduced by EARL RUSSELL. *Mr. Punch* is sorry to say that some of the Peers showed small wisdom. The Bishops of LONDON and OXFORD spoke as men of the world, who saw that the time had come for a concession, and so they made it; but LORD DERBY assailed the measure with much fire, and LORD CAIRNS also assaulted it. These friends of the Church had better pass the Bill—or the next will be a shorter and less civil one. It was read a Second Time, but menaced with a Select Committee.

In the Commons the new CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER brought in the Budget which it had pleased MR. DISRAELI and the Departments to give him. We shall say nothing about it, except that there is a deficiency of upwards of a Million and a Half, and of course the money is taken from the Middle Class, which never defends itself. *The Income-Tax is to be raised to Sixpence.*

There was something about India, at least NORTHCOTE made a very long speech, but we were much too sulky to listen. Improved Government, or something of the sort. Income-Tax, Sixpence. We'll save or evade it somehow, MRS. GRUNDY, eh?

Friday. The Lords sent the Church Rate Bill to a Committee, and it may be that it will be improved there. But the principle must be accepted *sine grano*. The author, MR. GLADSTONE, publishes a letter, denying that he is a Papist, a confederate with the POPE, an enemy of DR. WYNTER, a condemner of public aid to the Clergy, a refuser to attend the QUEEN to a Scotch Kirk, a receiver of Papal thanks, or a member of a Ritualist Church. He knows best what attention liars and fools deserve; but, while he was about it, we think he might have added, for the amusement of those who are neither, that he is not a Buddhist, does not speak with his mouth full, never broke into a sausage shop, takes off his hat in church, is not afraid of snails, seldom cheats at whist, dislikes eating asparagus stalks, and has not been turned out of the gallery of the Adelphi Theatre for insisting on "Hot Codlings" in the middle of *No Thoroughfare*.

In the Commons, a debate on Crete, and exchange of abuse of Turks and Russia, and another on the case of a Post Office Clerk, extruded, after having been reprimanded 9 times in 1866, and 11 times between February and July, 1867. Truly the Legislature has leisure.

THE BUDGET OF THE FUTURE.

Lo, the Income-Tax ascending
War expenses to defray,
You, whose cash alone by spending,
Its whole cost the State will pay!
And would you have others share it
In proportion just and due?
"Victims, you must grin and bear it,"
Parliament replies to you.

Bear it; yes, for not much longer
That injustice you 'll endure.
When the masses are the stronger,
Equal burdens they 'll insure.
They 'll insist that each his fraction
Of taxation shall sustain,
And no more, of gross exaction,
One sole class stand all the strain.

Hope, from Parliaments elected
By the People, justice done,
And the rights of all respected,
Imposition forced on none.
Wrong will ne'er be done to any,
When their will its way has got.
Then, wars voted by the Many,
Will the Few be taxed for, not.

A CAPITAL PUBLIC DINNER.

As a rule, a public dinner is a thing to be avoided and abhorred, like a bagpipe or a barrel-organ, or any other noisy nuisance. However, there is now a marked exception to this rule, and such a pleasant novelty demands a pleasant notice.

MR. JOHN PARRY, having given up his *Merrymaking*, now makes merry with the people who attend a public dinner. In half-an-hour of drollery he personates a dozen of the bores whom public diners meet wherever they may dine, and he makes them so amusing that all who meet them with him wish to meet them all again. By mere facial expression and a slight change of the voice, MR. PARRY fills his stage with a host of public characters, without whom no public dinner could be deemed to be complete. He is by turns a chairman, a steward, a treasurer, a toastmaster, a man who can't speak without laughing, another who can't speak without crying, a band of music, a soprano, a procession of small children, and a tenor with a cold. What most "entertainers" fail to do by aid of wigs and whiskers, MR. PARRY does successfully by change of tone and look. When you see him as a lady sitting down to a piano, pulling off her gloves, arranging a stray curl, and smoothing down her dress, you believe yourself the victim of an optical delusion, when you find it is a gentleman on whom your eyes are fixed. Clever artists have the power by half-a-dozen touches to present a life-like face; but JOHN PARRY by an attitude can represent a person, and portray a man, a child, a lady, or a lapdog, by a gesture or a glance. By just one touch of nature he makes the whole world grin; and, if we be pardoned for a further misquotation, we may say that, as an entertaining "entertainer," none but himself can be his Parrylel.

What says Sir Bernard Burke?

IN the Installation Procession in St. Patrick's, there was a "gentleman at large." "Who could this be?" the curious ask. Some one who was released from incarceration for that day only, on his promising to return at nightfall? But Irish gentlemen have been far too wise to bring themselves into this predicament. It therefore remains a mystery who the "gentleman at large" was, and how he got his ticket-of-leave—a thousand pardons, admission—to the Cathedral.

A LIVELY LOOK-OUT.

"WHY, SMITH, YOU LOOK DEPRESSED!"

"SO I AM!—UTTERLY WRETCHED!"

"AH! YOU WANT A LITTLE CHEERFUL SOCIETY!—LOOK HERE! I'LL COME AND SPEND THE EVENING WITH YOU!"

RODERICK VICH MURCHISON!

HAIL to the Chief in Johanna romances
Belief from the first who had pluck to decline!
Long may such guesses as those he advances
At Burlington House be confirmed 'neath the Line!
BAKER confess them true,
BURTON knock under, too,
GALTON and PETH'RICK, GRANT, OSBORNE, & Co.,
Own them mistaken men,
Shout till they're hoarse again,
"RODERICK VICH MURCHISON—ho—ieroe!"

His was no fancy as not worth account in
Brains scientific aside to be laid:
Though MOUSSA's lie loomed as large as a mountain,
To declare he saw through it he wasn't afraid.
'Gainst F.G.S.'s shock
Sole he stood, like a rock,
All the louder cried "Yes," all the more they said "No."
BURTON and BAKER then
Echo his praise again,
"RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly we talk over LIVINGSTONE's doings,
Slave-hunters and fevers and tsetse defied,
Taganyika, Nyassa, and Nile's central flowings,
Traced, mastered, and mapped, with the tribes at their side!
Though Afric tamed to trade,
Freed from slave-dealers' raid,
May be a dream of Utopian glow,
LIVINGSTONE's dreams, ye ken,
Like him, turn up again!
"RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, ho! ieroe!"

Shout, fellows,* shout, for the pride of the Highlands—
MURCHISON's come of a high Gaelic line,
Old as Silurian slates in these islands,
That bed, on which *he* may be proud to recline!
But a still brighter gem,
Twill be for him and them,
LIVINGSTONE here in the autumn to show,
While swells and learnèd men,
Make the rooms ring again,
"RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, ho! ieroe!"

* Of the Geographical Society, of course.

THE ABYSSINIAN DIFFICULTY.

(*Concerning certain "Know-nothings."*)

DURING the present expedition to Abyssinia, I, as one of *Mr. Punch's* Educational Committee, have been much interested in listening to the various opinions freely expressed on all hands as to the merits and demerits of our naval and military organisation.

One young gentleman held forth on the blunders committed by our chiefs: an elderly person, connected prospectively with the Librarian's department of the New Courts of Law, gravely deplored the prevalence of red-tapeism at Head-quarters; another individual, who brought the authority of a prematurely bald head to bear on the question, asserted that all the Abyssinian travellers up to the present time had been wrong in their explorations, and that, in fact, no one knew anything at all about the country. The aunt of a cornet who had served in the Crimea (of course the cornet, not the aunt), and who, therefore (the aunt, not the cornet, this time), *ought* to know, expressed much contempt for the mule arrangements; and a lady of uncertain age, who had, it was commonly whispered, been engaged, years ago, to an Austrian Colonel (who was conquered at Baden-Baden, and obliged to beat a retreat from that dissipated camp), wished that our troops were managed after the Continental fashion, when they would be always ready for action, whereupon a fierce-looking gentleman, with military whiskers joining his moustache, as if they all came off together if pulled over the ear, stretched his legs before the fire, frowned on the circle, and smacking his lips, as much as to say, "Here's something nice for you in the way of a clincher," observed, "They ought to have sent a flying column into the country."

There was a deep silence. Everyone evidently was regretting the omission, and, from the expression on their faces, individually taking the blame upon himself or herself for such an evident neglect. Suddenly inspired, I asked, submissively,

"What *is* a flying column?"

Everyone looked at me, then at the military man, who frowned harder than ever.

"A flying column?" he returned, raising his eyebrows, as much as to say, "What! don't you know that?"

A smile of pity for my ignorance was on all lips.

Rendered desperate, I repeated the question, "Yes, a flying column; what *is* a flying column?"

All eyes waited upon the military whiskers, who, having got himself into the hole, unassisted might now get himself out again. His reputation was at this moment as nicely poised as a rocking-stone.

"A flying column," he commenced slowly, and, upon my word, I felt for him—"a flying column is a column which—or I should say"—here he brightened up. "But, first, do you know what a column is?"

Now, here was a dilemma. If I said "Yes," then he'd ask *me* for the information. If I said "No," then he'd say that it was no use explaining a flying column to a man who didn't understand the meaning of an ordinary Column that didn't fly. But the ladies came to the rescue; under cover of my assumed ignorance, they ventured to inquire the nature of a column and of a flying column. Whiskers was in for it, and being in for it, it was at least a quarter of an hour before he got out of it, and then he only saved himself by flight under cover of an appointment at the Horse Guards.

When he had gone I asked the young man, who had been finding so much fault with our military and naval organisation, to describe the system and plan of our Army to me. I asked him, How many foot regiments are there? How many regiments of Guards? How many Line? How many Cavalry? What are the regulations as to age of entrance?

His answer was that a Captain in the Line ranked as a Lieutenant and something else in the Guards: that there was a Guards' Club in Piccadilly: that a fellow he knew was often on guard at the Bank, and that everything in a general way was grossly mismanaged somehow, but he hadn't time to go into details. To the prematurely bald person who had set down all Abyssinian travellers as hitherto totally wrong regarding that country, I put one simple question, "Where *is* Abys-

sinia?" I wouldn't let him laugh it off or treat it as a joke, "Where *is* Abyssinia?" I repeated sternly.

It was no good for him to say, "Oh, *you* know," jocosely. I was not to be trifled with. Besides, I saw I was doing a good work, and awakening the others to a sense of the nonsense they'd been talking, so I pushed into the enemy's country, crying no quarter, no parley, "Where *is* Abyssinia?"

If the carpet pattern could have opened and swallowed him up (into the dining-room) he would have been thankful.

"Well," says he, rubbing his knees, "Abyssinia is—I can't exactly give you the latitude and longitude"—the humbug—I wouldn't hear of the latitude or longitude—where, I demanded was Abyssinia?

The wretched impostor, who had sneered at our explorers and learned travellers, hesitated, and then looking me full in the face, said boldly, "Africa." I saw that even *this* was information for some of them.

"North or south?" I asked, scarcely giving him time to breathe.

"About the middle," he replied, cautiously; "perhaps a little more south than north, if anything."

He was uncomfortable: but I knew he would go home and consult his map: so I left him (he sneaked off when my back was turned), and confronted the lady who had praised the Continental armies at our expense.

"What," I asked, "did she see to prefer in their systems?"

She murmured faintly, "Vivandières!" and looked so imploringly at me that I hadn't the heart to push the question further.

The rest were scattered, and at my mercy completely.

Sir, I hear a great deal of nonsense talked about many things, but about none, at present, more than about our Abyssinian Difficulty. When, therefore, in future, the subject is started, a few home questions will soon show who among the party are competent to talk upon it; and if, after a few geographical inquiries, you ask the object of our Expedition, you may be pretty sure that the respondent is not well posted up in the facts of the case if he replies, "Well, I suppose that Old THEODORE locked RASSAM up,—RASSAM, don't you know, the Shoho Chief, and sent a letter to the QUEEN, which was replied to by LORD JOHN RUSSELL—the celebrated Durham Letter, don't you know?—and then CAMERON, who was the Consul, went into the interior and interfered, so he was imprisoned and beheaded;—no, he's not beheaded *yet*, and they're advancing on Malaga, or some such place, with one cannon; and Old THEODORE is very fond of music, they say, and not such a bad fellow, after all."

In such a case remorselessly expose the conversational impostor, and do Society a service.

DON QUICKSET.

ACROBATS IN PETTICOATS.

THOUGH *Mr. Punch* is a Hercules himself, he is fond of seeing the performance of feats of strength by others; and he has specially been pleased by the Japanese performers, who astonish weak minds nightly at the Lyceum Theatre. *Mr. Punch* dislikes all acrobats who aim to make his flesh creep, or his hair to stand on end, by the peril they are placed in. These Japanese, however, only make him stare and clap his hands with admiration. All they do is done with such apparent ease that there never seems a chance of any accident occurring. They fan themselves so calmly in the middle of their feats, that nothing they can do seems difficult or dangerous. No accountant can be cleverer at balancing than they: and in their feats of ledger-de-main they would beat the best of book-keepers. Climbing up a bamboo, and squatting cross-legged at the top, appears as natural to them as it would be to a monkey. To lie flat on one's back, and balance boys and tubs and ladders on one's feet, seems as easy to these men as swimming to a cod-fish.

Acrobats in petticoats have been popular of late, and *Mr. Punch* by no means admires their popularity. It is bad taste in a woman to perform on the trapeze, and tumble, and throw summersaults; and it is worse taste in the public to applaud her exhibition. These Japanese, however, are men who wear a petticoat as Scotchmen wear a kilt, and their novelty of costume adds a charm to their performance.

Their children, too, look plump and pleasant, and not stunted and deformed, like those who move our pity in our pantomimes and circuses. One little chap climbs up a ladder, balanced by his father on the soles of his feet, and then creeps along another at right angles to the first, without a quiver in the balance. Another little fellow sits upon a tub that is hoisted in the air upon half a score of others, all of which are kicked away by the feet whereon they rest, which catch the lad as deftly as players catch a cricket-ball. Both these little fellows seem so perfectly at ease that nobody feels nervous at seeing their performance. Indeed the only fear that *Mr. Punch* experienced was the dread lest Master Punch, who happened to be present, might be tempted to perform some Japanese feats in his nursery, such as balancing the baby on the spike of an umbrella, or spinning a big humming-top on the edge of the best carving-knife, or breaking *Mrs. Punch's* most valuable fan while attempting to perform the feat of flying paper butterflies.

QUESTION.—Can a Process Server legally be said to be a Writualist?

A GENT'S "NOT FOR JOSEPH."

IN dancing-schools and music 'alls I'm runnin' my career;
Object to cultivate my mind: find study too severe.
But, mind yer, I'm well up to snuff; what's what I rather know;
But nothin' 'eavy I can't stand; that 'ere won't do for JOE.

Chorus. Oh, dear! no; not for JOE, not if he knows it—not for JOSEPH.
Oh, dear! no; nothin' slow—not for JOSEPH, oh, dear! no.

The other night I met a pal; he says to me, I say,
Old feller, come along with me: I'm goin' to the play.
I'm goin' to see '*Amlet* done to-night at Drury Lane:
A play of SHAKSPEARE'S—So-and-So performs the Royal Dane.

Spoken.—"No, you don't, my dear feller; you may go yourself, if you like, and sit two hours listenin' to sleepy old SHAKSPEARE, but you don't get JOSEPH—

Oh, dear! no, &c.

Not long ago another pal whose taste ain't yours nor mine,
Wot likes MOZART and 'ANDEL, and their music calls divine,
He offered me a ticket, which 'ad cost no end of tin,
To 'ear a horatorio and let me *gratis* in.

Spoken.—Hexeter 'All and SIMS REEVES, Har! That's your style of entertainment. Give me the Metropolitan Music 'All and JOLLY NASH. Thanks for kind intentions, but—

Oh, dear! no, &c.

Just now in town there's made a fuss about the pictures grand,
That's open in Trafalgar Square; things I don't understand.
In sportin' prints about my room my sense of Hart appears,
And funny-coloured photographs, and cartes of pretty dears.

Spoken.—What a splendid painter TURNER was! What a wonderful hartist is MILLAIS! Ah, yes, 'Igh Hart may be all very well for them that likes that sort of thing; but as for this individual—

Oh, dear! no, &c.

And now, perhaps, you'll wonder 'ow I manage to get through
The livelong day on Sundays; what a cove can find to do.
A muff once to the Habbey recommended me to go,
And hear DEAN STANLEY preach. Says I, "Don't try that on with JOE."

Oh, dear! no, &c.

A Dish for an Ogre.

IN the *menu* of a Court Banquet, given in the *Galerie de Diane*, on the occasion of the marriage of PRINCE HUMBERT with the PRINCESS MARGARET, one of the items is that of "*filets d'innocents à la Princesse Marguérite.*"

What can filets d'innocents be? The nearest things that we can fancy, even for the banquets of people who were once believed to eat frogs, and actually do eat horse, are slices of sucking-pig.

NAY, A PEER HE SHOULD BE.

SIR ROBERT NAPIER has been gazetted a G.C.B. Is this to be all? No pension? No Barony? Is the Peerage reserved exclusively for Tory baronets who happen also to be County Members?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 27. An Irishman and a Fenian, calling himself O'Farrel (the name has served as well as any other in his execution-warrant) came behind PRINCE ALFRED, Duke of Edinburgh, at a banquet held at Port Jackson, on the 12th of March, in aid of a charitable institution, and fired a pistol at the young Prince. The bullet lodged in his back, but did no great harm, and has been extracted. The Prince was to be sent to his home, and the ruffian to his gallows. Even the favourers of Fenianism have not ventured to say anything in behalf of a miscreant who could try to murder a boy in order to wound the heart of his mother, the Queen of Ireland. Addresses of sympathy were voted by both Houses of Parliament.

LORD DERBY gave notice to EARL RUSSELL to put his hands up, and be ready to do all he knew.

The Education Bill of the Government was rather severely handled by two or three opposition Lords, but was read a Second Time. LORD GRANVILLE, who was suffering from gout, a gentlemanly disorder—HORACE WALPOLE says no disorder, but a remedy—but uncommonly disagreeable, had the pluck to stand up and make an Education speech. Perhaps the debate, which partook of the character of morphia, had assuaged his trouble; if not, he deserves the laudation due to a man of brave endurance.

SIR ROBERT NAPIER has stormed Magdala, the captives are free, and KING THEODORE is dead. Naturally, therefore, the House cheered the Indian Minister when he came in to-day. The PREMIER, in answer to MR. LAYARD, confirmed the good news, and likened our progress to that of CORTEZ in Mexico—with the difference that CORTEZ went to plunder and massacre, NAPIER to execute justice.

> "So, sink PIZARRO's daring name,
> And, CORTEZ, thine, in NAPIER's fame."

Who wrote those lines? For NAPIER read BERTRAM, and consult *Rokeby*. They are not particularly good, but are quoted to show *Mr. Punch's* readiness in the citation line.

The SPEAKER left the chair, MR. DODSON took his, and invited MR. GLADSTONE to move the First of his Three Resolutions, namely,—

That the Established Church of Ireland should cease to exist as an establishment.

MR. GLADSTONE moved this in a neat nod, and there was

Debate all night on the Irish Church.

Tuesday. LORD DERBY squared up at EARL RUSSELL, and let fly right and left, chaffing very well, and charging the smaller Earl with inconsistency. He supposed LORD RUSSELL might be still of the same mind about the Irish Church as he was when he spoke at St. James's Hall, on a platform with BEALES, POTTER, and MASON JONES, though this was a fortnight ago, and therefore LORD DERBY demanded what the Opposition was going to do. The third of MR. GLADSTONE's resolutions was a defiance of law, and would bring the Houses into collision. He advised Government, whatever might be the Provocation, not to resign until the enlarged constituency should have elected a new Parliament.

LORD RUSSELL quoted BURKE. "I vary my means to secure the consistency of my ends." He had modified his views as to the best way of securing religious equality in Ireland. LORD DERBY had no business to ask him questions, but the promoters of the Resolutions meant to found a Bill on them, and, when it had passed through Parliament, to submit it to the QUEEN, and if the Ministers chose to give advice that might bring on a collision, they would come to grief.

LORD GRANVILLE remarked upon the novelty introduced by LORD DERBY. He was out of office, LORD RUSSELL was out of office, and he questioned LORD RUSSELL as to what men in office were going to do.

LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS was down upon that third Resolution. It asks the QUEEN to place her Irish patronage at the disposal of Parliament, and the cue has been given to the Conservatives to pretend to believe that by Parliament MR. GLADSTONE meant the House of Commons.

LORD MALMESBURY was very angry because noble Lords went away without listening to him. *Mr. Punch*, with regret, must follow their example.

In the Commons there was

Debate all night on the Irish Church.

Wednesday. SIR WILLIAM HUTT has a Bill designed to promote something like honesty on the part of Railway and Joint Stock Companies. He wants to compel them to make out truthful accounts, in a prescribed form, half-yearly. This cruel and persecuting measure was sent to a Committee which has a ministerial Bill, of similar character, before it. Where is this tyranny to cease? We shall have a Bill next for compelling railway clerks to give the right change in good money, and to answer civilly.

A Bill for making County Financial Boards was thrown out. Whether they were to be made by sawing, or by what other means, *Punch* did not care to comprehend. The Bill was probably a good one, as the Ministry of the squirearchy opposed it.

SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN had a Bill for preventing the Crown from making any more Irish Peers, but as the SPEAKER seemed rather to think that if SIR COLMAN went on, it would be the unpleasant duty of the Serjeant-at-Arms to take him out into Palace Yard and cut off his head, he withdrew the Bill.

MR. TORRENS has a Bill for helping artisans to better dwelling-houses, and at a late period the Government has found divers objections to it. There are objections to everything, and we should never get anything done if we waited until perfection could be obtained. MR. LABOUCHERE mentioned that some discounting fellow is secretly buying up miserable dwellings in the hope of getting large compensation when this Bill shall be passed. If MR. LABOUCHERE will send us the name, we will do our best to defeat the amiable purpose.

Thursday. The Church Rates Abolition Bill was sent to a Select Committee of Lords, on the understanding that the principle is agreed to, and that the amendments are to be improvements only. LORD MALMESBURY, having recovered his valuable temper, was "much obliged" to LORD RUSSELL for letting the Bill go up-stairs.

> Then, passing with smiles from the Church and LORD RUSSELL,
> My Lords they attended to Oyster and Mussel.

In the Commons,

MR. MILES, who had just come in for Bristol, after a tremendous struggle with MR. MORLEY, another ultra-radical demigod of the MORTON PETO type, took his seat in time to be of no use in the struggle that was coming next.

One scoundrel, MICHAEL BARRETT, has been convicted for a share in the Clerkenwell atrocity, and has been sentenced to be hanged on the 12th. MR. JOSEPH REARDON, an Irish Member, asked the HOME SECRETARY whether he would not reprieve the wretch, seeing that he had managed to get some witnesses to swear to an *alibi*. MR. HARDY was sorry that a Member of Parliament could feel it a duty to ask such a question. The cheers of the House marked its sense of this exhibition of interest in a Fenian ruffian. We suppose it is perfunctory, for MR. JOSEPH REARDON appears from his speech about the Irish Clergy to be a very kind-hearted gentleman, and we must really say that any exertion for the doomed beast BARRETT is Not for Joseph.

On the eve of the Private View day, MR. LAYARD appropriately asked whether the Royal Academy's new buildings at the back of Burlington House were so nearly ready that the next Exhibition might be held there, but for the Royal Society's Library stopping the way. LORD JOHN MANNERS said that the work was going on as fast as possible, but that moving 100,000 books twice was a serious business. These swells, accustomed to the imbecility of their lazy menials, think everything serious. We would back a couple of the spirited officials at the Museum to bring a staff that should move, dust, and catalogue every book in a fortnight.

Then came a row because MR. SURTEES, a valiant Protestant, wanted an old Catholic oath read. MR. GLADSTONE opposed the reading as intended to annoy, and so did MR. DISRAELI.

Debate all night on the Irish Church.

Ha! But not of the flat and meagre kind which had marked the preceding nights. The debate was closed by a brilliant speech from MR. GLADSTONE, the best he has made on the subject. He not only answered, very effectively, all his antagonists in that House, but, adverting to what LORD DERBY had said on the Tuesday night, declared that as a representative of the people he would not receive the word of command from the House of Lords.

The PREMIER replied, as he said, in a condensed way, and spoke rather as one who must speak than because he had either convinced himself or thought of convincing others. Indeed, he made some fun at the expense of the Irish Church, for he said that it ought no more to be disendowed because it did not fulfil the intention of its founder, than certain Companies should be for the same reason. The Fishmongers no longer supplied good fish, and he had dined at the Merchant Taylors, but never, he believed, had met his own tailor. When a gentleman drops into pleasant banter over the Crisis of England, and the Destruction of our Holy Religion, we may be assured that he sees no more use in the nonsense he talked for the sake of the Stupid. And then, though the Conservatives have won some elections, the numbers, when division was taken, were—

For MR. GLADSTONE	330
For Government	265
Provocation to resign	Sixty-Five.

Last time, remember the majorities were 56, and 60.

MR. DISRAELI. "The relations between the House and the Ministers are altered. It is necessary for us to consider our position. I propose to adjourn until Monday."

> "What man,
> What Roman, would be dragged in triumph thus,
> Not *Punch*; not he who bears one name with them
> Whose freedom cost the Egyptian host and king."
>
> LUCRETIUS—(*varied*).

"LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG."

Mrs. Twistlewarp (from the North, but who does not consider herself at all provincial). "P'LICEMAN, I WISH TO DRIVE TO WESTBOURNE TERRACE. AH! NOW WHICH IS THE NEAREST WAY!—DO I——"

Policeman. "VERY SORRY, MUM, BUT I'M A STRANGER HERE IN LONDON, MUM—ONLY JUST COME UP FROM THE COUNTRY, SAME AS YOU, MUM!!"

EXCOMMUNICATING AND EXCOMMUNICATED.

THE celebrated Bishop of Capetown, DR. GRAY, is reported to have preached a Sermon last week on Tuesday evening, at Holy Trinity Church, Colchester, when—

"After remarking on the troubles and trials of the Church in these latter days, and giving a sketch of the great work that was being carried on in Africa, his Lordship took occasion to allude to BISHOP COLENSO, and after recounting the heresies alleged against him, said that Churchmen in Africa had done what they could to clear themselves of responsibility in the sight of God and man; they had declared that this false teacher was no longer in their communion, that they did not recognise him as such. But it yet remained for the Mother Church to do the same; for until this had been done they would not be clear in the sight of Christendom."

The attention of BISHOP GRAY is respectfully called to the following extract from an article in the *Osservatore Romano*, on "The Malediction of Protestant barrenness":—

"The false Anglican Church, separated from the true Church of Rome, could not be better described than the Anglican LOWE did with the above words. Yet the English Protestants cultivated with great care, labour, and love the Anglican Church in Ireland, so that its sterility is innate in schism and error, and will only cease when heresy itself ceases by the return of all Anglicans to the Catholic Church."

DR. GRAY may possibly need to be informed that the *Osservatore Romano* is an organ which expresses the sentiments of one of the Bishops of that Christendom in whose sight he wishes the Mother Church of England to put herself clear by excommunicating BISHOP COLENSO. It may further be necessary to tell DR. GRAY that the Bishop represented by the *Osservatore Romano* is no other than one who claims to be the chief of Christendom's Bishops, and is acknowledged as such by the greater part of Christendom; in short, his Holiness the POPE. Now let DR. GRAY be pleased to observe that the POPE's own paper calls the Anglican Church a false Church, and its doctrine heresy; consequently DR. GRAY himself a heretic and a false Bishop. This being the opinion respecting the Anglican Church and all its Bishops, the BISHOP OF CAPETOWN inclusive, in which Christendom for the most part entirely agrees, it may be as well for DR. GRAY to consider whether, by affecting to excommunicate DR. COLENSO, his Mother Church will put herself in any light clearer than that in which she stands at present in the sight of a majority which looks upon her as being herself excommunicated.

CHORUS OF MEMBERS.

WE won't divide till morning,
We won't divide till morning,
We won't divide till morning,
Till daylight doth appear,
With a hear hear hear, hooray!
With a hear hear hear, hooray!
For he's a long-winded fellow,
For he's a long-winded fellow,
For he's a long-winded fellow,
And so say all of us.

"SCIENCE GOSSIP."

THE proper thing to use with gun-cotton is shot silk.

The Cuckoo has been heard on Bethnal Green, and the Nightingale has commenced singing in Short's Gardens. The Swallows have returned to the Mansion House.

A Patent has been taken out for manufacturing pens with cocoa-nibs.

Ladies will be pleased to hear that a process has been discovered by which they can electro-plait their hair.

Many persons have burnt their fingers by dabbling in Petroleum.

A Scientific Ghost-story will shortly appear in fortnightly numbers, founded on Spectrum Analysis.

Unreasonable Litigation.

IT appears that at a recent election, in Middlesex, many persons voted because they had a right to graves in the county, a qualification which, if the freeholders had been choosing a sexton, would not have been thought at all remarkable, and, as it is, should not excite so much opposition, seeing that the election was of—Coroner.

THE DIVISION LIST.—Divorce Court Causes.

ANOTHER NAPIER!!

General Punch. "SIR ROBERT NAPIER, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS—WHO HAS FREED THE CAPTIVES! SETTLED THEODORE! AND CONQUERED ABYSSINIA!"

Commander-in-Chief. "NAPIER?—ROBERT NAPIER? NOTHING TO DO WITH US. KNEW CHARLES AND WILLIAM, THOUGH—TROUBLESOME FELLOWS! AND ABYSSINIA? POOH! BOUNCE, SIR—BOUNCE! DON'T BELIEVE IN VICTORIES *WE'VE* HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH; BUT IF *YOU* SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT——"

THE LAUREATE'S NEW POEM.

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON has just published, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, a poem called *Lucretius*. It will be read by everybody, because it is written by the Laureate, and it should be read by everybody, firstly, for that good reason, and secondly, because it is a poem of singular beauty and power. Now, as *Mr. Punch* is ever anxious to assist the Diner-Out, that person is recommended to arm himself for inevitable cross-examination by young ladies, who desire or pretend to desire information upon the subject of and the allusions in this poem, now the talk of society. Diner-Out will do well to get the poem, and with the aid of DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S classical dictionary, and some consideration, enable himself to answer the following questions.

1. Who was LUCRETIUS, and in what year B.C. did that Roman poet live?
2. What is the Hexameter?
3. Who was his Teacher, and what were the 300 scrolls left by EPICURUS?
4. What is a love-philtre?
5. What is the Atomic Theory?
6. Who was SYLLA, who was HELEN, who was VENUS?
7. Who was MAVORS, and had he anything to do with a spelling-book?
8. Who was the great Sicilian poet?
9. Who was KYPRIS, and why was she so called?
10. What was the theory of LUCRETIUS about the gods?
11. Should HYPERION be pronounced as *Hamlet* pronounces it?
12. Who was PLATO?
13. Who were PICUS and FAUNUS, and were they related?
14. What is an Oread?
15. What is a Satyr?
16. Who was LUCRETIA?
17. What is cosmic order?
18. Explain "the Ixionian wheel," and the "Fury's ringlet snake."
19. Why does LUCRETIUS kill himself?
20. Is LUCILIA to be pardoned or condemned?

Having mastered which points, Diner-Out may go out to dinner.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

(*A Song of the Day.*)

THROUGH realms Thaumaturgic the student may roam,
And not light on a worker of wonders like HOME!
CAGLIOSTRO himself might descend from his chair,
And set up our DANIEL as Grand-Cophta, there—
HOME, HOME, DAN HOME,
No Medium like HOME!

Confronted with HOME, LYON'S terrors are vain;
Into fortunes he flies, and won't fly out again;
And with raps such as his, "worth a rap," means worth all
For which, on rappees, up-to-snuff rappers call—
HOME, HOME, DAN HOME,
No Medium like HOME!

Spirit-legs, spirit-hands he gives table and chair;
Gravitation defying, he flies in the air;
But the fact to which henceforth his fame should be pinned,
Is his power to raise, not himself, but the wind!—
HOME, HOME, DAN HOME,
No Medium like HOME!

He is vouched for by friends, F.R.S.'s, M.P.'s;
With EMP'ROR and CZAR hob-and-nobs at his ease;
And to show off for shillings he cannot have grounds,
Who still has on tap draughts for thousands of pounds!—
HOME, HOME, DAN HOME,
No Medium like HOME!

Gems of Literature.

A NEW novel is advertised under the name of *The Countess's Cross*. It is rumoured that this is the first of a series with similar titles, such as, *The Baroness's Bracelet, or The Fatal Clasp; The Duchess's Diamonds, or All are not Brilliants that Glitter; The Princess's Pendant, or Thereby hangs a Tale*, &c. Critics are forewarned not to condemn these works of fiction as precious rubbish.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XX.

TIME RUNS ON.

GRACE MARCHMONT had sunk in terror upon the ground, while an enormous turtle, more than six feet high, and broad in proportion, was standing upon its hinder fins of iron muscle, and was regarding her with a fixed amatory look, which NUTT at once interpreted as in the last degree threatening and dangerous. Poor GRACE seemed utterly unable to move, fascinated by the bright twinkling eye of the leering savage monster which had assumed this hostile attitude a few feet from where she was gathering sea-weed. In vain NUTT above tried to distract the attention of the amphibious reptile; then he descended quickly, and taking off one of his new boots, hurled it at the creature's head. With a yell of disappointed love it turned from MISS MARCHMONT to regard its new antagonist, who was standing on the defensive, hoping to draw any attack upon himself, when the turtle seemed to stagger in his purpose, and instead of attacking NUTT, commenced a slow unwieldy movement, somewhat resembling a portion of the old minuet, swinging its head lazily from left to right, and accompanied by a low gurgling sound, like the half suppressed laughter of an idiot, terrible to hear, while its eyes rolled with vague inconstancy, dwelling upon no fixed object.

NUTT saw at once what was the matter.

"I have read of such cases," he explained to MISS MARCHMONT, who, pale and trembling, was now by his side.

"The Turtle is either mad, or simply an idiot. The head you can see from here is very soft. With one blow from a switch," here he cut one from a neighbouring tree by the aid of a blade of grass, which he had fitted to an agate handle, "I can despatch the fellow. He will be very good eating."

But at the sight of the switch the Turtle suddenly reeled and fell, dead. It was so sudden and strange, that NUTT could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses.

"The Turtle saw the stick and expired from fright," said GRACE; "so much is evident."

"Nature, MISS MARCHMONT," answered NUTT, "never acts without a reason, however distant the motive power may be from our present vision, however obscure the cause of the visible result may be. In this case I think I have traced the effect to its proper cause. This huge Turtle has been doubtless the parent of a vast family, all destined for the food of man, all in due time consumed as soon as they left their mother's care. Boats may have come sufficiently near here to have effected their capture, and if once taken to England, few of the tribe have ever been able to return. But those few what tales to tell, what names to mention (for animals have their own method of communication), what horrors to recount in connection with those names! Would not the words City of London, Alderman, Lord Mayor, be a lesson to the surviving mother. Undoubtedly then she swooned and died on seeing that the switch with which I had armed myself was——" he hesitated.

"What? I long to know, what?" exclaimed GRACE, anxiously.

"BIRCH," replied NUTT.

This led to further conversation, and then GRACE asked him if he thought anybody had ever been there before them. He was silent for a considerable time, but on her assuring him that it was not meant as a conundrum, he answered,—

"You asked me if I had any reason to believe that any one had ever been here before. I have: here it is." And he showed her certain indications of a building of some sort having once stood on this very spot.

What was remarkable and most puzzling about it was the indentations of apparently two wings, one on either side of what seemed to have been a hut.

"It has evidently sunk here," observed NUTT, "in some strong convulsion of Nature, probably dating back as far as the Diluvian period."

GRACE was silent. Then she said slowly, "I know what it was. Trace its form. These which you think were wings, were *wheels*."

"A carriage!" exclaimed NUTT, in utter astonishment at the deduction.

"No," answered GRACE, gravely; "has nothing wheels except a carriage?"

He looked at her. His mind was busy suggesting watches, manufactories, organs, steamers, and as busily rejecting them. Then he said that he would give it up.

She answered slowly and sadly, "A Bathing Machine."

They were silent awhile, both occupied with the many serious thoughts suggested by this discovery.

Presently the bass voice gave utterance. "This was," it said solemnly, "perhaps the Margate of the ancient world, the Scarborough or Brighton of the ante-diluvian period. Here, perhaps, on the very spot where we now stand Ethiopia's swarthy sons have attuned their lays; nay more, may not the Original Bones lie even now beneath our feet?

Here the earliest ancestors of the human race may have buried one another in the shingle, or filling their little pails with wet sand, have trotted to and fro with wooden spades upon its yellow surface."

At last GRACE broke the silence which followed these observations. "Dinner!" she exclaimed.

A voice within him responded to the call, and he put forth all his energies to secure the best repast the Island could afford.

His bill of fare was turtle fins, turtle soup, whitebait, *soupe à la Rain*, boiled mutton and caper sauce, *pommes de terre frites*, omelet of turtle's eggs, salad, cheese of the island, and sardines.

To the first part of this banquet the deceased turtle contributed its share. The whitebait NUTT found in the creek near at hand, also the sardines; but these last were more difficult to secure, as upon the approach of man, with an instinctive cunning, they packed themselves away in their natural tin cases, and, but for their lying too closely to allow of action, would have in this manner eluded his grasp. The soup was of a light, thin, clear nature, of which a little drop went a considerable way. The mutton was easily obtained, for NUTT ascending the cliff found a fine fat long-haired sheep quietly browsing on the pasture land, which he immediately slaughtered, and gave to GRACE to boil in the turtle-shell which he had ingeniously fashioned into a saucepan; then he went outside the house, cut some capers, and returned.

There was some difficulty about the fire at first, but NUTT soon showed MISS MARCHMONT how by compressing sea-water between the hands until all the noxious gases have evaporated, the residue of carbonic can be at once applied to sticks for the purpose of ignition. On the first opportunity he explained to her further how the same process on a larger scale could be with equal success applied to river water.

"Then," said GRACE, "it is not impossible to set a river on fire?"

"By no means," answered NUTT, "provided the water will burn. But there are many contingencies which might prevent an inexperienced hand from attaining its object. However, our present task is with our dinner."

He had luckily caught one of the numerous corkscrew fish, with which the creeks abounded, and having fixed his proboscis firmly into a corked bottle, NUTT showed MISS MARCHMONT how the fish by the leverage of his tail could speedily open their modest bottle of St. Æmilion. GRACE, who appeared to have unknown resources at her command—

Fœmina multa facere scit,

offered before and during the meal to give NUTT pepper; but he declined it on account of the trouble it would have caused her. The turtle's eggs were delicious. The salad made from the rare grasses of the island excellent, and a whale happening to swim within stone's throw of the island served them (for he was soon dispatched by NUTT) with oil enough, when gently strained through a cullender of dried grass, interwoven with twigs, for six weeks' salad and a month's lamps; but this latter was not required, as they found gas on the island in large quantities, the pipes being naturally formed by hollow bamboo canes from tree to tree and rock to rock, which gave on a dark night the effect of a thousand additional lamps lit in the well-wooded inclosure.

During the meal GRACE started up, and exclaimed that the last bottle of St. Æmilion had been lost in the wreck of the house.

"Let us look about us," said NUTT, "perhaps we may find a substitute." After a few minutes' search he came back, radiant with smiles, and bearing in his hand a flowering shrub of a most peculiar description. Its roots grew out above ground, deriving apparently its life from the various suckers which shot themselves out into the air while its leaves and branches had spread and flourished underneath the earth, affording shelter to a variety of insects of a genus between avis and scarabæus.

"This will serve us, MISS MARCHMONT," NUTT said, "for at all events one sort of beverage for this evening. From it I shall distil a sweet and potent spirit, dear to sailors on board ship. It is at once invigorating, supporting, and refreshing."

"Do sailors grow it in Benicia or England?" inquired GRACE.

"I am not aware," he answered, "that the plant itself has been much cultivated in either place, though the taste for the liquor obtains in most of our northern civilised countries. The beverage so decocted is entitled Rum."

"How strange!" exclaimed MISS MARCHMONT, as she examined the stem and leaves of NUTT's prize, "how little do we know of nature's provisions! What an extraordinary sample of vegetation!"

"Yes," answered NUTT, "you have now seen the—

"RUM SHRUB."

After this NUTT made a decoction, and, when they had finished dinner, they sat down

happily with a bottle of the new-made liquor between them. Ah! what a paradise to one of them!

As he was raising his glass to his mouth for the fourth time, GRACE started up, and seizing his arm——

(*To be continued.*)

Authors to Editor.—Look here, no pictures again in the last number. We bargained for pictures, and ought to have 'em. We can understand how difficult the PIEL DORNTON portion of this tale (done by the other Authors) is to illustrate, but not *ours*, besides an illustration excites curiosity. We have done something for ourselves this week in the vignette representing the imprint of something (*vide* text) on the sand. It's good; not, perhaps, high art, but still if we don't have pictures as per agreement *we will draw them ourselves.*

Editor to the Above.—Don't do anything in a hurry. The Artist likes you all very much, he has said so, only you do—you mean it well—but you *do* fluster him. He is nervous, and cannot stand your going down to his house with fireworks, and masks. And then your telegrams frighten him. Let your Editor, your kind well-wishing Editor, do it all for you. He'll arrange it, and you'll have *such* pictures.

Authors.—We've made use of the Corkscrew Fish this week. Draw MR. MALALCEIL'S attention to the fact.

The Editor.—Quite so. You'll get on capitally, and now, Gentlemen, the Editor does hope (&c., as in previous numbers).

ANOTHER LETTER FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "Chikkin Hazard."

DEAR SIR,

I TRUST the illustration will suit you *this* time. In the first place I have stuck to the text. In the second I have shown how love has wrought a wondrous change in the Boomerang's features. In the third I have depicted a marked improvement in MISS MARCHMONT, the result of animal food in large quantities, upon an originally delicate constitution. Lastly the forest tree has *not* been evolved entirely from the depths of my consciousness or the teachings of my dendrologist; it is from a study I myself made from nature last Christmas. I *do* hope you will like it.

Faithfully yours,

GASTON DE MALALCEIL.

P.S. Tell the gentlemen of the letterpress that if they pester me with any more pen-and-ink sketches of subjects for illustration, I'll be hanged if I don't publish them just as they are, with the Authors' names underneath.

SNOBS AT THE OPERA.

HERE are some people who apparently do not care much for other people; else, being at the Opera, they would not behave in this way:—

"It is simply disgraceful to see the unmannerly conduct of holders of boxes in the grand and pit tiers. During the solos and duets it is no unfrequent thing to hear a loud guffaw of laughter and chattering, so loud in tone as to entirely disturb those of the audience who go to hear the music. One night last week this was so marked as to elicit loud hisses from all parts of the house, which, after all, only partly checked the nuisance.'

One hardly would believe this in a civilised community; but the *Court Circular* is certainly a trustworthy authority. Indeed, were further evidence demanded, *Mr. Punch* might add his own, for he repeatedly has suffered from the nuisance here described. Certain snobbesses and snobs think it fine to be heard talking in the middle of an Opera, when the house is hushed and listening to the singers on the stage. They like to make believe they know the music so by heart that it is hardly worth their while to pay the least attention to it. They fancy that by making noises, when their neighbours all are silent, they perhaps may gain the credit of being old *habitués;* and so they laugh and chatter, being selfishly regardless of the nuisance they create.

There is small use in appealing to the good taste of a snob; but it is to be regretted that, when he has the bad taste to make himself offensive at places like the Opera, the Nuisances Removal Act cannot be enforced. People, snobs and fools excepted, when they pay a visit and a guinea at the Opera, pay to hear the singing of PATTI, or of MARIO, of TITIENS, or TREBELLI, and not to hear the prattle of MISS JONES or MR. SMITH. If chatterers can't hold their tongues until the Act-drop falls, they ought to keep away, and not rob other people of the pleasure they have paid for. A snob who makes a noise when MARIO is singing should be taken into custody and charged with picking pockets, for every note he drowns is as good as a bank-note.

SET YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER.

IT is well known that MR. BRIGHT, for instance, in the House of Commons, is not called MR. BRIGHT, but the Honourable Member for Birmingham, and that he will, when MR. GLADSTONE comes to be Prime Minister, very likely be called the Right Honourable Gentleman the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This is the rule of Parliament; and its observance, in the Lower House, is perfectly easy. In the House of Lords, however, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* has pointed out, "confusion is, no doubt, sometimes occasioned by a reference to 'the noble Lord on the other side of the House, who followed the noble Earl on the cross benches in replying to the remarks of my noble friend behind me.'" This confusion might be prevented by adopting a method of personal reference which would involve nothing more than a slight sacrifice of dignity.

A very great humorist once, speaking in a convivial assembly which included some who were strangers to him, indicated one of them as "the gentleman with the foreign waistcoat and domestic countenance." Their Lordships the Peers might, in mentioning one another, adopt similar methods of description. They might particularise the noble Duke with the sandy hair, the noble Earl with the Roman nose, the right reverend Prelate with the red face, or the noble Lord who squints.

If any of these descriptions were found to give offence to Peers unable to take a joke, peculiarities of attire or ornament might be adverted to instead of distinctions of form and feature. There could be nothing unpleasant in calling a Peer the noble Marquis in the white tie, or the noble Lord with the eye-glass. Mistakes would thus be effectually precluded, and noble Lords would be enabled to observe a maxim which all boys either born to or destined for seats in the High Court of Parliament, should be taught to write in their copy-books. "Avoid circumlocution."

JUST THE NAME FOR HIM.

ANTIQUARIANS and artists had better go at once and take a last fond look at Paris. Thanks to BARON HAUSMANN'S organ of destructiveness, there soon will hardly be a single old house left there. He goes about, like *Asmodeus*, taking all the roofs off, and does not put them on again, until the streets have been remodelled. Says a Paris Correspondent—

"What with expropriation and moving, all the world is unhoused."

Unhoused; precisely so: and may we not suggest that HAUSMANN ought to change his name now to Unhausmann.

"I do not Ask to Press that Cheek."

(*Copyright, mind.*)

I DO not ask to press that cheek,
As thou, perchance, mightst smack mine own,
And mild young men, ashamed and meek,
Should let young ladies' cheeks alone.
But if at breakfast, near thee placed
A pig's cheek, nicely cooked, should be,
And thou shouldst hesitate to taste,
O! then I'll press that cheek on thee.

A "Bird's Eye" Thought.

"The district of St. Paul's, Bedminster, Bristol, has, as churchwardens for the ensuing year, a *Drake* and a *Duck*, the names of the gentlemen appointed being, MR. JOHN DRAKE and MR. GEORGE DUCK."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

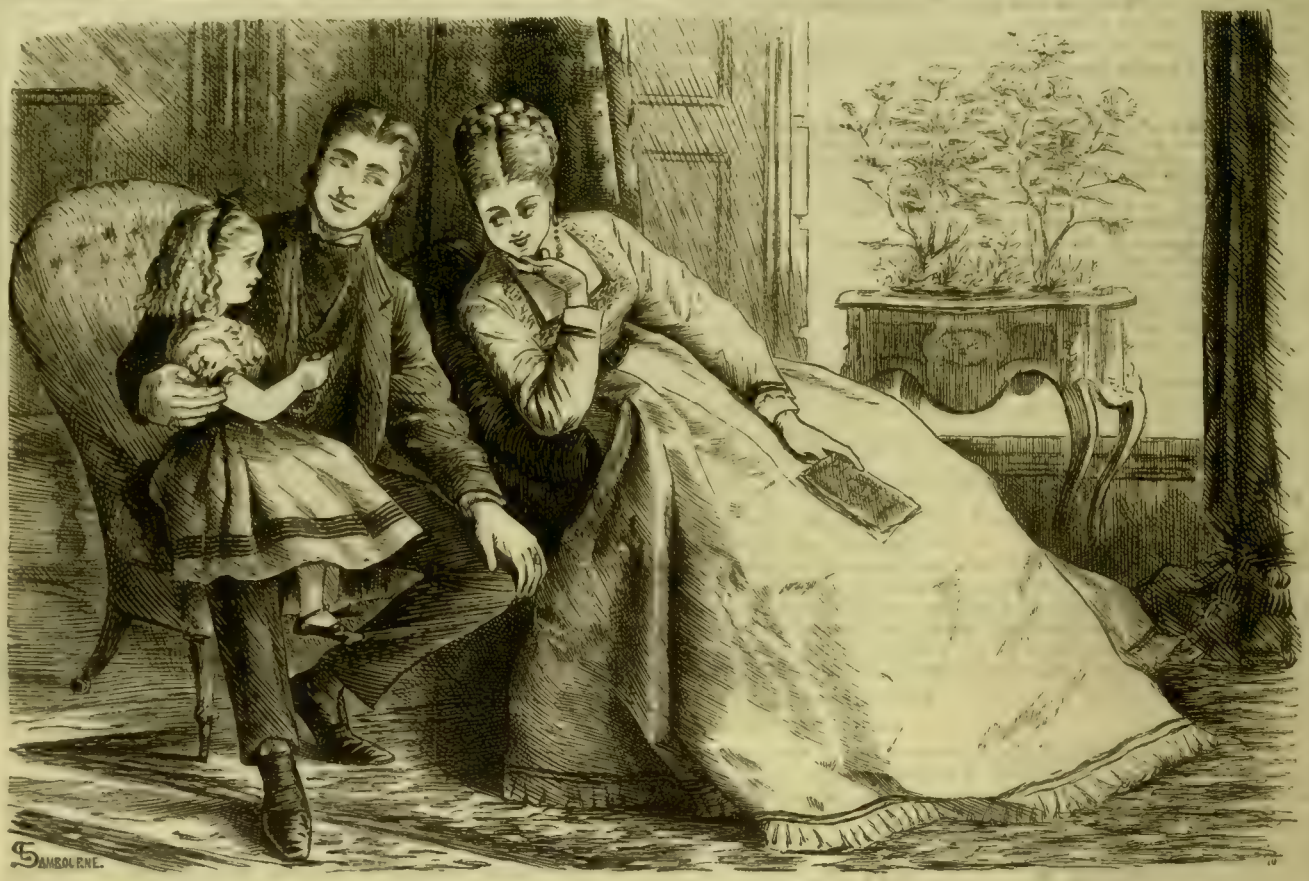
For the sake of the parishioners, let us hope that these gentlemen will not make ducks and drakes of the money entrusted to their charge.

Turning a Type Inside Out.

THE type of faith or Spiritual reliance,
Used to be "DANIEL in the den of Lions."
But since a certain case in Chancerie,
"LIONS in DANIEL'S den," it ought to be.

"MARRIAGES are made in heaven"—we once were taught:
But now they 're Ma'd on earth, young CRŒSUS thinks, just caught.

HIGH WALK OF ART.—BLONDIN across Niagara.



L'ENFANT CHARMANT.

Little Emily (who has just received her usual salute from Fred). "Oh, do Kiss Cousin Grace, too, Mr. Lovell!"
[*Fred would only be too happy; but, as it is, he and Grace have to explain the subject thoroughly.*

THE GREAT UNTAXED IN THEIR GLORY.

Napier came, saw, and conquered; the battle was o'er;
There's an end of the war and of King Theodore.
The prestige is recovered that England had lost,
And the popular voice cries "A fig for the cost!"

Lo, the tyrant's abolished, the captives are free!
And there isn't a fraction to pay on our tea,
Or our sugar: how sweet so cheap glory to win!
No additional tax on tobacco or gin!

Let us drink, then, success to Disraeli and Hunt,
Who exempted the many from finding the blunt;
And laid all the expense of the War on the Few—
For the Income-Tax payer will pay all that's due.

Ah, tremble, ye tyrants, whom England can crush,
At a price which her millions won't care for one rush;
In the scale as a feather the money will weigh,
For a national war when a part has to pay.

Self-Contemptuous Expressions.

A Gentleman has put an advertisement in the *Times*, announcing that, in accordance with a wish expressed in a will, he has assumed the name of Pugh in addition to his surname, one of his Christian names being Pugh already. By thus adding Pugh to Pugh, he may almost be said to have pugh-pughed himself.

IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Uxborough, who eloped with his wife, always speaks of the golden symbol which he then placed on her left hand as a runaway ring.

A Quick Sand.—The Sand of Time.

A CARD.

Bendizzy & Co. beg to offer their sincere and grateful thanks to the Nobility and Gentry, and their customers in general, for the patronage with which they have been liberally entrusted, since they started their political co-operative store. No exertion shall be wanting to render their business a most popular concern, and, while their chief aim is to make it advantageous to themselves, they will do their best to render it attractive to the public. The principle of co-operation upon which their trade is based demands that all shall work together that they may keep their places, and put their shoulders cheerfully to their own common weal.

Bendizzy & Co. can point with pride to their radical Reform Bill, as a specimen of Tory workmanship which has never been surpassed. Such an article as this could only be produced by the co-operative system, which obliges men to sink their individual opinions, and work together heartily to gain one common end. Bendizzy & Co. will never hesitate to stoop to any sacrifice of interest or of principle, prejudicial to their scheme of sticking to their business and preventing it from slipping to some opposition firm.

*** Country orders promptly and carefully attended to. A liberal discount offered upon any Tory bill. No connection (just at present) with Gladstone, Bright & Co.

N.B. A large number of Unredeemed Pledges to Constituents for sale.

True to their Principles.

In the National Portrait Exhibition, Sir Archibald Alison (498) and Lord George Bentinck (540) are conspicuous by the splendour of their waistcoats. It has been suggested that the reason for their being so painted is, that they were both Tories; and Tories are particularly attached to vested interests.

Q. Why is the Cam at once the dirtiest and the cleanest river in the world? *A.* Because it is always going to the Wash.

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VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

Sergeant (to Captain Tiffany, of the Volunteers, who has been drilling with the Guards). "YOU SHOULD GIVE THE WORD OF COMMAND A LITTLE LOUDER, SIR; THE MEN CAN'T HEAR YOU."

Captain Tiffany. "OH, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO DAMAGE MY TENOR VOICE, YOU KNOW, SERGEANT!!"

A CABMAN'S COMPLAINT

Touching the late rise in fares, and the working of it; namely, that the higher the tariff of fares, the higher the charge for cabs by proprietors.

IT 's 'ard lines with us poor dear cabbies—
Ill-used and hinnocent as babbies!
Now tizzy fares to bobs is risen,
Poor Cabby finds the bobs aint his'n.
We made ourselves so precious busy
Till 'ARDY rose that hextra tizzy!
The party as we wished might get it
Was him as druv the cab, not let it.
We thought, acos we made the fuss,
In course, the tizzy 'd be for *us;*
But—it 's enough to wex a saint—
We finds that now it 's come, it *aint*
All on't—if we 'd known, we 'd been quieter—
Goes to the blessed proper-ietor.
They 've clapped it on four-wheel and shoful,
Till what we pays is something woful!
We can't 'arn money, nor yet love:
Drivers? Blest if we *are!*—we're *druv!*

DIZZY AMONG THE PICTURES.

(*No offence to the* PREMIER.)

MR. PUNCH,—Did you observe, Sir, that at the Royal Academy Exhibition, there are a few pictures beneath each of which is inscribed the name of its painter, together with a statement of its subject, if needing explanation! Bless every artist who has done this most needful thing! If all exhibitors will in future do the same, they will save your humble servant, if he lives to see it, and will no doubt also save a great many other people, a pestilent vertigo, brought on by constant and long-continued reference to the catalogue. Visitors want catalogues to make notes in, and, even although the pictures be labelled and ticketed, will buy them nearly all the same. The works of MR. HOOK deserve attention, but how can you study them if, when you would like to, giddiness in the head obliges you to hook it? This is no joke, but a question propounded in all seriousness, if, as you may say, by a giddy

GOOSE.

CHURCH AND STATE.—Beadle in Full Fig.

COSTUMES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition this year has, as a matter of business, been interesting to artists of another class than the brotherhood of the brush and the chisel. It must have proved very beneficial to those whose art consists in the confection, as the technical phrase is, of female costumes, namely, milliners and dressmakers; and moreover, the linendrapers and silk-mercers must have derived a considerable haul from it. The length of many of the trains worn by the ladies who visit the picture-show of the Royal Academy might suggest the supposition that their wearers regarded the Royalty of that Institution as being of a nature so absolute as to necessitate the display of those flowing robes which etiquette demands at Court.

There are trains and trains—excursion trains and ladies' trains. By the former you go tripping; by the latter you get tripped up. An excursion train taking the British Public to see a Volunteer Review is long, but the trains worn by some of the fair visitors to the above-named Exhibition may be said to have been longer; for the excursion train is usually not more than long enough, whereas the ladies' trains are all too long, at least for any purpose other than the purposes of business aforesaid. For no fellow, wedged in a crowd, and contemplating the works of our best artists, can be expected to look and see where he is treading. Hence ensue damage and destruction of skirts, to the loss of husbands and fathers, if to the good of trade. Now, not only from a rational point of view, but with regard to ostentation, the worst place in the world for long skirts is a crowded room, where their presence is remarked in so far as it is sensible to feeling only, and not to sight, being unperceived by the eye, and felt by the soles. In a picture gallery crammed with people there is at any rate not that objection to short dresses that may be felt by some of the softer sex whom they might elsewhere expose to criticism such as the following, reported by the Paris Correspondent of the *Post*, as pronounced by a lady on a Ball given by "that famed queen of fashion," LADY POURTALÈS, at which all the ladies had to appear in "robes courtes:"—

"O triste, très triste, vue pénible et affligeante! Que de vilains pieds pour deux ou trois jolis! Que d'extrémités vulgaires et bourgeoises! Que de pieds plats portant un grand nom, et que de mésalliances lourdement affichées!"

Is it possible that splay feet, gout, corns, bunions, and thick ankles have come to abound among fashionable Frenchwomen? Then, doubtless, a prevalent deformity has prevailed in dictating the fashion of long dresses. If "beetle-crushers" are endemic, no wonder that trains are the rage.

CABINET CEMENT.

THIS useful composition illustrates a remarkable property of political substances—the attraction of cohesion. A house may be dissolved by immersion in hot water, but, fortified with Cabinet cement, one indispensable piece of furniture will remain to create astonishment for its marvellous tenacity. Benches on which Ministers rely for support, are prevented from coming to grief, in common with their occupants, by aid of this consolidating agent. It is warranted not to soil the most delicate hands, and will retain its efficacy for any length of time if kept in the dark. Parties requiring it for packing, can be supplied with it in sticks. Inquire for "PREMIER'S Patent Cabinet Cement." The genuine article is distinguished by the Government stamp, to imitate which is felony.—[ADVERTISEMENT.]

Ecclesiastical Lights.

THE Report of the Commissioners on Ritualism contains the suggestion that any difficulties should be referred to the decision of the Bishop *in Camerâ.* Surely, this sounds uncommonly like a *Camera Obscura.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

So the PREMIER went to see the QUEEN, and to mention to Her Majesty the Provocation (as LORD DERBY calls it) which had been given to the Ministry to resign. He came back, and on

Monday, May 4th, he expounded his doings and his intentions unto the Provokers and his own men. The exposition occupies two columns and a half, and though in no sense what *Bottom* calls an exposition of sleep, it shall, as *Hamlet* says, to the barber's.

We, the Derby Ministry, did not dissolve, though we might have so treated a Palmerston Parliament.

We have governed the country beautifully.

We have made England influential everywhere, but not by Bustling Intermeddling.

We decided on liberating the Abyssinian Captives, we chose the victorious General, whom we supplied with all means of war. Therefore

We are not afraid to appeal to the Nation.

Suddenly there uprose the Irish Church Question.

We have four reasons against Destroying the Irish Church:

1. It is a retrograde policy.
2. It endangers property.
3. It disunites Religion from Authority.
4. It menaces the Church of England.

We have three reasons for Dissolution:

1. This Parliament cannot legislate conclusively.
2. The Irish Church question had never been hinted at when this Parliament was elected.
3. The opinion of the Nation on this question is opposed to the opinion of this Parliament.

I do not care for the taunts about wanting to retain office. I have never shown an undue desire to do so.

We rule by a Minority, do we? Then that is an Imputation, not on us, but on the House. But it is false. We govern by general consent. JOHN RUSSELL governed by a minority, if you like.

I saw the QUEEN, who acted with all her accustomed frankness, kindness, and wisdom.

I said that I should advise a dissolution. But that there were times when the Sovereign should not be embarrassed by personal claims, and if the QUEEN thought we had better retire, out we would instantly go, with every grateful feeling towards Her Majesty, for her warm support, and for the aid which the QUEEN gives to any Minister by her now vast acquaintance with foreign affairs. In fact

I tendered my resignation. The QUEEN took a day to consider, and then Refused to accept my resignation, and Declared her readiness to Dissolve as soon as public business would permit.

I then advised that the appeal should be to the New Constituency to elect under my Reform Act.

I stated that I was advised that this might be managed in the autumn.

I shall oppose the two remaining Resolutions, but without debate.

We must pass the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills, and the Boundary Bill, and a short Act, hastening the operation of the English Reform Bill.

Such was the PREMIER's explanation. He was at once followed by

MR. GLADSTONE. Never did a Minister dissolve when he had had 60 and 65 against him. There is no reason for a dissolution, and no hope of reversing the decision of the Commons. I do not altogether object to your compliments to some of your colleagues, but the conduct of the Spending Departments I do greatly condemn. You gave the QUEEN bad advice——

[For, brethren, in spite of the exceeding care with which MR. DISRAELI spoke, he left a muddle in the minds of some of his hearers, who thought he meant that he had advised an appeal to the present electors. This was cleared up in his reply.]

And I am glad She did not take it.

The only question was of your own Ministerial existence.

Autumn be hanged—you will make it the Winter, and meantime you are to govern, and carry important measures!

However, your fate is your own business. I mean to carry my Resolutions and a Bill for suspending Irish Church Appointments, and I make no Covenant with you.

MR. LOWE. So we are to keep in office a Ministry that neither trusts the House, nor is trusted by it.

MR. NEWDEGATE. Nice talk. You treat us as a Warming Pan, do you? [He was too polite to add, "We'll warm you."]

MR. CHILDERS. Autumn ends on the 21st December. Tell me the time at which you mean to dissolve.

MR. BRIGHT. You got into office by unworthy arts, you have held office (I mean you, the PREMIER) by adopting a policy opposed to all you had professed, and why are we to depart from Parliamentary and constitutional usage to keep in place Ministers who have hooted all their own principles out of the House? I am not convinced by a certain newspaper, which has a constant small *liaison* with you. Are you to sit there like the gods in LORD DERBY's *Homer*, eating Ambrosial Provender? If we keep you in, the question can't be settled till 1870, and the Irish will distrust us. Are Governments a set of Cricketers who think that they must have Innings, because others have had theirs? I advise the House to watch you, for you will stick to office until turned out by an Offensive vote. [It may be remarked that the future Chancellor of Exchequer, or Indian Minister, or Trade Secretary, or whatever it is to be, was not tormented to-night with any return of the affability with which he has lately been afflicted.]

The PREMIER. The QUEEN gave her assent to a dissolution without any reference to old or new constituencies. There! I believe we can dissolve in November, but I will let you know. Newspaper, bother! MR. BRIGHT is always thinking of newspapers, but they are not public opinion, nor is the country governed by them [of course, with the exception of *Punch*], and I wish at least he would not charge us with being in communication with opposition journals. MR. LOWE is full of the amenity and suavity which make him such a favourite, but if you want a vote of No Confidence, pass one, but let it be a straightforward vote. (*Loud cheers.*) There is no candour or justice in transferring recent votes into those of Want of Confidence.

There the Ministerial Crisis question dropped for the time, and we went into Ways and Means and voted

The increase of Two Pence on the Income-Tax.

MR. GLADSTONE pitched into Government extravagance, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON denied that there was any, as, of course did CHANCELLOR WARD HUNT. "There is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form," as LADY BLARNEY or MISS CAROLINA says.

Tuesday. Jolly row in the House to-night, based on the way the DUKE OF RICHMOND had spoken of the interview with the QUEEN. The Duke, in fact, not having the fear of the fiery Provokers before his eyes, frankly let out that the appeal would be to the old or new constituencies, as might please the Minister. MR. DISRAELI showed very good fence, but at last said that the permission to dissolve at present referred only to the Irish Church question. It were not profitable or amusing to reproduce the Westminster Assembly's Catechism for the PREMIER, but he managed to provoke the Provokers beyond bearing.

MR. MILL brought in two Bills, for making Municipal Corporations, and for making a Corporation of London. They are not to be proceeded with, but are to set folks a-thinking.

Wednesday. Do you know that Mines (except Coal-Mines) are not taxed?—that is, the Lord of the Mine is rated, but the property, some six millions and a half, escapes. MR. WINDHAM's Bill for making this rateable, was read a Second Time. Thus far into the bowels of the land he hath marched on without impediment.

Thursday. The Lords approved and read a Second Time the Bill for Private Executions. A coroner's inquest is to be held on the body of the criminal, so that there may be no room for insensate stories of the escape of rich felons.

In the Commons there was simply the most appalling Shine that has marked the debates for years.

MR. GLADSTONE's Resolutions were put, and MR. DISRAELI did not divide against them. So, brethren, the Palmerston Parliament HAS DECREED THE DOOM OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PATRICK AND THE TUDORS.

Then did two Scotch Members (MR. AYTOUN and MR. LAMONT) go in for mischief like men. They proposed that the grant to Maynooth (Catholic) and the *Regium Donum* (Presbyterian) should be discontinued, and that no secularised money should be given in any way to the Papists of Ireland. Then began the fray, and it waxed furious. Divisions were taken, and all the Ministers went out of the House into "a little room," sarcastically referred to by MR. GLADSTONE, though it was not the room's fault that it was little. Two forms of the Scotch Resolution were rejected, but at last it was agreed to; and so, brethren, the Palmerston Parliament HAS DECREED THE DOOM OF THE MAYNOOTH GRANT AND THE ROYAL GIFT.

But of what bitter things were said by everybody who could think of any, *Mr. Punch* can give but a slight notion. *Acribus excivit stimulis furialis* ERINnys. MR. DISRAELI scoffed at the Provokers, who were Quarrelling over the Plunder: MR. BRIGHT accused the PREMIER of Pompousness and Servility: and, according to the *Star*, "in a magnificent burst of eloquence, denounced him as a Traitor to his Sovereign and his country;" LORD JOHN MANNERS derided MR. BRIGHT for constantly praising his own virtue; MR. GLADSTONE charged MR. DISRAELI with language such as had never been heard from a Prime Minister; and MR. DISRAELI declared that his language was appropriate; and, in spite of MR. BRIGHT's Stale Invective, defied him to make a specific charge, and was willing to be judged by the "Gentlemen" (marked emphasis on the word) who sat on the Opposition side.

Then the Irish Reform Bill was quietly read a Second Time.

Friday. In Australia is a colony called Victoria. It is the most southern colony of the Australian Continent. It is just above Tasmania, which is an island, now named after ABEL TASMAN, its discoverer, in 1642, but

formerly called Van Demons' Land, from being haunted by evil Dutch spirits. Victoria has a capital, which is called Melbourne, named after the jovial Prime Minister. The colony used to be united to New South Wales, but now keeps Separation Day as a jubilee, when the jolly colonists go to Mordialloc, Yan Yean Reservoir, Fern Tree Gully, and even Schnapper Point (or let's be genteel, and say Mornington), and have roysterings. A Governor, called DARLING, became the darling of the mass of colonists for favouring protective views, and carrying his patronage of these views two far, he was recalled. The Victorian House of Commons voted him 20,000*l.*, to make up for the loss of his place, and it is against rule for Governors to take provincial rewards. So the vote was changed to one for LADY DARLING. This is held equally objectionable. The Lords debated the subject, and the Colonial Minister does not seem to know what to tell the present Governor to do. New LORD SALISBURY was for enforcing the authority of the Crown.

Reaction and calm in the Commons. A very able speech by MR. O'BEIRNE, on our absurd Fortifications, produced an interesting debate, and MR. TORRENS had the satisfaction of passing his Bill for Improving the Dwellings of Artisans. We compliment both Irish gentlemen on having benefacted England. There was no such word as benefacted, but we invent it.

TOO BAD!

Emily: "WHAT DO I THINK OF THE FLOWER, MR. ROBINSON? WHY, MORE THAN I DO OF THE POT, BY FAR!"

PICKED UP IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

LOOKING at No. 10, PENWIGGIN, critic and reformer, expressed his pleasure at finding the *Leys* element at last introduced into the Academy.

"*Mrs. Gordon, of Cluny*" (No. 375) wearing a lace shawl. The lace, on fair authority, taken to be Cluny.

GRACE in a dwarf bonnet with forget-me-nots, and the newest disposition of back hair, standing before "*Acme and Septimius*" (No. 449) with LIONEL thoroughly up in CATULLUS—GRACE, rather neatly, pronounced the picture to be the acme of perfection.

The coloured moonlight on MADELINE's bed (No. 585) voted "very pretty" by an immense majority.

Farming without Land.

PUBLIC attention has lately been directed to the somewhat prevalent practice of baby-farming. The persons called baby-farmers may, in these euphemistic days, perhaps prefer to call themselves infanticulturists. Certainly, they are not without reason to be ashamed of their name. There is one remarkable difference between baby-farmers and other farmers. The British Farmer is often a Protectionist at heart; but the baby-farmers are utterly heartless, and by no means desirous of any legislative enactment for the protection of the live stock which they live by disposing of.

WE perceive a musical advertisement, "BENEDICT'S ERIN." All right, no doubt, but we should prefer 'earin' BENEDICT.

SLEEP OFF THY BEER.

A Song of Sunshiny Weather.

HE sleeps below
  The hawthorn's shade.
Where daisies grow
  His head is laid.
There let it rest,
  Until 'tis clear;
Ay, that were best:
  Sleep off thy beer!

On bed of green
  With cat's-eyes sprent,
Of sapphire sheen
  With silver blent,
Where stitchworts white,
  Red cranebills peer,
Unconscious quite,
  Sleep off thy beer!

The blackbird sings;
  The sun shines warm:
On tiny wings
  The hovering swarm
Around thy nose,
  Thou dost not hear.
What blest repose!
  Sleep off thy beer!

O sweet perfume,
  Exhaled in air
From much May bloom!
  Thou dost not care.
To thy dull sense
  That toadstool, near,
Gives no offence.
  Sleep off thy beer!

Athwart thy brow
  A snail doth creep
Unfelt, for thou
  Art fast asleep:
And ants explore
  Thy features queer.
Snore on, oh, snore!
  Sleep off thy beer!

'Tis Sunday morn.
  The bells ring out,
Not thee to warn:
  A tempest's shout
Would have no strength
  To pierce thine ear.
Stretched out at length,
  Sleep off thy beer!

Thou art a sight
  That tells a tale.
Thou didst, last night,
  Have too much ale.
On moss for down,
  Soft pillow, here,
Thou drunken clown,
  Sleep off thy beer!

IT is said that should MR. HOME be allowed to retain MRS. LYON's money, he means to bestow it in charity. The charity that begins at HOME?

MODEST APPEAL.

Lady (to big drum). "Pray, my good Man, don't make that horrid Noise! I can't hear myself Speak!"

THE ROD, AND HOW TO USE IT.

That Dizzy is a schoolmaster—
The proof you have before you:
The rod, the rod, you naughty boys—
The rod he keeps hung o'er you!

Venture to vote as you think right,
On Bright's or Gladstone's grounds,
And good or bad, he 'll fine you round,
Each, say, a thousand pounds.

For that's the ticket for a seat,
Taking the lot together;
Though some may manage for a song
Election storms to weather—

And dissolution is the rod,
Your Master keeps in pickle,
The tobies of rebellious boys
At Westminster to tickle.

Then shut up your abusive throats,
And moderate your cholers,
And sing small, as becomes a lot
Of Dizzy's and Queen's scholars.

A Warning.

As soon as Sir Robert Napier arrives in England, he will, of course, be served with a summons, at the instance of Mr. Peter Taylor & Co, to attend at Bow Street, and answer for having killed King Theodore. We advise Sir Robert to go back to India, unless he wishes to suffer for having vindicated the honour of the Queen of England, and preserved the lives of her white subjects.

Dissolving Views.—Mr. Disraeli's.

PROGRESS AS TO PERSONS.

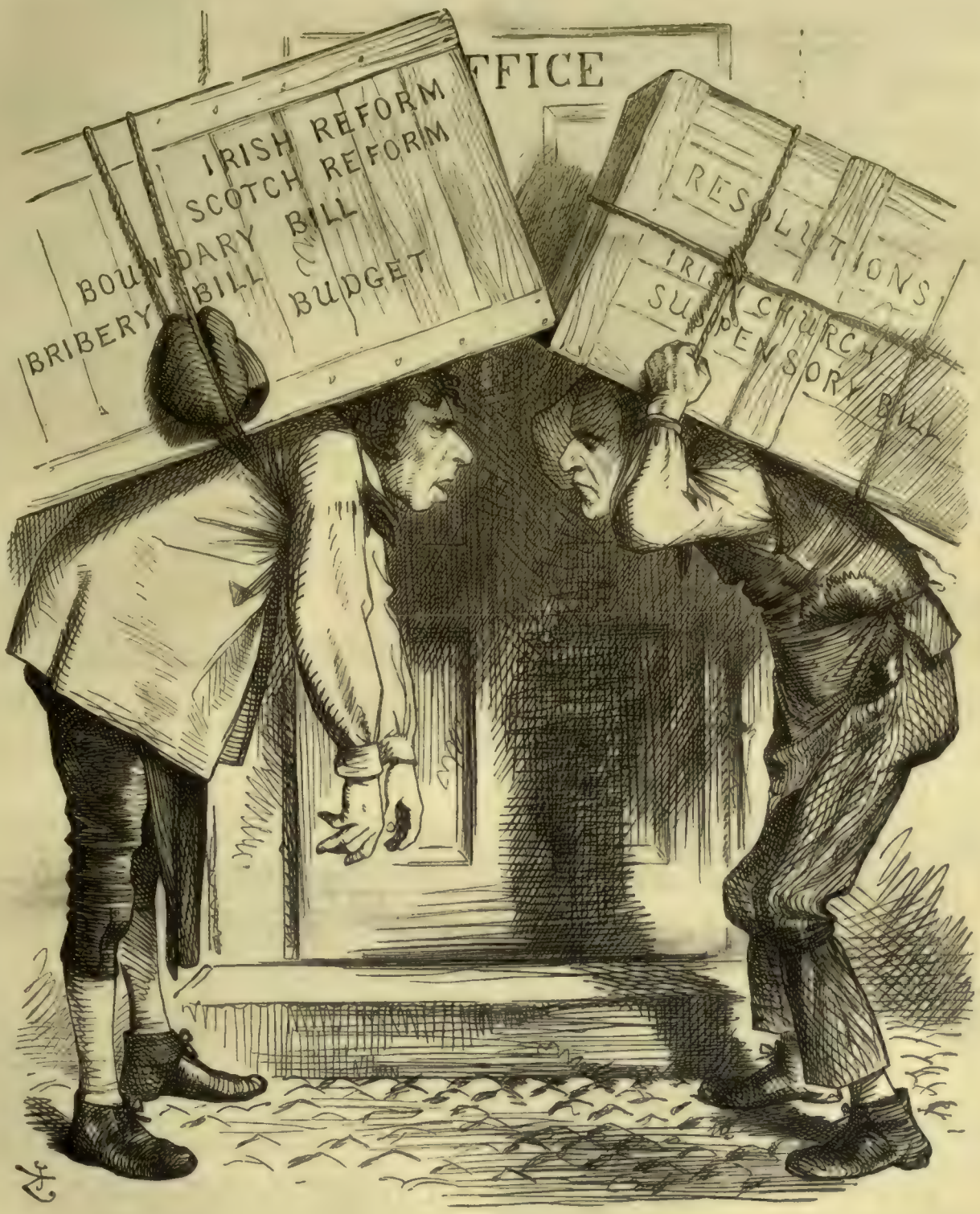
Here, picked out of a paper, are nuts for Mr. John Stuart Mill, M.P.:—

"Female Parish Officers.—On Saturday the Aylesbury Bench of Magistrates, at their Annual Session for the appointment of Parish Officers for the several parishes in their division, appointed Mrs. Sarah Wooster to the offices of overseer of the poor and surveyor of highways for the parish of Illmire, there being no other 'person' resident there so well qualified to perform the duties. Last year the same magistrates appointed not fewer than four females to similar posts, in parishes within the Aylesbury petty sessional division."

It is no disparagement to the honourable Member for Westminster, at any rate, to say that he is a respecter of persons. The same remark, with as little offence, may be made of Magistrates who evince the kind of respect for persons that has been shown by the Aylesbury Bench in electing persons of the feminine gender to the office of surveyor of highways, and overseer of the poor. Experience very likely will justify their worships in extending woman's parochial sphere of usefulness. The person who is fit to be overseer is fit to be churchwarden, and also, if physically strong enough for the place, and not unfitted by station in life, fit also to be beadle. The paupers and the parish-boys would rejoice under the rule of a beadle of the softer sex, and perhaps, if persons thereof were eligible for the post of relieving officer, and could be Poor Law guardians as well as overseers of the poor, the poor would be less hardly treated. Mr. Mill will of course not fail to argue, with the conclusiveness of Mill's Logic, that the person who is competent to act as overseer, is competent to exercise the elective franchise.

Nothing Like Leather.

The success of the Abyssinian Expedition will probably suggest a happy thought to some ingenious disciple of St. Crispin. Completely to render to the Conqueror of Theodorus all the honours which by precedent are the due of a victorious Generalissimo, we may expect that the name of Napier will shortly be given to a new sort of boots.



A CRISIS!

FIRST PORTER. "NOW, THEN, BILL GLADSTONE, WHERE ARE YOU A-SHOVIN' TO?"

SECOND PORTER. "WELL, THEN, STAND O' ONE SIDE, CAN'T YER?"

FIRST PORTER. "OH, AH, MR. STAND-O'-ONE-SIDE! AND MAKE WAY FOR YOU, I SUPPOSE? THANKEE—NOT IF I KNOW IT!"

[*And there they are at this moment.*

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XX.

(*Continued from the previous number.*)

——SAID in a gentle but firm tone, "You have exceeded the allowance you made me by three. Let us be upon an equality," so saying she took the bottle from him, and poured the remainder of the liquid into her own glass. Then he made a fresh decoction of the Rum Shrub. This they drank gratefully, gazing meantime out upon the distant sea. They discoursed at intervals upon all their hairbreadth escapes, but neither hinted at the possibility of their return to the shores they had quitted.

At last GRACE said, thoughtfully, more as if considering a problem within herself than addressing an observation to her companion, "Can't intelligence be diffused?"

He stared at her. She repeated her question. Then he made another quart of the beverage they had been drinking, and while she sat there communing with herself, drank it.

Then he began to talk.

"Th' Lectry Trelgrar wufful 'vention," he began in a voice so little resembling his own, that it was now *her* turn to stare at him in mute surprise.

He continued. "If we 'd lectry Trelgrar here we send say where were, bus ano Leckstrelgrar, thingspossil."

"Thing is *what?*" she inquired, with a look of angelic reproach.

He slowly closed his right eye, which was turned towards her, and shook his head as he repeated, "I shay things spossil."

"'The thing is impossible,' do you mean *that*, MR. NUTT?" She asked.

He laughed, and then became suddenly grave. He attempted to rise from his chair, which seemed to slip away from under him, and in another moment he was prostrate beneath the table.

He told her afterwards that he then experienced a sweet delirium, which seemed to him like the poetry of motion going the wrong way.

She knelt by his side, being nigh heartbroken. What, after all their toils and danger was it to come to this?

What was she to do?

Had *he* been in *her* place, she thought, what would *he* have done? Certainly not have sat there idle, uselessly bemoaning the past, regardless alike of present and future.

He slept for three hours, and she sat by him, keeping watch. 'Twas all she could do.

At last he woke confused, giddy, with a splitting headache and a dry distasteful tongue.

"Why am I not walking about?" he inquired.

With her ready woman's wit, she replied, "Because you are lying down."

"I will take that for an answer," he said, sadly.

"You are under my orders, now," she said, playfully, "and as your doctor, I forbid you to rise."

He wished to hear what prescription this young physician would recommend, and finding that she had none to suggest, he asked her with some curiosity what was that leaf with which she was playing at that moment. She did not know, but was able to tell him that she had gathered it from a tall tree on the Island.

"We are indeed fortunate, MISS MARCHMONT," said NUTT. "This tree is one of the rare productions of the tropics, and is Nature's own provision for the parched and weary traveller. It was doubtless overhanging a clear running stream of no great depth."

"It was," she answered, unable to restrain her evident admiration of his apparently unlimited resources.

"I thought so," he returned. "It is the Soda-water tree; squeeze one of those lemons, which you will find growing in large quantities close at hand, into a tumbler, with a spoonful of this powdered sugar, which I have luckily preserved in my pocket-book, and it will, I know from experience, produced the desired effect.

She complied with his request, but she saw, though he whistled and hooray'd whenever she approached, that the pain in his head was not yet overcome.

He drank the soda-water and took the lemons, and though still feverish he was enabled by these stimulants to give his mind to the great problem which he had been engaged upon when he fell ill.

In the afternoon she left him for awhile, and returned joyfully with two large dressed crabs which she had found apparently just about to undress themselves (as is their wont, NUTT explained, to her in these hot climates, and therefore she was to esteem herself fortunate in arriving so opportunely) in cool cave upon the sea-shore.

The sun shone upon them brightly and burningly hot. With a portion of NUTT's ingenuity she had plucked up one of the large tropical mushrooms to serve her as a sunshade, while the next size to it she planted carefully over her patient's aching head.

"Do you think," he asked, presently, "that your friends will ever come in search of you?"

"They may," she replied. "But if they do not, it would be pleasant to get somebody to call here, even if only to have a little music in the evening."

She felt, immediately the words were out of her mouth, that the speech was an unkind one. She placed her hand in his, and said simply, "I did not mean that—I am very happy here."

Then he saw his duty plainly, and set himself to do it.

His duty was to let anyone and everyone know that he was with a young lady alone on an island.

He was puzzled, and looked at her inquiringly.

"No cards," she murmured sadly, and she thought to herself "are not these words in the marriage service?"

"Friends at a distance will please accept this notice," he said, as if in reply to her thinking aloud.

A sharp crisp note from a bird struck on their ears.

NUTT turned, and looking upwards saw a bright red breasted puffy little bird, not unlike a bull-finch perched on a branch.

He rose excitedly. "The problem is solved," he cried. "This is the bird for us. The salt! MISS MARCHMONT, for pity's sake, the salt!"

She brought it to him, and they both approached the bird cautiously. His object was to climb the tree without disturbing the pretty little warbler. It was a difficult matter, but he succeeded to admiration.

GRACE MARCHMONT stood transfixed to the spot in breathless suspense. Another second, and the saline grains were sprinkled sharply upon his tail, and he fell as she had seen the Pangoffilins fall under the same influence at sea.

"The bird is stunned, not dead," explained NUTT, "when he wakes up he will be our messenger. He has served numbers of people before this time, and, even in the most civilised countries, where the invention of the Electric Telegraph has in a measure superseded that of writing, the bird is still the vehicle of communication between various parties who find this means most suitable for their purpose."

"And yet," GRACE said, "it is not a pigeon."

"It is not, MISS MARCHMONT, and herein lies its peculiarity. It is——"

"What?"

"A ROUND ROBIN!"

Authors of the Boomerang Portion of this Novel to Editor.—We do hereby solemnly protest against the Artist's new conception of MISS MARCHMONT in the last number. We intended her, and he knew it, to be young and lovely: he has made her Repulsive. We *won't* change our plot for him: he *must* change his, we mean *her*, face. No one could marry such a GRACE MARCHMONT as he has depicted in the last number. Let him do it again, and we—well, *you'll* see.

By the way, we *do* think it's far from good taste on the Editor's part to admit such a representation of our Heroine. Why doesn't the Editor do it with the other, the PIEL DORNTON part of the story? *He daren't.* Sir (*to the Editor*), drop this favouritism and timorous policy, and all may yet be well.

We remain, yours, Thirteen of us.

Editor's Note to the Above.—The Editor did inspect the illustration alluded to above, but unfortunately had mislaid his spectacles, without which all objects present to his vision much the same appearance. The gentlemen engaged on this Novel are far too generous and noble to be hard upon an Editor simply on account of an affliction, on account of which he is rather an object of deep commiseration than of scorn, temper and reproach. Let their kind hearts ponder over this, and not again will be heard the petulant complaints of gentlemen who up to this time have shown themselves in every way worthy of the high literary reputation with which they are accredited. In the meantime, to Authors and Artists alike the Editor appeals, and, holding out the right hand of fellowship to all, he *does* hope that the good feeling and forbearance *and* gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any *contretemps* occurring just when the work is progressing so admirably.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE Boomerang (whom we indeed need no longer distinguish by this name) next proceeded to dry some leaves in the Sun, and having in the course of his rambles found a cedar tree and a vein of lead, he at once constructed a couple of pencils, marked respectively H and B, with which, however, he was not satisfied, and so waited patiently until the evening, when he observed to GRACE, she would see what she should then and there behold.

As she implored him to let her be of some use, he asked her to gather for him a number of white ferns resembling feathers, while he was engaged in fashioning a kind of awkward boot out of the turtle-fins.

When she returned laden she saw to her surprise that he had fitted these fins on to his feet, and was practising a sort of step which he had often seen the soldiers at home doing in the barrack-yard or on the common at drill.

Without a question, for she had implicit trust in his wisdom, she gave him the ferns, and assisted him to tie them, and otherwise fasten them all about his body until he was completely covered. Then he stooped his body, and elevated his neck, and in this guise, and this attitude, repeated the step she had already seen him practising.

"Oh you old goose!" she exclaimed, with an amused air.

NUTT was delighted. "I have deceived *you*," he said, "with this disguise, and if I can deceive the birds who have no reason to guide them to a conclusion, my object will be gained. The step I was practising when you saw me was

"THE GOOSE STEP."

Then he departed and hid himself like a goose by the side of the small pond where all such fowl used to come down on an evening to drink.

At first the birds were somewhat shy of him, and hissed at him as if not liking his performance, but after awhile they made friends with him, when indeed he took an unfair advantage of their amiability, and seizing three of them by their necks dragged them from the pond. These supplied him with quills.

Ink was wanting, and, strange to say, once again he returned to the pond, only this time at night.

A fine black swan rewarded his efforts, whose blood furnished him with a rich, clear, indelible ink.

Then they sat down to a delicious supper of stewed eels, fried eels, eels in pies, and eels in every form, which the care and forethought of Grace had provided. After this he wrote these words on the white paper, which he had made of leaves :—

Mr. Nutt *and* Miss Marchmont *present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. World and his Wife, and will be happy to see them at No.* 42 *Longitude and No.* 20 *Latitude, first turning to the right in the Pacific Ocean, any day during this or the next year. Dinners always ready: Supper at* 11. *Ships to set down at Turtle Point, and take up at Cork-screw-fish Corner.*

This they tied to the Round Robin, with which, and his own notes, he flew away.

Then a great notion occurred to Nutt.

He cut down a tree, and out of its trunk he made a strong post. This he set up in the middle of the island. He then told Miss Marchmont to write letters to her various friends, which she did, and he took them to this Post. As he always *passed it*, letters in hand, he could (as indeed he did) on his return tell her that "her letters had *gone by*" this post.

It gave her occupation while Nutt was engaged in his grander effort. The eels for supper had suggested to him a grand, a colossal idea—if it could be only carried out. He procured four black boards and a piece of chalk. These boards he erected in various corners of the island, visible from the ocean. On each of them was written in legible characters,

Eel Pie Island. Eel Pies always Ready.
Real Turtle in every Form.
Green Fat.
Iced Punch and Choice Old Madeira.

*** Parties attended. Turtle sent to any quarter of the Globe. Apply here, on the premises to Miss Marchmont or Mr. Nutt.

Upon the third day after these had been up Grace drew Nutt's attention to a dusky speck upon the horizon. He gazed anxiously, at last he cried in an excited tone——

(*To be continued.*)

ANOTHER LETTER FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "Chikkin Hazard."

Dear Sir,

Instead of an illustration of my own, I send you this time a design by one of the gentlemen of the letter-press, and to which I have made but very few additions. I am told it represents Nutt and Grace rushing into each other's arms after dinner, while Piel Dornton is riding towards them from afar, on a dapple grey horse.

My small share in the execution of this picture is hardly worth mention. I have merely added a slight structure (AAA) to the distant horse, in order to give more solidity—the brushwood in the foreground and the shrubbery just behind the principal figures are also mine. The figures, steamboat, river, sea, table, chairs, &c., are from the hand of Mr. ——; and I sincerely trust that he will get all the credit for them.

Ever yours,

Gaston de Malaloeil.

Dean Stanley in the Wrong Box.

"Dean Stanley rose to move a resolution. He said, 'That what he valued in Establishment was the check it imposed on clerical tyranny, by giving laymen a large share in the Government of the Church.' He was received with hisses, inarticulate shouts, and cries of 'sit down.'"—*Report of the Church and State Meeting, at St James's Hall, on Wednesday, May 6th.*

When Stanley ventured truth's hard ground upon,
And to plain fact his shovel-hat dared doff,
Church and State champions, for "On, Stanley, on!",
Shrieked unmistakeably, "Off, Stanley, off!"

LITERARY FUND TOASTS

AND PUNCH'S SENTIMENTS.

THAT MR. DISRAELI was the right man in the right place in the Chair at the Literary Fund Dinner, all will admit. Whatever men's estimate of the political DISRAELI, they can hardly contest the claims of the author of *Vivian Grey*, *Contarini Fleming*, and *Coningsby*, to sit as the official representative of letters. Where shall we find another author who has worked out in life, at sixty-three, the very conception of a political leader,—as the unscrupulous brains, tongue, and sword of a stupid, dumb, and dispirited party,—which he had put forward in his first novel at twenty? The worst that can be said of him—that he habitually confuses the limits of romance and reality in his speeches, and leaves us uncertain whether what we are listening to is fact or fiction—involves a compliment to his powers of invention and imagination. But, while we feel that the Committee of the Literary Fund had got hold of the right Chairman for the last dinner, we find it difficult to explain their choice of proposers and acknowledgers of Toasts? That EARL STANHOPE, by virtue of his literary performances, rank, and character, should respond for the Literary Fund was quite proper. A popular nobleman, and a creditable writer, benevolent and wealthy, with the means to relieve the wants of needy authorcraft, and the will to help the lame dogs of literature over the stile, it would be hard to find a better representative than LORD STANHOPE of the good work the Literary Fund is established to do, and the spirit in which it does it. But when we read that the Toast of "Poetry and Imaginative Literature" was proposed by SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and acknowledged by MR. VENABLES, Q.C., *Mr. Punch* must really ask the Why and Wherefore of the selection. What is the connection between one of the dryest of Ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer and Poetry? What has the most matter-of-fact Indian Secretaries to do with "Imaginative Literature?" Is it a piece of sly fun poked at Northcotean Budgets, Home or Indian?—or a slap at the flights of Indian Estimates, and the fancy shown in building up the income of India a year in advance, out of such shaky and questionable sources of gain as Opium Duties? Has MR. DISRAELI's influence so spread, that Revenue Returns are henceforth to be raised to the dignity of Epic, and India to be governed, like the Carabas party, in the fine imaginative spirit of *Vivian Grey?* And why should MR. VENABLES, one of the exactest and most hard-headed of leading Parliamentary Counsel, be charged to respond on such a theme?—unless on the ground that, having found the most unsuitable man in the world to propose the toast, the Committee was bound to find one still more unsuitable to return thanks for it. And why LORD HOUGHTON, who might, with some congruity, have been asked either to propose or respond to SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's toast, was set to propose "the Judges, and Legal Literature," except that he once sat as Judge of the Burns-Centenary Prize Contest, and pronounced sentence on the most prominent offender in that outrage, we are as much at a loss to imagine, as we are to understand why CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL, who never, as far as we know, was guilty of anything more literary than a Charge or a Judgment, and never found his way into print except in the *Law Journal* and the *Authorised Reports*, was chosen to respond to the toast.

It is not as if Literature had been *quite* unrepresented at the Dinner. There were at least two authors present—MR. THEODORE MARTIN and MR. E. DICEY.

Altogether, we have seen few queerer things in its way than the list of names attached to the toast-and-butter business of the Literary Fund Dinner.

In one sense only Literature may be said to have been toasted; in such hands she was, certainly, cut and done brown.

Kissing v. Scratching.

THEY say MR. HOME, the Spiritualist, is an excellent actor. He has lately been within an ace of appearing in the character of *Claweed* in the drama of the *Lady of Lyons*.

THE LAST NEW BALLAD.

MR. PUNCH,

I OBSERVE by your last Number that there is a Song just published with the title "*I will not Ask to Press that Cheek.*" I know no more of it than the title, and therefore trust I am infringing no copyright, interfering with no right of translation reserved, in offering you *my* notion of what a Ballad with such a title should be.

Yours harmoniously,

ARNE BISHOP PURCELL.

P.S. The Song is a tenor. The statement of this fact will also serve to indicate to you the sum I shall be contented to receive as an acknowledgment, however inadequate, of the time and labour I have bestowed on the composition.

"I will not ask to press that cheek,"
Without a guarantee
That Nature spread the pearl and red
Which there I always see;
Those lustrous lips I will not touch,
Unless you promptly say
That their bright hue is fast and true,
And will not wash away.

Those brilliant eyes may owe their charm
To belladonna's use,
Complexion tints, I've heard dark hints,
Are changed by walnut juice;
And if I ask the dearest girl,
For whom alone I live,
For one long tress to kiss and bless,
It mayn't be *hers* to give.

The pencilled brow, the raven lash,
Are open to a doubt,
And some mistrust, but they're unjust,
The shape I rave about:
So in this dubious state of things,
And as the weather's warm,
I will not seek to press that cheek,
Or ask to clasp that form.

"IGNORAMUS" ON "THE ONE HUNDREDTH."

I WISHED to have sent you my impressions of the Centenary Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, but it is a hundred to one whether I shall be able to do so before it closes in August, as a somewhat disheartening examination of the Catalogue convinces me that, before I can visit Trafalgar Square, possessed of the knowledge without which an intelligent examination of the collection is impossible, I must perfect myself (*inter alia*) in the History of England; the French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin languages; the geography and topography of the British Isles, France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Belgium, the States of the Church, Switzerland, Egypt, Prussia, Mexico, Algeria, Borneo, and Palestine; the works of SCOTT, SHAKSPEARE, HOMER, DICKENS, BOSWELL, BUNYAN, GRAY, MOORE, STERNE, CHAUCER, BYRON, HOOD, CERVANTES, JAMES, GOLDSMITH, CANNING, POPE, KINGSLEY, KEATS, APULEIUS, VIRGIL, BROWNING, SENECA, BULWER-LYTTON, WORDSWORTH, CATULLUS, MILTON, TENNYSON, THOMSON, and the Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland; Greek, Roman, and Jewish customs; Heathen Mythology; the Sports and Armaments of the Middle Ages; and such miscellaneous subjects as Fleet Marriages, KING ARTHUR, the Crimean campaign, Ornithology, the Apodyterium, the Peerage, *Paul and Virginia*, Mammoth tusks, Records of Quarter Sessions, and, as a matter of course, COLUMBUS, the Commonwealth, the Girondins, LADY JANE GREY, and the unfortunate MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

As I also wish to give you a terse epitome of the history of the Royal Academy, from Somerset House to Burlington House, I have made arrangements for perusing LESLIE and TAYLOR's *Life of Reynolds*, REDGRAVES' *Century of Painters*, the Blue-books issued by countless Commissions and Committees, the Pamphlets in the British Museum, and a mass of other works which will, I hope, leave me master of the subject.

I have also carefully to examine my annotated Catalogues for the last quarter of a Century, that I may determine whether this Exhibition is above the average, or below the average, or about the average,—a word which I once only associated with Corn, and Statistics, and the Weekly State of the Public Health, but which I have now for many years past heard used at this particular season, with reference to the Academy, in all places, under all circumstances, and by all sorts of reasoning beings.

Thus occupied, full particulars of the 1206 Items in the Catalogue cannot for months to come be looked for from

IGNORAMUS.

IN JEOPARDY.

The new Boy was enjoined to be very Careful how he carried the Fiddle-Case—"By the Handle, and to mind not to Knock it against anything!" Imagine the Horror of Mr. Pitsey Carter, his Master, who was following, to come upon the Rascal, with the Invaluable "Joseph" on his Head, executing a Pas-Seul over a Skipping-Rope!!

UGLY FOR EVER!

An enameller and painter of women's faces, and cosmetic vender, who advertises herself as "the great Beautifier to the Royal Courts of Europe," and whom we may call Madame Jezebel, winds up one of her horrid puffs by declaring that—

"All other persons endeavouring to copy the beautiful art of which she is the sole professor, and who are vending dangerous and destructive compounds under the name of enamels, powders, and liquids, in imitation of her Royal Arabian Preparations, commit a gross fraud upon ladies."

And ladies, when they employ Madame Jezebel's Royal Arabian Preparations to colour their skin and falsify their faces, commit a gross fraud upon gentlemen. That is to say they commit a gross fraud upon gentlemen in so far as they can deceive any, but there are very few men so dull of eye as to be unable at a glance to detect a fraudulent complexion. The ladies who attempt to practise this imposition must all be purblind, or colour-blind. Otherwise they would need only a moment's view in their looking-glasses to see what an unnatural repulsive appearance their visages present. All mankind, possessing ordinary acuteness of vision, can tell paint, when they see it, from skin; and, if they could see through it, they would see the skin under it in a most unwholesome and disgusting state, produced by the operation of irritating substances and the obstruction of the pores. The continued application of any sort of plaster to a lady's face for the purpose of beautifying it can only result in rendering the poor simpleton ugly for ever.

Tricksy Spirits.

Spiritual communications, we are told, are sometimes grotesque, and take the form of practical jokes. If this is so, spirits are more conversant with *séances* than with the *bienséances*. Their tricks, it may be argued, rather tend to prove the truth of spiritualism, as for instance, suppose a spirit pulls your nose. The spirit is probably a familiar spirit and familiarity doth breed contempt.

A GOOD CUT WITH A WHARNCLIFFE KNIFE.

To Lord Wharncliffe who, in a speech at the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield, very justly described William Broadhead, the Trades' unionist and murderer, as a cowardly scoundrel, the fellow has written an insolent, yet whining letter. This Lord Wharncliffe notices thus, addressing the editor of a Sheffield paper:—

"Sir,—I enclose for publication a letter from the man whom I designated in my speech last Tuesday as a cowardly scoundrel—viz., Broadhead. It appears to be even impossible to mention pitch without being defiled—for the receipt of a communication from a sneaking assassin is abhorred by any honest man. I trust, therefore, to your kindness for the insertion of that man's letter and this one in your next impression. Your obedient Servant, Wharncliffe."

We are glad to republish this outbreak of manly indignation. And whereas Broadhead complains that he is attacked now that he is "down," we assure him that all honest men sincerely regret his position, and would gladly see him up—say from 8 to 9 A.M., any morning.

A Song for Mr. Whalley.

You won't rouse, Ben,
Out of his den,
The British Lion. Blow it!
How could you cry
"No Popery!"
Proposing to endow it?

Ireland's Debt to Oxford.

What would the country parsons who ousted Mr. Gladstone from his seat for Oxford give if they could recall an act which will cost them the introduction of the voluntary principle in Ireland? Doubtless, their ears; of which they must now be painfully aware that it would not take very many in a line to reach to the moon.

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A HALF TRUTH.

Guard (of the Fatuous Railway Company, that still forbids tobacco). "STRONG SMELL OF SMOKE, SIR!"

Passenger (his cigar covered by his newspaper). "YA—AS; THE PARTY WHO HAS JUST GOT OUT HAS BEEN SMOKING FURIOUSLY!!"

"COME INTO THE GARDENS, MAUD."

COME into the Gardens, MAUD,
Now the bleak east wind has flown,
Come into the Gardens, MAUD,
I shall wait at the gate alone;
For my uncle and aunt are going abroad,
And the day will all be my own.

Four!—a crowd of muslin moves,
And the glasses are stuck in the eye;
Beginning I am to fear that my love's
Afraid of a showery sky,
To fear for the feast of the monkey she loves
On the bun I've just been to buy.

There's a sound of a Hansom near—
It has stopped at the entrance gate;
She is coming, my duck, my dear,
She is coming, though rather late;
The brown bear dances like mad, like mad,
And the kangaroo lengthens his jump,
The parrots scream out "so glad, so glad,"
And the camel distinctly says "Hump(h)!"

She is coming (from Harley Street),
With her juvenile brother, FRED,
A belle who is hard to beat,
As the men in the Gardens said;
A girl who is hard to beat,
From the little excuse on her head
To the little *bottines* on her feet—
And I know that I'm turning red.

A Mighty Lively Concern.

THE Irish bishops and archbishops, in the address which they presented the other day to the QUEEN, say "we have the strongest confidence that nothing which affects the well-being of the Irish branch of our United Church can be other than of liveliest concern to your MAJESTY." Now, on the contrary, is it not likely that the QUEEN regards the Irish Church question as a matter of the gravest concern? With the exception of the personalities interchanged between MR. DISRAELI and MR. BRIGHT, which were extremely diverting, the debate on that subject at least has been anything but lively.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *May 11th.* We forget how many times we have had to write the following record, but here it is again, and we hope the Commercial World is happy. "The Bankruptcy Bill was abandoned for the Session." There was no hope of passing it, said LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS. What are the interests of ten thousand traders and five hundred thousand creditors compared to the question whether DISRAELI or GLADSTONE shall lead the House of Commons?

No more Public Executions. The Bill has passed both Houses. LORD RAVENSWORTH—what reminds us of LORD BYRON?

"To and fro, as the nightwinds blow,
The carcase of the assassin swings,
And there alone, on the Raven Stone,
The Raven flaps his dusky wings."

Because it has nothing to do with the matter—there is no hanging in chains, no raven, and LORD RAVENSWORTH is a very amiable gentleman—this inveterate habit of quotation will get us into a scrape some day. LORD RAVENSWORTH proposed that all prisoners in a gaol where execution is done should be obliged to see it. The DUKE OF RICHMOND thought that it would be unfair, as there were prisoners of various degrees of guilt. We suspect that nine-tenths of them will not thank him for depriving them of a sight, but he was logically right. And there is an end of the Execution Mob, and the arrangements will in future be Academic—a hanging committee, a private view, and press notices.

LORD SALISBURY protested against the severity of the Bill for sending Railway authorities to prison, if the accounts should be fraudulent, and LORD CAIRNS, smiling, softened the clause, and made a guilty knowledge essential. Moreover, it was enacted that a railway running twenty miles without stopping should be compelled to have communication between Passengers and Guards. This relieves all the short London trains from any such necessity, but we hope that those already fitted with such things will not, therefore, be dismantled. The larger the population using a line, the more chance of meeting ruffians or lunatics.

MR. CORRY and Navy Estimates in the Nether House. Estimates a good bit over Eleven Millions of golden sovereigns. Criticism by MR. CHILDERS, but not a halfpenny taken off, beloved MRS. GRUNDY.

Tuesday. The Guardians of Guildford have imbibed an idea in the interest of virtue. They think that no one is entitled to poor-law relief, if he or she happens to be an unvirtuous character. Of course, if we could carry out this Arcadian view, and obliterate all folks who are at once poor and evil, it would be very charming; but as the law ordains that, virtuous or not, a pauper shall not be starved to death, we fear that the sun of Guildford charity will have to shine on the evil and on the good. The question was raised in the Lords, and the Guardians were pronounced wrong, but LORDS REDESDALE and OVERSTONE warn us against the increase of vagrous men.

Architecture gives our magnates a deal of trouble. The selection of a LAW COURTS architect has got into a dreadful muddle, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has been called in as umpire—his decision is awaited. As regards the new National Gallery, things are worse, for LORD JOHN MANNERS cannot make up his mind what architect to employ. Considering that *Mr. Punch* has already furnished about a dozen designs, and that the architect has only to carry out one of them, LORD JOHN had better say which, and take the first name that comes out of a hat.

In the Lords this day and in the Commons on the next, there was discussion on the Metric System of Weights and Measures, which is adopted by nearly all other civilised nations, but which it is good claptrap to resist, call un-English, and otherwise abuse, and those who seek the admiration of the stupid bid for it highly in this case. But the Commons voted in MR. EWART'S Bill, by 217 to 65, which has rather raised the Commons in *Mr. Punch's* esteem.

HER MAJESTY, addressed on the Irish Church, has been advised to make the very gracious and very wise reply, that *The QUEEN desires*

that her interest in the temporalities shall not stand in the way of the consideration by Parliament of any measure that may be introduced in the present Session.

Land groaned that it was taxed too much, and MR. MILL admitted that for some of the groaning, but not all, there might be reason, but then the value of land had increased hugely.

Wednesday. MR. COLERIDGE, in an eloquent speech, moved the second reading of his Bill for doing away with religious tests at the Universities. MR. WALPOLE made the regular plea on behalf of what he, honestly enough, considers religion, and a new Member, MR. WINTERBOTHAM, for Stroud, made an able speech, and, as a dissenter, begged that the exclusive rules might be done away, for though dissenting clergymen were very pious and all that, they really were not learned, and they wanted academic advantages. The hours of adjournment came while some champion of the Church was talking.

Thursday. The weather was so splendidly hot that the Lords steeped their senses in cool Sea fisheries, and spake of splashing waves and deep waters. Happy for them that legislation and luxury could be so pleasantly combined. *Lord Punch* pulled his coronet over his eyes, and thought of MR. HOOK's pictures until he smelt the refreshing spray. Then he fell asleep, and dreamed that he had got into a refrigerator and was utterly refusing to come out to dinner. When he woke, he heard the words "Irish Education," and the double idea was too much for him—so he made tracks.

MR. MILL presented to the Commons a petition signed by 21,757 women, who asked for the Franchise. The first signature was that of MRS. SOMERVILLE, Mechanist of the Heavens, the second that of MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, Healer on Earth. Right or wrong, the request ought to have been granted to such petitioners.

Complaint was made against the 200 to 300 Iron Gates which close divers streets in London. We actually pay for repairing these contrivances for hindering our drives. There are too many vested interests to be got through without the aid of Rebecca and her Daughters, whom we shall be happy to hear of in town. After the Hyde Park railings, there can be no railings against those ladies. The block in Park Lane, a thoroughfare judiciously selected to be shut up during the time that it is most wanted, was also declaimed against, and early redress was promised. All is for the best, there is nothing like showing the influential classes the brainlessness of those to whom at present we confide our local government.

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX began to be bumptious about the Suspensory Bill, and gave sweet promise of the fun he was to cause later.

We were then asked to go into Committee on the Boundaries Bill, and MR. GLADSTONE pointed out a good many reasons for dissatisfaction with divers recommendations of the Commissioners, but would not hinder the Bill if the Government would be reasonably elastic.

The PREMIER thought that with patience and temper the Bill might be made satisfactory, as no question of party policy was involved. *Mr. Punch* apologises for having winked at this moment—his wink only meant that sundry of the proposed arrangements might not be found to be exactly hostile to the supposed interests of the Conservative party.

MR. BRIGHT was for referring the principal objections to a Committee of Seven.

MR. RUSSELL GURNEY, one of the Commissioners, said that they had looked on the Bill as an Enfranchising measure, and therefore had looked outside boroughs for voters to be brought into them.

The PREMIER consented to a Committee of Five, who should consider petitions against the proposals, and should take documentary evidence only.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE wanted to know a little more about what was to be done, but he asked it humbly, recognising the terrible power which MR. DISRAELI had to deal with a refractory House.

Finally the suggested arrangement was accepted, and the House resumed and got upon the Estimates. A great quantity of miscellaneous wisdom was poured forth about the new law courts, Aberdeen theology, the Regent's Park lake, the statues in Westminster Hall, the ladies' gallery, the Members' grotto under Westminster Bridge, the unjust way in which DANIEL MACLISE has been treated (whereof more another time), OLIVER CROMWELL, and other interesting topics, and MR. OSBORNE was beaten by 234 to 76 on the question of refusing the vote for the pedestals of the above-mentioned statues.

MR. GLADSTONE moved for leave to bring in a Bill for Suspending Appointments in the Irish Church.

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX in opposition began to read a quotation from a speech which asserted that the Irish Church could never be overthrown but by a recreant Senate and an apostate nation.

MR. GLADSTONE. Whom are you quoting?

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX. You.

MR. GLADSTONE. Where?

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX moved that the debate be adjourned for six months.

MR. GLADSTONE. But what are you quoting from?

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX. Partly from your speech in 1845, no, 1835, and partly from your work published in 1841. You were not a boy then, you know.

MR. GLADSTONE. No, but I want a reference. I don't believe I ever said anything of the kind. That's right, LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON, do help him to find out the passages.

After some discussion, a friend of MR. GLADSTONE's helped him to the passage lastly quoted, and he read it and the context with mischievous emphasis, the Conservatives loudly cheering the sentiments. Then MR. GLADSTONE said,

"The speech was made by MR. WHITESIDE."

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX, amid the roars of the House, thanked MR. GLADSTONE for "corroborating" him, and having made several efforts to speak, and having been put down by the SPEAKER, promised to have it out another time.

This latter scene put the House into extreme good humour, and the Bill was read a First Time, and set down for the 22nd.

Mr. Punch missed this fun, having long previously departed to join the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES at the Royal Italian Opera, and to enjoy MADEMOISELLE LUCCA's adorable personation of the heroine in *Fra Diavolo*, a work which never seemed fresher or more sparkling than in this year's edition at Covent Garden. He took the opportunity of complimenting the Prince on his capital speeches at the St. Bartholomew dinner, and of saying to the Princess that which the punishment of St. Bartholomew should not induce the devoted *Punch* to reveal.

Friday. "Renowned SALISBURY" has not been long in making his presence felt in the Lords. He has stood up to the terrible SHAFTESBURY, and rebuked that eminent and pious person for not being more cautious and serious in his manner of dealing with the Ritualistic question. He told the Earl that he talked as if there were a Barebones' Parliament at his back. Exeter Hall has, we believe, been shored up.

MR. SERJEANT ARMSTRONG gave notice that he should on the 25th vote that he had No Confidence in Ministers. This Armstrong will probably be spiked.

Among the miscellanea of the Friday Conversazione was a debate on a Motion by SIR C. O'LOGHLEN for an Address, requesting the QUEEN occasionally to reside in Ireland. The Leaders of the House and of the Opposition were exceedingly gracious in their replies, and all sorts of proper things were said, after which the Motion was withdrawn. The *Times* points out that SIR WALTER SCOTT invented Scotland, and induced PRINCE ALBERT, and through him, the QUEEN, to go thither, and suggests that Ireland should get some genius to invent that country. But let it be noted that, whereas SCOTT lauded his country, and nearly all the dwellers therein, Irish writers tell us of nothing but gloomy scenery, murdered gaugers, profligate landlords, cunning and savage peasants, haughty parsons, and vulgar priests. That's not the way to bring people into Oireland.

FREEDOM IN THE FREE KIRK.

ACCORDING to the *Scotsman*, one MR. PETER CLARK, of North Knapdale, in Argyle, has incurred the censure of the local Free Kirk Session for "the sin of dancing." The REV. MR. FERGUSON, MR. CLARK's pastor, is going to bring his case before the general assembly of the Free Kirk, with a view to obtain a decision on the question whether dancing is sinful. The meaning of the word "Free," in connection with "Kirk," is peculiar. The Free Kirk does not mean a Kirk or Church of which the members are in any sense free, but one whereof the clerical body is free to impose decrees on all the rest. In this respect the Free Kirk of Scotland resembles the Church of Rome as closely as an anthropoid ape does a human being. Only, according to the Darwinian theory of development, the ape was the original animal, whereas the Free Kirk is not the prior institution. Should it decide that dancing is a sin, it will play a sort of monkey's trick, imitating the papal declaration of a new dogma.

The Free Kirk is notoriously ultra-Sabbatarian. Its Sabbatarianism is based wholly on its own authority, which if any of those who belong to it wish to dispute, they will have a capital opportunity of doing so should it condemn dancing. Instead of sitting and stupefying themselves with whiskey in-doors on a Sunday, they could come out, lads and lasses, and have a dance on the green, or any other open space they may find suitable, and thus assert their Christian liberty against the dictation of the Free Kirk in two particulars at once.

The Right Position.

A SCIENTIFIC friend, visiting the National Portrait Exhibition, was disappointed at finding JAMES GREGORY (704) high up on the wall. His companion consoled him by remarking, that as GREGORY invented the reflecting telescope, it was only proper to place him as near the sky as possible.

THE SUSPENSORY ACT.—Hanging the Academy Exhibition.

SIR JOSHUA'S GHOST IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

MONG the pictures! Hushed the strife
Of tongues, and feet that fall:
All silent, as the painted life
That hangs upon the wall.
Midnight's last stroke had ceased to thrill
And in each empty room,
Wall, roof and floor were vibrant still
With Big Ben's hollow boom,
When into form from space began
To gather and to grow,
The misty likeness of a man,
A man of stature low—
Of blunt, round face, yet bright and bland,
Dark, square-cut velvet clothes,
With an ear-trumpet in his hand,
A snuff-stain 'neath his nose.

From darkness into moonlight round
From moonlight into dark,
He moved; his footfall made no sound
Had ears been there to mark.
"'Twas just a hundred years ago,
In DALTON's rooms, Pall Mall,"—
Such were the words that, soft and slow,
Upon the silence fell;
And then a pinch, and then a sigh,
And trumpet clapped to ear,
As there had been more ghosts hard by
That he was fain to hear.
Face, gesture, form—all eyes had known,
Had eyes been there to see,
SIR JOSHUA's spirit all alone
In the Academie—
A century of its life has flown,
He comes its state to see!

Dian obliged him with a light,
Her brightest, best, May-moon,
And canvasses stood clear to sight,
That well had spared the boon—
Now a huge pinch of snuff he took,
Then "pshawed" with right good-will,
And with impatient fillip shook
The Hardham from his frill—
Now wagged his head in dubious style;
Now dropped a loud "won't do,"
Anon, with an approving smile,
His spectacles beamed through.
But when he had gone round one room,
And found more rooms to see,
His eyes for wonder seemed to loom,
Each eye as big as three—

"If quality with quantity,"
He sighed, "had only grown!
Set what I've seen 'gainst what I see,
Which of them holds its own?
Where's the Grand Style, which my advice
On students used to charge?
The general truth, the sacrifice
Of little things to large?
Where's the heroic, which I hoped
In abstract to express?
The history, after which I groped,
Without historic dress?
Was I in error, or are those
That have so outward grown,
They seem to paint less men than clothes,
Of old times or their own?
Was GAINSBOROUGH's broadly rendered life
Of earth and sky and sea,
Or this, with square-inch study rife,
What landscape-art should be?
Should history seek the largest traits
Of man and of event,
Or in the alleys and bye-ways
Of anecdote be spent?

"All this I doubt, but——" here he stayed,
And in complacent style
Stroked his round chin, while o'er him played
The moonbeam of a smile.
"But in my own domain of Art
Masters like these—ahem!—
Can scarcely ask the world to start
Question 'twixt me and them.
If this is what for Portraiture
A hundred years have done,
Heaven help the men who must endure
Next century's risks to run!
From me to WEST must be confest
What few advance can call,
But thence to LAWRENCE and to SHEE,
SIR CHARLES, SIR FRANK, to fall!
Has Portrait risen, to life again
Since my hand bade it start,
Till now the Art does for the men
What I did for the Art?
Not always truth my canvas graced,
I own it now with ruth;
But that which in truth's room I placed
Was still more fair than truth.
But what 's hung here, or down-stairs stacked
To wait the framer's cart,
Most of it,'s neither true to fact
Nor beautiful in Art.

"In all besides I own a growth,
If other than I dream'd:
New smiles of Nature, nothing loath,
Have on the painter beam'd:
Fired by Invention's noble rage,
Art is creative still;
Historians' and poets' page
Yields new themes for her skill.
The Academy I loved and reared,
All ways but one has thriven;
Many great names, beloved, revered,
Our annals it has given.
A hundred painters thrive, for one
A century ago;
Into their pockets thousands run,
Where pounds were used to flow.
Painting finds place on every wall,
If not in every heart:
And Mammon that is Lord of All,
Is also Lord of Art.
His priests to connoisseurs have grown;
At R.A.'s annual board,
The Millionnaire as buyer known
Rubs shoulders with my Lord.
Yes—I may look all ways but one,
And Progress greets my ken;
But—bitter blank—the art that 's gone,
Is that of painting men."

SPIRIT FACE PAINTING.

IN a column of advertisements, addressed to fashionable idiots, occurs, with a nominal variation only, the announcement following:—

MADAME JEZEBEL begs leave to inform her lady patronesses that her SÉANCES of Youth and Beauty will be held at her private residence—THREE TIMES A WEEK during the Season. Tickets one guinea each, to be had at ——"

What, has Spiritualism got to the length of procuring cosmetics from the invisible world? Can ladies get themselves enamelled by disembodied impostors at a *séance*, and made beautiful for ever? The only effect heretofore supposed to be usually produced by spirits on the human countenance was one of an eruptive kind, vulgarly called grog-blossoms. Nobody but a simpleton could expect any better from *séances* at MADAME JEZEBEL'S.

"Hung, Drawn, and Quartered."

(*Mr. Punch's sentence on three-fourths of the Academicians' work "on the line."*)

VERY well "hung;" very ill "drawn"; a great deal better "quartered" than it deserves.

A LADY IN THE CHAIR.

WHEN, in the good time coming, the ladies are admitted to our Universities, there will be one post, their right to which no one will dispute—that of Margaret Professor of Divinity.

A NATURAL QUERY.

Conductor. "WILL ANY GENTLEMAN RIDE OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A LADY?"
Obliging Gentleman. "WITH PLEASURE! BUT—A—*WHICH* LADY IS IT THAT I'M GOING TO OBLIGE?"

BAD FOOD FOR THE MIND.

AT Bow Street, one day last week, *Mr. Punch*, two boys, cousins, JOHN BARRETT, aged 14, and EDWARD BARRETT, aged 13, were committed for trial by SIR THOMAS HENRY on a charge of burglary. The father of the former of these young thieves "said the prisoners had been led astray in consequence of their minds being perverted by reading novels, published in penny numbers, in which the heroes are highwaymen, burglars, and other thieves and criminals." Every now and then, Sir, you read in the Police Reports of so much putrid or diseased meat, fish, or other provision, seized and ordered to be destroyed, as unfit for human food, the person guilty of exposing it for sale being sometimes also fined and sent to prison. Could not a law in like manner prevent or punish the publication and sale of pernicious literature as unfit to be food for the mind?

Look into almost any news-shop window in the poorer neighbourhoods, and there you will see the romance of ruffianism inviting purchase in profusion. Its nature is indicated by illustrations; ten or a dozen, perhaps, adorning so many tales of villanous fiction or actual crime. In each of these some one, evidently meant for a hero, or interesting personage, is represented committing some sort of depredation or outrage—piracy, burglary, highway robbery, garotting, assault with intent to murder, or murder, in fact. Somebody in almost every print you see, striking an attitude, is discharging a pistol at, or plunging a dagger into, somebody else, or cutting somebody else's throat, or hewing down, jumping and stamping upon somebody else, or battering his or her brains out. Was it not a Saint who said that pictures were the books of idiots?—meaning merely the illiterate. The pictures in low news-shop windows are books that even a born idiot may understand; he who runs may read them: and they constitute the education of our street Arabs.

LORD CAMPBELL'S Act prohibits the exposure for sale of literature and art specifically poisonous. Could not its provisions be extended to the market of publications and prints as poisonous in another way? Suppose, *Mr. Punch*, you invite Government to offer a prize for the device of a statute whose operation shall repress the romance of crime without invading the liberty of the Press, by checking the issue of the sensation novels which circulate amongst the superior classes. Get our literary PREMIER to try and solve this

PROBLEM.

THE POLITICAL AND THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

OF MR. DISRAELI'S political opponents the *Times* remarks in a leader:—

"They have allowed themselves to be tied, and cannot extricate themselves from the knots so easily as some performers are known to do."

If MESSRS. BRIGHT and GLADSTONE were equal to the political DAVENPORT Brothers, what gentleman of their party might be regarded as corresponding to MR. FAY? Between the DAVENPORT Brothers and the leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition there is this difference, that the former perform within a Cabinet and the latter without. The Brothers DAVENPORT are said to exhibit a show of hands at their Cabinet door, but the Brothers GLADSTONE and BRIGHT will doubtless command a larger show of hands on the hustings.

A Great Disappointment.

CARE should be taken by newspaper editors not to mislead the public by the employment of equivocal titles. A paragraph, headed "Spirit Movements," lately appeared in the *Times*, and attracted a great number of readers, who expected to find in it some information about the doings of MR. HOME and his followers. They came upon nothing more exciting than dry statistics of gin, rum and brandy.

A SENSITIVE PLANT.—PINGOE has so taken to heart the unfavourable remarks of the papers on his picture, that he is seriously indisposed. His friends say his condition is—critical.

STEERING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Ship's Captain. "GIVE UP THE HELM?—RESIGN THE COMMAND?—NEVER! COME ONE, COME ALL, I STICK TO MY *CRAFT*. BACK, I SAY!—ONE STEP IN-BOARD, AND I BLOW UP THE SHIP. HA, HA!!"

THE PARAGRAPH-PUFF NUISANCE.

[*N.B. Advertisers may be supplied with any amount of the most splendid Puffs, in the following style, on application, with cheque, at 85, Fleet Street.*]

ALFRED TENNYSON, ESQ., Poet Laureate, in his new and beautiful poem, *Lucretius*, describes, with subtle art, the working of a poisonous philtre administered to the Roman poet by a lady who foolishly believed his affection withdrawn from her, and wished to regain it. Exquisitely the English poet says—

"The wicked broth
Confused the chemic labour of the blood,
And tickling the brute brain within the man's
Made havoc among those tender cells."

Poetry and philosophy were never married with a finer result. But there are other than love-poisons, and other than love-philtres, and if the public knew how poisonous is the water they drink, and how wholesome it can be rendered by Messrs. Crystal's filters, they would at once apply at No. 50, Fountain Street, Pond Road, E.C.

GALLANT DR. LIVINGSTONE'S return to his native country is now expected with the utmost impatience, and in the words of his faithful friend, Sir Roderick Vich Murchison, ho, ieroe, "we count the minutes" until we hail the presence of the noble adventurer. Those who desire to count the minutes accurately, should procure the new patent watch manufactured by Messrs. Clicker & Spring, Ticker's Lane, Turnip Square.

THAT DISTINGUISHED MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, at the meeting of the Liberation Society, bore testimony to the temper of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, a temper which, considering his provocations, is regarded by Mr. Spurgeon as quite as good as can be expected. The zealous and indefatigable Baptist pastor would have borne a still warmer tribute to the temper of Grinder & Pivott's knives and scissors, had he paid a visit to their world-famous manufactory, Steel Yard, Cutler's Street.

SHE IS MARRIED.—Who? Why, *La Diva* PATTI, who made her first appearance this season as *Rosina*, in ROSSINI's delightful *Barbiere*. That is, the secular marriage has taken place, but the vows at the altar will not be exchanged until the charming songstress shall have delivered her last lyric vow over the orchestra. Happy Marquis de Caux! Let him buy his wedding-ring at Touchstone & Glitterby's, Silver Street, Golden Square.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has returned from America, but not before making generous acknowledgment of the cordial treatment which the great novelist has received from the warm-hearted Transatlanticans. May the excellent feeling which has been created long endure, and never may the apple of discord be thrown between cousins. We take this opportunity of adding that we have received a fine assortment of American Apples, in admirable condition. Pippin & Ribston, Pudding Lane, E.C.

SHALL CANDLES AND INCENSE be permitted in Church? Such is the question now agitating the Anglican communion. While it is to be deplored that such a cause of quarrel should inflame religious minds to worldly ire, it must be allowed that in many cases the second article ought to be permitted where the first is sanctioned, for the smell of most modern candles requires to be neutralised by a more agreeable odour. Not so with the patent Planet Candles of Messrs. Splutter & Hogsflesh, which can be obtained only at 15, Tallow Terrace, Snufferton Wick.

ANALFABETI.—This mellifluous word is probably unknown to the majority of the public, yet those whom it describes are unfortunately to be counted by the million among us. It indicates the Italians who are without rudimentary education. To those who for political, theological, or philanthropic reasons are desirous to extinguish the race of the British Unalphabetted, no better work can be recommended for distribution than the Primer for the Poor, edited by the Society of St. Cadmus, and sold at all the offices of the A.B.C. Railway Guide.

MR. BUCKSTONE AS IAGO, for the farewell benefit of Mr. Paul Bedford, on Saturday, the 16th May, is a very suggestive personation. We wonder whether that estimable manager's practical mind will lead him to the conclusion that if he has stolen a lady's handkerchief, no great harm is done if he present her with another and a better. If so the article he requires may be purchased ready hemmed, washed, and perfumed with jasmine, at Wipe & Fogle's, Bandanna House, Rag Fair. N.B. Patronised by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambrick.

THIS IS THE JEW whose teeth King John drew was probably the contumelious phrase hurled at the unfortunate and doubly bereaved Israelite who suffered personally from the ignorance of feudal tyrants that money can be dragged as mercilessly from the tax-payer without the aid of the forceps. It is delightful to think that with the lapse of years have come the lessons of humanity, and that the Hebrew, instead of enduring royal dentistry, is now himself the master-dentist of the world, and soothes the sorrows of carious Christians.—Apply to Messrs. Mephibosbeth, Sheshbazzar, & Zathnathpaaneah, between 10 and 4, Saturdays excepted, at 11, Solomon Passage, Old Jewry, E.C.

WAR WITH PRUSSIA is apparently the intention of the Emperor of the French, for though, as Emile de Girardin has observed, words say No, facts say Yes. Fearful will be the responsibility of a potentate who without any just cause or impediment plunges two vast nations into the vortex of combat, and while increasing the financial burdens of his country diminishes the number of persons who bear them. But it is the duty of all to be prepared for the vicissitudes of foreign affairs, and at this moment Berlin wool is at a price which encourages investment. Apply to Messrs. Kettle, Holder, & Slippers, 15, Woolpack Lane.

WHO SHALL DECIDE when doctors disagree? Great *Punch's* answer is, refer to Me, and the advice is marked by his usual boldness and wisdom. But there are times when even the supreme skill of the philosopher of Fleet Street fails to relieve the patient who repiningly beholds himself made the *corpus vile* for the experiments of quacks, basely fumbling in the dark, and inserting drugs of which they know little, into a body of which they know nothing. At such a moment the Balsam of Timbuctoo, prepared only by the lawful wives of the Emperor of that region, is the true remedy, and it may be procured in large or small bottles at Fur & Mendax's, Swindleton Road, Knavesmire.

WHAT THE QUEEN SAID to Mr. Disraeli, when he asked her leave to dissolve, is the subject of speculation, but will probably never be known until that versatile author publishes his Curiosities of Politics. While all are equally in the dark, it is lawful to all to ventilate suggestion, and it is quite possible that Her Majesty may have recommended the Premier to call at No. 2, Liquorpond Row, Yorkshire Stingo, and take a ham or beef sandwich and a glass of prime old stunning ale, for fourpence. But if the hint was not given by the Sovereign, it is now given by her loyal servants, the proprietors, to the Premier, and also to the People.

SHOULD THE WORD implying excess of joy be spelt Ecstasy or Ecstacy? There has been much debate on this subject, and a very heavy bet has been laid at one of the leading clubs. Some persons rely upon classic argument, and stand up for the *s*, while others are content *stare super vias antiquas*, to stare at the old streets, and use the old and masculine spelling, good enough for him who never saw any other spelling of his noble line than

"Or waked to ecstacy the living lire."

But the spelling is of little consequence, provided the sentiment be felt, and those who would cause either ecstasy, extasy, or ecstacy in the hearts of their little ones, will buy them the Goodigoodi Bonbon, warranted harmless, pleasant, and medicinal. Sold only at Rock & Toffey's, Sweetman's Alley, Syrup Road.

THE RITE FAL LARAL WHACK, or, in other words, the rightful heir'll win in the great Tichborne case. But who is the rightful heir? Mr. C. L. Kenney, inventor of the above *not*, will hardly take on himself to decide. Nor will we. But what we will venture to say, and to say in the most decisive manner too, is that even should Old Father Antic the Law enact his old part, and devour the oyster, giving each party a shell, that bivalve will not equal the oysters to be had every day in the season at the low price of three-and-sixpence a dozen, at Spatt's Oyster Room, Vinegar Yard.

"BINO, BEEO, BOBBLETY BUMPS." This exquisite song, in the sparkling burlesque of *Take a 'Poon, pig*, now performing at the Earlswood Theatre, is nightly encored seventeen times by intellectual audiences. Without presuming to speculate upon the meaning of the words, we will observe that bumps, as also bruises, sprains, consumption, corns, and hams may be instantaneously cured by the use of Blarney's Patent Alleviator, to be had of all low druggists.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN OLD FRIEND.

THE hand which had griped PIEL DORNTON round the ancle was not to be shaken off easily.

BESS failed to take advantage of his helpless position, and was only too glad to welcome JOSEPH, as the young man sprang up, through the hole in the earth, from the cavern where he had been secreted. He had been climbing the cliffs, in the pursuit of his usual occupation, when his attention had been arrested by the girl's cry for assistance, and he had at once dashed into the recess and so gained the entrance.

"PIEL DORNTON," said the young sailor, "this is *my* betrothed. You have riches, no matter how you came by them, you have houses and lands, but dare to injure so much as a hair of the head of this trembling girl, and your sacred calling shall prove no protection to you, for as sure as the Eyrie's eggs are nothing other than the eggs of the Eyrie, so surely will that moment be your last, and by my hand, PIEL DORNTON!"

The young man's eyes dilated, and his cheek flushed as he gave utterance to his pent-up feelings.

The Clergyman was foiled. He did not at once see his plan of action.

"The old boy," he said, coarsely, "will soon pop off."

BESS was hardened to most things, but this allusion to her father came so sharply and rudely upon her ear, that for a moment she could only attempt to gather his meaning.

"Do you wish to see him?" asked JOSEPH.

"I do," replied PIEL DORNTON, savagely. "You shall have his last word, ay, if it be the last he should speak on this earth, for the solemn promise he made me. Your triumph will be short, young man. Come, come!"

They descended the hill.

Still following in his track came the Child of Destiny.

"He is mine! mine!" he whispered to himself.

A light shone from the cottage window, as they tapped at the door.

PIEL DORNTON grasped his pistol.

In another moment a gaunt spectral form partly appeared from the inner chamber, and rising from the low pallet——

The Authors engaged on this part of the Novel to the Editor.—So *at last* we're going to have an innings. Time for our turn, after all the Shipwrecked House business, which is read by a few perhaps, though we admit the interest of the tale is not diminished by the intervening Boomerang & Co., simply because the public is waiting for *our* contribution. But we would ask (on seeing the proofs) why don't you put a good heading to this chapter, referring to the one before with which this is connected?

Editor to Above.—It shall be done. (Subsequently it was found to be impracticable.) The Editor must confess that he is by no means satisfied with the *style* of the above letter. However, he is sure no harm is meant, and he *does* hope, &c. &c., as before.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BROKEN TIES.

THE old man cried feebly,

"The papers! the papers!"

PIEL DORNTON held JOSEPH by the arm for a moment.

"What papers?" he inquired.

JOSEPH answered him with a low laugh and an extension motion of peculiar import which he had learnt when in the Benician militia.

PIEL DORNTON was a bold bad man, but even bold bad men must sometimes shudder. He shuddered.

Taking the advantage thus offered him, JOSEPH shook him off and descended the staircase.

On his way out he passed a crouching form in a dark corner. That form was *his* good genius; it was DORNTON's evil genius. The infant.

It was a rugged and perilous descent down the steepest part of the cliff to where the papers were hidden in a hole in the rock.

He looked over the edge, and saw a white strip fluttering in the breeze. In an instant he had decided.

While JOSEPH was thus engaged PIEL DORNTON was alone with old MARTIN, for BESS, seeing that her father was unable any longer to go out fishing for a livelihood (he had always caught one previously in the neighbourhood) had taken his boat, and nets, and bait carefully preserved in moss, and had gone out to win the support which was needed for their evening meal and the next day's dinner.

PIEL DORNTON was alone with old MARTIN.

"The papers!" shouted PIEL DORNTON in the dying man's ear.

"Don't! Don't!" said old MARTIN, who was sinking fast, getting under the bed clothes and kicking feebly.

Seeing this muscular demonstration, PIEL DORNTON, who, as has already been shown, was something of a physician, at once saw that he was near his last. A bucket was in the room, used probably for the preservation of the fish after they'd been caught: this he carefully removed from within reach of the old man's feet.

"Now then!" he exclaimed, lugging him from underneath the blanket by the hair of his head.

"Don't hurt a poor old man," urged MARTIN, cowering again from the expected blow.

"I won't!" returned PIEL, "but tell me what was in those papers, or I'll choke you."

In vain poor MARTIN tried to turn it off as a jest; in vain he tried to eke out the few hours intervening before his child's return. PIEL DORNTON knew his own game too well: he was inexorable.

"The papers," whimpered the venerable invalid, "were left here by my brother's family solicitor, who ran away and was never heard of more. They attest the right of my daughter to a baronetcy of fifty millions per annum. That is what is the matter."

"You lie!" roared DORNTON.

"I don't! indeed I don't," cried the unfortunate old man, disappearing beneath the counterpane just in time to avoid the blow with the fire-shovel which PIEL DORNTON aimed at his head. Then he fired his pistols about the room and strode from the cottage.

Dogged by his evil genius: at a distance.

He came to the edge and looked over.

JOSEPH was below, with his head in the hole, getting something.

In another moment the watcher above saw what it was.

The papers! in *his* hand!

"Give them up!" he shouted.

"Never!" returned JOSEPH, clinging to the white strip which hung between him and destruction.

The sea beneath roared for its prey.

"One more chance I give you," said PIEL, quietly opening a clasp knife.

"I will accept no chances at your hands," replied the brave youth.

PIEL DORNTON severed the tie.

The sea roared and bounded against the yellow rocks with joy. It had received its prey.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NETT PROFIT.

TEN miles out at sea sat BESS MARTIN laboriously toiling. No fish, except a few of those hybrids between bird of the night and flying-fish, intitled Tittlebats, had come to her net. She thought of her father, she thought of everything, and everybody.*

Then she felt a jerk at her floats. The net bobbed, it was as much as she could do to hold it. At last, after much struggling,† she hauled it into the boat. At first, by the light of the crescent moon, it was difficult to see what monstrous creature this was twirling among the hooks.

At last as the clouds cleared off, and the moon again shone forth, the night was as clear as a summer's day.

Then she clasped her hands above her head. In the Net was a man writhing.

"JOSEPH!!" she exclaimed.

He tore through the cords which held him, and telling her of PIEL DORNTON's dastardly attempt, pressed her to his arms.

"Saved! Saved!" she exclaimed.

He would have returned to shore at once with the papers, which they then examined carefully, but unfortunately to very little purpose, neither of them having had those extra advantages of education which include a towel, spoon, and fork, and the alphabet, in at all events its ordinary form, exclusive of capital letters.

They wept; tears of joy.

Then said she, "You must not return; he will kill you."

"If he will do that, I will *not* return," he said, boldly.

"But where is a place of safety?" he asked.

She shook her head.

A light streamed across the ocean.

"Ha!" she exclaimed. "I see it."

"So do I," said JOSEPH.

In a second it struck them both.

To the Lighthouse!

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

(*To be continued.*)

* The Editor apologises for cutting out five pages of mental diagnosis and psychological analysis as to what she was thinking about, *how* she thought and *why* she thought it, as he really *does* want to get to the action. They won't be angry, as he does everything for the best, and therefore he is sure that they will not allow any paltry æsthetical feeling to interfere and cause a breach of that harmony which has been throughout the distinguishing mark of the co-workers on this delightful story.

† *Note by Editor.*—Lengthened description of struggles omitted, for reason abovementioned. We must get on.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "Chikkin Hazard."

DEAR SIR,

THE drawing I send requires some explanation.

It struck me that a long sojourn on a tropical island would make a regular new fit-out of clothes desirable both for GRACE and the BOOMERANG. NUTT's inexhaustible intelligence has provided for GRACE a costume embroidered with pearls and wings of birds, and for himself a lounging suit of forest leaf and fern: she, in her gratitude, presents him with a waistcoat she has made out of a warm and costly material, impervious to wet, and promises him a pair of trowsers of the same.

The scene is the bay; at their feet are starfish and crosstacea of various orders (of merit); they have only got to stoop and pick them up.

I have effected a radical change in GRACE's form and features, to please the gentlemen connected with the Boomerang portion of the Letter-press; you will find the original of this new type in those Books of Beauty and Fashion published a few years ago, and illustrated with steel engravings of the portraits of our female aristocracy.

Ever yours, GASTON DE MALAKEIL.

SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE POLITICAL ARTS.

I. TO DISSOLVE PARLIAMENT.

THERE are two descriptions of Parliament, one perfectly transparent and insipid, the other dark and full of impurities. According to the qualitative analysis of some eminent chemists, common Parliament, that is the Parliament of commerce, is composed of

Ministerial Varnish,
Soft Soap,
Gum Benjamin, and
Colouring Matter.

From gum Benjamin Parliament is supposed to derive its adhesive properties. This substance, though not possessing any peculiar consistency, is wonderfully plastic, and may be moulded into any form by patient manipulation. It is, however, capable of resisting considerable pressure, and while it is itself with difficulty displaced, is said to have the somewhat anomalous power, in combination with Queen's metal, of dissolving all bodies to which it is opposed.

Who has not observed with admiring interest how the sensitive atoms of Parliament are held in suspense, sometimes for weeks, by an occult influence which when in motion resembles fine dust, producing violent irritation and intolerable dizziness?

II. ELECTORAL AFFINITIES.

Gold is an universal political solvent, specially remarkable for its electoral affinities. Administered by an expert hand, tumid independence is speedily reduced, and if largely employed, decomposition of all the electoral tissues supervenes. When the auriferous wires of a powerful club battery are brought in contact with the Poll, which, for this purpose, may be considered as an inexhaustible receiver, the Poll becomes positively electrified with venal avidity, the whole body surrounding the Poll, being charged with a subtle fluid technically called craft.

Decomposed electoral tissue is always very offensive, and causes faintness among young practitioners if exhibited in the House.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

SOME want a Swell Commander,
Exclusive son of Mars,
A CONON or LYSANDER
Of Guardsmen or Hussars.
But, of all efficient Generals,
There's none for to compare,
'Tis without doubt a verity found out,
To the British Engineer.

A CLERICAL TONE.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the other day, told the deputation which waited upon him with a memorial praying him to oppose the Universities Tests Bill, that "he should do all in his power to maintain the religious tone of the clergy and ministers." In this determination his Grace is to be commended—with some reserve. There is a tone which, being adopted by some of the clergy in the reading-desk and in the pulpit, but especially in the pulpit, may be called religious, but which the Archbishop should do all in his power not to maintain but to terminate. A certain class of reverend gentlemen, thinking to read prayers, or to preach, impressively as the reporters say, and, from natural vulgarity, uncorrected by drill in elocution, not knowing how, are accustomed to recite the service, or deliver their discourses, in a moaning tone of voice, which instead of being impressive is ridiculous. A preacher had better intone his sermon than hold forth in such a tone as that. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY will do well to deprecate this canting sort of utterance.

BAD ORTHOEPY.

Swell. "A—UGH! A—DM'RABLE! BA—Y JOVE, 'PERFECT M'RILLAH, I DECLARE!" *Pert Model.* "GORILLA YOURSELF!!"
Artist. "MURILLO! HE MEANS MURILLO!" *Pert Model.* "THEN WHY DON'T HE SAY SO?"

POLITICAL PARLANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

How delightful it is to be able to converse with Politicians! I often wish I were, not a butterfly nor a bird—nothing so ridiculous—but an Electress! That's a new word, *Mr. Punch;* but it will be required soon, you'll see, if things go on merrily with our dear little MILL. "When the wind blows, then——" you know the rest; and every little puff is of service in keeping it in motion. But, dear *Mr. Punch*, sometimes I tremble at the very thought of my impending responsibility, for I am so dreadfully ignorant of Parliamentary chat. Of course, I know perfectly well what is going on in the "Deliberative Assembly" (as it is sometimes pleasantly designated) near Westminster Hall. How can it be otherwise, when every week you so kindly set before your grateful guests that "Essence of Parliament" which is so nicely adapted to please every lady's taste, however *exigeant* it may be?

But what I cannot comprehend are the technical terms with which you, *Mr. Punch*, are so charmingly conversant. For instance, how funny it seems for people to resolve to read something "this day six months." If it be worth reading at all, why not read it at once, and have done with it? I doubt whether a novel would be allowed to "lie on the table" so long uncut.

Then, again, some honourable Member, at his wit's end to bother a pertinacious opponent, moves a curious obstacle in his way, which he calls "the previous question," but never dreams of telling any one what the question is. Before EDMUND (not the Confessor, but *my* EDMUND) popped the momentous question to me, the previous question he put to my little brother PETER was—a most ridiculous one, to be sure, but it shows what importance men attach to anything that gratifies their senses—"Did CICELY ever make a custard pudding?" That was *his* "previous question;" but EDMUND is a little bit of an artist, and I have heard if you wish to impress a painter's heart, you must show a lively interest in his palate.

I half suspect the "previous question" is, "Would MR. SPEAKER like to recline on the sofa?" an inquiry which would naturally precede the ordinary proposal that "MR. SPEAKER do leave the Chair;" a position which however uncomfortable, I suppose he can only occupy during the suspension of the "Standing Orders."

As the essence of female curiosity is a laudable desire for mental improvement, perhaps, *Mr. Punch*, you will some day introduce into your celebrated Parliamentary Essence a little explanation of political parlance, which will so much oblige,

The Priory. Yours, very sincerely, CICELY CHATSWORTH.

NEW BOOKS.

SOME writers seem to fancy there is something in a name, at any rate as far as regards a work of fiction. Perhaps they think that readers are attracted by a title, like plebeian millionnaires. We shall not be surprised if, before the year be over, the following new works are announced as being "nearly ready" for the public:—

Corks or Bladders. By the Author of *Sink or Swim.*
The Harvest of a Busy B. By the Author of *The Harvest of a Quiet I.*
Big Bores. By the Authoress of *Little Foxes.*
Crack it Up. A Sequel to *Live it Down.*
Sweets to the Suite. A Tale of the Court; being a Companion work to *Tonic Bitters.*
As Much Again as Half. By the Author of *One Too Many.*
Cap and Scissors. By the Author of *Sword and Gown.*
Winks through a Window. A Sensation Sequel to *Lights through a Lattice.*
Goodtempered Greengages. A Romantic Novel, written by the Author of *Cross Currents.*

Paternal Solicitude.

OBJECTION has been taken to CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL converting his son, who was a Lieutenant of Lancers, into a Clerk of Assize. Has it occurred to the cavillers that the Chief Justice wishes to give his son the opportunity of seeing what a real action is?

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HINTS FOR DERBY TALKERS.

You inform me, my dear Gerald, in a letter which you omitted to prepay, that you are going to forsake the study of the law on Wednesday, the 27th, to accompany your fellow-student, Markham Clinton, his sister and cousin, and hamper, in the family barouche, to Epsom Downs; and you ask me to supply you with some materials for conversation on the way, telling me, as one of your trustees, that you are desirous to secure the good opinion of your friend's sister (photograph enclosed), who is two-and-twenty, of prepossessing exterior — your expression, not mine—and the favourite niece of an aunt with funded property, in delicate health and Dorsetshire.

Having known you from your perambulator, and being anxious to see you settled in life, and a roomy house, I am ready to comply with your wishes, and be your "Guide to the Turf," and will do for you what I have done for millions in previous years in these pages—a testimonial, I am told, is in contemplation, the minimum subscription five guineas, and the substantial acknowledgment an *épergne* and an oil portrait—run through the names of the principal competitors for the great stakes, and prime you with some stable talk, avoiding technicalities, imparting useful information, and abstaining from any attempt to vaticinate the Winner of the Derby of 1868, which the newspapers are sure to say was more numerously attended than on any previous occasion, although I have it on the tip of my tongue to put you up to something which my man told me he heard from his cousin, who is engaged to the sister of the brother of one of the helpers in the —— stable.

Place aux Dames! Lady Elizabeth. (No indirect opinion is meant to be conveyed that the filly is sure to get a place.) A safe Bet, her backers say—a good Bet, all will say who have money on the mare from a florin to a rent-roll, happy as the Day is long, when the Battle of Hastings is over, and the Elizabethan style has thousands of hoarse admirers, provided she passes the Judge's chair first, if only by an eyebrow. I halt a moment to express my conviction that of all duties, a Government Whip's alone excepted, those of a racing Judge must be the most delicate and difficult.

Rosicrucian. Blanche and her cousin Isabel will be sure to ply you with searching questions, which your University education may fail to enable you to answer. Who was Rosicrucian? What was Rosicrucian? Why is a horse called Rosicrucian? I will therefore deal you out a little of my encyclopædic information, that you may pass your examination creditably. The Rosicrucians, then, were a sect of philosophers (according to their admirers), of impostors (according to their enemies) who filled the daily papers, and got involved in lawsuits about five-and-a-half hundred years ago, pretending, amongst other things (see bills of the day in the British Museum), that they possessed the secret of the philosopher's stone, a contrivance for changing the inferior metals—tin, copper, electro-plate, &c.—into gold. If you, my dear Gerald, have money on the horse, and he wins, you will be a sincere believer in the power of a Rosicrucian to produce sovereigns such as the Master of the Mint cannot beat; but if he loses, you will, with the satiric literature of the time in which the sect flourished, show him up as an impostor.

Blue Gown. You will find your fair travelling companions (by the way, I cannot be certain, from the photograph, whether *she* is light or dark: if the former, I shall use the freedom of calling her likeness a *carte Blanche*) very much interested in this steed, its name suggesting millinery and dress-making observations, which, if you wish to have rational conversation, you must instantly suppress. May Sir Joseph Hawley's lot in life and Surrey be happy! Yet there are sceptics who insist that the Derby is "not for Joseph"—a quotation from a classical author (see *Macmillan* for May—Article, "Lucretius") irresistible, but indefensible.

Paul Jones. Who is he? Is he in society? Blanche the blonde, and Isabel the brunette, will test your academical knowledge with a co-operative curiosity which you may find embarrassing. Narrate, therefore, when the lobster blushes and the Moselle sparkles with delight, and the glove business is uncommonly brisk, as follows:—Distinguished political economist; founder of the Utilitarian school in the Black Forest; in favour of marriage with a deceased wife's sister; invented the corkscrew and the Shoeblack Brigade; Knight of the Hare and Tortoise; died at sea; monument in Westminster Abbey.

Speculum. Have you backed this horse? Then, if he lands his ducal owner's colours first—you will observe by my phraseology that I have been reading sporting papers lately, night and day—he will prove a good Spec.; if he is in the ruck, wherever that may be, you will denounce him as a bad Specul(um)ation. Another glass of Moselle, if you please, after that.

Tom Bowline Colt. How can a horse expect to run away with stakes of the value of £5,678, or something of the sort, when he has not even taken the trouble to provide himself with a name of his own? If you are pecuniarily interested, retain some spiritualist to cross-examine the late Mr. Charles Dibdin as to his estimate of T. B. Junior's chance, and get Mr. Sims Reeves to sing his praises, and tell you whether "Bowline" ought not to be "Bowling."

Green Sleeve. See observations on *Blue Gown.*

Orion. Read up astronomy, mythology, and quote from Mr. Horne's poem; also compose a parody on "*Beautiful Star.*" and recite it in the barouche coming home, if this constellation, or Sign of the Zodiac, or galaxy, or whatever the Astronomer Royal would call it, is in the ascendant, and shoots a-head of all terrestrial competitors, carrying off the prize to the skies where he will be received with a "perfect ovation," and have addresses presented to him.

Pace. I think I understood that you had drawn him in a sweepstakes: if so, let us hope he will go the pace.

St. Ronan. The title of one of Scott's novels (you have *heard* of Sir Walter Scott, I believe?) will rise to the lips of the backers of this the last horse I shall embalm for posterity, if he wins——St. Ronan's well!

I shall find the barouche out. Don't forget the truffles in the pie. You will know me by the ruffles on my shirt. If any one of the horses puts money into your pocket, show your gratitude to the noble animal by vowing never to eat him, or any other courser.

Yours, Emily Faithfully,

Drinking Fountain Court. Temple Chambers.

MEMORANDUM ON MILITARY ECONOMY.

The only serious argument against the abolition of purchase in the Army, proposed in Parliament by Mr. Trevelyan, is that the country will have to pay handsomely for that reform. In connection with the increase of payment which will be thereby entailed, your economists may consider another department of warlike expenditure. They have been informed by the *Times* that:—

"A charge of powder and shot rarely cost above 15*s.*; now every shot from a 9-inch gun costs at least £4 5*s.*, and from the 12-inch gun about £7 12*s.* Many varieties of projectiles cost a great deal more. The ammunition alone required to test a 9-inch gun costs £1,300. In 1860 it cost only £150. We are now making 12-inch guns, and if it costs £1,300 to test a 9-inch gun, it will cost £2,000 to test a 12-inch."

From the same authority economical legislators may learn that shells cost £7 12*s.* each; from £7 12*s.* perhaps we should rather say. Now only fancy firing our modern artillery on these terms—blazing away at this rate in vain! The expense of military projectiles and ordnance may be less than that of naval, but is more than heavy enough to make its prevention, or diminution to the smallest possible amount, very desirable. Howbeit no such expense, if necessary, can be spared. The object, therefore, to be accomplished in warfare is that of having the greatest possible number of enemies, or amount of mischief, to show for the money which goes in every shot, and still more in every shell. To this end the shooting must be got over by victory as soon as possible. That requires the most efficient officers we can procure. Let promotion, then, go not by purchase, but by merit, which will cost you much less than you will otherwise throw away in powder and shot.

Women's Rights with a Vengeance!

A Bill laid before Parliament by a number of gentlemen, including Mr. Mill, the Philosopher, for legalising female rights, provides, amongst other things, that wives shall be capable "of contracting, suing, and being sued, as if they were unmarried women." Suing and being sued! Wives to have suitors as though they were spinsters still?

Oh, Mr. Mill!

SIXES AND SEVENS.

The present state of affairs in the House of Commons is one of manifest derangement. Is it the delirium which precedes dissolution?

AS SHYLOCK SAID.

Railway Shareholder, with Shares at a Discount.—"Give me my principal, and let me go."

LAST NEW THING IN SKIRTS.

Aunt (slightly shocked). "WHY, CHILD, ALL YOUR CLOTHES ARE FALLING OFF!"
Laura. "OH, DEAR, NO, AUNTY; IT'S THE FASHION!"

THE POWER OF STREET-MUSIC.

O INCENSE-BREATHING Spring!
What lord of Music's art
Of thee shall help me sing,
BEETHOVEN, or MOZART?
As nightingales in May,
As blackbirds sing in June,
Ah! so would I, but all astray
Am led by that street-tune—

Sing, in June,
Not that tune,
Not that music, not that music;
Not that tune,
Not in June,
Not that music, not that tune!

CECILIA, sainted maid,
Do thou my song inspire;
Oblige me with the aid
Of thy celestial quire.
Impart a hallowed strain
Suggesting hope and joy—
O horror, there he goes again,
That grinding-organ boy!

And *Champagne Charlie* is his air,
Low, vile execrable air!
Tune unsuitable for song of flowers,
Cuckoo crying in the woodland bowers.
Airy carol of the lark.

The golden sunlight glows
With love, whose season 's this;
The west wind woos the rose:
My soul is faint with bliss.
To power of sweetest sound
I fain would wed my verse.
Once more that organ-boy confound!
I copy, while I curse,

The sing-song that is fit to drive one crazy,
And can't help warbling. Oh!
Of all thy flowers that blow,
Thou lovely Spring, I wish I were a daisy.

DENSITY AND DIRTY WATER.

AT the approaching Handel Festival, some that have ears will hear that wonderful Chorus in *Israel in Egypt*, "*They loathed to Drink of the River.*" So, the hearers may think, might the British public. In a summary of the Registrar-General's report for 1866, thus says the *Times*:—

"DR. FARR has to state that there is no apparent evidence of decline in the rate of death from fever. He considers it exceedingly probable that typhoid fever is sustained by increasing contamination of the waters, and typhus by the increased density of the population."

No doubt the increased density of the population is what chiefly sustains both typhus and typhoid fever. The increasing contamination of the waters is caused by the increased density of the population whose towns are drained into them. That density is double; not only physical but moral; and it is moral density that pollutes the streams of England, making them flow with slops, and sewage, and the slush of chemical works. Owing to this density the fish are perishing in the rivers and the flowers on their banks. It is a density worse than PETER BELL'S in effect; for the primrose on the river's brim had at least an existence for PETER, and he saw that it was yellow, whereas, from our population of increased density, that primrose has mostly disappeared; and, where it does here and there occur, it looks whity-brown. But if the increasing density of the population causes destructive fevers, the moral density must in a considerable measure operate in diminishing the physical. That is to say, it must thin the population. Were this density rarefied by needful culture, would not its rarefaction bring the death-rate down?

This is a question that may be deemed worthy of attention by practical gentlemen accustomed to stigmatise solicitude for the conservation of pure streams, pretty flowers, and the beauties of nature at large, in any degree of contrariety to material progress as "sentiment." Call it sentiment, Gentlemen, if you will; this sentiment is a difference between you and some of our humble servants: it also distinguishes them from the lower animals. It is a weakness which you are exempt from, eh? So is the ass.

THE DEAR CREATURES.

LADIES, look at this description of how one of you was dressed at a late ball in Paris, a ball which probably did not begin till midnight, and may therefore very fitly be referred to as a late one:—

"Instead of a necklace of precious stones, she wore a garland of flowers *à la Parabère*. Her blond hair was relieved behind, straight from the roots: with neither chignon nor nattes; the hair attached at the summit of the head, and terminating in bows. Several roses were fastened in the hair in a very graceful manner."

A punster might protest that a lady without *nattes* hardly could look natty; but wiser persons will reflect upon the wisdom of a woman who wears neither *nattes* nor chignon which in any way may hide the beauty of her neck. They will rejoice, moreover, to learn that in these days of over-dressing and extravagance, there is still living a lady who, "instead of a necklace," has the taste to wear a simple garland of flowers. Surely, they will say, a jewel of a woman needs no jewellery for ornament. Good looks require no diamonds, as good wine needs no bush. A bright eye far outshines the sparkle of a ruby; a white skin has a beauty far more brilliant than a pearl.

Pearls however are still worn by the swellesses of Paris, and worn in great profusion, as the following will prove:—

"Another lady had a very peculiar kind of headdress; she was literally covered with pearls."

A lady covered with pearls must be really a dear creature, in respect of the enormous lot of money she must cost. We pity the poor man, unless he be as rich as Crœsus, whose wife goes out to dances with her head covered with pearls. We wonder how many she loses on an average each evening, and whether she drops more in a gallop or a waltz To dance with such a woman must really, to our thinking, be a dangerous adventure; for if a handful of her pearls were to fall into one's pocket, her husband might suspect one of intending to pearl-oin them.

AXIOM FOR THE ADMIRALTY.—A Rolling Ship plants no Shot.

KNOCKING OVER AN OLD BUCK.

"WHAT, *YOU* HERE, MY *DEAR* MR. BRUMMLE! IF WE HAD *ONLY* KNOWN! WHY, *YOU* MIGHT HAVE CHAPERONED ME, AND POOR PAPA MIGHT HAVE STAYED AT HOME!"

MAGNETISM OF THE HORSE.

WHATEVER, *Mr. Punch*, may be your opinion about Mesmerism, you will doubtless admit that, in a certain sense, there is some reality in a species of animal magnetism; a magnetic force which attracts some people to some animals. Not to mention mere pets, dogs and horses may, for example, be said to be animal magnets, or magnetic animals. The magnetic properties of the horse, especially, are wonderful in the extreme. What attraction the creature has for the multitude, what fascination for most, and how it possesses some people with downright infatuation! Permit me, this racing week, to quote a few lines from your friend "ARGUS":—

"Still, faulty and ruinous as the conduct of the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS must be admitted to have been, and for which, as I have said before, I am no apologist, it is only right the public should know, before they condemn him so severely as they have done, the sacrifices he has made for the maintenance of his credit. In the first place he has disposed of his Racehorses, his Hunters, his Hounds, his Hacks, the Reversion to Donnington, and his London estate. In addition, he was absolutely forcing into the market the other securities he had to offer to meet his difficulties when they had come to a crisis, as he felt them at the time very keenly."

The liabilities which have necessitated these sacrifices on the part of the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS are estimated by "ARGUS" at about £50,000, to meet which the Marquis was prepared to raise £20,000—a sum whereof one-half would make a philosopher (without wife and children) happy. That noble lord the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS, you see, Sir, has lost all his property, apparently, if not more besides, in bets made upon that noble animal, the horse. A noble animal it is, truly; chivalry and the equestrian order derive their very names from it; yet in these days, anyhow, it is one thing to be chivalrous and another to be horsey. Regarded as an animal magnet, the horse does not appear to emit exactly a noble animal magnetism—does it? On the contrary, it attracts blackguards about it in far greater numbers than gentlemen, and it is apt to exert a very demoralising influence even on gentlemen; stultifying most of those whom it does not demoralise. Under the influence of that noble animal men win money like rogues, or lose it like fools. But what I want to call your attention to is the evidently magnetic nature of this influence.

In the first place, Sir, consider the polarity of the horsey influence. The roguery on the one hand, and the folly on the other, in which it becomes visible, curiously correspond to the north and south poles of terrestrial or ferro-magnetism, or to positive and negative electricity. In the next, think of the property which horses thus apparently possess, of imparting the aptitude to cheat or to be cheated. Is there not something in this similar, at least, to magnetic and electric induction? The horse appears to affect the majority of those about it either with positive dishonesty, or with a negation of intellect. In the latter case, that is to say, when its magnetic induction is an inducement to lose money, may not that noble animal the horse be said to induce upon a man the condition and quality of that ignoble animal the donkey? Strange that the horse should make asses of men; but so it does.

In the particular case to which this communication refers, let us rejoice, *Mr. Punch*, that the negative effect of horsey animal magnetism was the only one induced. Let us hope that it was transient, and no longer exists.

Allow me to conclude with a remark on a few peculiar words in the foregoing quotation. I wonder how many sporting gents would like to bet that they could correctly recite the statement of "ARGUS" that the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS had disposed of his Hunters, his Hounds, and his Hacks. Horsey magnetic influence does not seem always to confer the ability to pronounce the word "horse" aright, or to talk horse with any utterance of that word's initial letter, unless where it ought not to be sounded. Of the betting men congregated at Epsom, for instance, a no small proportion, perhaps, would tell you that they don't believe in 'Ossy Hanimal Magnetism. They demonstrate, however, what they mean to deny to

PARACELSUS MINOR.

P.S. Horse-shoes are still nailed to doors by bumpkins for a defence against witchcraft. The most usual form of magnetised iron or steel is that of the horse-shoe magnet. These are facts—*valeant quantum*.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.—STUART KNOX's Comprehension of the meaning of "Corroboration."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *May 18th*. The Education Bill was scratched. No great loss, for it was a three-legged brute, and very weak. "All MR. GLADSTONE's fault that the scratching had to be done," said the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, plaintively. Which, in a sense it is, no doubt, as if he had not brought out the Irish horse, the Government screws might have had a chance. Excuse racing slang on the Derby Day.

Next came the Regulation of Railways Bill. One good thing was stuck into it. The nuisance of a smoky chimney, reeking before you for hours, and filling the carriages with sulphureous odours, ought to be abated. The Companies lay the fault on the engine-drivers, and the engine-drivers on the Companies. The Bill imposes a heavyish penalty on both. Something should have been said of the check of a Company that inflicts huge volumes of foul smoke on a passenger, and fines him for lighting a ten-penny cigar.

About three years ago a fellow called O'LEARY was sent to gaol in Ireland, and to the usual question, "What's your religion?" impudently replied, "that he had none, and that he called himself 'Pagan' O'LEARY." Whereat the Governor, a military man, ordered him to have a religion immediately. He refused, and was put on penal diet, and this process was repeated until he declared himself a Roman Catholic. This being precisely the plan which Roman Catholics, where they have power, adopt for the purpose of making conversions, *they* can say nothing against it, but MR. PETER TAYLOR, the Leicester grievance-monger, brought the matter before the House, which roared a good deal during LORD MAYO's explanation. Of course, a conscientious atheist is entitled to all consideration and commiseration, but as this O'LEARY merely meant to be insolent and defiant, we do not know that any particular harm was done. When COLERIDGE, at school, avowed himself a republican, his master flogged him, "wisely, as I think, soundly, as I know."

We referred the Boundaries Bill to a Committee of Five, chosen by MR. DISRAELI, who selected a majority of Liberals. Actually, none of the Opposition attacked him for this, or accused him of hypocrisy or trickery.

Then we prepared to go into Committee on the Scottish Reform Bill. It was proposed to give seven additional Members to Caledonia (stern and wild), and thereby to raise the numbers of the House of Commons. MR. BAXTER asked, instead, that all English boroughs with fewer than 5000 inhabitants should be disfranchised, and the Scotch Members obtained in that way. SIR RAINALD KNIGHTLEY, an old Tory, preferred that places having two Members, and fewer than 12,000 people, should lose one seat. The PREMIER found that he must give way, so he supported the second proposition, but the House carried the first, and Government was again defeated; numbers 217 to 196, majority 21. The Scotchmen thus pulled a piece out of the English Reform Act, and obtained their demands at English expense. We suppose it is revenge for Flodden, but they must not carry their vengeance too far, or English indignation will carry an Act forbidding a Scotchman to quote BURNS more than six times in any one speech or article.

We went into Committee, and the irrepressible Scotch, led by MR. BOUVERIE, an Englishman, wopped the Government again, by 118 to 96. The clause enacting a Rate-paying qualification was knocked out.

MR. DISRAELI then cried "halt," as this was an important alteration.

There was remonstrance, when out spoke SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, of the Victoria Cross, and advised the PREMIER to appeal to the country against his antagonists. The nation understood the situation, added SIR CHARLES, and that the business was merely a struggle for power between two men of eloquence and ability.

MR. DISRAELI took until Thursday to consider.

It is convenient to add here, that having considered, he announced that this Amendment had been arrived at precipitately, and that he should give the House an opportunity for reconsideration. He should on the following Monday move that no one should vote in Scotland who had not been Rated, and paid his Rates.

Another scene of abuse was added to the Cabinet Drama. A few of the epigrams may amuse theatrical readers.

Hon. Percy Wyndham (a Conservative). Government pull out what they call their principles, as a showman draws his puppets from a bag, to be dangled awhile, and put away when they have served their turn. Some of us refuse to be dragged through the mud.

John Bright (a Quaker). The Minister ought not to menace us. A crisis twice a week is rather too much for my nerves. If he picks a quarrel now, it is for love of the quarrel.

Mr. Bouverie (a Whig). The Minister is like *Ancient Pistol*; also *Mr. Toots*. I could wish my enemy nothing more humiliating than his position.

Mr. J. Hardy (brother of Mr. G. Hardy). If MR. BOUVERIE likes to go into the country, nobody will regret it. Why give the narrow-minded Scotch more Members? I won't say with CHARLES THE SECOND that Presbyterianism is not a religion for a gentleman; but it is not conservative, and bands with Papists.

Sir R. Knightley (the old Tory). I only want the two other Reform Bills passed; then turn the Ministry out next day, if you like.

Sir George Bowyer (Catholic). The language used is the true humiliation. If Ministers desire to keep office, their opponents are hungry for place. He had heard no Ministerial menace, which would, indeed, be a crime.

Col. Loyd Lindsay (Conservative Son-in-Law of Lord Overstone). Mean and paltry motives ought not to be attributed to the Ministerialists; and, as for MR. WYNDHAM, let him remember ADDISON on SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY's hounds. An old one is listened to, but a raw dog may yelp his heart out.

[Of course, they met at Chalk Farm in the morning, when MR. WYNDHAM's ball took effect in Primrose Hill, and MR. LINDSAY's somewhere in the Adelaide Road, after which they shook hands.]

Mr. G. Hardy (Home Secretary). I say nothing in the way of retaliation for offensive remarks, but why don't the Opposition try to put an end to an exhibition which they say is a disgrace? For that proceeding I long. I defy you. Make a distinct motion.

Mr. Bernal Osborne ("a nondescript country gentleman"). Baiting a Minister is delightful, but it may be carried too far. Let us pass the Bills. Representative institutions are getting rather to a discount.

Mr. Moncrieff (late Liberal Advocate): It is not right to throw Government crises into Scotch faces.

Then that matter was left until the Monday.

Tuesday. The important Friendly Societies Bill was scratched in the Lords.

MR. GLADSTONE demanded the intentions of MR. DISRAELI as to the Suspensory Act.

MR. DISRAELI. As it is the first step towards the disestablishment of the Church, I intend to give it all possible opposition.

The whole sitting was given to a debate on the Purchase System in the Army. It was originated by MR. TREVELYAN, who would abolish the system and buy up the vested interests, a process which GENERAL PEEL estimated would cost between ten and twelve millions. The discussion was too technical to be interesting, but the subject itself demands attention. The middle classes complain that they are nothing in the Army, which is composed only of the highest and lowest.

Wednesday. The day sitting was given to SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN's Libel Bill, the object of which is to make the speakers of libels responsible for them instead of the newspaper which merely records them. It is a small and reasonable relief, yet it was opposed; but when we say that among the opponents was MR. WHALLEY, we need scarcely add that the measure commends itself to every sensible man. It made progress.

Thursday. In addition to the Reform epigrams above, we made some progress with the Bribery Bill, which MR. MILL declared to be, though incomplete, very creditable to the Government, as a bold attempt to grapple with a great evil. A Bill for the "comprehending all vagrom men" went through Committee, and a Member feared that it would punish two of the Commons who might toss for a cab, and also would interfere with games at marbles and buttons. Was not the elephantine trunk illustrated?

Friday. MR. DENIS JOSEPH REARDON signalised himself in the House of Commons by asking, or rather by trying to ask, whether, as the QUEEN has gone to Scotland, Ministers did not intend, for her own comfort, and the good of the Nation, to advise HER MAJESTY to Abdicate! From all sides of the House descended a storm of indignation, which the SPEAKER crystallised into an intimation that such a question must not be put. The case is not one for the use of hard language about poor MR. REARDON, whose own Abdication is desirable.

CAPTAIN ARCHDALL put into a Question *Mr. Punch's* suggestion last week, that Negromania might induce a prosecution of SIR ROBERT NAPIER, for the same reason that it has induced a prosecution of MR. EYRE. Two military gentlemen also adverted to the subject; but on the whole, we think their advocacy of MR. EYRE had better be confined to an imitation, according to their means, of LORD OVERSTONE, the typical dispassionate man, who has come forward with a subscription of £200 to the Eyre Defence Fund, and a dignified intimation that the pecuniary ruin of that brave and good officer "can never be permitted."

Now, does anybody, this Derby week, want to know more about the Irish Church campaign than that MR. GLADSTONE to-night carried the Second Reading of the Suspensory Bill by 312 to 258, majority against Government, 54, after a long debate, in which MR. HARDY was "mighty valiant in speech," and MR. DISRAELI ingenious and orthodox. If anybody does, he may go to the Exchange, in Catherine Street, and make the best bargain he can with a news-boy for a copy of a Saturday morning's paper. Now, then, is that champagne packed, and where is the Wenham Lake ice put?

THE LATEST SPIRITUALIST STYLE OF CLOAK.—A Wrap-rascal.

Henry Brougham.

BORN AT EDINBURGH, SEPTEMBER 19, 1778.
DIED AT CANNES, MAY 7, 1868.

A GRAND old tree has fallen! Can it be,
That with so little stir it has come down?
That in the forest scarce a gap we see
For loss of that great trunk and reverend crown?

Gaunt, grey, with vice-like roots and gnarled knees,
A green leaf here and there on some tough limb,
That once had growth and girth for many trees,
He stood: no passer-by but noted him,

Wond'ring to gauge his wreck, and learn his age,
And hear how broad was once the shade he cast;
With what defiant port he faced the rage
Of storms, when weaker growths gave to the blast.

He lived and lived . . . from hot youth to hoar eld,
From flush of leaf to bareness of green bough:
A giant in decay, that still up-held
A shrunken strength, and weight of furrowed brow.

Until at last we heard he was laid low;
Not by the stroke of storm or levin sped,
In still Provençal night, and May moon's glow,
When none was by, he bowed his ancient head.

The peaceful death to close the restless life,
The quiet eve to crown the stormy day!
Such should be the surcease from noble strife,
So should a well-spent being ebb away.

As he lies thus, . . . ere earth to earth is given,
We trace back his long life, and find it knit
With all wherein our century has striven,
Stirred, spoken, reared, o'erthrown, fought, wrought, or writ.

The ninety-year-old man was part of all,
Great part of most that's worthiest and best:
Through that long race the oar he scarce let fall,
Scarce through that long day's work paused once to rest.

It was a time of tempest and of toil,
An age of battle with all forms of ill,
Ill that brought strength to crush, and fraud to foil,
Delay to sicken, and contempt to chill.

Bias of honour, place, wealth, worldly good,
Drew all away; he would not so be drawn.
Truth and Right's soldier from the first he stood,
And in the thickest darkness looked for dawn.

Count all the triumphs in these fifty years
By Right and Truth o'er Wrong and Falsehood won;
Of the Good Cause's Paladins and Peers,
A faithfuller than HENRY BROUGHAM is none.

He lived through all those fights, and seemed to grow
Tenser and tougher with their wear and tear;
And when the strife was done, and the sun low,
And "age brought honour and the silver hair,"

He could look o'er his life, and say, at last,—
"No cause for which I fought now counts a foe:
No goal I made for but is reached and past;
No ill I aimed a blow at but lies low."

A fighter born, with fighter's work in hand,
He had the fighter's weak points with the strong;
Hot, vehement to rashness, never bland,
In hates, as loves, too sudden oft and wrong;

Vain, quick of temper, proud of all he knew,
As who, that knew so much, but might be proud,
By all he had done, and all he hoped to do—
Lifted, his great head's height, above the crowd?

Why note what flaws may be in such a fame?
Freer of flaws than his the fames are few;
Sum up the gains to which he linked his name;—
What nobler work did ever statesman do?

The senate purged; charity's stream strained pure;
Slaves freed; chicane and bigotry put down;
Knowledge on ignorance gaining, slow but sure;
This was his life's work, is his memory's crown!

COMFORT FOR CAMPAIGNERS.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM an old Soldier, Sir, and I must protest against the milk and water tenderness which, in my belief, is ruining the Army. Only look at this, Sir. I quote it from the *Lancet*, which is pleased to make some comments on our infantry equipment:—

"The equipment, as now perfected, is extremely simple; so much so, indeed, that it seems wonderful it was not sooner adopted. The old framed knapsack is entirely discarded, and a soft valise is substituted. The weights are distributed round the body, and are brought low down, with a view of gaining the great mechanical advantage of keeping the centre of gravity of the body as near as can be in the position in which it is in the unweighted person, and of allowing free action of the chest and of the great muscles of the shoulders. The sacrum and the tops of the scapulæ, which are the two strongest parts of the body, bear the chief weights; and advantage is taken of the principle of balance. The equipment is most easily adjusted, and is put on and off in a moment."

These "improvements," as some call them, are all owing to the hints of a War Office Committee, appointed to investigate the health of the Army, and ascertain how far the ancient knapsack was affecting it. I suppose that pipeclay will shortly be discarded, lest soldiers get sore throats from wearing a damp crossbelt. Perhaps ere long the troops will all be stethescoped before they are allowed to undertake a march, and if they get their feet wet they will not be allowed to go to bed without warm bottles. "Tallow your noses" will be the final bugle call at night, and, for fear of the raw atmosphere, no soldier will be suffered to appear upon parade before ten in the morning.

Sir, in my belief the service is going to the dogs, and our abolishing the Cat is but a further proof of it. It sickens me to think that there should be such care to keep our Army in good health, and I am horrified to find that it is actually thought proper now to make our soldiers comfortable. Clumsy knapsacks, Sir, were worn when Waterloo was won, and it is my belief, Sir, men only grow effeminate by being molly-coddled.

Yours, in indignation,
ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

POISONOUS PLANTS.

MESSRS. BAYLEY and RAWSTHORNE, of the Patent Wheel Works, 42, Newington Causeway, in a letter to the *Times*, headed "The Lambeth Smoke Nuisance," attest the praiseworthy activity of MR. SANDISON, the Government inspector. They state that on the previous day they were fined at the Southwark Police Court for "unlawfully using a furnace not constructed so as to consume its own smoke." Of this mulct they say:—

"We do not complain. We have a burning desire to consume our own smoke."

Very well said. They have no right to complain. Their burning desire to consume their own smoke is commendable as far as it goes; but a burning desire, how hot soever, has not the heat that will consume smoke. What they want is a furnace which will burn the smoke up. This, indeed, they go on to urge, sensibly enough. But they remark:—

"We submit that, if the Government insist on all manufacturers using a smoke-consuming apparatus to their satisfaction, they should be prepared to adopt what they consider the best invention, and fine all manufacturers who do not use it."

Nay, gentlemen manufacturers all and sundry, the Government does its part, and has enough to do, in taking care that you shall not defile your neighbourhood with soot, and poison the atmosphere. It is for you to discover how not to establish nuisances, whether works which, in towns, offend the eyes and the nose, or, in the country, plants that sear and blacken all surrounding vegetation. You must live by your plants and works, must you? There is no necessity for that; and your right to live must be conditional on your managing to let live, and so not killing herbage and trees, nor stifling people to death.

Common Cause in the County Court.

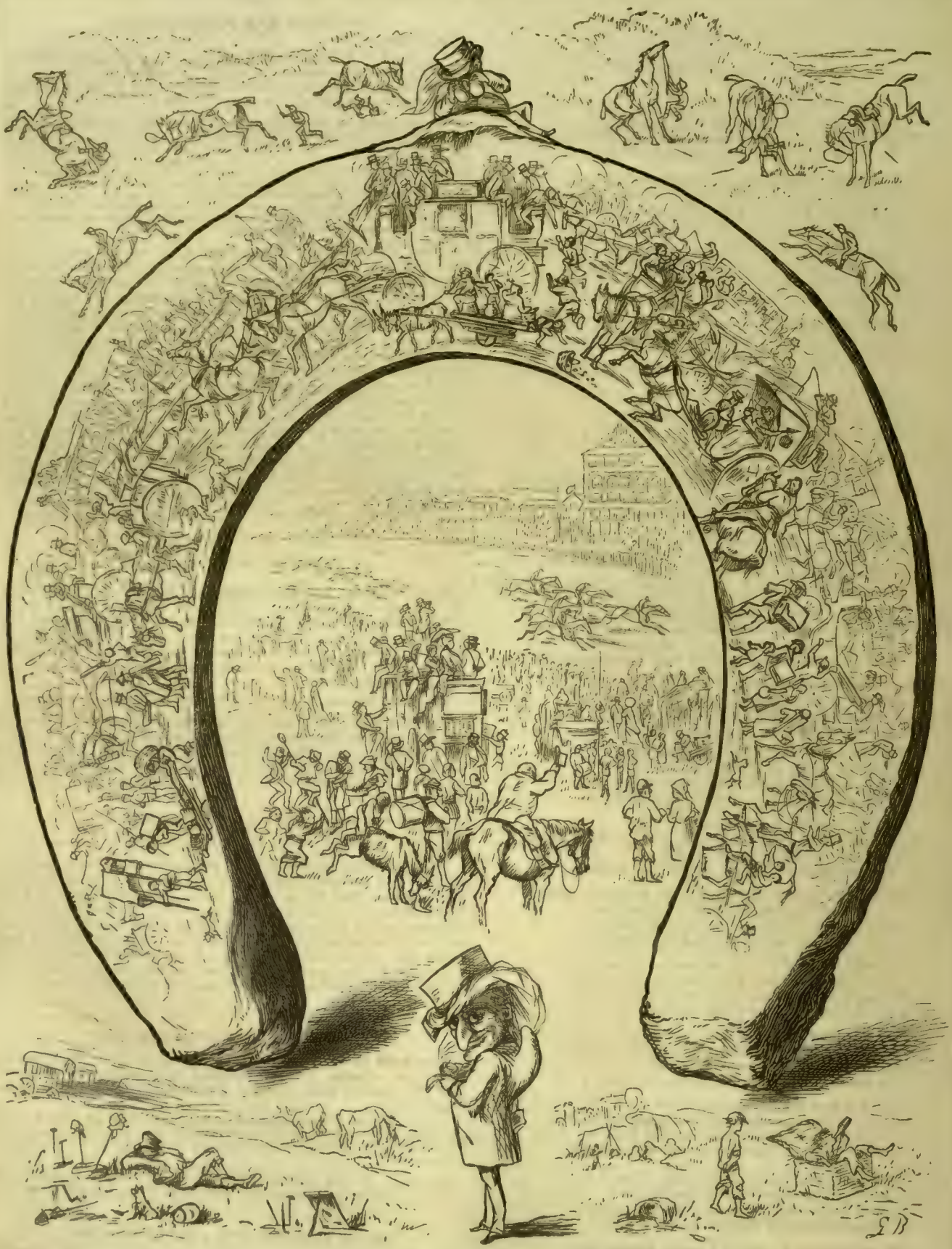
SUBJOINED is the conclusion, according to the *Globe*, of a County Court case, wherein TITIENS was sued by a perruquier to recover £15 17*s.* for a wig which she had ordered to wear as *Marguerite* in *Faust*:—

"MLLE. THÉRÈSE TITIENS, defendant, said the wig produced was not of the colour she had selected; it did not fit her, and was not the natural hair she had stipulated for, and therefore she declined to pay for it. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff."

Of course. At this time for betting it would be as safe as seasonable to lay any wager that the jury was composed of small shopkeepers.

AN OLD QUOTATION WITH A NEW APPLICATION.

THOSE who think that the proceedings against PRESIDENT JOHNSON are not over wise, will be glad to see that so far the American Senate is not disposed to "own the soft impeachment."



THE DERBY DAY, 1868.

OUR ANNUAL HOLIDAY.

Mr. Punch. "AH, DEAR BOYS! THIS IS BETTER FUN THAN ABUSING ONE ANOTHER AT WESTMINSTER."

DR. JOHNSON AT THE DERBY.

(*Hitherto unpublished in Boswell.*)

1780. Age 71.]

The next day I carried my revered friend to the Epsom Races, at which a new Prize was to be contended for, the struggle being called the Derby. I took care to drive thither early, so that Dr. Johnson might escape the ribaldries of the lower sort; and I also took pains to obtain a good place for our vehicle, which was drawn up between two carriages of persons of quality, as appeared by the heraldic insignia. Pointing this out to him, he was not pleased, and said, "Sir, you are a fool. That my carriage should be in juxtaposition with dukes, confers upon me neither personal dignity nor the right to address them. We came hither for pleasure, and I had rather have been brought nearer to those agreeable ladies." I proposed to move. "Nay, Sir," he said, "that were greater folly than t'other." Perceiving me dashed, he added, with his accustomed kindness, "Never mind, Sir, we do not expect wisdom or knowledge of the world from a Scotchman." The usual fry of gipsies, mendicants, and miserable instrumentalists gathered round us, and I ordered them away with more severity in my voice than was needful; but I was anxious that he should not be disturbed. "Tut, let the creatures alone," he said; "they exist, and therefore it is for us to tolerate them. They were created for some purpose or other." I ventured to urge that it was not his ordinary custom to favour the worthless. He replied, rolling his head, and laughing loudly. "I favour you, Sir." It was impossible to be offended, so prompt was my revered friend's wit. But he would allow me to be assaulted by no one else, for on one of our companions, a gentleman of merit, saying, "You have handicapped Bozzy, Sir," he replied, "Sir, although in the open air I stickle not for the rule of the saloon, I admire neither the cant of the jockey, nor the familiarity of the clown." So jealously he watched over the interests of those whom he loved. I ordered the servants to produce refreshments, of which I had provided a good store, and he was pleased to say that I had catered well; yet his humorous nature and vast power of illustration immediately hurried him into satire. "What would one of your hungry Scotch ancestors say, Sir, could he see you devouring a pie of France, and washing it down with a wine of Germany?" I said that I hoped my ancestors had better food in Elysium, but he instantly rebuked my levity, and bade me not talk like a heathen. Then, his goodnature prompted him to add, "But you are a small poet in your small way, Sir, and we must permit licence to such folk." I represented that Dryden had written of Elysium. "Nay," he said; "if you liken yourself to Dryden, I have done with you." I thought he did me injustice, but I would not say so, and turned the conversation with a harmless but natural remark upon the greatness of the crowd, and the thought that, in a hundred years, all those persons would be dead. "I think, Sir," said my venerable friend, "that you are one of the greatest asses in the world. Whether these persons are on Epsom Downs, or scattered at their ordinary avocations, they will equally be dead in a hundred years. Why these trite moralities?" He then did me the honour to bid me fill his glass, and hummed aloud gaily his own immortal line—

"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

A kind of lottery being proposed by one of my companions, Dr. Johnson said, "With all my heart, you gambling dogs, I'll have a frisk with you;" and he allowed me to pay his half-crown for him, and seemed pleased when told that a favourite animal had been allotted to him by fortune, quoting from I know not what Greek writer, to the effect that "fate had thrown for him the Treble Six." I did not at first see the entire felicitousness of this; but when I discovered that my revered friend's horse was Number 18, which I need scarcely remark is the treble of six, tears of admiration came into my eyes. "You are so dreadfully ignorant and slow," he said, when I explained the cause of my emotion, "that a small thing produces an undue effect on you." Thus did the great Dr. Johnson undervalue his vast merits. The bell then resounded for clearing the course, and he was pleased at seeing the ease with which a few constables divided that mob, and ranged it in order. "Were this Scotland, Sir," he said, "we should have had every Sawney wrangling and arguing with the constables, and thus defeating his own pleasure; but we are a civilised nation." I said, "that perhaps we Scots carried our pertinacity too far, but that it had helped us to civil and religious freedom." "There is neither a civil nor a religious man in Scotland," roared my venerable friend," adding playfully, "now that you are in England." But I refused to accept this compliment at the expense of my nation, and told him so, when he instantly answered, "Don't be afraid of your nation going to any expense." I pressed the subject, and he told me that I had better hold my tongue or else get out of the carriage—"*Manet sors tertia, cædi*," he added, holding up his large fist in merriment. The first Derby race then took place, which was gained by a horse named *Diomed*, and it will cause no surprise that Dr. Johnson's wonderful memory instantly served him with a happy quotation from Virgil—

"Vidimus, O cives, Diomede Argivaque castra."

which is peculiarly applicable, when we reflect that the dishonest persons who attend races are called Greeks. He pronounced the words with his accustomed sonorous voice, which attracted the attention of some young ladies in a neighbouring carriage, and one of them, with scarcely excusable familiarity, asked him whether he was talking Dutch. "No, you pretty little idiot," he replied, with perfect goodhumour, "as you might know, evidently coming from the *Low* Countries." Then, thinking that he might have hurt her feelings, he desired me to get out of the carriage, and convey to her a glass of wine to drink his health, which she did with much gratification when I informed her, in a whisper, of the name of the great man who had thus honoured her. Returning to my place in the carriage, I ventured to joke, and to say that I had played the part of Cupid, at which my revered friend was good enough to laugh heartily. He had luckily drawn the second horse, and thus saved his stake, but when I claimed the coin, as having paid for him, he pocketed it defiantly, saying, "No, no, Sir, he who leads his friend into gambling deserves to incur a penalty." Thus did my venerable acquaintance omit no opportunity of fixing a moral in my memory. The wine, and the excitement of the day, and the honour of being abroad with Dr. Johnson, combined to liberate my fancy, and I said that I wished our group could be painted for posterity. "No, Sir," he said, almost sternly, "I desire not to be remembered by my acts of recreation, nor," he added, slily, "by my companionship with you. Let's have no more of that." Yet I flatter myself with the hope that *nomen erit indebile nostrum*, and that in virtue of my friendship with my revered companion, I may find a place on Academical canvass in years to come. The thought enabled me to bear his raillery, but it made me pensive, which Dr. Johnson observing, cheered me up by kindly asking why I hung down my head like a booby, and pointing out to me, with his accustomed exactitude, that a man should be either sober or drunk. Acting upon this hint, I proposed a series of toasts, among which the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of my illustrious friend was foremost, and I have not a very distinct recollection of our return to London. But in our next interview he reproved me severely and deservedly for this lapse from virtue, concluding by saying: "And, Sir, remember that to the sufferings of those who had lost their money at the Derby, you added a new pang by the intolerable howling with which, under the pretence of melody, you made night hideous on our return journey." May the lesson of the illustrious sage be useful, not only to me, but to all other spectators of the Derby!

THE REVOLT LEAGUE AGAINST EYRE.

Ye savages thirsting for bloodshed and plunder,
Ye miscreants burning for rapine and prey,
By the fear of the lash and the gallows kept under,
Henceforth who shall venture to stand in your way?
Run riot, destroy, ravage, kill without pity,
Let any man how he molests you beware,
Beholding how hard the Jamaica Committee
To ruin are trying to hunt gallant Eyre.

Our mob-leaders suffered, in fancy, with others,
Of stamped-out rebellion who felt the strong heel,
They are touched by the hemp that chastised their black brothers,
And their feelings are hurt by the lead and the steel.
A set ever ranged on the side of sedition,
To mutinous negroes, now, hands they extend,
And, now, with their names back a Fenian petition—
The foe of the Ruler is always their Friend.

They are doing their worst to make certain that, never
Again, shall rebellion encounter a check;
That the chief who to crush a revolt may endeavour,
Shall his duty perform with a rope round his neck.
Conspiring against one, from maddened brutes' fury
Who saved Englishwomen, and Englishmen's lives,
Their fangs may they gnash while they curse a Grand Jury
Of Britons who value their daughters and wives.

Rather Type-Confounding.

A Paper was recently read at a meeting of one of the Scientific Societies, with the apparently cruel Title—"Elasticity of Animal Type." As this requires explanation, perhaps some intelligent compositor will have the kindness to say what sort of type this is; and whether it can be used without inflicting much suffering, which would be distressing to the workmen to cause and witness, printers being usually most humane men. It occurs to us that the only type which can possibly be considered animal is—Bourgeois.

GOING CHEAP.

Charley (to his Country Cousin). "GOING UP TO THE DERBY THIS YEAR, TOM?"
Tom (evidently the victim of some absurd hoax). "OH, YES! ROBINSON HAS PROMISED TO GET ME A SEAT IN ONE OF THE *HUMANE SOCIETY'S DRAGS!*"

THE OCCASION IMPROVED.

ANOTHER Derby Day comes round;
And you, my friends, how has it found?
What have you won or lost this year
Since you were last assembled here?
What wrinkles have you gained since then,
More than by growing older men?
What dodges added to your store
Craftier than you knew before?
Are you more downy than you were
On this day twelvemonth, to compare?
More fly, less easy to be done,
More, each of you, a knowing one?
Think you in gumption you have grown,
Or must you still some softness own?
Is there, among you all, to spy,
A speck of green in no one's eye?
Come, now, speak, let the truth be told,
And say, have none of you been sold?
Have all your books been made secure.
And is your calculation sure?
O come, whilst threepence yet remains,
And purchase all this print contains!
Buy this, and you are sure to win,
As *Punch* is to be taken in.

A HOMŒOPATHIC HOME.

THE following advertisement, extracted from a daily paper, speaks for itself, and sufficiently well bespeaks its author:—

HOMŒOPATHY.—Paris.—A Physician can RECEIVE an INMATE, with or without medical care. Being graduate of Oxford and Paris, and late gouverneur of a prince, could efficiently direct the studies of a pupil. Terms from £200, or per month. Address, Dr. ——, &c.

This "Physician," who "can receive an inmate with or without medical care," and "being graduate of Oxford and late gouverneur of a prince, could efficiently direct the studies of a pupil," is evidently a man of education, and thereby particularly qualified to be a tutor. He writes remarkable English. The heading of his announcement, "Homœopathy," is by no means to be taken to mean Humbug. His proposal of "Terms from £200, or per month," cannot but be regarded as a very moderate offer to take anyone in.

"COMMITTED."

AT length, MR. PETER TAYLOR (with the aid of a Black or two, and a sailor, who was so overpowered by remorse or rum, that he was as hard to bind over as the tipsy priest found the child was to baptise) has obtained the Committal of MR. EYRE. A man whose name was dear to the Australians for his gallantry as an Explorer, and for his humanity to the natives,—an officer who saved Jamaican society, White and Black, by his promptness and resolution, is to stand in the dock, and answer for that crime against some of the most brutal savages in creation. At last, MR. EYRE himself expressed his feelings, and his words deserve all publicity:—

"Not upon me, but upon those who have brought me here, will fall the disgrace, that a man who has served his country faithfully for twenty-six years, and for twenty years in positions of high responsibility, is now, after two years and a half of unceasing and most rancorous persecution, about to be committed to a felon's dock for having discharged his duty faithfully to the best of his ability, and irrespective of personal considerations, saving indubitably a great British colony from ruin, and the people from massacre, or worse than massacre. I do not envy the feelings of those who, conspiring to ruin a public officer, now at last succeed in bringing this additional stigma upon him, but I do rejoice in believing that they form a very small section of the community. I have the confident belief that neither these views nor the magistrate's decision will influence or be accepted by the higher tribunal to which the case will now be preferred, or by the large majority of my fellow-countrymen, to whose common sense and sense of justice I confidently entrust my honour as a gentleman and my character as a public officer."

The Court rang with plaudits, which could with difficulty be checked; and, that the Echo may be prolonged, we republish the speech. It reminds us of the story of WARREN HASTINGS, the victim of the hate of far greater men than those who persecute EYRE. He, too, underwent a long martyrdom at the hands of his enemies, and was ruined. But he lived to be received with acclamations by the House of Commons, who rose and uncovered to receive him, and to be thanked by the representative of the Crown for having saved British dominion. Englishmen listen too much to noisy and gushing men, but recover themselves in time, and make ample amends. But in MR. EYRE's case, Society has long given its verdict, and a Grand Jury will, we hope, speedily confirm it.

SPIRIT HANDS WANTED.

FOR those who like strange puzzles, here is one we find in a dramatic newspaper. For absolute inexplicability (a nice word that for an after-dinner speaker) it beats all to nothing what Prime Ministers will say when they mean to be mysterious:—

WANTED, to join immediately, a GOOD LEADING CORNET PLAYER: also to play First Violin Inside.

It may seem a little strange that somebody should want to hire a player on the cornet to play the violin; but how very much more curious is the demand that he will play the latter instrument "inside"! How on earth can anybody play a violin inside? A spirit hand might do it, but where are we just now to find a spirit hand? MR. HOME has left off playing "*Home, Sweet Home!*" on the accordion. Since he got into Chancery his spirits have quite left him: most men find their spirits leave them when they get into that court. Since they were nearly smashed at Liverpool, the DAVENPORTS disclaim connection with the spirits. So we really quite despair of learning how to play a tune inside a fiddle; although we feel convinced that nobody without a spirit hand to help him could possibly perform so curious a feat.

Special from Abyssinia.

WHEN SIR ROBERT NAPIER found that COLONEL PHAYRE's enterprise in approaching Magdala had a brilliant result, although not exactly in obedience to orders, he is reported to have said that he might go farther and *Phayre* worse.

A BISHOP "*in Camerâ.*"—In the act of being Photographed.

ALARMING!

George (late Comic Bachelor). "WHAT DO YOU THINK THE MAN WANTED, MY DEAR? (*A visitor had called during breakfast.*) HE CAME TO *TAKE MY LIFE!!!*" *Affectionate Wife (rushing at him).* "GEORGE!"

George. "I MEAN, MY LOVE, IN THE IMPERIAL ADAMANTINE ASSURANCE OFFICE, THAT YOUR MA'S BEEN BOTHERING ABOUT EVER SINCE WE WERE MARRIED!" [*Didn't he "catch it!"*

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XXV.

PENDENTE LITE.

SHE shut her lover into the Lighthouse and returned.

This proceeding had been watched by PIEL DORNTON by the aid of his powerful telescope.

"She must be mine," he exclaimed. The prospect of the baronetcy and the millions had entirely absorbed him.

But the papers. How to obtain them?

JOSEPH would not part with them, and without them——stay! The girl's claim existed—that was a fact, at all events. One set of papers attesting the fact was as good as another.

Old MARTIN was dead, at least so he believed, and for the first time he regretted an act which had deprived him of the only person capable of giving him any information.

"Just like me," he said to himself, remorsefully. "Always choking, or shooting somebody. I must give it up."

Ah, PIEL DORNTON, would you could even then have acted upon this call of conscience. But he stifled it.

"The Girl!" he said, suddenly. "BESS can tell me."

He ran to the cottage.

She was gone.

He searched the house. Old MARTIN was gone: not a trace of him.

"I must have shot him, thoroughly," he muttered to himself, "Blown him quite away!"

He was silent for one second: then he fired off a pistol.

Roused by this, he saw but one course before him.

"She has gone to the lighthouse," he thought, "to join *him*. I can produce papers as good as theirs, ha! ha!" and he laughed fiendishly at the recollection of the documents to which CHEEK, DISS, COUNT & Co. had given their respectable attestation.

'Twas all clear now.

"I can succeed without them," he said, and waved his hat in triumph.

From the shelf he took a box of matches, which would only ignite when you didn't want them, or on other solemn occasions, and he proceeded by the secret pass among the rocks to where his small canoe was always kept, ready, if need were, for instantaneous escape.

Seizing the paddle, which in this boat, being his own property, he always worked himself, he glided noiselessly towards the lighthouse.

A voice from an upper window asked, "Is that you BESS?"

It was JOSEPH'S, and came as a revelation to him. *She* was not there.

"Will you give me those papers?" he asked, pitching his voice as high as it could go. 'Twas not like ELIZABETH'S; Love knew the difference.

"Go away!" exclaimed JOSEPH, with real aversion. "I have nothing for you."

"Then perish," exclaimed DORNTON, savagely, and applied a lighted match to the base of the Lighthouse.

Creeping, curling, slowly, certainly, upward the flame took its way.

In and out of the brickwork, round the stones, through the wainscot crept the cruel unerring fire.

JOSEPH instinctively dreaded something, but he only felt a sudden warmth, for which he was unable to account.

PIEL DORNTON returned to the shore, and landing opposite Phlebosco Palace, summoned his confidential servant.

"Is your mistress within?" he asked.

"LADY ANNA is asleep, your Reverence," was the reply.

"'Tis well," he returned. "Loose the bloodhound."

The confidential servant did so.

"Unmuzzle him," said PIEL DORNTON.

"My Lord," exclaimed the wretched man, "I cannot."

"Obey my behest," thundered his master, "Or by heaven"——

The man staggered back. The ball had entered his head.

It was a thoughtless act, and one of which even he, in his calmer moments would not have been guilty.

Aroused by the noise, the LADY ANNA stood behind him.

"PIEL!" she said, tenderly.

"I cannot stop now," was his rough answer. "I am going out hunting. Don't whine—don't mope—go to——bed."

She looked at him searchingly. So changed! He who owed so much to her, which only they two knew.

But she feared to rupture the one silken cord still between them, and turning on her heel waltzed into the house.

Once within, she opened a secret door, and out stepped the Infant-watcher.

"You say you are devoted to me," she said to the Infant, who bowed. "I believe you; follow him, and let me know the result." The Infant stole out upon the track.

"She is treacherous!" said PIEL DORNTON, as he stood alone in the court-yard. "She cannot deceive *me* with these gay steps! I must be free of her." So saying, he unmuzzled the hound, and mounting upon his spotted steed, followed in the track.

Till he came up with BESS: for the Hound was sure and safe, and held her till he arrived, when he enticed him away and secured the girl.

"I am thy lover," he hissed in her ear. "I love you, madly."

The word made her tremble. She felt the force of this description of his wild and lawless passion.

"I will give thee gems, and jewels, and riches, diamonds, and a title, aye, and a house in the Vast Metropolis far from here, within the shades of square-graced Hanover."

"But JOSEPH——" she exclaimed, "What of him?"

"Of him!" cried DORNTON, "See!"

The sky was illumined with a fearful glow. He gave her his glass, and through it she saw the Lighthouse in flames: in flames which were chasing a running frightened figure with papers in its hands up the iron stairs.

The entire lower part of the Lighthouse was consumed, not one brick or stone or stick left to tell its fearful tale. Only the upper part remained, which was fast becoming enveloped in the arms of the raging devouring element. The glass was the old powerful one of PIEL'S, and brought the object so near that she stopped her ears, lest the perishing creature's cries should pierce them. Then as the flames reached the last point, the very top of the Lighthouse, all beneath having fallen and crumbled entirely away, they saw the form of a man tying some papers to his belt, and as the trembling support gave beneath his feet, they saw him, distinctly, with one tremendous leap, plunge, headforemost, into the dark and angry sea below.

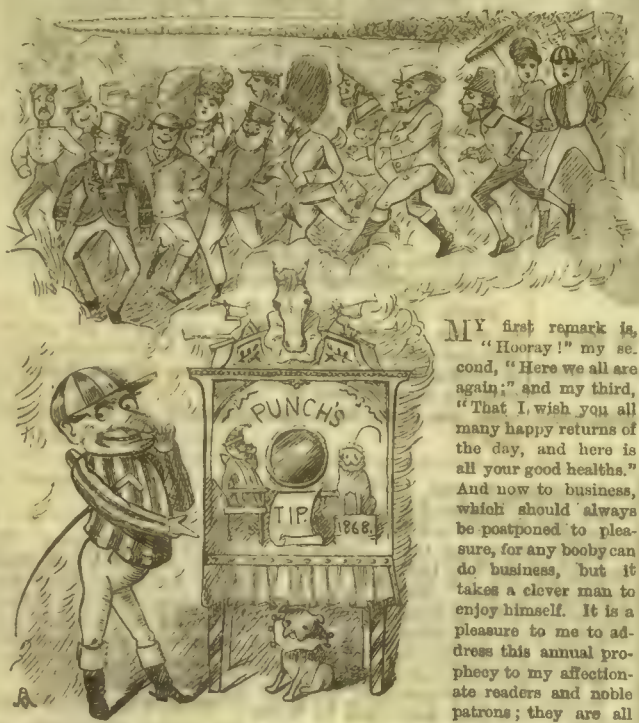
Then she fainted.

In his power now, placed across his horse to escape detection, he galloped with her to their new destination.

In the meantime strange events were happening in Old MARTIN'S cottage.

(*To be continued.*)

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



MY first remark is, "Hooray!" my second, "Here we all are again;" and my third, "That I wish you all many happy returns of the day, and here is all your good healths." And now to business, which should always be postponed to pleasure, for any booby can do business, but it takes a clever man to enjoy himself. It is a pleasure to me to address this annual prophecy to my affectionate readers and noble patrons; they are all so blessed clever, and understand a fellow's least hint and wink as well as if he expatiated like ten DISRAELIS rolled into fifteen GLADSTONES. Talking of that, Do you know what an expatiator is? Well, in Lancashire he's a fellow who stands on a bank and sees a man sinking, and says, "That poor chap 'll be drownded; what a pity there's nobody here to take hold of this here rope and pitch it to him." There's a lot of that sort in other places than Lancashire, my esteemed swells; mind that, when you might help a cove, but modestly content yourselves with pitying of him. Where was I? This Derby makes me Dizzy, when I ought to be Hardy, but mind my Manners notwithstanding, Hunt up defaulters, and pay whatever I May Owe. Twig them Ministerial puns? Bless you, I could make twice as many in half the time, and think no more about it than if I'd swollered an Irish Church. But touching and concerning these horses. The horse is a noble beast, that must be allowed, and perhaps it is the very excess of his nobility that makes most bipeds who aspire to be intimate with him so uncommon ignoble; but that's neither here nor there. He is a distinguished member of the family of *Equidæ*, is a herbivorous party, but will devour Christians, *vide* the case of DIOMEDES, also will eat up gold and estates very rapidly, *vide* a variety of handsome young noblemen and gentlemen, on whom you may look around from the height of your drag. Now I have assembled here to see this 89th Derby run, and you demand of me which horse will win the same. I reply to you, with the same frankness, that I don't know. But you little know your prophet if you think that he is to be deterred by "a trifle like that" (for we all love a pretty girl under the rose) from stating in the most positive, Macaulean, and dogmatic manner, what you had better do. Anybody can tell you what he knows, and I may remark that what most people know can be told in a very short time, but give me the man with cheek to tell what he nose not, and here that man is. I see a word in my own journal last week as I never see before, and it was Analfabeti. I take it to mean coves which don't know their Alphabet. I despise them. I hate the ignorant. I'll take the horses alphabettigammadeltically and doubleyouexwiseheadically, and to the temperate young man who shall spell these words one hour after the race, I advise the young lady as he's spoons on to stick, for he'll be a model of the domestic virtues. Here is *Athena*. She reminds me of my Lord Byron's lines, "Frown not on England, England owns him not, Athena, no, the plunderer was a Scot. Athena means Minerva, whose statue is before the Athenæum Club. If she wins, and the owner is a member, he will take off his hat to the goddess whenever he goes in—1000 to 2 against the triple event. *Betrayal*, the most difficult word which a young lady can give you to make out of separate letters, gave me the headache so horribly while I was finding the riddle out, that I decline saying more on the subject. This is *Blue Gown*. Edie Ochiltree was a blue gown and a beggar. This animal is a beggar to run, but when called on to mend his pace, may reply mend-I-can't. The *Earl* comes from Celia's arbour, or rather stable, but a votive wreath will not be hung there by the winner of the Derby. I hope that we shall have no thunder, except a thundering good lunch, but if we have, I don't think that it will, as *Falstaff* says, thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. Now here's a consternation, at least a constellation, and it is called *Orion*. That heathen, as you may all forget, came to grief at the hands of Diana, to whom he proffered attentions of an unacceptable character; and though he ran like mad when the lady fitted her arrow to her bow, she brought him down whack. Let him run to-day as he ran then, and I will ask MR. HORNE to write another Farthing Epic about him, and if he won't, I'll do it myself. Next cometh *Pace*. He was not called so from his rate, nor is it Irish for peace, nor a Latin gabblative, but he was named from the respected Jockey Club steward at Newmarket, and his sire was *Caterer*. I think it's a case of *monops inter cæcos*. Here is *Paul Jones*, so a word in your private-ear. There is, I am given to understand, a continental coin called a paul, and after putting that limited amount upon this horse, you can invest the rest of your assets in Jones's locker. And now place for the lady, the *Lady Elizabeth*. I take off my hat to that darling, and if wishes were horses, and beggars could ride, I'm the beggar that would ride her into glory, and win the Battle of Hastings, though I grudge the money that would thereby accrue to a lot of greedy ring men. For *Le Sarasin*, being a foreigner, I can only say politely, *Commong voo, parley voo, wee, au revoire*. The next is the Knight of the Rosy Cross, better know as *Rosicrucian*. The mystics, of whom he is one, had secrets, and wrote in hieroglyphics, but when the wheat was sifted from the chaff there was uncommon little of the former. Still, I won't think small beer of a horse that has been trained by PORTER. He was a great pot, but is now rather pot-stomached, like his betters. You can put your money on *See-Saw*, child of *Margery Daw*, if you like, but don't blame me if you have to sell your bed and lie on straw. *Speculum* is the Latin for a mirror, and I should like to hold a true mirror up to the nature of this creature. *King Richard the Third's* two wants would be met in him, "Till I can buy a glass," and "My kingdom for a horse." If, as there should be with a mirror, quicksilver on his back, this looking-glass will cause pleasant reflections (Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!) to those who back it. His offspring should be called *Amalgam*, duke. St. Running, as the accomplished turf men call *St. Ronan*, may do something if he runs, and if St. Ronan's Well. In regard to *Suffolk*, if he were a Suffolk *Punch*, he should not want my good word and wish, but may I be suffocated if I put more money on him than I can afford. *Tom Bowline* may be for bowling into the arms of victory, but the ear of prophecy seems to listen to a voice singing of a sheer hulk. *Tympanum* means a drum, which is a thing to be beaten. May I never be so drunk as To put much tin on Mr. *Uncus*. We come next to *Viscount*, and it were false heraldry to be more civil to him than I was to the *Earl*, and whatever faults are attributed to my British aristocracy, they were never famous for running when people wanted 'em to. And having thus investigated the pretensions of the candidates for the Blue Ribbon, I proceed, in the undaunted spirit of a CUMMING, to vaticinate. THE WINNER WILL BE A WOMAN OF FASHION COMING DOWN TO BREAKFAST IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Nephew (*who knows his relative's peculiarities*). "THIS WON'T DO FOR YOU, UNCLE; IT'S A SMOKING CARRIAGE!"

Uncle (*horrid crabbed old bachelor*). "UGH! 'T ANY RATE IT'LL BE SAFE FROM WOMEN AND CHILDREN!!"

SPEECHES BY MACHINERY.

A PUBLIC dinner this hot weather! What a horrible idea! And still more dreadful is the thought that one might have to make a speech there! What a blessing it would be if after-dinner speeches could be made by some machinery! Can not some inventive genius hit upon a plan by which to get a speech made, without the bore of making it? Everyone knows everything that anyone can say, when called on for a speech; and if nobody were to make one, surely nobody would suffer. By the side, say, of the chairman, a WAX figure might be placed, modelled to resemble him in features and in figure. This dummy might, by clockwork, get upon its legs, when wound up by the toast-master, and might be made to mumble what might pass for a good sample of after-dinner oratory. To carry out this notion with suitable effect, each famous dinner talker should go about provided with a model of himself, supplied with tubes and tones to imitate his own peculiar voice. Perhaps after awhile the presence of a speaker might entirely be dispensed with, and his effigy alone be invited to attend. When this is happily the fashion, what rejoicing there will be among our martyred public diners, and what a spoiling of digestion and of temper will be spared them! We recommend our notion to the Humane Society, whose duty clearly is to rescue public orators from floundering about in a perfect flood of verbiage, and often well nigh sinking in the middle of a speech.

SOMEWHAT SUPERFLUOUS.

ADVERTISEMENTS are usually paid for by their length, and advertisers commonly aim at using as few words as they can to give their meaning. Still, even in the shortest notice words are sometimes introduced which seem entirely needless. Look at this, for instance, from a dramatic journal:—

WANTED, a SINGING WALKING LADY (young). . .
Always an opening for Good Niggers.

Surely, it is superfluous to mention that the lady must be young. To sing while one is walking is not an easy task, and certainly no old lady would be able to accomplish it. Clearly too it is superfluous to make a stipulation that the niggers must be "good." As if any one would open his doors to a bad nigger, if he anyhow could help it!

A CAUTION TO GOVERNORS.

SCENE—*A Waiting Room.*

THE REVEREND SHARON SNUFFLES. MR. JOHN COOPER.

Snuffles (*to Cooper, folding up a newspaper*). Does your paper, Sir, contain any report of the great Missionary meeting at Exeter Hall?

Cooper. No; but a very full account of the Derby. At your service. (*Offers paper.*)

Snuffles. Thank you; n-n-no. I have no interest in sporting intelligence.

Cooper. Not even in the Eyre Hunt?

Snuffles. The what hunt, Sir?

Cooper. The Jamaica Committee hunting GOVERNOR EYRE—trying to hunt him to death.

Snuffles. Oh! Sir, pray do not speak in that manner of conscientious and Christian men.

Cooper. Well, there's MILL at the head of them.

Snuffles. Those worthy men, Sir, are endeavouring to bring a great public criminal to justice.

Cooper. A criminal! Why they do not pretend that he acted from any guilty motive.

Snuffles. MR. EYRE was guilty of inflicting punishments which were illegal. He fearfully exceeded his duty.

Cooper. Suppose he did. I don't admit it. But say that he did. Grant, for argument's sake, that, in stamping out a rebellion, he stamped too hard, too wide, and too long. It was question of degree in a time of danger. Even if he over-estimated the necessity of striking terror, is that an error of judgment for which he deserves anything but respectful sympathy—instead of persecution?

Snuffles. It is a precedent, my dear Sir, which must not be permitted.

Cooper. A precedent! Hadn't the Indian mutiny been quelled before? Recollect how that was crushed, and the mutineers put down. By "hanging them like fun," we were told; by blowing them from guns, and flogging, no end. Where was then the outcry now raised on behalf of the Jamaica Blacks?

Snuffles. There is a difference between the cases.

Cooper. More than that. There are two striking differences. The first is, that the East Indian rebels were either Hindoos or Mahometans, and their cry was "*Deen!*" whereas the West Indian revolters were Baptists and Methodists, who sat under Missionaries, and sang psalms. The Sepoys were heathen; the Jamaica Black was a man and a brother.

Snuffles. Surely, Sir, you would not condemn Christian sympathy?

Cooper. Quite the contrary. Sympathy with savage miscreants.

Snuffles. The poor creatures, Sir, were sadly misguided.

Cooper. Yes, they were; and by whom? There's the other difference. There were no mob-orators at work among the Sepoys and their associates. The Jamaica outbreak was owing to the eloquence of gentlemen like MR. GORDON. No wonder our Tribunes of the People, who are sometimes apt themselves to use strong language, object to making such gentlemen responsible, in a time of anarchy, for insurrection and massacre caused by their harangues.

Snuffles. Ah, well, Sir, it was an awful business! Let us trust the like will never occur again.

Cooper. You may. It is unlikely ever to occur again—exactly. Half of it only will occur in future. Insurrection and massacre will occur; suppression won't—at least, in Jamaica, or anywhere else in which demagogues preach to natives who are addicted to psalmody. It may possibly be different in the case of the mild Hindoo, and, as some of the Missionaries' African friends might pronounce him, the full-flavoured Mussulman.

Snuffles. Oh, Sir, do not say such things!

Cooper. The treatment of EYRE is enough to make one say anything. Its authors will one day be gratefully remembered by their white countrymen whose relatives will have been murdered or mutilated, and so on, by the irrepressible Nigger.

Snuffles. Why irrepressible, my dear Sir?

Cooper. Because, henceforth, when he breaks out, nobody, thanks to the Jamaica Committee, will dare to repress him. [*Bell rings. Exeunt.*

THE PRESENT FASHION.

POLITICAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES.—A CARD.

The Misses Maud and Hester Hazy respectfully beg to announce that they propose at Midsummer to extend the sphere of mental cultivation to which they have hitherto confined their assiduity, in compliance with the urgent wishes of many esteemed friends of feminine enlightenment and progress.

The Misses Maud and Hester Hazy humbly venture to hope that the gratifying success which has so long attended their labours in a less elevated path will be deemed a satisfactory assurance of their ability to confer on the young persons under their tuition the crowning triumphs of a refined political education.

Gentlemen of acknowledged parliamentary talent have kindly volunteered their valuable services, and will conduct the various classes as will be seen on reference to the subjoined synopsis.

Lord Claude Fleur-de-Lis, M.P., will attend on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from three to five, to lecture on Parliamentary Amenities.

Much attention will be given to *finesse*, and the nice art of misquoting *Hansard* with perfect safety, and advantage taken of the brilliant light afforded by recent achievements.

A class for instructing novices in political physiognomy and the mode of preserving the countenance when "found out," will be conducted by a most honourable Member of celebrity in this very difficult department.

Pale blue principles will be superintended by a liberal Professor, Cantab.

Violet ditto by a Conservative B.A., Oxon.

The mode of preparing Estimates and regulating Ways and Means will be taught by an ex-official perfectly *au fait* with the pulse of the House, and conversant with its peculiar prejudices in reference to economy.

Paintings, of the most attractive arrangement of colours for "catching the Speaker's eye," will be furnished to pupils at a trifling expense.

The most approved system of settling small Bills with Government checks, will be explained by a young gentleman of great Parliamentary promise.

The secret of keeping the Seals will be communicated by a voice from the Cabinet.

The softer sentiments will be tenderly cherished, and the sweetness of resignation illustrated by examples drawn from *ancient* history.

The "Standing Orders" will be recited daily by a provincial Member, whose normal impetuosity has been tempered, if not entirely subdued, by the salutary discipline of being repeatedly coughed down.

P.S. Ladies of a certain experience whose political education has been neglected, qualified for Office in a few lessons.]

*** Ministerial explanations extra.

ALL UP WITH F. O.

One office still was left us—
One service, 'twas the last,
Where Swells could stoop to places,
And yet not forfeit caste.
Where blue-blood still was sacred,
And manners made the man,
And Snobs without connection
Lay under blight and ban.

Though the House its meddling finger
Had thrust in every pie,
O'er the coals hauled each department,
To each sinecure said "die,"
One service still was guarded
'Gainst their intrusion low;
One office held its head up,
Nor the Commons deigned to know.

That service was Diplomacy,
F. O. that office high:
Where the *right* set had the *entrée*,
Which the *wrong* were fools to try.
Where *sans* account or estimate,
We stooped to take Bull's tin:
'Twas ours, as Swells, but to pay out,
What he, as Snob, paid in.

'Twas "The Office" brought men forward,
"The Office" put them out:
Ruled who should have a pension,
And who should go without.
Found snug berths for its fav'rites,
Left its black sheep in the cold;
Held none too young for favour,
For snubbing, none too old.

In that Official Concert,
From highest note to bass,
If 'twas not the right *man* always,
It was always the right *place*.
Where o'er Swell-Head Parliamentary
Swell-Head permanent held sway,
And for Swell clerks Swell messengers
Ran Swell errands all the day.

If we took the public money,
To spend it we were free;
Other offices might render
Accounts; so would not *we*.
There were our Special Missions,
Our Secret Service, too,
Our Agencies,—what had the House
With *our mélier* to do?

So once it was, and long we hoped
That state of things would last:
But now, confound that Labouchère!
Those halcyon days are past.
The House of Commons, eager
Departments to devour,
F. O., at last, has sucked into
The Maelström of its power!

With Customs, Inland-Revenue,
Woods, Works, and Cads like those,
We're ordered to keep items
Of how the money goes!
To send in, what's called "estimates,"
Render, what's called "account,"
As if a Swell could ever get
Beyond a "gross amount!"

For your Seely and Trevelyan
Your Otway and your White,
Our sacred Office myst'ries
We're to put in black and white.
Brook irrev'rent overhauling
Of the House and penny press—
In fact, do our diplomacy,
'Neath Democrat *durèsse!*

Society is reeling
For cataclysm huge:
Now I understand the saying
"*Après nous le déluge!*"

Tests—Pocket-boroughs—Corn-laws—
  Unmoved I saw them go,
Nor dreamed how soon their fall would draw
  The down-come of F. O!

Last bulwark of Society,
  Last life-buoy of the Swell,
The wild wave of Democracy
  Howls o'er thee, like a knell.
"*La carrière ouverte aux talens*,"
  I hear the hideous cry!
I fling up my appointment,
  Renounce F. O. and die!

NOVELS WITHOUT NONSENSE.

MY DEAR MISS BROWN,—Occupied as you are daily, like most other young ladies, with dressing, driving, dining, dancing, flirting, morning-calling, lunching, riding, kettle-drumming, and the hundred other labours of a fashionable life, you can have but little leisure to devote either to reading, or to writing, or to thinking, or to any work which really may exercise your mind. If you are sentimental, perhaps you keep a diary, and doubtless write long gushing letters to your dearest bosom friends. But your reading, I suspect, is confined to the Church Service, and the last sensation novel, and you seldom take the pains to look into a newspaper, unless to see what *fêtes* and flower-shows are in prospect, or what *toilettes ravissantes* were worn at the last drawing-room, or the EMPRESS's last ball. So I have small hope that you ever read the *Quarterly Review*, or have been questioned by your partners as to what you think of the late article therein upon SIR WALTER SCOTT, and whether you consider there is much truth in the following:—

"Doubtless there will be found at most railway stations cheap copies of SCOTT's Poems, and of the Waverley Novels, which travellers purchase one by one that they may read them on the journey as they read any other worthless trash, and then throw them away. But the instances are rare, we suspect, in which, even among educated persons, young men or young women under five-and-twenty know anything at all, either of what SCOTT wrote or of what he did."

Judging by your conversation when I have had the happiness to hand you down to dinner, I fear that you are not one of these *raræ aves* (ask your brother what that means when you next write to him at Eton: and give him my condolence in his poignant grief at having to leave school without a "leaving book"). I doubt if you can name half-a-dozen of SCOTT's novels, or faithfully describe the plot of any one of them. Your sister, I believe, is a devourer of French *romans*, and may possibly have stumbled on *Les Puritains* (which is French for *Old Mortality*), or scrambled through *Evanôay* (to use the foreign accent), or skimmed over the cream of *Les Aventures de Nigel*, or sighed over *La Prison du Comté d'Edimbourg*, as our lively neighbours call it, although *Le Cœur de Midlothian* would surely sound as well. But translations are poor substitutes, even at the best, and I should no more care to read old RABELAIS in English, than SIR WALTER SCOTT in French. I fear, however, you are not so learned as your sister, and could neither make a list of all the *Tales of my Landlord*, nor give the title of the novel in which *Amy Robsart* dies. And I thoroughly agree with the reviewer in the *Quarterly*, that ignorance of SCOTT's works is a thing to be deplored:—

"We look upon this fact . . . as a great public misfortune. You cannot find a surer test of the habits of thought in a people than by taking note of the light literature which is most in favour with the young of its educated classes. When we find such great works as *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary* cast aside, in order that young ladies and young gentlemen may break their hearts over the sorrows of bigamists and adulterers, we confess that the impression made upon our minds is not very flattering—we do not say to the tastes, but to the moral sense of the age."

Girls nowadays, I fancy, but seldom go to school: in fact, there are no girls' schools in these euphemistic days, for they either are called "seminaries," or, more grandly, "ladies' colleges." Still, I dare say you have had some sort of mental culture, and you would doubtless be indignant if I questioned your belonging to the "educated classes." Yet how little has your mind been cultured in reality, if it finds pleasure in the sorrows of the interesting bigamists who figure in so many flashy novels of the day! Such "light literature" as this to me is very heavy reading, and I am astonished that a girl of any sense of what is delicate and feminine, can find the slightest pleasure in it. I should as soon expect to see her read the *Newgate Calendar*, or devour the latest dirt which is dug up in the Divorce Court. To say nothing of propriety, there is far more life and interest in one of SCOTT's fine novels than in a score of Frenchy fast sensation stories, which are as false to nature as they are false to art. Yet *Guy Mannering* and *Waverley* are left upon the shelf while ladies sigh over the sorrows of *Dora the Deserted*, or wonder what will be the end of *Miriam and her Mysteries*, or breathlessly await the coming magazines, which will continue the sad story of *Laura the Lone One, or the Wife of Seven Husbands*, or will reveal the thrilling fate of the *Mormonite Unmasked*.

Love: Marriage: Murder: Mystery: there is plenty of all these in the tales which SCOTT has written, and there is plenty of a hundred other interesting themes. Where is such pleasant history as SCOTT puts in his novels? Where are kings and queens and court-scenes brought so vividly to life again? Where are ancient rites and customs so truthfully described? Where else is such poetic word-painting of scenery: such close insight into character: such humour and such pathos: such naturalness of dialogue: such variety of incident: such vigour of invention: and, as in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, for instance, such poetry of passion, and such poetry of prose? Yet far too commonly will a young lady leave unnoticed and untouched this "well of English undefiled," and will drink in with delight the tales of trashy writers, who draw their inspiration from the cesspool and the sink.

Yes, I know these are strong words; but when I happen to feel strongly I must use words to match. You may call me an Old Grumpy, or a Great Big Silly, and may pout your pretty lips at the lecture I am giving you: but you will owe me many a kiss for many a happy hour, if I persuade you to follow the advice of the *Quarterly*, and read *Waverley* and the *Antiquary*, and the like other "great works." To use a sporting phrase, which I dare say you will not want your brother to translate for you, I will back "SCOTT's lot" against the field of our light literature, for as many dozen pairs of gloves as you may like to bet.

With this offer—not the first I doubt that you have yet received—believe me yours in all sincerity,

SOLON SMITH.

A DOCILE CREATURE.

(*Interesting Incident in the Experience of* MR. HOMEGREEN.)

WHEN I was up in London, as it happened t'other day,
From Richmond back droo Hammersmith to town upon my way,
When I 'd got zummut past the Bridge, a new sight there I see,
A Pig a foller'n of a man, as willun as could be.

A ragamuffin kind o' chap the feller was to view;
His four-legged follerer by fur the claneat o' the two.
However, that there man had got command o' that ere Hog,
As trotted along arter un like any spannel dog.

A whity-brownish coloured Pig, looked nigh about five score;
But, big or little, sitch a Pig I never see'd afore.
I'd heerd about a sportsman as for pointer had a sow,
Which story you may doubt on, but I quite believes it now.

Sometimes Pig lagged behind a bit, then on again a'd run,
Soon as his master whistled to 'n, and cut to heel like fun.
I wonder, now, if ever they 'll put up that Pig to fat.
I thinks I shouldn't have the heart to kill a Pig like that.

That there Pig and the Larned Pig's relations, I should say.
His teachun 'oodn't, anyhow, be all on 't throw'd away.
Was other Pigs all sitch as that, we mightn't gridge the State
To saddle we poor farmers wi' a eddication rate.

BEN DIZZY, don't you wish your pigs as close 'ood foller you,
And let you eddicate 'um in the way you 'd have 'um goo?
But your pigs be pig-headed Pigs, that must be drove wi' blows—
They wun't be led, onless 'tis when you leads 'um by the nose.

THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

THE subjoined announcement will perhaps evoke a remark from more than one young officer in a "crack" corps:—

"BATTA TO THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.—According to the custom in the Indian army at the close of a war, the Indian troops in Abyssinia, with their officers of all ranks, will in all probability be granted batta, or extra pay, as a reward for their suffering and toil on active service. The batta usually means one year's extra pay."

The remark will perhaps be that batta pudding is better than parliamentary praise. A member of the Rag and Famish may be expected at least to know that there is such a thing as batter pudding.

BOOK BY HOOK.—*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, by DR. HOOK, might be correctly called *History of the Ecclesiastical Crook*, by the Ecclesiastic HOOK.

TWIN SISTERS OF CONSOLATION.

Helen (to Bob, whose picture has been "skyed"). "But fancy, if it had been put close to the Ground, where all the Skirts would have *Rubbed* against it!"

Clytemnestra (to Bill, whose picture is ever so much under the line). "But fancy, if it had been Hung so high that nobody could have *seen* it!"

Tom (whose picture has been rejected altogether. Aside). "Now, I wonder what those Girls will manage to Say to me?"

MURPHY AND WHALLEY.

It may have appeared to reasonable people that certain genteel persons with ritualistic proclivities make two mistakes when they call everybody, who, in any respect, tries to oppose or controvert Romanism and Roman Priests, a Whalley; the first mistake being that no such controversy and opposition can possibly be based on liberal principle, and the second that the name of Whalley is as synonymous as it is symphonious with folly. The second mistake, in rational estimation, may seem as great as the first certainly is.

A letter, however, in the *Times*, signed John Page Hopps, dated at "The Parsonage, Dunkinfield," on "The Murphy Riots," informs the civilised world that:—

"Mr. Whalley told the House of Commons on Monday night that 'a more honest, truthful, and he might almost say, a more careful man in his statements had never appeared as a public lecturer than Mr. Murphy.'"

Mr. Hopps, in illustration of the extent to which this declaration is true, tells us that, in January last, Murphy began a lecture at Staleybridge by producing, without any provocation, a ten-chambered revolver, and saying, "I 'm a queer lad, as you'll find out yet," that he next threatened to smash something or somebody, and then offered up a prayer. Here follows a passage from Murphy's lecture:—

"The way to get rid of Fenianism is to hang the priests. Every priest is a Fenian head-centre. I am going to Ashton to lecture in a cotton mill, and within 300 or 400 yards of the Catholic chapel, and it will not take as long to drive the Popish lambs to Paddy's land. If the people once break out in Lancashire, they will first seize the Catholic priests, then the Sisters of Mercy, and afterwards the lambs, and send them all afloat, neck and crop."

If Mr. Hopps has not been misinformed respecting the demeanour and language above reported, there are only two suppositions whereon those peculiarities can be conceivably accounted for. Either Mr. Murphy was lecturing under the influence of excess in whiskey, or else in a state of excitement and absurd persuasion arising from mere disorder or lesion of the brain. On the former hypothesis he ought to have been put, if possible, in the stocks: on the latter he should be immediately taken care of before he does himself or others some mischief beyond that of provoking Irishmen to attempt to refute imputations on their religion by rioting. His friends should look after him in the interest of Protestantism as well as for his own sake; and those of Mr. Whalley, if Whalley knows how Murphy has been raving, ought also to take care of him. Hanwell or Colney Hatch might receive Murphy, and Whalley could be provided with an asylum at Earlswood.

THE COLOUR OF THE WINNER.

Scene—*Club.* Time—*The Time for Sherry and Seltzer.*

"What colour was the winner of the Derby?" asked Grigg of a sporting friend.

The sporting friend replied that he did not know.

Grigg answered, that his colour was "Spotted."

"Spotted!" exclaimed Turfus, his friend, his thoughts reverting to the Circus, "Impossible!"

"Not at all," returned Grigg, "I am certain of it; for, before the race commenced, *I spotted him!*"

[*Exit* Grigg, R. Turfus *left to pay for the Sherry and Seltzer.*

Extremely Happy.

The Secretary for India publishes his congratulations to Sir Robert Napier. We cordially join in them. But when Sir Stafford adds, "I must ask for a motto, and suggests *Qualis ab incepto*," we must venture to regret that he did not suggest *Resurgam*, or *In cœlo quies*, or *Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*, either of which would have been as appropriate.

"FOR THE DEFENCE."

Shade of Palmerston. "BENJAMIN! BENJAMIN! *I* WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HIM IN THE LURCH."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *May* 25. This Derby week was so horribly and indescribably dull, Parliamentarilily (spell that after dinner, VINOSO) speaking, that *Mr. Punch* felt inclined to dispose of the proceedings in a single line, in which the two words Scotland and Boredom should be the nouns. But he scorns to yield to his inclinations, being lord of himself and all that. Don't blame him, however, because your legislators were not amusing. There were one or two episodes that may be worth notice—to the hot weather, and it may be to the means resorted to in compensation, is chiefly due the state of affairs.

MR. DISRAELI was asked whether Government would not defend MR. EYRE against the Negromaniacs. He replied that it would not, but that he reserved the right, after the trial, to appeal to the Houses in favour of MR. EYRE. Such would not have been the answer of LORD PALMERSTON. We can hear the fine old English gentleman. "Sir, Her Majesty's Government may not give unqualified approbation to all that was done for the purpose of making an example that should deter conspirators and savages, but believing that MR. EYRE rendered signal service to the Crown, and that he acted to the best of his judgment in a terrible emergency, the Government would feel that it shrank from its duty to a public servant, were not my learned friend the Attorney-General to undertake MR. EYRE's defence against inveterate persecution by an irresponsible Junta." And we hear the cheers that MR. DISRAELI has missed.

MR. BRIGHT made a solemn appeal to the Home Secretary to give MICHAEL BARRETT, twice convicted of murdering and mutilating men, women, and children by the Clerkenwell explosion, a third chance of escaping the gallows. MR. HARDY replied that the only ground for reprieving BARRETT was the desire to investigate the evidence of an *alibi*, which had utterly broken down. About fifteen hours later the Fenian assassin was hanged, and he will be remembered by his atrocious crime, and by his being the last felon publicly executed in this country. *Apropos* whereof, a curious piece of biography has been issued. Some of the Gushers who write articles in the provincial papers have improved the occasion, and have abused CALCRAFT, the executioner, on general grounds. A clergyman addresses the *Telegraph* as followeth :—

"As the minister of the church in which he worships, I happen to know the man, and a more worthy creature does not exist. * * * He is a good and tender-hearted man, an habitual frequenter of a Church of England place of worship, where his white head and venerable appearance is pleasingly conspicuous, though his identity is not generally known among the congregation. * * * He is by trade a shoemaker, and you might deal with him all your life, and have no more idea that he was the common hangman than that he was the Grand Lama of Thibet. He is a very devout attendant upon public worship, and a man of very simple and straightforward mind, fulfilling all the relations of domestic and social life in a kindly and affectionate manner."

Something of the same sort (deducting the religion, of course) was written about the Frenchman SANSON. It may be all true, but if a living could be got by shoe-making, it would scarcely occur to shoemakers of average amiability to improve their income by killing people. In America the engine of death is nearly self-acting, and no regular executioner is needed, a fact which may be commended to the attention of MR. JONAS, the admirable Governor of Newgate.

Then, and also on Thursday, the House went into Committee, and discussed the details of the Scotch Reform Bill. Of course *Mr. Punch* is not going to bother you with such things, but when the Bill is complete, he will tell you as much about it as you care to know. MR. DISRAELI got the Committee to reverse, practically, the decision which enacted Household Suffrage pure and simple, and the Scotch are to have but seven of the condemned little boroughs, three of the ten being reprieved. MR. MILL made a stand for fair play and the triangular vote, and MR. BRIGHT opposed both.

Tuesday. The Lords debated MR. TORRENS's Bill for improving the dwellings of artizans, and LORD CHELMSFORD made out so strong a case for it, that it might well have been passed at once, but it goes to a Select Committee, and may be lost altogether.

The Roman Catholic bishops, having signified that they will accept the proposed College only on such terms as no Protestant Government can accord, the negotiation falls to the ground, and the Cabinet is free to cry, "No Popery!"

MR. LABOUCHERE gained a little victory over the Government, carrying by 76 to 72 a resolution that the sums granted for diplomatic services should be submitted to Parliament in detail. LORD STANLEY said that this would transfer responsibility from the Foreign Office to the House. But that is in accordance with what the present Cabinet calls its principles. Then, this being the Eve of the Derby, Members could not be bored with a discussion on the best means of preventing Colliery accidents—how could you expect it?—and were Counted.

Wednesday. The Derby. A splendid day. All the world at Epsom. Our contemporary above cited describes the business of the day thus :—

"A scramble to the Downs, ample eating and drinking, a minute's mad excitement, more eating and drinking, and then home from 'the Isthmian games,' with much foolish horseplay, and British efforts to be joyous, which means but too often being noisy, stupid, brutal, and drunk."

Mr. Punch speaks of himself as he finds himself, and respectfully asserts that he did not scramble, was never madly excited, acted no horseplay except a game at sweep-stake, and does not exactly remember having been either noisy, stupid, or brutal. *Lady Elizabeth*, LORD HASTINGS's mare and the favourite, displayed unladylike temper, and was nearly last, and the winner was SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY's *Blue-Gown*, as predicted by *Mr. Punch*, who explains his vaticination elsewhere.

Thursday. Scotch debate as above, and the only amusing incident was this. MR. LIDDELL had remarked on MR. BRIGHT's devotion to American principles. MR. BRIGHT politely rejoined,

"There is not a syllable of truth in what the honourable gentleman has said."

The CHAIRMAN apprised MR. BRIGHT that his language was in excess of Parliamentary usage.

MR. BRIGHT had no doubt that MR. LIDDELL had spoken in mistake.

MR. LIDDELL said that at all events MR. BRIGHT was evidently an admirer of American manners.

Friday. A great thunderstorm came to-day, and with it woe to the ladies who went in brilliant garments to the Oaks.

"Desinat in Piscem Mulier Formosa superne;"

which, being interpreted, means that the Woman who went to see *Formosa* win ended as wet as a Fish.

But the Storm did not get rid of the Electricity in either House, and the night was tempestuous. After Royal Assent to piles of laws, including the Private Execution Bill,

LORD RUSSELL made a fierce onslaught upon Ministers, declared them not to have the confidence of the Commons, and hoped that, in the new Parliament, they would not unconstitutionally seek to keep place if that House voted against the Irish Church. LORD MALMESBURY replied that the Government had the confidence of the House in regard to many important measures, and, when the new House met, LORD RUSSELL's friends might move an adverse vote. Then my Lords adjourned till the 8th June.

We were miscellaneous in the Commons. Condemnation of the MURPHY riots was general, but MR. WHALLEY justified MURPHY, on the ground that his father had been stoned to death at the bidding of an Irish priest. Filial vengeance has been respectable since the days of Orestes, but it has usually been expended on the right people, not on folks who had nothing to do with the offence, and it is time that MR. MURPHY's tender affection should command itself.

Fight on the site of the Law Courts, which most people think should be placed on the Embankment. LORD JOHN MANNERS says that the question is Decided; but surely a Parliament, like a Disraeli Minister, may change its mind.

Then a question by MR. W. E. FORSTER as to Dissolution, brought on some hot firing. LORD ELCHO hoped that the Ministers would not be in a hurry, as he wanted to make holiday in August and September, and not be bothered with Electioneering. MR. GLADSTONE, who probably does not want to make holiday in August and September, was very severe upon stress being laid on such a trifle. *Mr. Punch*, who not only does want, but intends to make holiday in August, and September, and October, too, doesn't care a farthing which way the office-holders and office-wanters settle it—he goes off, weather or no. There was no definite information to be got out of the Cabinet, and so the House rose until the following Thursday.

HAYTI-TIGHTY!

THE Jamaica Committee will have been pained to learn, by telegram received at Liverpool on Thursday, that :—

"Anarchy reigned at Port-au-Prince, and the stores had been pillaged and many civilians shot. The British Consul was endeavouring to stop the outrages when the steamer sailed."

As Hayti is not a British possession, the Jamaica Committee, if the British Consul shall be found to have taken the law into his own hands when Anarchy was reigning at Port-au-Prince, and to have stopped the outrages by what they may consider too strong measures, will be unable to prosecute him.

NOTE FOR JUNE.

FIRST great Billiard Festival at Kew. MISS POOLE has kindly consented to sing.

Second will be held in Balk'em Station, Sussex.

For the third another spot will be desirable.

The celebrated Irish Dancers, the Little *Jiggers*, will attend, and amuse the company with a Thingummyjig.

A Gipsy will be present, to consult the bright particular Star.

After which, the Performing Cats, with Nine Lives each.

The Coach containing the above merry party, will be drawn by four wonderful Screws.

For further particulars, see Small Bill, if you know him.

A DESPERATE CASE!

First Driver. "How's poor Bob?"

Second Driver. "Oh, he's a good deal beiter—takes his *Lotions* more Reg'lar——"

First Driver (reassured). "Ah!"

HOW WE BREED OUR BURGLARS.

The other day a couple of mere boys were indicted for a Burglary, and the following is a bit of the evidence adduced:—

"They had hitherto borne a good character, but lately they had had their minds poisoned by the reading of infamous publications, such as the '*Juvenile Highwayman*,' and other things of that stamp, and he believed that they had been the cause of their present position."

We justly pride ourselves in England on our having a Free Press; but the question may be asked if a Press which lures to thievery be not more free than welcome? Due precautions have been taken to regulate the sale of drugs which are noxious to the body, and surely something might be done to stop the sale of novels which are hurtful to the mind.

To begin with, works such as the *Boy Burglar*, or the *Infantile Assassin*, should not be suffered to go forth, without having the word "Poison!" stamped upon the cover; and it might further somewhat tend to the suppression of the evil, if, after being branded, every such book should be burnt.

FAREWELL TO PIPECLAY.

Drill Sergeant of the old school, go thy way,
Where alone thou should'st be a master now;
Academy for youth, or even, say
Young Ladies' Boarding-School—*chassez-croisez*—
Word of command to caper, or to bow,
The British soldier give as well might'st thou.
Breech-loading rifle management's his need;
The art at quickest rate his foes to slay.
The goose-step for the geese! What a recruit
Should have is exercise in musket drill,
That he may learn to blaze away with speed;
Instruction which in battle will bear fruit,
In wonders. Sergeant, cultivate that skill,
And teach the young Militia how to shoot.

Levitation by Law.

Whether or no Mr. Home, the Medium, was ever lifted into the air by spirits, people may question, but nobody can doubt that, at the suit of Mrs. Lyon, when he was arrested he was taken up.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BROTHERS.

Struggling, battling manfully with the waves beating upon the lower rocks beneath Old Martin's cottage, came ashore, upon the eventful evening which has occupied the last few chapters, the body of a man, old before his time, grasping in his right hand a bottle and a lump of sugar.

He lay for some seconds extended upon the beach, until another wave more furious than that which had stranded him, turned him and tossed him over, like a giant at play with an empty butter-cask, and giving him as it were a last kick, retired again into his ocean cave, drawing in his breath with a chuckling roar over the broken state of his old toy.

'Twas the sea's last effort, a grand one, and then it began retreating, like a cowardly giant as it was, to go and play with huge ships for shuttlecocks and vast rocks for marbles on the other side of the world.

The form on the beach moved, stretched, and finally sat upright: a bottle in one hand, a lump of sugar in the other.

"Confound them for a couple of idiots! Commit me to the sea when they hadn't given themselves or me, for the matter of that, time to know whether I was dead or not!" muttered the figure in a grumbling tone. Then he poured three drops of "stuff," as it was labelled, upon a lump of sugar, and placing the latter in his mouth, soon appeared much invigorated.

"A murrain on the jade!" he exclaimed, trying to rise, "an she hath not given me cramps and agues, and a tertian, it may hap enough to last me till next Martinmas, may I never crush cup or demolish pasty more." *

Rising with some difficulty, the Lieutenant, for, as our readers have probably already divined, it was indeed he, commenced the ascent of the crag overhead.

"Come Martinmas!" he said to himself, "odd that the name of Martin should occur to me now. My poor brother! But for a quarrel about some wretched property and a title (may all ill light upon such causes of disagreement!) we should have been living together now, and he would perhaps have been an Admiral."

The past seemed like a dream to him: Nutt, Grace, the Pangoffins, the fatal sugar, the Castor oil, all had passed away like the fashions of a kaleidoscope. It was evident to him that while in a trance they had, as we, being truthful historians, have stated in another place, committed him early on the fifth morning of their floating-house voyage to an ocean grave, which is as much as to say they pitched him over. And we added, "interred him decently;" that is, as it were, turned him out well,' as became a faithful niece and attached servant. So as he strode up the crag the thought recurred to him, and he questioned in his heart the treatment he had received at their hands.

"Pitched over! Turned out!" he went on, harping upon these grievances until the balmy air of morn, stealing from the far west, crept in among his grey hairs and whispered peace.

A harmony as from another world seemed round about his head.

He clasped his hands, and with a smiling self-devotion looked upwards as he murmured softly, so softly, to himself,

"A singing! in my ears! Ah! happy childhood!"

Then in reverent spirit he doffed that weather-beaten hat, and moved in a gay and stately manner, reminding the looker-on of the expressive joyous occasion of an old Castilian, whose blue blood would have been stirred by the sight of some wild deeds of chivalry, or some Moorish dogs biting the dust before the sainted banner of Compostello.

A looker-on *did* see him.

* *Note.* The Gentleman among the literary staff who wished the entire tale to be called a Mediæval Romance, and who, under this impression, became a shareholder to a large extent in the Novel Company, has expressed himself sufficiently satisfied by this speech being put into the Lieutenant's mouth as a protest against more modern English and ordinary phrases.—*Ed.*

An old man above, from a window where he had crept to see "the blessed sun before life ebbed."*

He could only feebly breathe "Hi!"

The sound attracted the Lieutenant's attention.

He ran towards the door.

It was MARTIN'S cottage.

He lifted the latch, and quick as lightning threw the bottle towards the sinking figure, who, guarding his head by the instinct which even men in the last stage have of self-preservation, seized it, and drained it to the dregs.

The morning sun shone in.

"My Preserver!" exclaimed old MARTIN, rushing madly towards the Lieutenant.

"My Life preserver!" ejaculated the Lieutenant, feeling in the vest of his uniform.

Within an inch of each other both started back.

"It cannot be!" was their one exclamation.

Then MARTIN, holding off from the other at a foot's length, stared straight in his face, and asked rapidly,

"CHARLES AUGUSTUS LEONARD?"

And the other replied with an interrogatory:

"MATTHEW MARMADUKE MARTIN?"

The two old men were in each other's arms.

"My brother! my dear brother!" each cried.

In that moment all was forgotten and forgiven. Explanations quickly followed, and MARTIN, or as we must now call him, MATTHEW MARMADUKE MARTIN MARCHMONT, put it clearly to the Lieutenant, his elder brother, how when they had both married, he had never intended to hurt his feelings by taking the girl who should have been his brother CHARLES's bride; while a similar assurance on the part of AUGUSTUS LEONARD soon cleared the veil of doubt and mystery from the heart of the younger, though now old, MARTIN.

One other explanation.

CHARLES LEONARD asked,

"How is my daughter?"

Old MARTIN replied, trembling.

"CHARLES, she thought me dead, a villain has her in his power, but I dare say JOSEPH, her lover, will find her."

Then it was Old MARTIN's turn to ask,

"How is *my* daughter?"

"GRACE is lost at sea," was the Lieutenant's hurried reply. "The young scapegrace buried me; but if we take a ship (you want a little change of air, so do I), I dare say we shall find her somewhere about the Pacific."

For each old man had, out of revenge, in early days, stolen the other's daughter when a child; and the one, GRACE, had been brought up as CHARLES MARCHMONT's niece, as indeed she was; while the other was called Old MARTIN's daughter, as indeed she wasn't.

"The first thing then is," said the Lieutenant,

"To get——"

"A SHIP."

* * * * * * * *

They had been at sea three days,

These two old men.

"Steer to the right, MARMADUKE MATTHEW MARTIN, will you?" said the Lieutenant.

"I will NOT, AUGUSTUS LEONARD CHARLES," was his stern relation's return.

"If you don't," retorted AUGUSTUS LEONARD, irritably, "I'll break your old head."

"Break my old head, you——"

Angry words might have followed but for the intervention of COMMANDER BOUNCER, a veteran Horse Marine, who had been in the service ever since that peculiar branch of it had been first organised, and who had kindly undertaken the conduct of this expedition.

"Hold Hard!" said COMMANDER BOUNCER.

His ship, by the way, which before was called the *Gemini*, had now been re-christened the *Penelope Anne*, Owner KNOX.

"Don't let 's have no rumpus," was the Commander's homely advice.

The old men wept in each other's arms.

"Now then," said the Commander, "You two go up aloft, one on the mast-head, 'tother on the jib-boom, and keep a look out."

Away they went up the rigging.

Then they sailed on, the Commander steering.

On the sixth day, the two old men never having moved from their position, the loblolly boy caught a fish which was hauled upon deck. The fish was a flying one apparently, but on opening it they found it had swallowed a small fat bird, whose wings were sticking out.

On this bird was a card of invitation.

It was the Round Robin.

On it was MISS MARCHMONT's name.

* The Editor, at the request of the authors of the Boomerang portion, who have seen these proofs as per agreement, wishes to know from what poet this quotation is made?

Answer of Authors of the Piel Dornton part.—What! not know *that!!!* Consult any Member of Parliament in the habit of quoting; and *read*, Sir, read.

Then the sailors hoorayed for joy, and the Lieutenant gave them three pound six and eightpence halfpenny all round, and entered it all in his private account book with a share of three-quarters of the whole sum down to his brother, to be repaid when he came into his fortune.

Then the Commander liquored up freely, and the two old men wept again in each other's arms.

Then they thought they saw something.

They sailed to the right, according to the direction on the card, and within a few hours, the Commander taking a second and a stiffer glass, made out

EEL PIE ISLAND, and GREEN FAT.*

Then the Sailors cheered the Lieutenant, who bowed courteously from the masthead, and distributed sovereigns among the men, who had already begun to pity the poor old gentleman, as a harmless lunatic not very distantly related to the Flying Dutchman.

So they sailed on. MARTIN at the prow, BOUNCER at the helm, the Lieutenant, like the good Cherub, smiling aloft, and keeping watch on the life of poor Jack below; then onward sped that good ship, the *Penelope Anne*.

(*To be continued.*)

* The Editor compliments the PIEL-DORNTON-portion Authors on so readily falling in with the romantic notion of the Boomerang authors. The Editor does hope that they'll all work together with a will for the finish, which is now rapidly approaching.

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY FULFILLED.

ERE you are again, and such of you as followed the advice of your only true and faithful friend, *Punch*, have won a pot of money, and can afford to take your lovely and attached charmers to Ascot. Now, my noble sportsmen, what did I tell you? I gave you the right tip, while all the other prophets (except the *Star* and the *Era*) led their too confiding victims into dreadful bogs and abyssmal quagmires, where they are now wallowing in the cold abjectness of disappointment and dismay. Let us hooray over them, for two-thirds of the pleasure of life is beholding the deserved misfortunes of others. Hooray, accordingly. And now what did I say? This:—

"THE WINNER WILL BE A WOMAN OF FASHION COMING DOWN TO BREAKFAST IN A COUNTRY HOUSE."

What does that mean? That Blue being a fashionable morning colour, a lady will probably come down in a Blue-gown? No, Sirs, though that would be a much more explicit prophecy than nine out of ten of my contemporary prophets dare risk. No, Sirs. But it means this:—

THE WINNER WILL BE THE ONE THAT IS IN THE GREATEST HURRY TO GET AT THE *Post*.

Now then?

A WORD TO THE WITLERS.

Punch recommends his beloved friends, the Licensed Victuallers, to give up, for a short time, the pleasure of holding blatant meetings for self-protection, and talking tall nonsense under the presidency of fifth-rate members of Parliament, and to take notice of evidence which is being given to the House of Commons on the part of the artisan class. MR. POTTER, and other officials of unions, associations, and the like, are assuring the House that the workmen desire stringently restrictive measures as to the sale of liquor, not only on Sundays, but at other times. That the most skilful drink the most, and pray to be protected against themselves. That they wish beer were a guinea a pot. That the fault of the Sunday Bill is that it is not half strong enough, and much more, to that effect. Now it does not in the least matter, for the present purpose, how far these witnesses are authorised, or whether they desire a wise and just thing. Their evidence has great weight and will be listened to. And it will be quoted, if not now, by the next Chancellor of Exchequer, who is notoriously inclined to be as hard as he can upon the Drink trade. But the blessed Bungs won't pay attention to all this. It is so much easier to drink toasts and cheer a rampant secretary describing a Publican as the nearest likeness to an Angel which this world affords. Why is not the great body of artisans appealed to, and asked whether they want the sort of legislation desired by MR. POTTER?

Are they virtuous, and shall there be no more cakes and ale?

AT THE HORSE-SHOW.—A PRIZE PAIR.

ROBINSON'S REVERIE.

My eyes make pictures when they're shut
  Beneath some bower's shade;
A tilted waggon in a rut,
  A well, and nut brown maid.
And now they show a portrait fair,
  So sweetly limn'd from life;
With gentle glance and golden hair—
  An eligible Wife.

Art looketh on her loveliness,
  And lays his pencil down,
While Rachel weeps—can she do less?
  Enchantress of renown!
Whose roses conscious of deceit
  Their abject state deplore;
With cunning lilies, train'd to cheat,
  All crushed for evermore!

In politics she plays no part,
  "No vote I need," she says;
The House that represents her heart,
  My oratory sways.
Yet doth she read Hume, Hallam, Mill,
  And Whately with delight;
My essays, too, on Time, Space, Will,
  Equality and Right!

Severely though her temper's tried
  By desultory Man,
Across her brow no shadows glide,
  My faults no breezes fan.
A few fat friends I met at Rome
  Are welcome when they call,
And he who looks most like a gnome,
  She flatters most of all.

A pony Phæton in the Park
  She drives from two to three:
No bells conspiring tinkle!—mark
  How self-contained is she.
The proud swart Prince with silver spur
  Observes that peerless One,
And ducal hats are raised to her
  Whose eyes are raised to none.

At Race, Assize, or County Ball,
  She shineth as a star;
She smiles on captains stout or small,
  And charms the briefless Bar.
To hounds she rides with eager men,
  And laughs when others sigh:
But takes the stiffest fences when
  No nervous youth is nigh.

Methinks in living form I see
  My Beautiful! my bride!
How grateful then, I bend the knee,
  Consenting to be tied.
My hookah mutely I resign,
  My dog with wail of woe
Retires—then the tuneful Nine
  In a procession slow.

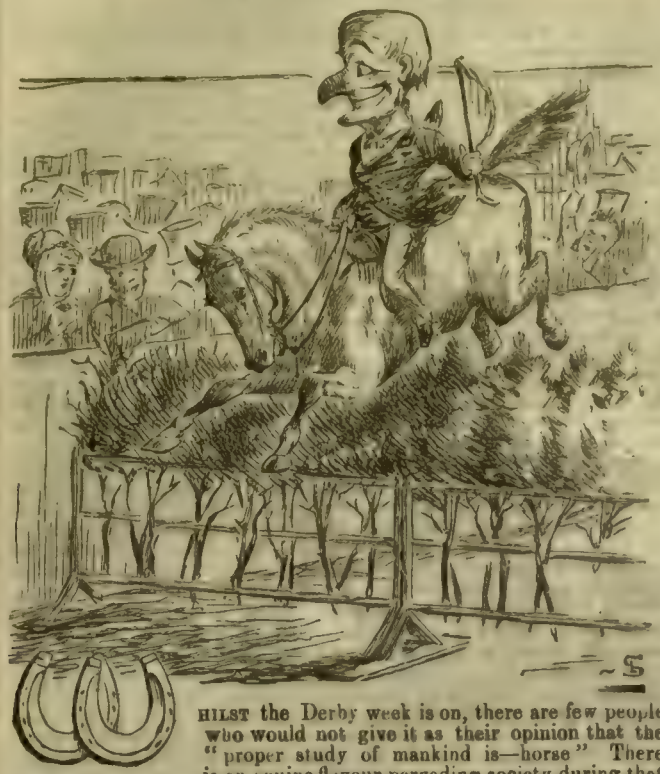
Sometimes grim thoughts of age and gout
  Invade my broken rest,
When slipper'd, lean, I'm wheeled about,
  Still dreaming, still unblest.
And, oh, what grief will grave my cheek,
  Ye doves that cozy coo!
If she, the faultless one I seek,
  Should seek perfection too.

A Different Article.

Mr. "John" Murray, of Albemarle Street, has warned the public against a book announced by Mr. "A." Murray, as written by Henry Hallam. When will the public learn the difference between "A" Murray, of who knows where, and '*the*' Murray, of Albemarle Street?

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, June 6, 1868.

THE HORSE SHOW.



WHILST the Derby week is on, there are few people who would not give it as their opinion that the "proper study of mankind is—horse" There is an equine flavour pervading society during that period, as there is undoubtedly a beefy odour throughout London at the Cattle Show season, the latter being possibly accounted for by the superabundance of ox-ygen in the air. Following close upon the wild excitement of the Derby and the Oaks comes the calmer attraction of the Islington show, and in admiring the animals when quiescent in their stalls or careering proudly round the centre, the real admirer of the noble brute who has won his money may spend it profitably in some judicious purchases, whilst the sight cannot fail to be gratifying to the luckless speculator who has backed his *Lady Elizabeth*, and has lost heavily by his Bet.

Irrespective of the actual entertainment derived by witnessing the Show, the contemplation of the animals must have its due effect upon those heartless utilitarians who would degrade the horse to the level of the dinner-table, and who, in talking of "stakes," are apt to confuse the legitimate meaning of the word with another—a juicier and more revolting one, repulsive alike to the admirer of the genuine article at fourteenpence per pound, and the respecter of the "friend of man."

On the present occasion it is true there was a grim suggestion of what in this horribly practical age might occur some day in the presence of a new kind of sausage machine; but we trust it was admitted by accident, and was not deliberately placed in a prominent position, as a moral warning to the animals after the manner of those jolly ancient gourmets, who couldn't enjoy their banquet without the presence of a skeleton; a cheerful addition, at once suggestive of the hollowness of worldly delights, and the advantage of picking one's bones. Be that as it may, we for one hope the day is far distant when there shall be a run upon collared horse, or a lively demand in the poorer neighbourhoods for "a pound of nice horse-ages."

One is not required to have what is technically termed "an eye for a horse" to see the vast superiority of a Show like the one at the Agricultural Hall over such an exhibition as the Derby, as a means towards the legitimate end; namely, the improvement of the quadruped himself. Where at Epsom one seldom sees anything but lean fine drawn weedy specimens, fleet of foot and delicate as Italian greyhounds, at Islington one beholds a collection of honest, full-grown, well developed sturdy fellows, up to weight, fine enduring wholesome looking animals of all sorts, shapes and sizes. The present show was no exception to the rule.

As usual, however, human judgment was not considered infallible, and some of the judicial decisions of the noblemen and gentlemen who awarded the prizes were received with anything but favour by the spectators. Many well conducted persons indeed went so far as to hiss, hoot, and yell at the lucky recipients of the judges' approval, and to receive the less fortunate animals with extravagant applause. Prominent amongst the unlucky ones was *Samson*, to our fancy a grand animal, who on the second day distinguished himself beyond all others at leaping, being magnificently ridden by MR. HAWES, who was evidently destined to

"Witch the world with noble Hawesmanship."

and who took a fence after a fence with excellent temper.

The PRINCE OF WALES's *Knight of St. Patrick*, which took the second prize amongst the weight-carrying hunters, was a decided success; but his Royal Highness's *Rupee* was not a popular prizeholder. We should, however, fancy the mare to be exceedingly fleet, indeed *Rupee* struck us as being a kind of foreign coin which any one would find very difficult to pass. And here let us protest against the hideous habit of shortening the horse's tail in a barbarous manner, which in many instances brought before our mind's eye vivid recollections of old Newmarket nags in black wooden frames, plentifully fly-blown, in the rusty inn parlours of bygone days. Some of the tails in the present instance were the merest paragraphs. Such mutilation should be felony, and on the homœopathic principle, for those who cut short a horse's tail, the consequences should be decidedly the dock.

We would also urge the advisability of the persons who show off the animals taking a few lessons in horseriding between this Show and the one next year. In more senses than one there was a great falling off this June; indeed, so often did some of the would-be huntsmen come to the ground, that we were surprised they did not occasionally indulge in that exciting and suggestive sporting exclamation, "Tan-tivy!"

On the whole, however, the Fifth Annual Horse Show was the best we have had, and though the prices attached to some of the numbers were rather extravagant, they were no doubt like bets when lost by ladies, not expected to be paid. The behaviour of the animals in their stalls and boxes was a striking example for certain frequenters of other stalls and boxes, who are supposed to be as well bred, but who might in many instances take a profitable lesson from the more quietly conducted denizens of the Agricultural Hall.

We may add, that the only disappointment we met with was the absence of a Suffolk Punch (which we held to be a personal slight); that we were totally at a loss to discover the connection between a Horse Show and a patent pea-sheller; that the Prince's white Arabian was the popular attraction with the ladies, whilst the favourite judge with the horses themselves was evidently COLONEL HAY.

TWO WAYS WITH RASCALDOM.

THERE are two ways of doing most things, to say nothing of masterly inactivity, or not doing them at all, which is pleasantest in hot weather. We all know the extreme politeness displayed by our excellent Police Magistrates towards criminals, and the careful avoidance of any expressions likely to wound the feelings of those interesting objects, and to notify to them the opinion of Society on their doings. That is one way.

In America there is another. We learn from the New York *Leader* that—

"JUDGE DOWLING, of Boston, is eminently fitted for his position. He is prompt, intelligent, decided, humane. He will get through a hundred cases in an hour. Discharge, fine, imprisonment, follow rapidly, mingled with paternal advice."

And the writer follows this eulogium, which we understand is really deserved, by a specimen of JUDGE DOWLING's talk to a rascal.

"A man complains of a girl for breaking his windows. The Judge gets at the story in a minute. 'So you turned her out of doors, and she smashed your windows, did she? I wish she had broken your head. Great, idle, lazy vagabond, living on the blood and bones of these poor creatures; if I catch you in my court again I'll send you up for six months. Clear out!' And the chap-fallen fellow leaves the court-room. The prisoner is in great glee, but is instantly sobered as the Judge turns to her and says: 'Look here, if you break that man's windows again, or disturb him in any way, I'll send *you* up for six months. Now go.'"

That, as we have said, is the other way. We are not sure that it has not its merits. It is the way *Punch* talks to sundry.

The Way to Rule the Waves.

THE thanks of the British Nation are due to the Admiralty for having provided it with Naval Defences, described by the *Times* as "a fleet of ironclad broadsides, which can only fire their guns in such exceptional weather as cannot fairly be anticipated for a naval action." It may be said that these Men-of-War, like KNICKERBOCKER's Dutch Emigrant Ship, are likely to be particularly great in a calm. But perhaps that is too much to say; and all that can be safely asserted is, that the British Navy will be unable to fight in rough water.

"NO CHILDREN NOW-A-DAYS."

AWFUL intelligence about a child of only six years old. Her Mamma says she is growing so *fast!*

Is it possible!! Are these the materials of which the girl of the future period will be made?

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

THE DOVE STYLE.

A WORD WITH A YENGEE.

A clever American gentleman, who writes in *Tinsley*, and who has told us some wholesome truths about sundry Englishisms, which we frankly admit to be absurdities, has, in his last Paper, attacked us on the subject of Theatres and Music Halls. We do not consider an American a foreigner, but we will call this writer so, *pro hâc vice*; as, but for his being a stranger, we should not have answered him. "Let them rave," is *Mr. Punch's* motto, when abused. This gentleman, after a contrast between the English and the American stage, and after assigning great superiority to the actors on the latter (the samples we get seldom justify his sentence), makes a stand for the Music Halls and their Music. Further, he intimates that *Punch* depreciates both, because certain of his young men are theatrical authors. That is certainly not his reason, nor is it a natural one, as theatrical authors are generally much more inclined to castigate Managers than to fondle them. As regards the music, *minus* the words, he has no further objection to it, than that it is of a low type, despite the fact that most of the very successful tunes are stolen from the French, or other sources. The words usually sung are so utterly idiotic that it is hardly worth while to express contempt for them, or for those who applaud them. But for the Music Hall itself he has a hatred, which is so well vindicated in the following paragraph, that he will spare himself the trouble of inditing another. This is from an article in the First Number of the New Series of the *Gentleman's Magazine* (which periodical he hereby takes the opportunity of mildly puffing, by merely saying that the man or Person who does not read it is guilty of Voluntary Lunacy), and here is *Mr. Punch's* reason for his hostility to the Music Hall:—

"The Music Halls encourage drinking. By an air of respectability, assumed as a 'cloak to carry on the trade,' families of the bourgeois class are induced to frequent them, and are thereby brought into social contact with the profligate and abandoned of both sexes."

Add, that the young are thus led into temptation, and frequently into crime, and we have done. But we ourselves are quite willing to "encourage drinking" to the extent of saying to our American critic, "Let us liquor up."

What Mr. Home is and has no Longer.—The Lyons' *cher*.

TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, K.G.

My Dear George,

I shall publish this letter, but by Jove, old fellow, you scarcely deserve it.

I read, in the *Imperial Review*, this,

"We are informed that at a public dinner last week the proceedings of which were not reported, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge referred pointedly to the late caricature of him in *Punch*, which represented him as 'knowing nothing of' Sir R. Napier. His Royal Highness declared emphatically that, so far from such being the case, he was the first person to suggest the name of the gallant general to the Cabinet for the command in Abyssinia."

Now, first, my dear George, as to the manner of this proceeding of yours, and then as to the matter.

Either the courage or the kind feeling for which your family and yourself are distinguished must have failed you when you saw my Cartoon. Else, *mon vieux*, you would not have waited for a public dinner at which to express your sensations, but you would have driven down here, as you have done hundreds of times, and over a cool drink and a cigar have had the affair out with me, and received the explanation which you give me the trouble to make with the thermometer at 80° in the shade. Or, at worst, you might have sent General Forster to know whether you had annoyed me. I would not have chaffed him, at least not more than was good for his soul.

But, as to the matter to which you have referred pointedly (that means, I suppose, that you pointed at my picture), I can truly say, my George, that I had no intention of wounding your feelings. I make allowances for a Royal Duke who associates with old Generals, and that kind of intellect, but you ought to have seen, and have been sure, that the Portrait which you have chosen to imagine meant my personal friend, George, Duke of Cambridge, meant him in his official capacity, as Head of the Horse Guards. I like you very much, as you know, and I believe you to be an excellent Duke and good fellow, with the interests of your Cousin's Army, and of your Country, very much at heart. Moreover, are we not, as I have said, personal friends, and have I not glorified you in many Pictures? Do you not recollect how I applauded your accession to the Head of the Army, your dealing with coarse young officers, and other merits? And if I could forget your good deeds, and our private regard, would I have willingly been unkind to the Cousin of my Queen? By Jove, George, I am nearly getting riled in trying to un-rile you. Your health, however.

But, my dear Commander-in-Chief, business is business. I am heartily glad to know from yourself that you suggested Napier for Abyssinia, and from other trustworthy witnesses that you exerted yourself strenuously to prevent that Indian officer from being hindered by prejudice, Forsterism, and red tape, and that you were most laudably prompt to get the Decoration sent out to him the moment we heard of his triumphs. I rejoice that your own excellent nature, and my teachings, have combined to induce you to see things in the right way, and I have no doubt that you will signalise yourself still further as becomes the Head of the Army. But you know that I have had for years the most awful struggle with the Department of which, in my picture, I made you the type. Remember the days of the Crimea. Remember how I have had to fight for reforms, which are even now but half accorded. Tell me, my dear George, is not Sir Robert Napier the very first officer of Engineers to whom command has been given? I am more than happy that it has been your hand that has broken the red-tape chain, but the breakage is of the latest, and you know best how the old fogies like it. I am quite justified in still considering the Horse Guards very much behind the time, while I congratulate you, my Royal George, in keeping up with it.

There, my gallant friend, I hope that explanation pleases you, and that you are vexed with yourself for not having come down to my office, and had it out there. However, I forgive you, or rather, I have nothing to forgive. Come down as usual, and the sooner the better, for I have just opened a prime lot of weeds, on which I should like your opinion. Bring old Forster, if you like, for I am rather fond of him.

Ever, my dear George,

Yours affectionately,

85, *Fleet Street*. PUNCH.

P.S. You are quite wrong in being obstinate against the bit of brass on the soldier's shoulder. Read Hozier, and learn how that little defence saved hundreds of men from being cut down.

Official.

(*From the "Howl."*)

We understand that Mr. Whalley is to be raised to the Peerage, with the title of Lord Say-and-Sing.

The Pace that Kills.—The faster a man starts in life, the sooner he gets into a hobble.

"RES ANGUSTÆ DOMI."

Family Man. "WHERE DO YOU GO THIS YEAR, JINNINGS?"

Bachelor (in a sketchy manner). "OH—BADEN FOR A FEW WEEKS, AND THE WHINE, BELGIUM—P'WAPS GET AS FAR'S VIENNAH! WHERE 'YOU OFF TO?"

Family Man. "OH, I SUPPOSE I SHALL TAKE THE OLD WOMAN DOWN TO WORTHING—AS USUAL!"

[*And he says this in anything but a sprightly manner—which was weak and injudicious.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THURSDAY, *June* 4. The House of Commons (a very small one) met after the Whitsuntide Holidays, and *Punch* was reminded of a verse in a gallant old ballad by JAMES HOGG, a poet of whom Scotland is not half so proud as she ought to be—

> "Rough was the onset—boast, nor threat,
> Nor cry was heard from friend or foe;
> At once began the work of fate,
> With perilous thrust and deadly blow."

Scarcely were Members in their places, when SIR THOMAS BATESON, Member for Devizes, and Conservative, demanded of the PREMIER whether his attention had been called to a letter signed by MR. GLADSTONE, and published for the benefit of the Liberals (who won) at the East Worcestershire Election. In that letter the writer accused the Ministers of proposing to endow the Catholic Church in Ireland, and to create a Catholic University to be paid out of the taxes of the country.

MR. DISRAELI (*with a masterly imitation of the bantering manner of the late Lord Palmerston*). My attention, Sir, is called to most things. I believed that letter, and still believe it to be, one of those effusions which, in election language, are sometimes called squibs, and sometimes hoaxes. (*Laughter.*) It appeared to me to be a gross caricature of the right hon. gentleman's least happy style; and, as it contained assertions which could not be proved, and which nothing but the excitement of an election would justify, I really have given no further consideration to it. (*Loud laughter.*)

Mr. Gladstone. Sir, I wish——

Mr. Surtees. Sir, I rise to order. The——

Speaker (sharply and sternly). There is no question of order. You must not interrupt the proceedings of the House.

Mr. Gladstone. I will speak presently.

When the Motion for going into Supply came,

MR. GLADSTONE had his innings. He had written the letter, and if it had helped the Hon. MR. LYTTLETON to beat MR. LASLETT, was very glad of it. He was not going to defend his style. But he showed, with great earnestness and elaboration, that the policy pointed out in that letter had been the policy of the Cabinet.

MR. DISRAELI, preserving something of his sportive manner, endeavoured to prove that Ministers had never said anything that amounted to what MR. GLADSTONE had charged. The country knew better, he said, than to believe that he wished to do more than improve the *status* of the Catholic Church.

The battle of the knights was followed by the battle of the squires, MR. CARDWELL and LORD MAYO having a set-to, which was in favour of the former. Then the debate went down so low as to include discussion as to the politics of MR. REARDON! Then it ceased, for nothing could "live 'twixt *that* and silence."

Estimates, Education, Exhibitions, and the like, until half-past one in the morning.

Observe, however, that MR. HARDY gave notice of a Bill for Expediting the new Registration of Electors. They are coming!

Friday. MR. LAMONT (Liberal) presented a Petition, signed by 76 Peers, 6 Bishops, 20 M.P.'s, 400 Clergymen, 66 Generals and Admirals, 300 Justices of the Peace, and about 30,000 other persons, praying that MR. EYRE might be restored to public employment, and compensated for the losses he has sustained by persecution.

Debate on Maynooth, ended by a resolution that the vote for this Establishment, and also the *Regium Donum* to the Presbyterians should cease simultaneously with the destruction of the Irish Church.

COLONEL STUART KNOX said something which MR. REARDON (QUEEN Insulter) held to imply contempt for him, and which the SPEAKER ruled to be unobjectionable.

Count Out on proposal to count out more money to SIR JOHN THWAITES for the Embankment.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"MINE FOR EVER!"

THE waves which had received JOSEPH when he leapt from the burning height extinguished such flames as had already caught his dress, and carried him to shore.

Thence, after inquiry at Martin's hut, who had by that time departed with the Lieutenant, he at once betook himself to town, trusting to the information which he was able to gather on the road from those who had seen PIEL DORNTON galloping towards the metropolis with a fair burden laid across the horse, as to where BESSY was imprisoned.

At first he thought that the best method was to call upon the LORD CHANCELLOR, and obtain some letters dimissory or a mandamus; but on second thoughts he gave up this plan as involving too great a waste of time and money.

He soon began to be aware of several people in disguise following him wherever he went, and once coming round a corner sharply when he was evidently supposed to have gone the other way, he discovered a middle-aged man taking off a false nose and a pair of coloured spectacles. This alarmed him, and in future he only ventured out at night.

One evening he was in St. James's Park when a gentlemanly man accosted him, asking him if he wanted "a little dawg."

Something about his interrogator's appearance attracted him, and he was led, contrary to his usual custom, to enter into a conversation with the man, and while so engaged they drew near the small summer-house which was built for the sole use of Royalty some years ago, and which is still a show place for our country cousins, with its grotesque pictures, its rich velvet-covered sofas, and Dutch mantel-pieces carved over with the conquests of the Regent, a special attraction perhaps being that the entrance is gratis, and it can only be seen on certain days in the year, such days being, among others, if we remember right, the twenty-ninth of September, the first of April, the glorious thirty-first of June, and the annual commemoration on the same day in November.

Hence it was not astonishing that JOSEPH, new to London as he was, should have expressed his curiosity to visit the interior of the Royal Arbour.

The man had the pass-key and admitted him. JOSEPH sat down to admire wonders in art quite new to him.

It was a hot day, and he complained of thirst. His new acquaintance, who appeared to be a sort of a metropolitan farmer, offered to procure him a delicious draught of curds and whey straight from the cow.

JOSEPH accepted, and in another second he was alone.

He felt in his pocket for the papers, and cursing his own stupidity in not having secreted them carefully before, he now, with a dim intuitive perception of coming danger, sewed them into the heels of his boots.

Scarcely had he taken this precaution when the man re-appeared, bearing a bowl of the grateful beverage.

After this JOSEPH knew no more. He drank, and fell, insensible.

The full-length portrait of the Ranger opened, and a tall man in a mask appeared, accompanied by two others in cloaks.

"Bear him away at once," said the tallest of the masks, in a tone of imperious command.

"Where to, MASTER DORNTON?" inquired the man who had administered the potion.

"Silence, fool!" thundered DORNTON, for the Mask was he. "Your incautious folly may ruin us."

"I beg your honour's pardon," replied the man, surlily.

"Hold your confounded tongue, JEREMY," said the younger and shorter Mask, "if you can, or I'll shoot you as I would a dog."

"Nay," interposed the third, who was stouter and of a more noble bearing. "Poor JEREMY means no harm. What say you, CAPTAIN DORNTON, whither shall the carrion be borne?"

PIEL DORNTON paused, then in a gloomy voice he gave the command—

"To the Black Mine of Cwmdgrwrr. Away!"

They bore his body among them, PIEL DORNTON controlling their movements with a revolver which he ever and anon pointed from one to another as occasion seemed to require.

To the Black Mine of Cwmdgrwrr, in Cornwall.

Then, as they closed the door and departed, he threw aside his disguise.

"I breathe again," he cried. "Mine! Mine for ever!"

Then he went to Hanover Square.

HANOVER SQUARE!!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BLUSH ROSE PATTERN.

IN an elegant apartment in Hanover Square sat ELIZABETH, the supposed daughter of Old MARTIN. She was a prisoner, to all intents and purposes a prisoner, as much was the statue of GEORGE CANNING, which looked sadly down upon the ancient pump below, as if though they had both been there for years, no one had ever yet had the civility to ask him to take a drop.

Blackly looked the statue on poor BESSY as she walked to the window.

She tried to amuse herself with books; but she could not read. The piano was her only resource: she was entirely ignorant of the practical science of music, and did not know one note from another, but she swept her hands indiscriminately over the keys, and made such music as perhaps few, even proficient in the art, could have heard unmoved.

Then she surveyed the apartment. It was a gorgeously furnished room. Chairs of various ornamentation, with figures of sea gods and small fishes stood out in bold relief, showing the seats to have been constructed less for utilitarian than decorative purposes.

The carpet was a rich heavy cut pile of a strange pattern. In the centre was a large circle, and in the centre of this ring a blush rose.

This attracted her attention, and though she could not in the least understand the train of thought, she could not help connecting this rose somehow or another with the memory of her, to her, lost JOSEPH.

The door opened, and PIEL DORNTON, in an evening dress of the height of fashion, with large white tie, high collars and tail coat that swept the floor, entered, gaily.

"Do not approach me," said BESSY, flying to the bell-rope.

"Nay, pretty flutterer," said PIEL, smiling, "the bells will not serve thee any more than will those they summon. They are dummies."

"But your servants?" inquired BESS, sharply.

"I have none here but dumb-waiters," was the cold cutting response. "Come," he continued, "enough of this prudery. Life was made for love and pleasure; see where the banquet is prepared," and drawing aside a heavy drapery, he discovered to her astonished gaze a table covered with a profusion of delicacies, including nuts from Brazil, and oranges from sweet Seville, with bottles of the richest home-made wines and ices, which could not have cost one penny less than that exact sum. Then soft music began to play, and PIEL watched its effect upon her with evident satisfaction.

She permitted him to take her hand.

To lead her towards the banquet.

She trembled: soft aromatic vapours were wafted across the room, and she sank upon a sofa, feeling that her will was becoming powerless in the hands of this terrible being.

"JOSEPH!" she murmured.

"Bah!" exclaimed PIEL. "Think not of him. He has neglected you: he is toying at this moment with some lead-begrimed miner's daughter."

"Has he indeed sunk so low?" asked, in a subdued tone, BESS, whose last remembrance of her lover was as he leapt from the burning Lighthouse.

"He has," replied PIEL DORNTON, feeling that the fewer words he used the more powerful would be their force.

"So much beneath my level?" she continued more to herself than him.

"Sixteen thousand feet beneath the level of the sea," returned PIEL, gaily. "Come, he is unworthy of you. To the banquet. Let us drink his health." So saying, he filled a jewelled goblet to the brim, and as the beads sparkled and twinkled on the bosom of the wine of Ginger, he cried aloud, "JOSEPH, to you I drink: gallant knight, who would protect thy mistress! ha! ha! JOSEPH, upon my word, I should like to see you here!"

"YOU SHALL!" exclaimed a voice. It came apparently from *The Blush Rose in the centre of the Carpet.*

In another instant the pattern had opened, and, shot up by some unseen force, JOSEPH stood before them.

DORNTON discharged all his barrels at him as he rose, but with such violence was the impetus from below given that JOSEPH passed through the air almost to the ceiling, and down again, before the practised marksman's eye could settle upon any one point where he could with anything like certainty direct his aim.

BESSY ran to him, and clung to him, in his dirty miner's dress as he was.

"PIEL DORNTON, I come to fetch my bride. Do not stir a step—let us understand each other." DORNTON listened doggedly.

"You want the papers which I possess."

"I do."

"Good: you shall have them."

"How?"

"No matter."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Who?"

"I."

"Stay."

"Yes."

"WHEN?"

"Now!"

"Or Wait——"

"Till You get them?"

"No."

"There."

"Ah!"

And with this he drew from his boots the long coveted prize. PIEL tore them open, and it was evident that he had immediately hit upon an important discovery.

"Is this true?" he asked.

"It is?"

"What?" asked BESS.

"No matter," replied JOSEPH.

"Yes, it *does* matter," answered PIEL, "*I* will tell her. *You are* NOT *the Heiress to the Baronetcy, and will* NOT *come* into the *Thirteen Million*."

"Who said I would?" asked BESS, incredulously.

"He thought so," explained JOSEPH. "And, do you know more than this, you are not

"Old MARTIN's daughter."

BESS fainted.

"I leave her in your hands," said PIEL, hastily.

"Take her and be happy. There is a supper and excellent wine, and gold pins for the crustacea. My work lies in another place."

JOSEPH drew back from his proffered hand, and cursing the Miner's pride, he strode from the room.

When BESSY revived he told her how he had been immured in a mine in Cornwall, and how he had dug his way, wearing out his hands and teeth for her, until he had found the subterranean route to her present abode.

Then he took a bath, and having discovered a rich suit of clothes, he returned to her gaily.

When she heard that she was the daughter of LIEUTENANT MARCHMONT, she at once proposed to find him out, and join him and her sister.

"Or, if not," she said to JOSEPH, "that bold bad man will marry her, as he has already tried to marry me."

"You are right: at any cost we will go."

So these two set out upon their journey, and finding from inquiry at the various coasts that Old MARTIN, who was very well known everywhere, had sailed away with a strange gentleman (for LIEUTENANT MARCHMONT, from his long residence in Benicia, had been quite forgotten by the good inhabitants of the fishing villages), they took the first steamer, leaving England, for CAPTAIN BOUNCER's course, which he had declared before sailing to the look-out clerk at the Storm Signal Office. They sailed in haste, with all steam up, in the wake of the good ship, *Penelope Anne*.

While she was getting under weigh the partners in the bank of CHECK, DISS, COUNT & Co., Benicia, were engaged on a scrutiny not wholly unconnected with the present *dramatis personæ*.

A strange Child, scarcely as tall as the money-shovel if upright, called upon MR. SNAGG, the Chief Clerk.

MR. SNAGG was in bed, but as the Infant was importunate, the old man-of-business deemed that, in the interest of his employers, he had better see him.

The result of the interview was, that MR. SNAGG at once ran down to the office and summoned the three partners.

The four (the Child waiting anxiously without) commenced a rigid inquiry into the title-deeds, contracts, and all law papers, bonds, scrip, shares, and debentures held by their estimable client PIEL DORNTON.

In an hour's time the Child was on his way to Phlebosco Palace, and was standing before the LADY ANNA DOMINO, who was writing a letter. He regarded her lovingly. "I don't like to hurt her, but *he's* a villain—he's a bad 'un. I will."

This he said to himself, and then she turned and addressed him.

"You have seen my hus——. Your master?" she inquired.

"I have."

"And he is——"

"Don't ask me," said the poor boy, "I'll do anything to save *you*—I would, indeed, I would."

And he shouted and screamed, and laid hold of her dress, and whined, and wriggled in his deep despair.

"You are the only cove who's ever been kind to me," he said to her. "And for your sake——."

"Hush!" she said, gently pushing him through a pane of glass into the garden.

Then she thought for a few minutes. "The end must come," she said, presently, to herself. "Let it: take these packets to your master."

The Child, who had returned, pulled a lock of his shaggy hair, and quitted the house.

Immediately, upon the doorstep, he was seized by a rough hand.

"Come with me," said a strange voice. "No larks, young'un, or I'll—ah, would you?" This question was in consequence of a wriggle on the Infant's part to escape from his tormentor's clutches. It was useless.

Detective GRIPP was not the man to let a customer go so easily.

(*To be continued.*)

ERIN-GO-BRAY!

THE great little Nightingale of Twickenham is said to have been out when he sang—

"Earless, on high stood unabashed DEFOE."

Loss of ears, however, as well as the pillory, might have been incurred at one time for a political libel, and then both would doubtless have befallen certain poor journalists, who, happily, can only be pilloried now, and that not bodily, but in print alone, represented by specimens of their quality. Thus, two of them have stood in the pillory of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that of the *Times*. Now also they shall stand, just for fun, in *Mr. Punch's* pillory. MR. O'BLETHEREMSKITE, or whatever your name is, mount the stage of honour. Read out of the *Irishman* some of your abuse of the Australian legislators for passing a Treason-Felony Bill—just barring obscenity, if you please. Hear, MR. O'BLETHEREMSKITE:—

"Out upon them, for a wretched selfish scum; a shame and a hissing to the name of manhood; a mock and a derision to the world; a hideous wen upon creation; they had liberties and they lost them; they had a free Constitution and they sacrificed it; they were all fetterless, and they put on the clanking fetters of the felon slave, and branded themselves with a brand of immortal infamy."

This rant would once have certainly cost O'BLETHEREMSKITE his ears. In sentencing him to a barbarous but appropriate punishment, a Judge of the period would perhaps have remarked that the culprit's ears were much too long, and that cropping them, it was to be hoped, would render him somewhat less an ass.

Now, MR. HOWLAGAN, of the *Nation*, get up and expose yourself! MR. HOWLAGAN believes that the next Mail from the far South will probably bring "accounts of prosecutions, and fines, and imprisonments, and perhaps of rioting and bloodshed." As to the rioting and bloodshed, MR. HOWLAGAN's readers will mostly take his wish to be the father to his belief. There he stands, then, with his hands and face in a frame beside the other Fenian. Attention to HOWLAGAN:—

"In Sydney the suggestion sent from the Home Office has been taken up at once, and even improved upon in its practical realisation. The rulers of that Colony have set their gallows to work already, hanging upon it an Irishman of unsound mind, who had fired a shot at PRINCE ALFRED, and inflicted on him a wound from which his Royal Highness recovered in a week. And they have rushed through their Legislature, in the brief space of seven hours, a Treason Felony Bill, so wildly and irrationally tyrannical in its provisions that not a vestige of public liberty can be said to exist in the country where it is law."

Oh, MR. HOWLAGAN! for thus supplying a demand for treasonous drivel, in a former time you might have had not only to atone with your ears, but also to pay through the nose. It might have been slit, Sir, and cauterised, and your cheeks might have been branded with a hot iron, and you might have been finally whipped some three or four miles at the cart's tail.

All that would have been cruel; but cropping, as a symbolical operation, would be as suitable for the ears of MR. HOWLAGAN as for MR. O'BLETHEREMSKITE's. MR. HOWLAGAN implicitly says that the infliction of a wound intended to be mortal, is rendered a trifling offence by the circumstance that recovery from it takes place in a short time. What else can he desire to be understood to say when he abuses the Australian Government for hanging O'FARRELL because he had merely "fired a shot at PRINCE ALFRED, and inflicted on him a wound from which his Royal Highness recovered in a week"? This, too, is how HOWLAGAN speaks of a wound from a shot which glanced on a rib close to the spine, and went half-way round the body! In thus talking, MR. HOWLAGAN indeed proclaims Fenian sentiments; but rather displays a most superfluous longitude of ears.

Much too strong language would probably be used in calling HOWLAGAN and O'BLETHEREMSKITE malignant scoundrels. They may not be malignant. Very likely Fenianism is but their brief, and, when they rave, they are no more in earnest than a foul-mouthed barrister who, addressing a foolish jury, vents outrageous invective against anybody, no matter whom, for a fee.

The Way to the Woolsack.

THE early bird picks up the worm,
One morn young BRIEFLESS said;
Then I will rise betimes in term,
Whilst others lie abed.
If I, let clients come or no,
Am with the lark astir,
I needs must be, in being so,
A rising Barrister.

BLACK BALLING.

THERE is no truth in the report that an enterprising *entrepreneur*, stimulated by the success of the "Black Cricketers," is about to engage an opposition troupe of Black Beetle-ers.

YOUNG LADIES

WHO AFFECT THE SHORT SKIRT NOW IN VOGUE, ARE RESPECTFULLY CAUTIONED AGAINST THE WITCHING HOUR OF *SUNSET!*

SETTLING DAY.

Come forth, noble sportsmen . . come, ring-men and plungers,
Come Green-horns and Knowing ones, Pigeons and Rooks,
Now muster your "monkeys," and post up your "ponies,"
And by draughts upon *banking* arrange *betting* books.
Be it Swells at the Corner, or Cads at the public,
All who bet must be passed through the settling day's "mill;"
High-titled young fools who go "croppers" for thousands,
Horsey shopmen whose losses come out of the till.

"All hope abandon that enter this Portal!"
Dante read writ on the lintels of Hell.
Turned into harsh English from musical Tuscan,
The motto might serve for the "Corner" as well.
A Turfite Inferno, with circle on circle,
From Limbo to black Malebolge below,
Might serve a new Dante as theme for a vision,
And "Ruff's" ghost be his "guide" the foul region to show.

There new-entered green-horns still quick to emotions
Of honour and shame, the first circles might grace;
Then those, who against all such scruples case-hardened,
By "good things" mean bad things that "pull off" a race.
And so, through a deepening gamut of baseness,
Till the victim has come to the black bitter end,
And "to win" holds there's nothing too hot or too heavy,
From "pilling" a horse to strychnining a friend.

'Tis a sweet world we live in: and snow-white the morals
Which 'gainst naughty old times our nice new times can show:
'Tis not now as it was when our fathers had Crockford's,
Our grandfathers Wattier's and Goosetree's & Co.
Now we turn up our eyes and our noses at hazard,
And of *Trente-et-Quarante* and *Roulette* we fight shy,
Unless when of Homburg we're ordered the waters,
Or at Baden stroll in for a *coup* on the sly.

We have left the green table, and, lovers of nature,
Upon the green turf we prefer to reflect:
We've cut cards—devil's books e'en in round game and rubber,—
Save the cards known as Dorling's, and *they* are correct.
Our forefathers revelled themselves in undoing,
We're more wise in our works, and more pure in our plays;
In a word, we've shut up all the old roads to ruin,
Through the Turf and the City to ope her new ways.

We don't play, but we "plunge," take our "facers" and "croppers,"
Till at thirty our tether's run out every inch:
At the ring we have run, dropped our hundreds of thousands,
And then there's the "kind friend" who *helps* at a pinch:
At forty per cent. first makes lib'ral advances,
Till, when interest has swallowed our principals up,
He takes our broad acres to nurse, and, stern Mentor,
Sips sweets while he gives us the bitters to sup!

Or if we've a stable, our friend takes the charge on't,
Grooms, trainers, and jockeys engages, discards;
If scratching suits *his* game, he's master, and scratches;
Or "doctors," should doctoring seem "on the cards."
And so his young friends' studs and stables he uses,
So nurses his young friends' estates that, at last,
Of good name, lands, and fortunes his young friends are beggared
Ere from "*on*" the Turf under the turf they have past.

Milk and Strong Meat.

At Manchester there has been the usual procession of school children:—

"On arriving at the Cathedral Church the elder children were admitted to hear a sermon by the dean, while the younger separated from them to march to their respective schoolrooms and be feasted on buns and milk."

We have no doubt that the Dean preached an admirable sermon, and we hope that none of the elder children were unduly and indecorously vauntful of the superior enjoyment provided for them. That's all.

THE POLITICAL LEOTARD.

"IT IS A VERY OLD TRICK OF MINE," WRITES M. LEOTARD, "TO MAKE THE BELIEF TO FALL, AND THEN TO ARRIVE ON MY FEET."—*Morning Paper.*

MANY-SPECTACLED JACK.

I! Who 'll buy
my spectacles?
Qualities rare!
Through these at
the world you
may blink or
may stare,
Who 'll try 'em
And buy 'em?
There, I defy 'em
To equal 'em.
Thank ye; I've
sold a pair.

These spectacles,
Sirs, are coloured
green,
Breathe on 'em,
dry 'em and wipe
'em clean.
They 'll do for
Turfites, who
ride on ambler,
They're suited to
all your profes-
sional gamblers.

And sharpers by whom the world is seen,
As one large flat of the brightest green.
Meant to be played on and meant for grazing,
Look at the article I 'm appraising.
I just put 'em on, and then the eye
Discerns the folks who are going to buy.
There go the lot: sold, down in my book.
Put 'em on; you 're free
To stare at me.
Now then, do you think I 'm as green as I look?

These spectacles are of a yellow hue,
Making everything golden; that 's what they do.
Just look at a coal mine: black as ink,
It 's the brightest gold colour wouldn't you think?
Of course you would; and you 'll not be bested
Until in the shaft you have invested
Your old stocking full of yellow shiners
To pay the wage of the working miners.
You 'll dig and not get, and bore and bore,
There's yellow to touch, could you dig any more;
But you can't; for you've bored to the end of your purse,
As I have bored you to the end of my verse.
You 'll never believe it, though you've been told?
You 're a fellow
To try the yellow,
Go in for these Specs, they will realise gold.

Here 's a pair set in a sort of lacquer,
So black, no parson could look much blacker.
For MISTER DISRAELI they might do,
He won't take a Bright political view.
They 're worn by folks who try to spoil
The Holiday Sunday for Sons of Toil.
Who, lounging at home in luxurious leisure,
Frown on the poor man's one day's pleasure,
And look as black as the band round my hat
On a cornfield walk: *I* know all about that.
You 'll read through these Specs the holiest pages,
And not see that rest is Heaven's own wages.
I 've sold one pair—I but travel with one.
Look up, Sir, high,
At the glorious sky.
He only sees now an eclipse of the sun.

Here 's some I can recommend—I can;
They 're made on a telescopic plan.
Look at anything through 'em—short or tall,
Big or little—they dwarf 'em all.
And not only that, but they 'll narrow space,
Make Heaven itself just a bit of a place
Where there 's room for one or a chosen few
Who think as these spectacle-wearers do.
They 're worn by all in every part
Of the globe, by men of letters and art,
By lawyers, doctors, teachers, scholars,
Divines in white ties or in Roman collars,
By men philosophic who worship themselves,
Setting up their own heads on their own book-shelves.
I see who 'll buy—there 's a College Don.
He won't: will none?
No: everyone
Like him, save a few, have got 'em on.

Now here 's a pair for a right direction,
They 're called the Specs of Introspection.
I regret to say I've a great many pairs
On my hands at present; for whoever cares
To look into himself? why, I and you
Can do it when we've nothing better to do.
We 'll put 'em on at our final hour,
The microscopic glare doesn't lose its power
Through neglect. 'Tis one of the Devil's lies—
What 's the use of glasses without the eyes?
If a man's fading sight is dim,
I don't think they 'll be of much use to him.
Now take 'em: but through 'em be it known
You 'll see no one else's faults but your own.
You 'll find enough for a life's correction—
Buy, buy the glasses of Introspection!
All told! So there 's nothing left to tell.
When I have something new to sell,
With my pack
Upon my back
You'll see at your fair Many-Spectacled Jack.

CHARITY AND MUSIC.

CHARITY in London covers a multitude of skins, and it is fit that once a year the clean, neat clothing which Charity bestows, should be paraded at St. Paul's, and publicly inspected. The gathering of the school children under the huge dome is a sight which never palls by its yearly repetition. There is ever a fresh charm in seeing those fresh, rosy, innocent young faces, all looking as plump, and clean, and healthy, as plenty of good food and good scrubbing can make them. It is pleasant to see the costumes of a century ago, the white pelerines and caps, dark frocks and yellow gloves reaching to the elbow, and the pink, or green, or blue rosettes and ribbons worn for ornament. What a snowstorm seems to come, when the girls all bury their faces in their aprons as they say their prayers; and what a peal of tiny thunder sounds, as girls and boys stand up "with one consent" to sing the glorious "*Old Hundredth.*" The piercing, shrill young voices thrill you to the bone; and, "albeit unused to the melting mood," you will hardly avoid losing a tear or two while listening. The way in which they sing does credit to their teachers, who must take enormous pains to train them to keep time and tune so perfectly. Even in the chanting the words were fairly audible; and, when each word is uttered by some four thousand voices, unless they speak together with most accurate exactness, no word can well be audible. Where all behaved so well, it would be invidious to single out for praise; yet *Mr. Punch*, as he went out, could not help patting on the head the girls of good Saint Mary-le-bone, who were throughout a pattern for composure and propriety, and sat like statues through the sermon, which was certainly all Greek to them, although written in good English. A plate being protruded to receive his contribution, *Mr. Punch* could not help noticing that there were fewer sovereigns than sixpences and shillings in it. Next year he hopes, sincerely, this may not be the case. With Universal Suffrage looming in the future, it is more than ever needful that Electors should be educated; and, as helping towards this end, the Charity Schools of London deserve, and make good use of, all the aid that can be given them.

The French Improved.

M. HAUSSMANN is going to mutilate the Rue de la Paix. Like his master, he is dissatisfied, if not with the ways of pleasantness, with the Paths of Peace.

SAME ANOTHER WAY.

THE EMPEROR has sanctioned more destructions in Paris, and in the provincial towns. He reminds us of some Greek wit under the first Empire

NAPOLEON . . . . . Napoleon
APOLEON . . . . . Destroyer
POLEON . . . . . Of Cities.

CHORUS OF LOSERS ON THE OAKS.

"NOT *For Mosa:*
Oh dear, no Sir," &c.

AN INTERNATIONAL GAME.—Beggar-my-neighbour used to be a game of cards. It is now played with bloated armaments.

CROQUET.

(AN ENERGETIC PARTY MEET TO PREPARE THEIR GROUND.

Croquet Maniac (a trifle jealous, perhaps). "WELL, IF ELLEN DOES NOT MEAN TO HELP US, SHE NEED NOT MAKE MAJOR MALLET IDLE, TOO!"

ANOTHER TURN WITH HANDEL.

"HATS off, Gentlemen!—a Genius!"

This, says ROBERT SCHUMANN, was the way in which a friend of his one evening, at a gathering of musicians, preluded a *morceau* by the French composer, CHOPIN.

But if one makes a bow before the elegance of CHOPIN, what ought one to do before the majesty of HANDEL? An enthusiast like SCHUMANN might doubtless recommend us to go down on our knees; but *Mr. Punch*, who is more practical, would advise all Handel worshippers to go down next week to Sydenham.

There will then be heard the third three-yearly HANDEL FESTIVAL. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the grandest works he wrote will be performed more grandly than he ever could have dreamed of. Imagine HANDEL seated at his little tinkling harpsichord, and composing his sublime and mighty "*Hallelujah!*" What would have been his ecstasy to hear it thundered forth by the army of musicians, ranged beneath the *bâton* of Field-Marshal COSTA!

No one having sympathies that vibrate to fine music should lose a chance of hearing HANDEL at the Crystal Palace. Some over-carping critics, who are gifted with long ears, make moan over the building as unfitted for good music, and take delight in pointing out acoustical defects which ears less long than theirs perhaps might fail to notice. Of such kind are the men who can't enjoy a puppet-show, because they *will* keep continually looking at the wires. There are effects produced at Sydenham which can nowhere else be heard, and which anybody having any real taste for music must cherish as a memory to be a joy for ever. Many a grand solo may elsewhere be better audible, no doubt; but where can a grand chorus be ever heard more grandly? Moreover, people often are dissatisfied by what is their own fault, and, having been too stingy to pay for a good place, they grumble at not hearing well when seated in a bad one.

It was said of some one that "to know her was a liberal education;" and it may be said that "to know HANDEL is a religious education." If there be sermons in stones, there are sermons in tones also. Nobody, who listens to it reverently, can hear an oratorio of HANDEL's without being made the better for it. Could PALEY but have heard the glorious "*Messiah*," as worthily performed as it will be next week, he would have cited it among his Evidences of the Truth of Christianity. The prophecies and gospels upon which the work is founded must infallibly be true, or they could never have inspired such true, soul-elevating music.

TO THE NEGROMANIACS.

A GRAND JURY, expressing the opinions of the highest legal authorities, and the feelings of society, having thrown out the bill against MR. EYRE, there will doubtless be an end of action by the respectable portion of the Jamaica Committee, and in that case *Mr. Punch* may have not much more to say on the subject, until question arises how the man who saved Jamaica is to be compensated for what he has undergone in consequence. But, law and society having given final judgment, baffled spite continues to rage, and the inferior agents of the Committee declare that they are now "unmuzzled." The word is their own, and it is singularly applicable. The muzzle being off, howl and yelp are free, and will probably be heard for some time. Most probably they will pass unnoticed, but it may not be altogether unjustifiable to remark that where a muzzle hangs up, another article available for canine education, as well as for winning Nemean games, is generally found, and *Mr. Punch* would much regret having to wield it. He "can give the loser leave to chide" to a reasonable extent, but a line must be drawn.

A Table Fight.

THIS is something new. MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, in a capital speech on the breeding of fish in our rivers, said that the Millers cause much injury to the fish, by keeping the dams closed. Actually there is a fight between what people have hitherto fought for—the Loaves and the Fishes.

Militia Officer. "AH, THIS IS SMITHERS! WHY, YOU 'RE GETTING VERY FAT, SMITHERS. LET'S SEE—THIS IS YOUR FIFTH TRAINING, ISN'T IT?"

Stout Private. "YES, SIR. AFTER WE WAS DISEMBODIED, SIR, THE ADJ'TANT HE TOOK AN' *REINTESTINED* ME, SIR!!!"

[*Note.—Militiamen, after serving four trainings, can be* "Re-Attested" *for another five years.*

NON-INTERVENTION IN RIOTS.

OH, dear! What can have happened to the authorities at Ashton and Wigan, and all the other places where riots have broken out, not instantly to have taken measures for dispersing the mobs the moment they began to assemble? Why did they not forthwith call in the military, and authorise it, if necessary, to act? What a dreadful situation it is for respectable people to be in when they are liable at any moment to be at the mercy of an infuriated rabble! And how long is this intolerable state of things to last?

Ah! good folks, ask any magistrate, and he will answer by asking you who do you think is going to incur the responsibility of putting down insurrection, seeing what GOVERNOR EYRE got by the effective discharge of his duty in that particular? Persecuted under the form of prosecution by a crew of sympathisers with firebrands and rebels, black, white, negro, and Fenian, a gang who have been doing all they can to ruin and destroy him, this gentleman was left undefended by a Government afraid of penny newspapers of the baser sort, and Tribunes of the People. Every magistrate now has reason to be assured that he will quell any riot by force at his peril. What if a set of seditionists conspire to indict him for murder or manslaughter? Will Government intervene to stay their villanous proceedings with a *nolle prosequi?* Will it so much as undertake the charge of his defence? It did not even do this in the case of the Preserver of Jamaica, pursued by the Jamaica Committee.

Light Porter's Work and Heavy Pay.

MR. LABOUCHERE stated in the House of Commons that certain special missions had cost £15,000, granted for the purpose of carrying the Garter to foreign sovereigns. What would they say of this at Washington? Perhaps that anybody was fit enough to carry a garter to a sovereign who was fit to carry interiors to a plantigrade of the ursine family.

A "FAIR" APPEAL!

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WOULD not be so forward as to *dare write* to you, did I not feel sure you have a dear, kind heart. The truth is, I am married to a gentleman, who, unfortunately for both of us, is a Clerk in the Customs. Well, when you yourself, and lots of influential papers and things said justice should be done to the Customs, GUSS and I got quite hopeful, and together we formed all sorts of nice prospective schemes, such as sending JOHNNY and CLARA to good schools, and getting a little way out of town ourselves, which I'm sure *you* don't think extravagant notions, do you? Of late, however, to my utter dismay, GUSS gets moody, and murmurs something about "*the question being shelved,*" and "*afraid the Government will drop it.*"

Now, dear *Mr. Punch*, please don't let them. GUSS tells me MR. DISRAELI is the great man in the Government; and, of course, *you know him.* Do speak to him, please. I feel certain if I could only see MRS. DISRAELI and talk to her, she would make her husband do *something for us;* but there is no chance of my seeing her.

I hope you will forgive me for bothering you, but I assure you it is *very serious* for us; but I'm *quite* sure you'll help us.

Believe me, Dear *Mr. Punch*, ever *gratefully* Yours,

LUCY.

Fact.

AN impressionable Bill-Sticker was recently so overcome by witnessing the drama of *Nobody's Child* at the Princess's Theatre, that instead of writing on the wall "Who's GRIFFITHS?" he was discovered sticking up the words "What's PHILLIPS?"

DE LUNATICO.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose losses have affected his brain, writes to ask if the report is true, that in future the "Yolks" will be run at Egham? We have sent his letter to DR. WIN-SLOW.

AN UNIMAGINABLE CONVERSATION.

SCENE—*St. James's Park.* HOUR—*Just before the House met after Whitsuntide.*

Mr. Disraeli. My dear GLADSTONE, how are you?

Mr. Gladstone. And you, my dear DISRAELI?

Mr. Dis. Holidays are good things, and about the only good things of which one can't have too much. However, here goes the school bell again.

Mr. Glad. Calling in the educated, and the Educator?

Mr. Dis. Yes. I'm tired, though, of teaching the old idea how to shoot—Niagara. What will you give for the good-will of the business?

Mr. Glad. Is there any good will?

Mr. Dis. Don't be uncharitable, but that's always the way with you pious men. And, by the way, talking to a brother author, why do you go writing in goody-goody magazines, and getting your theology overhauled? Why don't you write a novel?

Mr. Glad. I don't know that I could.

Mr. Dis. Every man can do what he is resolved to do. But you are as above false modesty as——

Mr. Glad. As a friend of mine is above true.

Mr. Dis. You flatter me, and I wish you'd do it in the House. But with your impulsive nature, ingenuity, and wealth of language, you would write the best novel going. I should tremble for the lady to whom your hero made love.

Mr. Glad. He would make no love that ought to be trembled at, you may be sure of that.

Mr. Dis. Highly proper, I'm sure. Well, turn it over in your mind, as you'll have plenty of time for three volumes before you get back to Downing Street.

Mr. Glad. Perhaps.

Mr. Dis. Nay, who should know if I do not?

Mr. Glad. Just so. And suppose we exchange literary recommendations. Surely you will prepare a Memoir of your Administration?

Mr. Dis. I am not vain. I can afford to have an episode in my life forgotten. In fact, I might prefer it.

Mr. Glad. I can understand the preference, but not the probability.

Mr. Dis. Well, I am in the hands of my friends, and other enemies. I dare say that biography will be very frank when I have done with patronage. Is that SALISBURY going by?

Mr. Glad. Why don't you take a peerage and meet him again?

Mr. Dis. In another and a better place? No, I think I'll wait. Besides, how could I bear the parting with you?

Mr. Glad. Self-sacrifice is a duty in this world.

Mr. Dis. I have read so. But I prefer sacrificing other people. And you cannot say that I have not offered up my hecatomb.

Mr. Glad. A hundred oxen—a happily chosen word for your bucolic followers.

Mr. Dis. It is an effective trisyllable, only smart writers are in such a hurry to explain one's good things. Well, my dear successor, you expect a long innings?

Mr. Glad. I do not know. I cannot tell what to expect. But if we get an innings for ten years, you know whose fault it will be. If you had taken our moderate Bill, you would have had all the legitimate chances of the chapter of accidents. Now, I must own, at any risk of being rude, that I do not seem to see you on the SPEAKER's right again in a hurry.

Mr. Dis. I have waited through worse discouragements. Years ago I had to declare that I belonged to a party that never would rise again.

Mr. Glad. And did it?

Mr. Dis. Well put in. Why, we are in office.

Mr. Glad. We, the protectionists over whom you made elegy?

Mr. Dis. "Those, Sir—or others," as *Sir Amorous Lafoole* says. What a capital play is that *Epicene!* The mock divorce—lawyers draw distinctions as finely as you could, though not in such beautiful Latin.

Mr. Glad. No. And the masterly surprise when the old party finds that a mild conservative lady turns out a violent and voluble reformer of the house——

Mr. Dis. Ha! ha! Let us have some private theatricals at Christmas, and do that play. SALISBURY shall be *Morose.*

Mr. Glad. And you shall be forgiving, and present him with the Garter, and say "Answer me not but with thy leg, *Morose.*"

Mr. Dis. Will I? For trying to jerk the Ribbons out of my hands? But other people have their Salisburies. How do you like your supernatural Bishop, you Dragon of Wantley that eats churches, and calls himself High Churchman.

Mr. Glad. The BISHOP OF SALISBURY is a very good man, and may not be the only person in England who thinks that he can work miracles. I should imagine that it might be your own belief.

Mr. Dis. I! Not at all. My feats are purely chemical.

Mr. Glad. Performed by treating principles as drugs.

Mr. Dis. One to you. But bide a wee, as we say in my favourite country. Your Birmingham pounder is a Harmonious Blacksmith, but I fail to see that he has welded your party very tightly. You may have to study elective—and electoral—affinities yet. Have you got an English anti-Church Bill ready?

Mr. Glad. Come—nobody hears us.

Mr. Dis. True, and my watch is fast, which is to be deplored. But you'll have to do it.

Mr. Glad. I thought that we were talking in the green-room, but if you *will* get back upon the stage——

Mr. Dis. Never was more in earnest in my life.

Mr. Glad. Occasionally, I fancy. And you will be a good deal more in earnest when a certain vote comes.

Mr. Dis. Is it certain?

Mr. Glad. As far as anything human can be.

Mr. Dis. That would be inhuman. But—this is a free country, and when one is at an auction one may bid as high as one likes. Suppose I outbid you, and offer a dozen bishops for twelvemonths' office? I think it would be knocked down to me. If so, will you go in for a knock-out, afterwards—you know what that is—and share the spoil?

Mr. Glad. Hardly, if I have the power to fix the reserved price.

Mr. Dis. Very well—don't say I did not offer to do business with you. We might make a capital Cabinet between us, and defy all the world. Who would dare to show fight, with you to point out his crimes and me his follies?

Mr. Glad. Some men are vain enough to think themselves neither criminal nor foolish. And I may tell you that I think another Parliament than this may go in for Seriousness.

Mr. Dis. What, in the sense of the housemaid who advertises for a serious family?

Mr. Glad. I did not mean that in the first instance, but we may come to that in time.

Mr. Dis. BRIGHT is a Quaker—BEALES is pious—you write psalms and hymns and spiritual songs—BRADLAUGH has his doubts—POTTER would abolish drink—you have put a notion into my head.

Mr. Glad. I may put one or two more there before I have done.

Mr. Dis. Of a verity, brother GLADSTONE, it hath come to me that there is a door—yea, a great and a wide door—yea, and a door that turneth easily upon the hinge, as it were a hinge that hath been oiled with the oil of the fish, even the great fish which is carnally called a whale.

Mr. Glad. He is not a fish, and you are, and an odd one. What is that Puritan tone about?

Mr. Dis. Truly and verily thou hast hit it, brother WILLIAM, and the root of the matter is in thee, and there is joy and rejoicing, yea, and blowing of trumpets, and sounding of psalteries and dulcimers over thee, and thou shalt live, and not die. Be one with me, my brother, and we will eat the fat of the land.

Mr. Glad. I hate fat.

Mr. Dis. Nay, but cast in thy lot with me, and we will be like unto the worthy brother SPRATT, whose name is JOHN, and the comely vessel his wife, and I will eat the fat and thou shalt eat the lean, for I say unto thee that a good time is at hand. My dear GLADSTONE, I will go in for PURITANISM.

Mr. Glad. By Jove! Thor forgive me! But what in Gehenna—you stagger me into profanities. What do you mean?

Mr. Dis. You shall see—you shall see. I have always been convinced that in the Puritan Dogma is to be found the true germ for developing the Constitution of England. Yes, I am a Puritan. Where do you think I could buy a hat of the period?

Mr. Glad. Mad as a hatter.

Mr. Dis. Sane as a seraph. I have met my Fate. That is decreed.

Mr. Glad. I have read of the Levellers. I have heard of Levelling up.

Mr. Dis. Combine the idea, and combine with me. I will go to the country with a Puritan cry. I am clear that what the nation wants is CONSTITUTIONAL PURITANISM. Come, brother WILLIAM, let us go up into the house of the Commons, even the People's house, for the dial pointeth unto the hour which is carnally denominated four. [*Exeunt.*

Bung on the Bench.

PUBLIC-HOUSE virtue is evidently pewter virtue. Lots more publicans have been fined for giving cheating measure. When we feel the weather we are having at this writing, and think of a fellow who can cheat a thirsty soul out of a part of his draught, we should boil over, but for iced Seltzer and fixings. But it is scarcely worth wasting indignation on Bung—what do the Magistrates say for themselves who are apprised of his many convictions, and yet renew his licence? Is Bung on the Bench—vicariously? We shall keep the list of convictions, and have a look in next Licensing Day. Brewers, how are you?

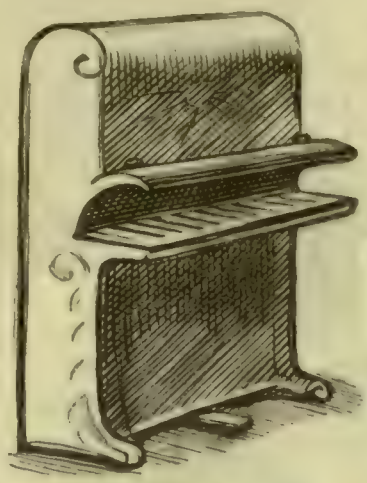
THOUGHTS FROM THE PHILOSOPHERS.

"MAN is a mere Machine." At the Sea-side, of course, a mere Bathing Machine.

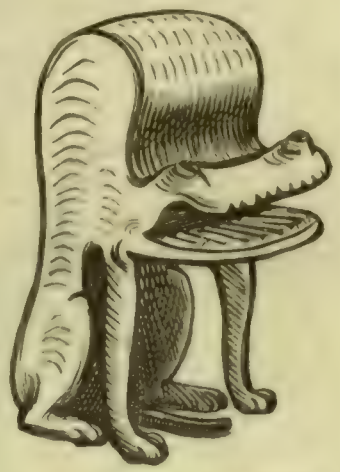
MOTTO FOR A BOX-OFFICE KEEPER.—"So much for Booking 'em."

TRANSMOGRIFICATION.

THIS IS THE INSTRUMENT, AS SEEN IN ENGLAND BY A CHINESE ARTIST.



THIS IS THE INSTRUMENT AS IT APPEARED IN HIS DREAMS, ON HIS VOYAGE BACK TO THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.



THIS IS THE ANIMAL AS HE REPRESENTED IT TO HIS FELLOW COUNTRYMEN, (ON HIS ARRIVAL); WITH THE INFORMATION THAT HE SAW A BRITISH LADY SEIZE THE ANIMAL BY HIS EYES, OPEN HIS MOUTH, TREAD UPON HIS TAIL, AND (AS HE ROARED ALOUD WITH PAIN) PLAY "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" UPON HIS TEETH.

POLAND AND PADDYLAND.

(*A Colloquy.*)

BROWN AND GREEN.

Green. By Jove, it is too bad!

Brown. What is too bad?

Green. Well; one doesn't care much about foreign affairs in general, but can't help feeling shocked at the way in which the CZAR is treating the Poles.

Brown. What about it?

Green. He has abolished their separate administration—the whole country is now ruled by the Russian Home Office.

Brown. Indeed!

Green. He has proscribed their language in all Government matters; they can't even present a petition in their native tongue.

Brown. Really?

Green. He has forbidden it to be taught in their schools.

Brown. You don't say so!

Green. He is trying to destroy their religion by bribery; buying converts to the Greek Church; closing the Roman Catholic Churches by military force.

Brown. Well, to be sure.

Green. He is confiscating their landed property, and giving it away to Russian local officials. One hundred and sixty-seven estates have been already distributed amongst those brutes to reward them for zeal in doing their dirty work of carrying out his plans of oppression. This is your mild and humane EMPEROR OF RUSSIA!

Brown. Whence did you derive all this information?

Green. From the *Post*.

Brown. And you believe it?

Green. Yes, I do.

Brown. Do you—then I don't.

Green. Why? What reason have you to doubt it?

Brown. The best in the world.

Green. May I know what that is?

Brown. This. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is much too enlightened and much too well advised to defy the public opinion of Europe by the monstrous acts that you have mentioned. What, when England dares no longer maintain the sentimental grievance of an Irish Protestant Church, do you suppose the Russian Sovereign would venture to do anything whatever displeasing to his Roman Catholic subjects? The idea that he would dream of attempting to destroy their religion! Oh, ho, ho! excuse me—but it is too absurd.

Green. Well; it does seem so certainly.

Brown. Besides, isn't there a Reform League in Russia with its head-quarters at St. Petersburg, with a President who is just such another man as MR. BEALES (M.A.), and other leaders like MR. ODGER and MR. LUCRAFT and COLONEL DICKSON? And isn't there a Working-Men's Association directed by a Chief who corresponds exactly to MR. POTTER?

Green. I have not heard so.

Brown. No; very likely. You never heard of their parading the streets in menacing processions and destroying public property. They have no occasion ever to do anything of the kind.

Green. How is that?

Brown. Oh! the Russian Government always saves them the trouble, by executing their orders. When they want to dictate the policy of the Empire they have only to wait on the Minister of the Interior and inform him of the resolutions which they have voted at a public-house.

Green. Well now, all this is really quite new to me.

Brown. Oh! you don't know what progress liberal ideas have made on the Continent. ALEXANDER is even more advanced than LOUIS NAPOLEON. But then these great progressive rulers have enemies, who propagate reports about them which are precisely the reverse of true. For instance, what the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has really been doing in Poland is this. He has established Imperial Colleges for educating the people irrespectively of creed, and in each of these there is a Professor of Polish literature. He is now at work about a measure for securing tenant right in respect to the improvement of land, and he is engaged in maturing a scheme for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Greek Church.

Green. You surprise me, indeed.

Brown. I dare say. But mind. It is doubtful if he would try to conciliate Poland so much as he does if it were not for his respect for public opinion as expressed by the Russian Reform League speaking through its BEALES. His Imperial Majesty is also said to be very much influenced by the eloquence of another Tribune of the Russian People. I believe his name is BRIGHTHOFF.

(*Conversation closes.*)

NOT FOR ENGLAND!

THE subjoined telegram from St. Petersburg, indicates a degree of coolness, if not of simplicity:—

"The Russian Government has addressed a communication to several foreign Governments, proposing the prohibition by treaty of the use of explosive projectiles in war, or the limitation of such projectiles to submarine torpedoes."

Oh, yes! No doubt it would be very convenient for Russia if the use of explosive projectiles in war could be limited to submarine torpedoes; for, as a torpedo is not a projectile, that would amount to their total disuse. How jolly to be enabled to sweep the seas in her own Ironclads safe from shells, and at the same time keep Cronstadt clear of the enemy's with torpedoes! Does the Russian Government see any of the peculiar tint of the waves in the eyes of the maritime powers?

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE," &c.

A SKETCH IN BROMPTON!

THE ONE THING I COULD MAKE.

THERE was a time when I,
Though I could, no more than fly,
Make a statue with my uttermost endeavour;
At the least could build a ship,
And in that point did outstrip,
As I thought, all other people whomsoever.

But, adzooks, where am I now,
When so many rivals plough
All around, on every side, the field of ocean?
Men of war must all wear mail—
And do mine excel, or fail,
For defence, or for attack, or locomotion?

I'm afraid I must n't brag—
I have strong ships, but they lag—
I have fast ones, but they roll so in rough weather,
That their naked hulls they show
To the broadside of the foe—
Couldn't fire a shot—big blunders altogether.

Has it come to this, afloat,
That I've scarcely a gun-boat,
But she's either a mere tub, or else a roller?
Those old bunglers at Whitehall,
Are the reason of it all—
That confounded Chief Constructor and Comptroller.

Why, a plague upon their soles,
Don't they charter COWPER COLES?
Else will foreigners, by able heads made stronger
As to ironclads than me,
Beat JOHN BULL upon the sea—
Can't I even make a ship now any longer?

NON SUS: PER COLL:

POLITICAL EXPLANATION.—MR. GLADSTONE'S Suspensory Bill proposes no alteration of the Act ordaining private executions.

RIDDLE MADE "ON THE GROUND."—Why are Cricket Matches like the backs of Cheap Chairs? Because they're "Fixed to come off."

SOUTHERN EMANCIPATION.

THE *Saturday Review* says, touching one of the resolutions lately voted by the Chicago Convention:—

'A declaration of sympathy for peoples struggling for their rights is virtually addressed to Ireland, unless Crete is included for the purpose of placing Turkey in the same category with England."

Some of our other contemporaries have further suggested that this resolution was meant to catch the Irish vote for GENERAL GRANT. To suppose that it relates to Ireland and the Irish in any degree, what a strange supposition! Why, Ireland is not struggling at all. The American Irish Fenians, indeed, tried to make Ireland struggle for a Republic; but they failed. Ireland is an integral part of the United Kingdom. Corresponding union has still to be re-established in the United States. In America, at least, Liberality, like Charity, begins at home. When the Chicago Convention declared its sympathy for peoples struggling for their rights, the Southerners, held under by military force, were, of course, the people that it was particularly thinking of.

THE DISCOUNTER DISHED.

A MILITARY correspondent of the *Times*, "LEFT HAND," suggests an expedient for sickening usurers of sending gentlemen in the Army circulars offering to lend them money. He advises officers "simply to return all such circulars in unstamped envelopes." Good. But he adds:—"If these bear the regimental device so much the better, as it will give a good hint that no more need be sent to that corps." Well, too; only let the regimental device be stamped inside the envelope containing the circular. Then it will never defeat the end of returning that communication unstamped. But, if the envelope bear it outside, then the regimental device will, after *Shylock* has once paid twopence for his returned circular, prove a device for warning him not to be so caught again. He will be enabled to avoid being taken in a second time, by refusing to take in the letter; and, moreover, *Shylock*, having once been sold by a letter bearing a regimental stamp, will, from natural fellow-feeling, caution his friend *Tubal* to beware of being done likewise.

A NEW INVENTION.

IN nine cases out of ten a visit to a coiffeur may be considered one of those minor annoyances which human flesh is hair to. We believe there are people who *like* to have their locks cut, as there are eels who enjoy being skinned; but it is a peculiar taste, to say the least of it, and for our part we look upon the operation as we do upon a thunderstorm, or the measles, as a "thing well over." Therefore, do we welcome the intelligence that there is to be a new machine shortly introduced for the mechanical cutting of hair. The hard breathing and the clammy finger of the operator are to be dispensed with, and we are to resign our head to the tender mercy of a machine which is warranted not to express any opinion as to the weather, by no means to make offensive observations about "thinning at the top," and under no circumstances whatever to pester us with pots of Astrachan shaving paste, or Patent Patagonian Pomade.

Whether the inventor, who is a Frenchman, will be able to adapt this ingenious contrivance to English heads is a question—hair-cutting from the foreigner's point of view being a process closely resembling the peeling of turnips. The machine may not prove so successful with British carrots. *Cox*, when complimented by his landlady on the appearance of his head after a visit to the hairdresser, expresses his opinion that he has "had it mowed." The new invention, from what we hear of it, will give all who may try its powers much the same appearance as that presented by the immortal hatter, so that instead of seeing the phrase "fashionably cut" stuck up in the hairdresser's window, we shall expect to find it "*à la mowed de Paris.*"

Clerical Conundrum.

WHAT insect named by the divine WILLIAMS, resembles the preacher of a dull sermon?

"The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hum."

MOTTO FOR HAIRDRESSERS.—"Cut and Comb again."

A VETERINARY OPINION.

Footman. "HOW STOUT THE RECTOR DO GET, TO BE SURE!"
Groom. "AY—HE OUGHT TO BE BLISTERED, AND KEPT ON GREEN FOOD ALL SUMMER TIME, TO DO *HIM* ANY GOOD!"

PROPOSED DIVISION OF THE DAY.

(*For next London Season.*)

EARLY Tea Restorative.
Second Sleep.
Get up. Time uncertain.
Breakfast.
Study of Fashions: Novel: Music: write letters.
Drive from 12 till 2. Walk and Ride from 12 till 2, in the Park.
2 15. DINNER, now called Luncheon.
4 30. Opera or theatre. The performance being strictly limited to three hours. TEA TAKEN HERE: ICED COFFEE.
7 30 till 9. Ride in Park and walk. *Calls.*
9. Supper, now called dinner.
Balls and Parties, to commence at 11 and last till any time.
THE DRIVE, and RIDE in Rotten Row to be illuminated. Driving and Riding from 11 P.M. till 2 A.M.
Refreshments by the Serpentine and Hyde Park Corner.
Band to play all the time.
The advantages of this plan must be so evident as to require no details from, Yours truly,

CONSTITUTION HILL.

The New Law Courts.

BAILLIE COCHRANE exclaims,
"Build the Courts by the Thames,
The site would be novel and neat."
But the Government shout,
"By a *River!* get out!
They'd better be built by a *Street.*"

QUERY FOR DEBRETT.—May the Temple Pier be considered a Law Lord?

WOMAN'S VOTE.

EVER zealous in the championship of Woman, *Mr. Punch* hastens to give universal publicity to the fact that there is formed a London National Society for Woman's Suffrage, and that a list of the General Committee—some two hundred names—is advertised. About five-and-thirty Members of Parliament ungallantly shove themselves into the front place, and though the procession be fittingly headed by MILL, COLERIDGE, and HUGHES, we should prefer the absence of REARDON and PETER TAYLOR, for the strength of a chain is estimated only at its weakest part. Then comes the list of mingled celebrities and nobodies. We see the names of MRS. SOMERVILLE, MISS NIGHTINGALE, MISS FRANCES COBBE, MISS MARTINEAU, MRS. GROTE, MISS HOSMER, MADAME BODICHON, and we greet the owners with a loving smile, and congratulate them on fellowship with CHARLES KINGSLEY, EDWIN ARNOLD, GROTE, MASSON, F. PALGRAVE, LYON PLAYFAIR, HUXLEY, LORD ROMILLY, F. W. NEWMAN. To some absurd names we refer not, but the list might be revised with advantage. We would ask who is "MR. GEORGE D * * * *", who conceals half of his great name from the world? and also who blushes unseen behind the initial T and five stars—she would vote, we suppose under a pseudonyme, in a mask, and by ballot, and shall do so, if she likes. Ladies, bless you! If you like, you may add MRS. JUDINA PUNCH to your list. That well-trained woman will give no vote to displease us, for *Punch* hath still the *bâton* of discipline.

A Song for Society.

BLANCHEY PRANCEY went to a ball;
BLANCHEY PRANCEY had a great fall;
'Twas all through her wearing a very long train.
Let us hope BLANCHEY PRANCEY won't wear it again.

LEGAL QUIBBLE.—A Barrister should cultivate a good temper, if he would succeed as a Cross-examiner.

POPPING THE PYRAMID.

THE PASHA OF EGYPT has been extricated from his difficulties by a process not unknown to Egyptians and Bohemians. He has—not to put too fine a point upon it—popped the Pyramid and appurts. We have had the pleasure of receiving a photograph of the Duplicate, and here it is.

Messrs. Oppenheim, Nephew,
& Co., Alexandria.

June 1st, 1868.
Ismail Pasha,
Kiosque,
Cairo.
One Big Pyramid,
One Sphinx (damaged on nose, &c.)
Seven Tombs, with mummies.
£6,000,000.

He has acted wisely in spouting these structures, for Egypt is a rich country, which only wants development, and the Loan is a capital investment. *Punch* would have lent the money if OPPENHEIM would not, but we should have insisted on having the Pyramid over, and setting it up in Lincoln's-inn Fields, which it would exactly have fitted, or if a little larger, and it had squashed the adjacent lawyers, that might have been borne. But if Messrs. O. like to send us a slice, and the Sphinx with it, we have no objection, and we will place the latter article on the ground by Temple Bar, into which we hope the Law Courts are not to be crammed.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MEETING LIKE THIS.

LOCKED in each other's arms stood the Lieutenant and GRACE.

She had been introduced to her father, Old MARTIN, but preferred her uncle.

"Fie, GRACE!" said the Lieutenant.

The Lieutenant wanted to know who that gentleman was in the distance.

"My preserver!" she exclaimed rapturously, and told them what an amusing and instructive companion NUTT was, and how she'd never enjoyed herself so much anywhere as on this island.

NUTT came up smiling, bashfully.

"This!!" exclaimed the Lieutenant. "What do you mean, GRACE? *This* is the Boomerang!!"

Through all his change he saw it—the Boomerang.

"Once, I was," NUTT replied, bearing himself erectly, and showing off his dress clothes to the greatest possible advantage.

"Not now."

"A servant!" exclaimed the Lieutenant.

"A kind one," answered GRACE, extending her hand.

NUTT worshipped her now, and the tears rose to his eyes.

"Take her," said the Lieutenant, "and marry her."

"My consent is wanted," interrupted her father, Old MARMADUKE.

"Stop!" said GRACE. "I am another's—PIEL DORNTON'S."

"True," was the Lieutenant's answer. "The contract was signed on that fatal night."

"MR. MARMADUKE, Lieutenant, and MISS GRACE," began NUTT, much moved.

"Hear! hear!" said COMMANDER BOUNCER, who had not been included in the opening part of the address. NUTT rectified the omission and proceeded.

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I am bound to say,—ahem—that this is the unhappiest, though the proudest, moment of my life."

BOUNCER wept.

"Let me tell you my short, but melancholy tale."

Here the sailors came on shore in boats, so interested, through their telescopes, in this strange man's narrative.

"A ship!! a ship!!" shouted the Commander fervently. A ship, indeed. From it came a small boat, with PIEL DORNTON on board.

He landed, and after welcoming the Lieutenant, went at once to GRACE.

She received him confusedly. Then he confronted NUTT.

Suddenly the blood left his cheeks and he would have fallen, but for Old MARTIN, who fell instead, and hurt himself.

"Hear him," cried the Commander, with true English love of fair play, and some curiosity as to the rest of NUTT's speech.

"Lady and Gentlemen," he recommenced, "let me tell you my story. I was brought up at an infant school, and subsequently, being a boy of studious habits, was apprenticed to a lecturer at the Polytechnic. Here I acquired that scientific knowledge, which to have learnt has made me supremely happy, seeing that it has alleviated the miseries of one for whom I entertain feelings of the most profound admiration and the deepest love." He bowed to GRACE and proceeded. She felt he had never, even when dressed to catch the geese and wild fowl—never, never, looked so beautiful as now.

"It was here, too, I mean at the Polytechnic, I mastered that clear and lucid style in which it has been my highest endeavour to explain to you the wonders of nature, and the marvels, during our evenings, of the microscope. So well have we employed our hours here," he turned to GRACE for corroboration, who said "yes," and begged him to go on—"That we have run through the entire cycle of Polytechnic lectures, including the dissolving views, which we really managed admirably, the drop of Thames water with the living creatures in it, the exposition of spiritualism, the automaton Leotard, and many other useful and entertaining experiments, including glass-blowing for the tails of peacocks and imitation candles which won't light, and we were proceeding to the diving-bell and blowing up the *Royal George* under water when your arrival interfered with our settled plan. Excuse me—to return. I quitted the Polytechnic to join a distinguished aëronaut——"

"I know you now," exclaimed DORNTON. "This fellow," he said, turning to GRACE and the Lieutenant, "is a Fraudulent Solicitor."

"You thought so, perhaps, PIEL DORNTON," was NUTT's calm reply, which seemed to crush the other into the earth. "When you threw my companion and myself out of the balloon into the sea. You thought so, no, doubt, when you seized the deeds and papers with which my unhappy companion was indeed escaping from the hands of justice. He *was* a fraudulent solicitor—not I. Let me explain: for he—well for him that it is so, perhaps! *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—"

"Hear, hear!" said COMMANDER BOUNCER.

—"He is no more. My aëronautic friend started his balloon from a public garden. Here it was hired by a private party. That Private Party was the Fraudulent Solicitor; I was told off to attend him. He arrived with his deeds and boxes. His pistol was constantly at my ear, and I was obliged to give up all chance of escape and leave him, the balloon, and myself to a merciful fate—with my eye, however, always on the parachute. From above I saw this man give his wretched father the fatal blow in the Cavern by the Sea—"*

"It's a lie!" shrieked PIEL DORNTON.

"It is truth, as I stand here," returned NUTT. "He climbed in by our grapnel when we were almost aground, and repaid our hospitality with another crime."

"The name of the Solicitor?" asked Old MARTIN, eagerly.

"SMITH," was NUTT's answer.

Old MARTIN turned to his brother, LEONARD CHARLES. "'Twas he," he said, "who drew up the lost deed. SMITH."

So excited was every one that they had not noticed the approach of two separate boats, whose occupants now stood forward.

In the first came CHEKK, DISS, COUNT & Co, rowing, with GRIPP, the Detective, holding the Infant, and SNAGG, the clerk, steering.

In the second, BESSY with JOSEPH and the papers, sailing.

GRIPP spoke. "These papers, signed SMITH, were placed in the hands of these 'ere respectable gents," alluding to the Benician Bankers, who appeared pleased. "By them he became the large landowner you've known him. By them," and he produced another set, "he took under the will of LEONARD CHARLES MARCHMONT, deceased——"

"The villain!" exclaimed the irascible old man.

"*Everything!*"

"It's a lie, a confounded LIE!" roared PIEL DORNTON.

"No, it isn't, my Chirper, except you're a alluding to all your papers as is a lie, a forgery, and no mistake. Who seed him forge?"

"I seed him forgin' 'em at his desk," answered the Infant, sulkily.

"You!" exclaimed DORNTON. The net was closing round him now.

"Aye, Guv'nor, you cut a cradle down *from a tree opposite your window.* In that cradle lay a child. I was, I am, that child, and I've tracked you this day.† I wouldn't ha' done it," he whimpered, "if you hadn't ill-treated *her*."

"Her!" exclaimed every one.

"Yes, mum," continued the boy. "Her, *her* as was the only cove ever kind to me."

* *Vide* Early Chapters of this remarkable work.—*Editor.*

† See this exciting incident in a previous chapter. Most exciting.—*Editor.*

GRIPP shook him. GRIPP knew he meant the LADY ANNA DOMINO; but he said nothing.

"Now," said GRIPP, "afore we finishes, let's clear up these here missin' papers. Step forward, young man and young woman."

JOSEPH stood before them with BESSY. He showed them the papers, and the Lieutenant was introduced to his long-lost daughter, who, however, embraced MARTIN.

Then the two old men wept in each other's arms.

Then they all set to work to examine the legal papers.

We append the original Will and DORNTON'S forgery, which will show the reader to what perfection the villain had brought the copyist's art.

PIEL DORNTON'S FORGERY. (FAC SIMILE.)

I leave to my deer freud, Piel Dornton, all my Estates, Palaces, Castles, and all that there little propperty known as £200000000000000000000000C, now invested in Beuician Securities. In Proof of which I sign and seal and deliver this as my act anddeed.

Augustus Leonard
Charles Marchmont
Lieutenant B.R.H.M.
Witness. Smith

L. C. Marchmont (real handwriting)

I leave to my dear friend &c
all that &c.
Yours truly
Augustus Leonard
Charles Marchmont
Lieutenant Ben. Rgl & H. Marines.

NUTT was of immense use here, owing to his having spent so much time in a balloon with a solicitor.

He pointed out the habendum clause, and explained all the flaws and the dealings with the various technicalities and difficulties, and when these were removed, it was as clear as daylight that GRACE MARCHMONT must henceforth bear the title of BARONESS BISMUTH, with the property thereunto appertaining, which, as has already been seen, was no inconsiderable amount.

"A Baroness!" exclaimed NUTT, sorrowfully, "and rich!" he turned away.

She gave him her hand.

"I am yours, yours always!"

He clasped her in his arms, as the two old men whispered to one another, The BARONESS BISMUTH and MR. HORATIO NUTT.

Then the Partners, CHEEK, DISCOUNT, & Co., requested that they might in future receive the favour of their orders, which was accorded to them, and GRIPP and the Commander shook hands upon the happy termination of their trouble. They were paid off at once, and the sailors cheered all night, and were with difficulty removed from the island in the morning.

Before they quitted the island the Bank Partners explained that JOSEPH, by the decease of the late nobleman, a wicked elder brother, who had never owned his father, he (JOSEPH) was now a titled aristocrat.

And what of PIEL DORNTON! The convicted forger, the murderer, the cruel husband, the black-hearted bold bad man?

He had disappeared. None knew where nor whither.

"Leave me alone," said GRIPP.

They left him alone, save and except that JOSEPH offered a thousand pounds for his apprehension, payable only if he was caught alive.

GRIPP pushed his boat to sea. The Infant was crouched in the stern.

The Commander, who had become tired of inaction, joined them in the pursuit.

So they went upon the track of the forger, the bold black-hearted villain.

AND HE?

(To be concluded in our next.)

JOKES I MIGHT HAVE MADE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

IT is a hard thing, you will admit, to be a victim to circumstances. When we look around us, and behold the numerous list of sufferers of this sort, from milliners to malefactors, the first being slaves to a kaleidoscopical creature termed Fashion, who never knows its own mind, the latter martyrs to a squeamish sentiment of Society, which insists on punishing the unhappy felon; how lengthy is the list of the victims to circumstances,—one cannot help remarking, Sir, that it *is* a hard thing.

Stay, though,—I have said "one" cannot help remarking, &c. Yes, Sir, "one" can. That particular one am I, for I have not been a victim to circumstances—I have been a victim to the absence of circumstances. With me things never happen—nothing ever takes place. I am crushed by an entire absence of everything; that is, everything which would enable me to score in the conversational cricket-match. Nobody ever gives me a chance: nothing is ever said calculated to permit an exhibition of my peculiar talent—my very peculiar talent. I am a wit, Sir; I am indeed: my best friends would not believe me, for I never make a joke—*aloud*. To myself I make many. Indeed, at times I am quite ill from the plethora of puns, the surfeit of smart jokes and ridiculous riddles which, if I were permitted to make public, would, I am convinced, convulse the world at large. I think, Sir, you will admit that if *Prince Hal* didn't play up to *Falstaff*, the fat knight's fun would fall a little flat: *Cox* would be literally "shut up" without his *Box*, and no conundrum would answer without its corresponding question. Very good. Then why won't people give me an opportunity? I ask for nothing more.

The day after the Derby, for instance; I was dining with JONES. Conversation turned upon the race—odd, but it did. The noble owner of *Lady Elizabeth* was sympathised with, and the unwillingness of the animal to start was descanted on. Somebody asked the name of the Jockey, and here I could have fired off a double-barrelled shot with great effect, if—ah, that "if"—I say, if I had had an assistant. But, Sir, like the Northern States and HERR FRIKELL, I will never stoop to confederacy. No; but if anybody had asked what would have been a good name for the Marquis's Jockey (which no one did) I could have replied unhesitatingly,—*Money*. Because, you see, the owner could have put his money on the animal, and as is well known money makes the mare to go. This I think would have produced its effect; but, from the cause I have mentioned, it did not. I have noticed that good things, when left out of a piece, seldom go for much.

I was at the Adelphi the other night, and a really brilliant joke was lost from the fact of no one making the following remark. I must premise that the drama being performed was *No Thoroughfare*, and that a very spooney-looking young man in a private box was evidently terribly smitten with the charming actress who played *Marguerite*. Now it only required some one to ask, "What is the difference between a gold-digger and the spooney-looking young man?" for me (on the spur of the moment) to have replied, the former goes to seek a lot o' money, and the latter goes to see CARLOTTA LECLERCQ. But the people about me would have perished in their seats rather than have assisted me in any way.

In the course, Sir, of a long literary career you may possibly have met with the remark that—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

That, Sir, is my case. I could really bloom forth in public splendour and achieve a wide celebrity, would surrounding circumstances only occasionally resolve themselves into what the man in the play describes as "a concatenation accordingly." The diner-out who says funny things is a person generally in considerable request; now I venture to suggest that any individual who would devote his time to assisting the funny man, who would with tact, delicacy, and a happy appreciation of the right moment at which to say the right thing, lead up as it were to the prandial wit, would be literally worth his weight in gold. Here is a great opening for the charitable. There are crowds of diners-out who are dummies. Let them devote themselves to this noble work. They will be welcomed cordially by such sufferers as myself.

Eminent Musician. "YOU PLAY, I BELIEVE?"
Swell Amateur. "YA-AS!"

Eminent Musician. "CONCERTINA?"
Swell Amateur. "NO—*COMB!*"

A ROW IN A COURT.

AIR—*Popular Hornpipe.*

IN the House of Commons, now,
Very often there 's a row;
While the Ermine keeps its gravity,
And dignity and suavity:
So a rumpus in the higher Courts of Law is very rare.
But a shindy, in the Court
Of Queen's Bench, has given sport;
Twas occasioned by Judge BLACKBURN in the case of MR. EYRE.

JUSTICE BLACKBURN did preside
When that EYRE was to be tried,
And a charge to the Grand Jury gave,
A just one, to be sure, he gave,
But he said the other Judges his opinion all did share.
So the Bill was thrown right out,
'Mid a universal shout
Of "Hurrah for the Preserver of Jamaica, MR. EYRE!"

When the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE read
What his colleague then had said,
Says he, "I don't agree with it,
So let no one credit me with it;
In particular I think that GORDON's trial was unfair,
If that charge I had foreknown,
Then another of my own
I would surely have delivered in the case of MR. EYRE."

Then my lord pulled off his wig,
If the scene was *infra dig.*,
Yet how charming is variety,
Though from general propriety!
And a wig in summer weather is an awful thing to wear.
Slap, he shied it at the head
Of the puisne Judge, and said,
"Now take that for what I think about the case of MR. EYRE!"

Wig for wig then BLACKBURN threw,
And flung back the other's too.
There ensued, with reciprocity
Of mutual ferocity,
Such a wigging, that it might have made blind justice even stare!
But when judges disagree
How decide, good folks, shall we?
How shall Governors determine in the place of MR. EYRE?

A WARNING TO THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THE end of bribery and corruption is within sight, at no great distance. Members of the House of Commons are threatened by the Registration Bill with loss of their autumnal holidays. All work and no play will make the parliamentary JACK a still duller boy than he is already. As it is, the duties of a Member of Parliament are very laborious; and if, as seems likely, they become much, or, indeed, only a little more so, they will amount to a bore of greater magnitude than even the calamitous office of a Juryman. It will be necessary to impress men for public service in the Legislature just as it is to compel them to serve on juries. Instead of seeking to be the representative of a county or a borough at the price of an enormous expenditure, a gentleman will have to be forced to accept election by the alternative of a heavy fine. Or else it will come to pass that, so far from getting paid anything whatever, electors will be obliged to pay the man of their choice very handsomely indeed in order to induce anyone to come forward as a candidate for the employment of representing them.

Canada and Capetown.

THE *Weekly Dispatch* announces that:—

"BISHOP LYNCH is to be the new Roman Catholic Archbishop of Canada."

The Bishop is not supposed to be any relation to his namesake the Judge; nor are the Canadian Roman Catholics thought likely to be subjected to ecclesiastical Lynch law; such as certain English divines want to enforce at Natal.

A ROW IN COURT.

"THESE NICE SHARP QUILLETS OF THE LAW."—*Shakspeare.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *June* 8. Government intimated that it was burning and raging to get business over, and to come to the General Election and the Vote of Confidence; but that, inasmuch as it would require "fine steering" to bring the New Parliament together before Christmas, and as there would certainly be no time then to discuss money matters, a Year's Supplies would now be asked. The House was to have a week to consider this proposal. Except that the present state of things is utterly unconstitutional, there is no particular objection.

We took the Scotch Reform Bill in Committee, and polished it off. Glasgow is to have the Three-Cornered Vote, which LORD DERBY and MR. BRIGHT think so wrong, and which MR. MILL thinks so right. It is sad that the Member for Westminster's logical powers are so feeble, that he cannot perceive that ninety-nine men of education ought to submit in silence and humility to be reduced to political nonentity by one hundred non-educated persons; but so it is.

The Scotch get their 7 New Members; and the 7 English Boroughs, which it was finally agreed to sacrifice to Caledonia (stern and wild), are—

Arundel of the Owls.
Ashburton of the *Quarterly* GIFFORD.
Dartmouth of the Gunpowder.
Honiton of the Laces.
Lyme Regis of the Cobb.
Thetford of the Black Church.
Wells of the Cathedral.

Battle over the Boundaries Bill, and whether the Commissioners who took so much pains over the arrangements, or the Committee, which had political considerations before it, should be supported. Much sharp language, MR. BRIGHT wrathful, and MR. OSBORNE complimenting the House on self-stultification. We went at it again on Thursday, and were still more sarcastic upon one another. MR. HIBBERT fought for the Committee, MR. ADDERLEY attacked MR. BRIGHT, who warned the Conservatives that Numbers would one of these days avenge any attempt to ignore them, LORD GALWAY called MR. OSBORNE a Buffoon, and the latter neatly retorted—a cry of "Order" being raised—"O, *he* is quite in order." Finally, MR. HIBBERT's Resolution was carried by 184 to 148, against Ministers, who, however declined to regard the matter as one of vital importance, a sweet and pleasing line of conduct to which they have nobly adhered upon several occasions, which might have disturbed ordinary souls.

The public may like to be reminded—

> "These must be taught, as if you taught them not,
> And things unknown proposed as things forgot—"

to be reminded, we say, of the little history of this matter. Boundaries for voting purposes being wanted, an Act of Parliament was obtained, and under it a couple of Commissioners (a barrister and an officer of "the educated Service,") were sent over the country. All these Commissioners studied the subject on the spots, examined witnesses, and reported. There were people who did not like the proposed changes, and they made such a row, that a Select Committee of the Commons was appointed to consider the Report. They upset nearly all that the barristers and officers had done, and now the vote which we have described confirms the upset. We are practical people, we legislators, MRS. GRUNDY, eh, M'm? We need hardly say that the farce cost nothing, as barristers and engineers are always ready to go everywhere and do all sorts of work for nothing, and pay their own hotel bills.

Tuesday. A morning sitting on the Bill for Handing over the Telegraphs to Government. The subject, which afforded material for a fine and suggestive speech, was rather barrenly treated by MR. WARD HUNT; but he explained the Bill, and thought that it ought to be at once read and sent to a Select Committee. It was opposed by MR. LEEMAN for the Companies, who of course only want to extort the uttermost farthing from the Nation, and he introduced the usual cant about Government's reading our messages, and being averse to improvements in electrical science. As we let them read our letters if they like, the first objection is not much, and as for the second it was rather Cheeky, considering that the Companies never introduce any improvements, that our Telegrams are the worst in Europe, and that even the common convenience of having the message printed, as has been done in America for twenty years, is not adopted here, but the messages are transcribed by blundering clerks, who send frantic nonsense. *Mr. Punch's* whole domestic arrangements were nearly plunged into despair and dismay by reason of *Judy's* opening a telegram of mere business, but which the ass of a clerk had converted into a summons from a Lady. From that moment he vowed extinction to the Companies, and HE WILL KEEP HIS VOW.

For the time the Bill stood over. MR. GLADSTONE and the Opposition approve the plan, but think that more inquiry is needful—that is to say, they prefer that the Boon should proceed from the next Ministry.

Ascot Races began to-day, and the House was Counted Out at night. It was very pleasant on Ascot Heath this Tuesday, the attendance being distinguished rather than enormous. Our darling PRINCESS was in green, and *Mr. Punch* wore, by instinct, a green cravat.

Wednesday. Woman, in her capacity of ill-treated Wife, was the theme of this day. The Bill for the Protection of the Property of Married Women was taken in hand. The usual talk followed. One side harped upon the marriage vow, and the duty of submission and obedience, and the revolutionary character of those who would encourage a wife to be independent, and the hard and cruel nature of some wives, and LORD GALWAY said that the words in the service must be altered, and instead of "love, honour, and obey," the lady ought to say "enter into a partnership on equal terms." The other side showed that woman was unfairly treated, and that in her case matrimony was made a crime, for her property was instantly taken away. Rich girls had settlements, but poor girls had no such protection against brutal husbands. On division, there was a Matrimonial Tie, each side mustering 123, so the SPEAKER, in accordance with rule, voted in the affirmative, that is, for the women, in order to give the House another opportunity of considering the subject.

The Ladies in the "Cage" above the reporters, made all sorts of disturbances during the debate, such as murmuring, hissing, clapping hands, and rattling fans against the brass. *Mr. Punch* thinks, with all submission, that they had better confine such demonstrations to the theatre. There, nobody except the unfortunate actors whose points are lost, and the general public who pay to hear the play, complain that the private boxes are noisy, and that the chatter of ladies who have dined, and swells who have had something after dinner, disturbs the performances. They must not bring their box manners into the gallery of the House.

Thursday was the Cup Day at Ascot. It was very pleasant on Ascot Heath this Thursday, the attendance being enormous rather than distinguished. The horses who had been the first three in the Derby alone ran for the Cup, and *Bluegown* won, *Speculum* being before *King Alfred*, instead of behind that monarch, who on this occasion burned the cakes. Our darling PRINCESS was in pink, and *Mr. Punch* wore, by instinct, a cravat that might have been pink, only it was blue.

MR. HARDY brought in a Bill for expediting the Registration of the new electors. The revision of the lists is to begin in September, with an enlarged staff of lawyers, and the roll is to be complete and printed by the 1st of October. The elections are to follow, with a somewhat shorter time than usual for the return of the writs. The idea is to get Parliament together in time to have the Big Battle fought about the 14th of December. This will greatly conduce to the harmony, peace, and goodwill which should prevail at Christmas.

Friday. The Lords, like *Mr. Punch*, had found it too hot to attend to much business early in the week, but also, like him, they woke up this evening, and did a capital thing. On the motion of LORD CLANRICARDE, they sent to a Select Committee (in this case all but a sentence of death) the Bill for effectuating the Conspiracy by which, as LORD REDESDALE said, the three Southern Railways propose to extort more money from the Public for worse service. The way that several Lords fired into this attempt at Fraud, was pleasing; and it may be that the Railway Interest "elsewhere" might have winced at the language in which their devices were described. The Commons had showed themselves subservient to that interest, and afraid to help the people; the Lords stood up like the Barons of old, and claimed the People's lawful right to travel well at a fair charge. To be sure it cost their Lordships nothing but attendance in their places; but we can't always get them to give even that.

Discussion on a proposal to remove such restrictions on the publication of Newspapers, as the giving security. MR. MILL thought that it was like making physicians give security not to poison, merely because some quacks poisoned. The week finished with an hour's wrangle and fight as to whether we should go on with a Bill for relieving Excisemen from the Disability to Vote at Elections. The 53 Scotch Members ought to have attended in a body, and voted for the Bill; for was not BURNS an Exciseman? But the last division was only 42 to 33. To be sure, it was two in the morning, and BURNS has written—

> "Up in the morning 's not for me,
> Up in the morning early."

Conundrum for Rotten Row.

1st Friend (*on horseback asks a friend*). What is the cheapest bit to ride with?

2nd Friend. Well, I should say——

1st Friend. I shouldn't. The cheapest bit, Sir, is a threepenny bit.

APROPOS.

THE Derby Opera—*La Favorita*.

SKIRMISHING.

Brown (in agony, having just fired). "WELL, THE SOONER GOVERNMENT GIVES US BREECH-LOADERS, THE BETTER!"

Jones. "WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?"

Brown. "THERE GOES MY RAMROD AGAIN! RIGHT IN THE DIRECTION OF MY HOUSE, TOO!"

AN AMALGAMATED SAGE UNION.

A SCIENTIFIC band
That cultivates ethnology,
Doth 'gainst another stand,
Whose study 's anthropology.
The latter one contains
Believers in phrenology,
Both build on old remains
Unearthed by new geology.

Their notions sometimes clash
With popular theology,
And altogether smash
The old received chronology.
They can't get on without
A little physiology,
And some discourse about
The teachings of philology.

Their subject is allied
So closely to zoology,
It thereinto doth glide,
By way of pithecology.
"Our poor relations," apes,
Are owned with small apology;
Men's skulls, of such low shapes,
We owe palæontology.

But some of them dispute
This precious genealogy,
And will not, to the brute,
Admit their own analogy.
Now HUXLEY will, 'tis said,
These rivals in paralogy,
Unite, both bodies' head;
So may they cease their alogy!

Latest from the Castle.

Prince of Wales (asks). What pretty place near Windsor is the best for a man overcome with grog?

Equerry (politely). Sir, I give it up.

Prince of Wales. I'll tell you. *Vir-ginny-an'-water.*

[*Equerry in shrieks of laughter. Scene closes.*

FEE NOMINAL LIBERALITY.—Advice gratis.

RITUALISM IN CHANCERY.

A MEETING of the Juridical Cogers was held at their usual quarters yesterday, when a paper was read by MR. WINKINS on "Remedies against Ritualism," wherein he contended that ARCHBISHOP MANNING might by application to Chancery obtain an injunction against the Hon. and Rev. MR. LIDDELL, of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and others, Clergymen of the English Church, to restrain them from the performance of services proper exclusively to the Church of Rome. The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion. MR. CAVIL objected that the performances of the Ritualists were similar to those of buffoons, and argued that their imitation of the Mass and other Roman Catholic rites and ceremonies was no more chargeable with piracy than a burlesque of a serious drama. The learned gentleman's opinion on this point was controverted by MR. QUIDDIT, who said that though the Ritualist mimicry of Papistical celebrations was very absurd, yet it was not intended for the purpose of affording amusement, but meant to be perfectly serious. It could, therefore, not be regarded in the light of burlesque. The burlesque of *Othello* might be less laughable than the tragedy itself exceedingly ill acted, but still the tragedy so acted, if acted gravely as a tragedy, would not be a burlesque, however comic it might be in effect. He thought an injunction against the Ritualists would be granted to DR. MANNING. MR. QUILLET agreed with the last speaker that the Ritualistic performances were not burlesques; but suggested that ARCHBISHOP MANNING would be precluded from getting an injunction for stopping them by the circumstance that his archiepiscopal authority was not recognised by law. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill would have to be repealed to enable the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster to obtain an anti-Ritualist injunction. He would then, undoubtedly, be in a position to apply for it with success. Whether he would do so or not was another matter. He would be a fool if he did; for what hotel or eatinghouse-keeper who supplied real turtle would wish to check the demand for it occasioned by the unrestricted sale of mock?

A BEE IN THE BONNET.

MANAGEMENT.

JOINT-STOCK BANK PARTY BREAKS HIS SUNDAY EXCURSION TRIP TO CALL ON A CLERICAL FRIEND.

Parson. "AFRAID I SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU MORE THAN TEN MINUTES, OLD FELLOW; I HAVE MY MORNING SERVICE——"

Joint-Stock Bank Party. "OH, CAN'T YOU DO AS WE DO WITH OUR 'REPORTS'—GET 'EM TO TAKE IT AS 'READ'?"

DECORATIVE ENTOMOLOGY.

COLEOPTERA are coming into fashion. Fact. See *Le Follet*, dears, wherein, under the head of "Fashions for June," you will learn that, for bonnets, that is to say the ornamental tiles or slates, so to speak, worn in place of bonnets, besides lace and crape :—

"Rice and fancy straw are also much used. A very pretty model with these materials may be made with a very small fanchon, trimmed *en diadème*, with a wreath of green beetles and grasses."

What a pretty fancy to have been taken into a female head, that of wearing beetles outside of it! The beetles thus worn by a lady as an ordinary head-dress being green, she would perhaps, if she went into mourning, wear black-beetles. In that case she would enjoy a large choice of beetles, of which many, if not most, are black. Among these may be mentioned the stag-beetle, and the shard-borne beetle, celebrated for his drowsy hum. Equally suitable for the purpose of decoration, though not properly called beetles, would be the cockroach, and the devil's-coach-horse. Of beetles not black the lady-cow is one which might be suggested as becoming, and the time is at hand when a seasonable chaplet might be composed of cock-chafers.

Lepidopterous, hymenopterous, neuropterous and orthopterous insects might also be laid under contribution, and ladies might go about crowned with wreaths of moths and butterflies of various kinds, bees, wasps, dumbledores, dragon-flies, crickets, and grasshoppers. The arachnida, or spider family, could also supply many interesting members that might be similarly combined in an extremely elegant arrangement, to which might be added specimens from the myriopoda, various scolopendræ or centipedes, British and foreign. The limacinæ and helicidæ might also be employed in the adornment of her head with slugs and snails; nor should the larvæ of the insect tribes be neglected; for a lady of taste might garnish her crown very prettily with different sorts of grubs and caterpillars.

Electrical.

WE have often wondered if the chignon could ever be applied to any actual use, and, according to a contemporary, some ingenious person has conceived the idea of making it a receptacle for a regular galvanic apparatus, and a small Rhumkorff coil. This may be one way of attracting the sparks, and may not only produce the requisite flutter in the body of the bird, but also in the breast of the human admirer. Nevertheless, we do not desire to run the risk of receiving a "thousand natural shocks" from the same number of artificial ones.

A FORETASTE OF THE HANDEL FEAST.

FOR many a long day—indeed, for not far short of eleven hundred days—*Mr. Punch* has not heard such a great singing in his ears as he enjoyed last Friday. With the echoes of this Rehearsal Day still sounding in his memory, he feels no doubt of the success of the Third Great Handel Festival. The transept being enclosed more completely than before, the voices do not waste their sweetness on the desert air of Norwood and the neighbourhood adjoining. Moreover, men who have no music in their souls must enjoy a Handel Festival, if only for the pleasure of staring at the singers. It is well worth a guinea to look at that big Orchestra, nearly twice as big as the Dome of St. Paul's, and filled to the last inch with near four thousand faces. The sight, too, of the audience, who cover nearly an acre, is also well worth seeing; and, when "the many rend the sky with loud applause," the effect of the hands clapping is one you do not witness often in a lifetime.

One thing *Mr. Punch* remarked at the Rehearsal, which he hopes he may not see at any one of the performances. Certain Snobs, whose names he would vastly like to publish, selfishly prevented him from hearing the last chorus in each of the parts by making the disturbance of leaving in the middle of it. They might endeavour to excuse themselves by saying they were hungry, and alleging that they wanted in the first place to go and get some lunch, and in the second, to get home in time for dinner. Now, *Mr. Punch* will grant that one of the advantages of music is, that it gives him a good appetite; but he will not admit that this is any plea for his annoying other people. There is no need to hurry home from a Crystal Palace Music Feast, merely for the sake of sitting down to dinner. In the south end of the building are most comfortable dining-rooms, where the vulgar rage of hunger can be easily appeased. Instead of hurry-scurrying away to catch a train, and robbing quiet people of the hearing of a chorus, which they have paid to hear—mind that, you scampering snobs!—men should give their cooks a holiday, and themselves a Palace dinner, wisely ordering it beforehand, if they be pigs of Epicurus.

CHIVALRY OF THE COMMONS.

"WILL any gentleman give up his Seat to oblige a Lady?" This question is not infrequently put to a male omnibus passenger, and never, we trust, without eliciting a cheerful "Certainly." The Rain of Chivalry is not over, and its Votaries defy a ducking.

To make woman independent of her master is a task becoming a chivalrous if not a commercial people, and will completely redeem our bad reputation for shop-keeping. Hymen we expect will soon be legally empowered to open an office in Serjeant's Inn for the due registration of conjugal partnerships, and over every drawing-room door we shall see the name of the firm "Henry & Hannah (Limited)."

Once more, "Will any gentleman resign his Seat to oblige a Lady?" This question, without any modification, we really believe might be addressed to more than a hundred useful Members of the Lower House, and every Man with polite alacrity would jump up and make his *congé*. MR. SPEAKER, we know by recent facts, is *ex officio* the "Ladies' Champion," and we will be bound that ten thousand ingenious fingers, animated by gratitude—that lively sense of casting votes to come—are now busily employed in knitting anti-macassars for his chair.

CERVANTES made fine fun of Spanish chivalry composed of soft metal, but ours, hardened under a vigorous Parliamentary hammering, will not easily be dinted by poking short jokes at it. *Don Quixote*, believing that he saw before him a monster that held captive distressed damsels, attacked the Mill on the Commons. The MILL of the Commons is now a gallant knight armed *cap-à-pié*, and wearing a white favour. Hip! hip! Hurrah!

FALSITIES FOR THE FACE.

YOUR Red Indian, *Mr. Punch*, doesn't he call the natives of Great Britain, and others who resemble them in complexion, "pale faces"? There are some of our countrywomen, Sir, whom he would certainly misname by that poetical appellation. For of course they must include a considerable number of customers for the things which are daily advertised in the newspapers to redden the face. For instance:—

LOWE'S CELEBRATED DAMASK ROSE DROPS, an elegant and innocent extract for giving immediate and natural colour to the cheek, lips, and complexion, in packet cases, 3*s.* 6*d.*, free by post for 48 stamps.

I copy the foregoing announcement *minus* the address, because among your casual readers there may possibly be one or two who, if you called it loathsome, would think you were joking, and meant to endorse the lie which it tells, and to recommend the use of the trash which it relates to. No doubt, however, this stuff would effectually remove the complaint of paleness, if not permanently, for some time at least. An application that would immediately stain even the lips would doubtless irritate the skin, and the person who had employed it would afford wags occasion to ask why her face was like Vesuvius in the last days of Pompeii.

When the divine WILLIAMS made *Viola*, speaking of herself, tell *Orsino* that:—

> "She never told her love,
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek,"

he probably suggested the epithet misapplied to the abovenamed drops. Anyhow their name suggests his lines, and with them the observation that feeding on a damask cheek, which owed that colour to damask rose drops, would make concealment very ill, if concealment were so far like a worm in the bud as to be poisonable, and if, on the part of any one using a face-dye, concealment were possible.

Now, Sir, here is another of these advertisements, more sickening than the first. Read it!

THE VESTRIS ENAMEL.—This valuable COSMETIC, as prepared from the original receipt for the late Madame Vestris, which preserved her youth and beauty to so late a period, is perfectly harmless, and gives a beautiful tone and colour to the skin, improving a good complexion, and making a bad one beautiful. Sold only by ———. Price 5*s.* and 10*s.* per bottle.

There was a time when the report current, with many other absurd sayings, about the lady whose name is above abused, that she was "enamelled" was regarded as tending, and intended, to render her an object of aversion. Now we have a cosmetic commended to the softer sex under the name of "Vestris Enamel!" Not a nice sign of the times, *Mr. Punch*, is it? The fashionable world is very fast; it certainly doesn't go at a snail's pace, nor yet in the snail's direction. In that respect it resembles another of the crustacea. It is going back to rouge, and will next perhaps recede to patches and powder.

Somebody has too truly said what is too apt to be forgotten, that beauty is only skin deep. Youth, if no more, is no less, according to the advertisement of the "Vestris Enamel." The youth as well as the beauty of MADAME VESTRIS, it tells us, was preserved by that species of stucco for the skin.

Here, again, our advertiser has borrowed a poetical thought. When he describes his enamel as "improving a good complexion, and making a bad one beautiful," he just paraphrases BYRON'S words about the effect of moonlight on the Coliseum:—

> "Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
> And making that which was not."

Only the paraphrase is not so much poetical as fictitious.

Let me call your attention to a candid acknowledgment made by one of the most notorious of the advertising face-forgers. In the first place idiotic females are invited to buy:—

MADAME JEZEBEL'S Queenly, Arabian, and Circassian beauty WASHES FOR THE HAIR, Teeth, and Complexion. Alabaster powder, Arab bloom, Armenian liquid for giving brilliancy to the eyes and removing wrinkles, pure liquid extract of flowers for giving fragrant odours to the breath and pearly whiteness to the teeth, liquid enamel and Circassian lily wash. The choicest perfumes of Arabia for the bath. These queenly and costly preparations render the hair, teeth, and complexion beautiful for ever.

And then they are told that:—

"All other persons vending dangerous and spurious compounds in imitation, and who are endeavouring to copy her art, commit a gross fraud upon the public, she being the only importer of the above preparations."

One would think, even an idiotic female might see that when MADAME JEZEBEL mentions "all other persons vending dangerous and spurious compounds in imitation" (of what if not of the natural colour and complexion?) by those other persons she means persons other than herself. She, then, is one who does what those others do. Idiotic females may not see that. MRS. BORRODAILE may not have seen it. But all that are not quite idiots will avoid every dangerous and spurious compound, whether pigment, or wash, that would be injurious even to a pig.

Faugh! as people used to say, on occasion, in the good old time of my celebrated anti-cosmetic ancestor, the *Vicar of Wakefield*. At your service, *Mr. Punch*, I have the honour to be, a

PRIMROSE.

P.S. Idea of a puff for JEZEBEL. *Hamlet* (*to skull*). Get thee to my lady's chamber, and tell her that, let her paint an inch thick, to this complexion she must come at last; but not if she places herself under the hands of MADAME JEZEBEL, and is made beautiful for ever.

DISGRACEFUL.

MR. PUNCH,

Do you consider these are proper questions to put to a growing boy? They have been drawn up by our head-master, who is evidently not master of his head. The fact is he went out during the hot weather last week without his hat, and had a severe altercation (resulting in blows) with his eldest male offspring. I think he is suffering from a stroke of the son. I wish you would give us boys a word. There is no one to appeal to but the Press, and you are our favourite paper. As for relying on any protection from a fellow's parents, it's bosh. So I say, you know, *do* just give us a word. We've taken in all your back numbers, so do take up our case. These are a few of his questions—pretty fellow to have the instruction of youth, *he* is:—

1. "*What's a' the steer, Kimmer?*"—Give the derivation of the word "kimmer." Is he a comparative of "kim," and did his ancestors kim over with the Conqueror? Spell "Conqueror."

2. *Knot for Joe.*—How is this tied, and which of the DAVENPORTS is JOE? Why?

3. *High Cockolorum Jig.*—Describe the figures of this ancient dance. When is it considered in season?

4. *Virginia Creeper.*—Relate the leading incidents is this lady's life. Was she not connected very closely with an ancient house? If so, which?

5. "*I Winna buckle to.*"—Do you believe that this declaration (feloniously appropriated by a northern minstrel) was really made by a lady who shied at the second volume of *Buckle's Civilization*? If so, speak out like a man, and no heel-taps.

6. "*Stand to your Guns.*"—Is there any ground for believing that this was the remark of a great naval commander to some "hearts of oak" of niggardly disposition, who never treated their sixteen-pounders? What is the favourite beverage of the gun when stood to?

And so on. Do just stop him, will you please.—Yours truly,

A BOY WHO HAS HIS FEELINGS.

P.S. I re-open this to say that the benighted tyrant has just entered the Schoolroom, and remarked that there is something wrong about Nature; for whereas one swallow doesn't make a summer one grasshopper *does* make a spring. Perhaps if you publish this it may reach the eye of his friends.

STREET SCENE.

(*A Duologue.*)

Smart. How do, SMOOTH? (*to Theatrical Manager, who frowns upon him.*) What's the matter, eh?

Smooth. Matter? Hang it, SMART, you wrote me down in *The Stinger*.

Smart (*repressing something Shakspearian about "writing down" which occurs to him, continues pleasantly*). Wrote you down? No. I said the piece was a bad one, because I thought it was; a very bad one.

Smooth. Bad! (*Sarcastically.*) You were the only man who said so.

Smart (*very pleasantly*). My dear fellow, *I was the only man who saw it.* Good bye. [*Exeunt severally.*

Taking a Shot at it.

WE wonder if the Chairman of the Board of Ordnance, who, as we presume, must have a casting vote to give as to the casting of big cannon, would be offended if we called him a Big Bore Constructor?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

IN *Monday, June 15th*, my Lords, a few of them at least, talked some remarkably good sense about the education of the upper classes. When such men as Lords STANHOPE and CLARENDON say that Latin and Greek composition is of no use, and that the course of study should be modernised, it is possible that in highly genteel families, where the opinion of mere newspaper writers might not Command Respect, attention will be given to what one's Betters remark. Nobody wants to neglect *Homer* and *Horace*, and *Mr. Punch* would as soon cut off his nose as his quotations from *Naso;* but it is an awfully useful thing to be able to do a rule of three sum, and to order a dinner in French or German, and really everybody ought to know that solid parallelopipeds which are contained by parallelograms equiangular to one another, each to each, that is, of which the solid angles are equal, each to each, have to one another the ratio which is the same with the ratio compounded of the ratios of their sides.

The MARQUIS OF BATH was very properly added to the Committee on Artizans' Dwellings, and we hope that the article from which he takes his title will be invariably added to the dwellings themselves.

REARDEN rose to give notice of a question, and "was received with tokens of disapprobation."

The Irish Reform Bill went into Committee, and we assume that we may take it for granted that the universe will be content with a very brief account of what has been done with it. There were some Redistribution Clauses, which the House did not care about, so MR. DISRAELI very obligingly knocked them out, and then the Commons, not to be outdone in courtesy, supported him against all the proposals made by Gentlemen who sought to amend the measure, and also against a proposal by REARDEN.

Second Reading of the Bill for expediting the Registrations. The British Constitutent may like to know that it is "considered" that the new writs may be issued by the 12th of October, and that the NEW PARLIAMENT MAY MEET ABOUT LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Tuesday. There is a Sale of Poisons Bill in hand, and LORD REDESDALE wanted all bottles containing such medicaments to be made of a peculiar shape, so that there could be no mistake as to the contents. The idea does not seem irrational, but the Lords thought that its adoption would be inconvenient to the chemical and druggical profession.

On a Debate on our Public Schools, Eton was described as the worst school in the world. MR. LABOUCHERE said that he had been there three years, and had learned nothing. That statement did not exactly prove the other proposition, in which, however, there is an approach to the truth. But Eton is not a school. It is a Gymnasium, to which hundreds of fine young fellows are sent to learn athletic sports, and to which the sons of a good many Snobs are sent that the Snobs' boys may pick up Swell acquaintances.

MR. BRIGHT set forth, in an hour's speech, that the Blue Noses, also known as the Nova Scotians, do not like the Union with Canada. MR. ADDERLEY denied that they disliked it as much as was said, and the House, by 183 to 87, declined to vote an address for inquiry, which decision *Mr. Punch* unhesitatingly declares to be a mistake. The Blue Noses are very loyal Blue Noses, and do not deserve a wipe of this kind. At least, we might hear what they have got to say.

On the passing of the Bill for Demolishing the Irish Church, COLONEL STUART KNOX sped it from the House with a parting kick, declaring that it was going to its last home. And, late in the week, LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS, for the Government, intimated that he meant to move its rejection by the Lords. We do not like risking a bold opinion; in fact, timidity of utterance is one of *Mr. Punch's* graces—

> "He would not, in a peremptory tone,
> Assert the Nose upon his face his own;"

but he ventures to think that he has some grounds for not being entirely convinced that the rejection of this Bill will put an end to the agitation against the Church of Ireland.

Wednesday. REARDEN asked a ridiculous question about the alleged flogging of an Irish priest because a newspaper had been sent to him in prison. MR. ADDERLEY gave a contemptuous answer, and expressed regret that such idiotcy should be put into the Notice Paper.

MR. MILL's Bill for getting rid of the strongholds of Bumbledom—the Vestries, was lucidly explained by himself, and was then talked out of the House of Commons, Bumbledomonians prating on until the fatal Quarter to Six. But there will come another "bad quarter of an hour" for the Vestries.

Thursday. Whether, under the pretence of going to Church, paupers ought to be allowed a chance of running away from the Unions on Sundays, leaving families chargeable, was considered by the Lords, who thought that on the whole poor people had a right to say that they wanted to go to church.

The Abyssinian Army, in reward for its bravery and endurance, is to have six months' batta, so it will have the solid pudding as well as the empty praise.

MR. DISRAELI refers the Electric Telegraphs Bill to the consideration of a Select Committee, and *Mr. Punch* refers the following fact to the consideration of a Select Public. An Irish editor of a newspaper, having dared to publish articles in support of the Government scheme for taking the wires away from those who manage them so badly and charge so high, a Telegraph Company (we mean to know which by next week), has menaced him with the taking away the contract under which he is at present supplied with news. These are the folks who presume to talk about a possible arbitrary course on the part of Government, if it had the telegraphs in hand. There is no possible English Minister who would commit the insolent act which MR. NORWOOD described.

Friday. The Lords were wise and busy, the Commons wiser and idle. The Peers listened to the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, who wished the Abyssinian army to be received with grand military honours. It was allowed that any honour which could be paid that gallant force had been deserved, but the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE pointed out, very fairly, that such a reception would establish a precedent, and that offence would be given if such a reception were ever omitted for the future. But H. R. H. expressed, in language of honourable warmth, his own gratitude, and that of the nation, for the noble services of SIR ROBERT NAPIER's troops.

Then there was talk about Foreshores. This means the bit of land between high and low water. It is the QUEEN's, but her lieges have a right to use it. As far as we can make out, the Scotch landlords use the Foreshores a good deal too much, to the extent of Foreshortening, as a painter might say, and do not like being told that the land is not theirs, but the QUEEN's.

A CAUTION TO CAGED BIRDS.

(*Apropos of the Conduct of the Ladies at the Division on the Married Women's Property Bill.*)

LET Members fight the livelong night,
With "Hear, hear" and "Oh, oh!"
When GLADSTONE proves that black is white,
Or DIZZ that "Yes" means "No!"

But, Ladies, you should never let
Such party noises rise:
Your little *cage* was never meant
For fan-taps, cheers and cries!

"Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur sint feminina."

THE Salford overseers insist on putting women's claims on the register.

Huzza for Salford!

The *loi Salique* bars women's rights. The *loi Sal(ford)-ique* allows them.

The great MILL of Westminster is proud to "cotton" to the lesser MILLS of Salford, who are about to lead the way in working up *shes* into *hes*, and effacing the odious distinction between the Lords and the Ladies of Creation!

A PROVERB ON ITS TRIAL.—"As honest as the *Day*."

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

LAST CHAPTER.

THE END.

THE Bells of Benicia were ringing for the double marriage. GRACE at one Church to her beloved NUTT; BESS at the other to her own dear JOSEPH, now JOSEPH, MARQUIS OF MEWSICKALL, with title of Free-Pass-to-The-Alhambra, and Baron Cancan, of Mabille, as a special honour from the Tuileries, whose motto has, since the events here recorded, become familiar in English mouths as household bread. We must also take this opportunity of adding, that Her Majesty's Government, determining to reward LIEUTENANT MARCHMONT for his distinguished services, patented him by the title of SIR CHARLES, to imitate which is fraudulent, and punishable by several acts of Parliament.

While these festivities were being enacted, another scene of a different sort was being played out by two performers.

In an apartment in the Good Bishop's Palace, which by a special rescript from the Home-Office he had been permitted to let unfurnished, the tenant, LADY ANNA DOMINO, taking the fitted fixtures, &c., on which arrangement we have neither time nor inclination to dwell now more minutely, sat the LADY ANNA DOMINO.

On the opposite side of the room behind a curtain stood PIEL DORNTON, regarding her curiously.

"Beautiful for ever!" he muttered between his set teeth.

Then he stood before her, pale, with bloodshot eyes and matted hair—he stood before her.

She saw at once, with a woman's intuitive perception, that the end had come.

"At last," she said. She still admired the man who had so cruelly deceived her.

"Recrimination is useless," he said, slowly and bitterly.

"Yes," she replied, in a cold tone. "It is."

"The police are here," he added, looking calmly from the window.

She inquired what division, and with his glass he was enabled to answer her question satisfactorily.

"My mind is made up," he continued; and then, with a slight tremor in his voice which even now midst all his villain's cunning showed there was one green spot in that cankered, sin-dried heart, he added, "What will become of you?"

"*What?*" returned LADY ANNA, turning towards him. "Do *you* think of that at *last?*" She stretched out her hand to him with something of the old affection in her touch. "Go, PIEL," she said, "Go, and poison yourself."

"I will," he replied, and undoing a large hamper marked "glass with care," which he had hitherto kept carefully concealed about his person, he extracted therefrom a large glass jar, and was about to drink its contents, when she arrested his hand.

At that supreme instant was it an old tender yearning?

She looked at him, then downwards at the carpet.

He had owned property himself in his prosperity, and divined the meaning of the glance.

"True," he replied; "as you wish. In the next room."

He walked towards the door, then turned, and in both arms held aloft the fatal bottle which contained a bright red fluid, and was marked outside with a hieroglyphic character, known only to those whose trade it is to deal in such dread preparations.

Once more he spoke:

"And you?"

"I will survive to know that *you* are out of the clutches of these myrmidons of a cruel law, and then——" she covered her face with her hands and sank upon a *fauteuil*.

He closed the door.

In another moment the officers rushed into the apartment.

"The Forger, the Murderer, the Upholsterer—where is he?"

"Your warrant?" asked the LADY ANNA indignantly.

The Chief beckoned, and a private in the force stepped forward with a roll of paper under his arm.

"It is enough," she said. "You will find him, there."

They entered the room, and returned almost immediately.

"There must be an inquest," said the Chief.

"As you will," said LADY ANNA. "At all events I am at liberty."

The polite officials did all that was necessary, and were subsequently entertained in the servants' hall until a late hour.

The LADY ANNA being much pitied as the victim of a villain's machination, was *fêted* for some considerable time after his decease, and if there was the slightest stain upon her otherwise fair character it was at once removed by the Good Bishop, whose tenant she continued to be at an advanced rental. Only she obtained permission to change its name from Phlebosco Palace to the more appropriate title of Kreammawn.

So in the beautiful gardens of Kreammawn, amid water-works and fire-works, with lovely singing-birds, foreign and native, including the several rare specimens of the Flying Trapèze which, with cuttings from the Boot-trees, and *genera* of Corkscrew-fish, Spoonbills, and other such *Lapsus linguæ*, GRACE had found upon the memorable island, and had presented partly to LADY ANNA partly to the Benician Museum, were celebrated the Matrimonial Festivities of the Happy Two pairs, which lasted several days. Then the Brides and Bridegrooms left in a couple of steam-yachts, which had been previously blessed by the Excellent Bishop, for the dear old Eel Pie Island in the Pacific, where NUTT (who was now the Right Honourable WILLIAM NUTT, elected to represent his new possession in the Lower Benician Chambers) built them a couple of houses, and stocked their paddock, and laid out their gardens, and charged them only half as much again as it would have cost them if they 'd done it themselves.

And then they rested.

And on a calm summer's evening, with the aged Lieutenant, now obliged to wear a white wig, and support himself with a stick, and still clinging to the costume of his old Venetian regimentals, on one side, and, on the other, Old MARTIN, who, unable to shake off his old labourer's habits, was always dressed in the brightly spotted dress of the clownish order in Benicia, his red and white cheeks being, at his age, the external signs of inward happiness, and rude health; we say with these two, one on either side, would stand in the centre the happy NUTT, in a bright gorgeous dress and a black half mask, partially concealing his features, (the custom in the Benician Chamber,) supporting with his out-stretched knee and stalwart arm the form of his fair and beautifully dressed bride, while behind them rose a romantic bower, as it were, a Fairy Pavilion of Imagination and Fancy, glittering, and dazzling, until among the plaudits and huzzas of the delighted populace, the kind MARQUIS JOSEPH, aided by his dear wife ELIZABETH, would light up great fires of joy, which shed their sometime red, sometime green light upon the glorious scene before them.

"Happy indeed," said GRACE, in after years, "was the thought which occurred to me, dear, upon the Island of sending those FOWLS out with our dinner advertisements for the Island."

"Sending the fowls in that manner, and on such an errand *was* hazardous," would her husband reply, caressing his eldest son, TOMMY, who was growing every day more like both of them, with perhaps just the slightest resemblance to the pet seal which he had trained upon the island.

"It was hazardous," would be her answer,

"It was indeed CHIKKIN HAZARD."

* * * * * * * *

Readers, we have done. This is the tale NUTT and GRACE told to their children.—This is the tale we have told to you.

Editor's Note.—And thank Heaven, it *is* finished. For of all the troublesome sets of men I've ever had to deal with, these Authors and Directors are the worst. I shan't publish any of their letters which I have by me, as I consider all correspondence at an end between us. I am going to bring out my own drama of *Fowl Play, or Chikkin Hazard*, which I trust will meet with popular favour, quite independently of the Authors, Directors and Artists, who have been trying on all sides to interfere with my editorial rights. I appeal to the public. The public is my judge. And the public is honest and intelligent. With the secession of the Editor, without whom further operations are impossible, the Novel Company Limited is dissolved. Gentle public, Adieu.

"LES BEAUX ESPRITS SE RENCONTRENT."

(HOME *to* RACHEL.)

MY RACHEL, 'twas cruel to check the renewal
Which too fleeting charms of thy powders demanded,
As it was through DAME LYONS to snub my alliance
With the Spirits, till, not worth a rap, I am stranded.

But birds of a feather should still pair together,
Then from LEWIS to FROGGATT why restlessly roam?
Accept in the Spirit a tribute you merit,
'Tis all I can give—a congenial HOME!

Black and Blue.

(*A Hint to the Jockey Club.*)

ROUSE, Rouse, horsey peers, for the sake of your fellows,
Lest in spite of blood Jockeyship bring your club low:
That the turf its blue ribband can boast, you may tell us,
But a blue-ribband ill on a black-leg must show.

A PAINTER WHO SHOULD ALWAYS BE HUNG "ON THE LINE."—HOOK.

"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER!"

A REPUTATION may be stained,
With smirch of foulest filth engrained,
But still the motto be sustained,
Of "Beautiful for Ever!"

Still o'er the door the Royal Arms
May lure, within our Circe's arms,
The fools who 'd by cosmetic charms
Be "Beautiful for Ever!"

Still battered belles, in triple veils,
Through real aches and borrowed ails
Will wade, in hopes to lure the males
When "Beautiful for Ever!"

Still dropping character and cash,
Fools will risk palsy, pimple, rash,
In hopes to rise from paste and wash
As "Beautiful for Ever!"

Would *Punch* could have a mirror raised
Before these fools, cosmetic-crazed,
To show the face they 'd hear bepraised
As "Beautiful for Ever!"

For nature's rose, red *rouge's* wear,
For nature's crown, a corpse's hair,
For nature's white, the enamel's glare—
There 's "Beautiful for Ever!"

But foully as such faces show,
Still fouller humours lurk below,
And more than healths to wreck may go,
In "Beautiful for Ever!"

Soon, seamed without and soiled within,
Soul may grow hideous as skin,
A whited sepulchre of sin—
Unbeautiful for Ever!

PENITENTIAL QUADRILLES.

MY DEAR OLD PUNCH,

IN a column of fashionable intelligence, I find an account of a dancing party in high life, which informs me that:—

"The company began to arrive just before eleven o'clock, and dancing commenced shortly after that hour. . . . At one o'clock supper was served up in the principal dining-room, after which dancing was resumed, and kept up with great spirit until an advanced hour."

The advanced hour, I suppose, was about most people's breakfast time. If I were a young man, and obliged by some prudential consideration—nothing else would induce me—to dance attendance at a ball, and be kept up till then, I should be tempted to get somewhere into a recess or behind a door, and cry "Muffins!" or "Hot Rolls!" I know this would be a very rustic and vulgar expression of impatience, but it would relieve my mind, and might perhaps hasten the break-up of the assembly, to the deliverance of reasonable men impressed by unreasoning women to go to a dancing-party when they should have gone to bed, and to stop at it until they should have got up again.

Nemo saltat sobrius is a saying that one might think was illustrated by the fashionable dancing world in apparently practising a resolution not to go home till morning, till a very considerable time after daylight hath appeared.

Dancing, in primitive ecclesiastical times, those of the old Fathers, I believe, was regarded with great disfavour by those venerable personages, or parties as I may say in the Gentoo. Our modern dancing may not be so objectionable as that of their period; but still, if they could see it, they would probably not more than half like it. We may doubt whether, because they commended vigils, they would approve of so much as the sitting up. But, could they look at dancing instead of sleeping in the light that I do, they would consider it an exercise altogether a great deal more laborious and tiresome than that of the treadmill, and perhaps might conceive the idea of imposing a course of it on persons like myself who might have committed some excess in the matter of eating and drinking. Watch, I think, is kept by some devotees on the eve of certain Saints' days. Would it not be something in the way of our fashionable Ritualist parsons to go to a ball at eleven, and stay there dancing "until an advanced hour," in honour of the Vigil of St. Vitus? All rational men, of course, would in the meanwhile be engaged in the worship of

MORPHEUS.

P.S. Vigil of S. V., a fast of course, for the Ritualists. No supper.

A NAVAL REFORM BILL WANTED.

THE Song of "*Rule Britannia*" will soon have to be altered, if measures be not taken to improve our Naval Architecture. How can it be possible that she should rule the waves, when her ships can hardly float, and of course still less can fight, on them? Just see what the *Times* says:—

"The Admirals selected for the experimental trials of the Ironclads report them so unsteady that a hostile force of turret ships would fire against them six shots for every one, while they in a seaway could not hope to hit their target 'except by accident or miracle.' But the Board have adhered to the old broadside form, in the teeth of warning and experience, and now, two years after the truth has become patent to all the world, they discover 'that the rolling and pitching of ships is involved in obscurity,' and have issued a Memorandum calling upon officers to register anew the obscure phenomena."

The Chassepot rifle, we are told, worked miracles at Mentana; but greater miracles apparently will have to be accomplished, to render our big broadside ships effective against turret ones. Yet we still keep building ironclads at half a million each, although they have been proved to be comparatively useless. For what can be the use of vessels so unsteady in a sea way that a turret ship would knock them into smithereens well-nigh ere they could hit her? The "obscurity" in which this fact is said to be involved is simply in the foggy state of intellect of the Admiralty Board: of whom the *Times* thus tersely sums up its complaints:—

"They squander our moneys, they neglect our coast defences, they maintain at a huge expense a wooden navy rotting in our harbours, and the Ironclads they build are built on so false a principle that an enemy can sink them as they roll, without being hit himself, 'except by accident or miracle.'"

The Wooden Walls of England of which we used to boast are worse than useless now that iron has supplanted them, for it costs us thousands yearly to let them lie and rot. But these wooden walls are not so costly to the country as the wooden heads that constitute our Admiralty Board. Wasteful, ignorant, shortsighted, and neglectful as they are, it surely is no wonder that such broadsides of complaint have often been poured into them from the broad sheets of the press.

Well, Parliament is going with a vengeance to reform itself; and let us hope that one of the first measures to be introduced next Session will be a thorough-going, no-quarter-giving measure for correcting the abuses of our present dockyard system, and securing us the benefits of Admiralty Reform.

WAIL BY A SMALL "BOOKMAKER."

I AIN'T a Member of Tattersall's,
But I ventured my pound or so
At a bookmaker's 'ouse in the Boro',
As gentility might term low.
I lost my pound, and the gent
Was took afore the beak;
To prison of course he 's sent
For four-and-twenty week.

It 's wrong for to venture small,
It 's right for to venture large:
It seems all square for the rich and sich
What never gets given in charge.
You may book the bet of a Bart or Duke,
Not of cads and snobs and tykes,
For there 's one lor for the HEARL OF FLUKE,
And another for VILLIAM SYKES.

Alter et Idem.

SOME cute Yankee importers have been cheating their own custom-house by getting their lead sent from Spain, run into moulds representing the heads of eminent American statesmen, and invoiced as "works of art," which come in free of duty. If the United States have to complain of lead being smuggled in on them under the form of statesmen's heads, our complaint on this side the water is that we have to pay heavily for "statesmen's heads," which should properly be entered as "lead."

A Quotation from Hamlet, for Admiral Rous.

(*After his facer from* JOHN DAY'S *Solicitors*, VALLANCE AND VALLANCE.)

"Your face is *Vallanced* since I saw you last."

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.

IT seems unaccountable that the Treasury should have appointed MR. STREET architect of the New Law Courts, when everybody complains that "Street-architecture" is the thing in London that most needs improving.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS WITH COSTUME.

FAR ABOVE ST. PAUL'S.

Has Mr. Bowley, of the Crystal Palace, time to read the *Post?* If not, he will perhaps be furnished with a bit of news and a hint, in the following extract from the letter of its Paris correspondent:—

"Many persons avail themselves of the short aërial voyage by means of the *ballon captif*, which ascends from the Hippodrome every quarter of an hour. The car is capable of containing fourteen persons, and the balloon is allowed to reach a height of 300 French yards, when it is held fast by a coil of rope, and remains stationary some twelve or thirteen minutes. A magnificent view of the city of Paris and the surrounding country is thus obtained, and the ascension is described as being exceedingly pleasant. Every precaution is taken to insure personal safety."

Couldn't a captive balloon be sent up from the popular pleasure-garden at Sydenham as easily as from the Parisian Hippodrome? In respect of the British Public, would it not probably prove a no less paying speculation than it is as regards the French? Some notion of its pecuniary success may be derived from the statement that:—

"The fee for the trip is 5fr., with the exception of the reserved days, Wednesday and Friday, when the charge is 10fr."

On shilling days at the Crystal Palace it would be advisable to put the price charged for going up in the balloon at the lowest remunerative figure, thus carrying out the principle of providing the masses with recreation that would be cheap as well as elevating.

(To be Continued, if Approved by the Public, Sanctioned by the Police, and Permitted by the Societies for the Protection of Animals, and the Prevention of Cruelty to Women and Children.)

THE FORTIFICATION FOX RUN TO EARTH.

This seems the costliest brute to hunt, and the most difficult to catch, in sporting records.

Now the Shoeburyness experiments have shown that he isn't to be caught in iron, let us hope he may be run to *earth*, at least, and secured in the cheap form of fifty-foot dykes, such as two thousand navvies could fling up in forty-eight hours in any part of England threatened by an enemy. Building up 15-inch screens of iron, to knock them to pieces with 15-ton guns and 500-lb. shot, is surely throwing money into the dirt, without getting protection for it. Suppose we tried earthworks instead of iron, and then if we threw our money into the dirt, we should at least throw a good deal less of it, and get protection into the bargain.

MUSICAL PROBLEM.

Why do Players on the Violoncello always take snuff?

[*Note by Printer's Devil.—Nobody Nose!*]

The Best Lawn-Mower.—Mr. Gladstone, with his Suspensory Bill.

ANOTHER SOUTHERN CONFEDERATION.

Peer of the Realm. "STAY, MY MAN,—HE WANTS TO OVERCHARGE YOU! GIVE ME YOUR FARE,—*I'LL* SEE THAT YOU 'RE NOT IMPOSED UPON."

British Working-Man. "THANK 'E, MY LORD! AH, MY LORD, YOU NOBS AIN'T HALF AS BLACK AS SOME FOLKS PAINT YOU!"

LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—

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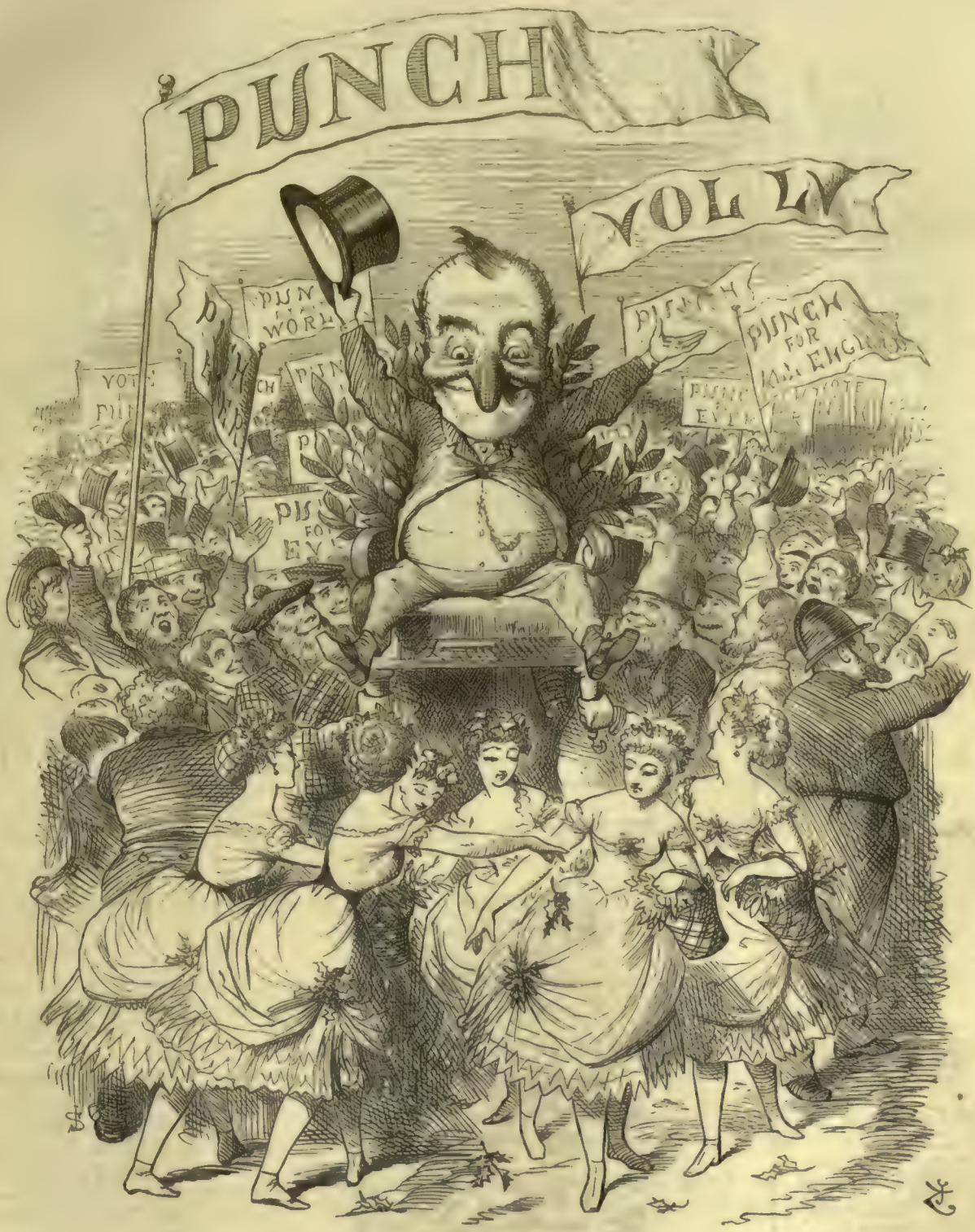

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"MR. PRESIDENT-ELECT, ULYSSES GRANT, of the United States of America, I congratulate you, Sir, and the great American Nation, upon your election to the throne of KING GEORGE WASHINGTON, and, in this goblet of driest champagne, I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy reign," said MR. PUNCH.

"Festive cuss!" said GENERAL GRANT, smiling.

"Your name, my ULYSSES," said MR. PUNCH, pensively, "appears to me to be of good augury for yourself and country"

"Defy omens."

"Man of brevity (which is the soul of wit), not to say of silence (which is golden), you are right.

And I, too, hold her General's blade
COLUMBIA'S omen and her aid.

Nathless, ODYSSEUS, a pleasing coincidence meriteth notice. There be points in the history of your classic namesake which a West-Pointsman will recal, and which somewhat adumbrate your own history."

"State 'em."

"Sir, thus. You did not desire to be employed in war, but like the King of Ithaca, when engaged, you showed the utmost sagacity, activity, and valour."

"Too brown to blush."

"There is no need. Nextly, happier than some heroes, you were universally applauded by your countrymen, and rewarded with the arms of ACHILLES; that is, the most exalted military honour in the nation's gift."

"Good again!"

"ULYSSES, Sir, was famous in connection with the horse. He valiantly carried away the horses of RHESUS, and he invented the horse that took Troy. I think, Sir, that you are a great authority in the matter of horses."

"Health, old hoss!"

"Thanks. Then, Sir, in steering for the wished-for shore, I find that you stopped your ears to all Siren blandishment, did your best to prevent Wind-bags from blowing your vessel wrong, and escaped safely from republican Scylla and democratic Charybdis.".

"Classic cuss!"

"Again, Sir, I find in your peculiarly wise dealing with the shoals of hungry beggars for office, the antitype of ULYSSES smashing the Suitors."

"Blow 'em!"

"Further, Sir, you have given a lesson to the Cyclops, or one-eyed people, who can see but one side of a

question, and forget that a King, or President, must rule for all. That lesson was given by a hot pole, and there was never a hotter poll than at your election."

"Playful cuss!"

"But, Sir, your greatest similitude, save one, is in the fact, that like the Ithacan your namesake, you, inspired by MINERVA, goddess of Wisdom, 'resolved to give peace to the Tribes.'"

"Tot up."

"Yes, Sir, for here is your last and grandest similitude. Equally with ULYSSES inspired by supernatural wisdom, you secretly departed for a gloomy region,

Where, in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Britannia dwells.
The sun ne'er views the uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances or retreats.
Unhappy race whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round with shades."

"In the dark, now. Where's that?"

"Here," said MR. PUNCH, mildly and forgivingly. "Is not that the view taken by you Americans, and by the French, whom you adore so, of the mental and physical condition of this rotten little old island?"

"We have fools. Haven't you?"

"Many, thanks be to the Parcæ, or how should the wise live? Well, Sir, you repudiate the description, but you accept the fact that you made a secret and mystic journey to consult TIRESIAS, the most profoundly wise Creature in all Creation, upon your future course. TIRESIAS, I need hardly add," said MR. PUNCH, modestly, "is MYSELF."

"By Jove," said the President-Elect, jumping up, clasping his venerable friend's hand with one of his own hands, and raising high the goblet with the other, "you are TIRESIAS, and your *bâton* is the staff which was given him by MINERVA, when he lost his eyes for ——"

"Never mind about that," said MR. PUNCH. "I have not lost mine, and if you have studied my works, you will know that my peculiar gift is that I never see anything which true reverence forbids me to see."

"Right, MR. PUNCH, and I would that all censors were as conscientious. I glory to know you, Sir. I came by the Cable, and I shall return the same way, for I cannot be bored with passenger chatter. I came to ask a favour."

"If possible, it is done. If impossible, it shall be done. That's the way to answer Queens and Presidents. Speak, Ulysses!"

"Firstly, however, I want you to say something civil for me to JOHN BULL. Say that I have some more of that difficult steering to do, and that I may not at present see fit to express for him all the good feeling I entertain. But my watchword is 'Peace,' and MR. REVERDY JOHNSON does but amplify the sentiments all really good Americans have for you. In my name, if you'll be so good, return JOHN BULL best wishes for a Happy Christmas, but give him a finger only, until—you comprehend?"

"Thus," said MR. PUNCH, dashing off a sketch with KEENE-like facility.

"Just that; bravo! And now, old man, give me your

Fifty-Fifth Volume.

"I foresaw your wish. It is here, inscribed—

Tiresias to Ulysses."

Perhaps they didn't quaff and fume until a late hour?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *June 22nd.* Question in the Commons about the Half-Crown, which has not been coined for fifteen years. Is that coin to be withdrawn? There is no present intention of withdrawing it. We hope not; we like to use it for tormenting a cabman, whose fare may be a florin. It is sweet revenge to seem about to tender him the larger coin, and suddenly to see your mistake, and give him his due—which every body and every spirit should have.

An odd mistake was made over a petition recently presented in honour of MR. EYRE. The numbers and the importance of the signatories were largely over-stated. The explanation was that a clerk had taken on himself to suppose that all the subscribers to the Defence Fund might be counted as subscribers to the petition. It was careless, but we can hardly regret anything that gave the House the fun afforded by a member of the Jamaica Committee, who declared that body to be "persecuted" by the Defence Fund. Wolf and Lamb.

Row about the last Friday's Count. Of course Government was charged with being in a "plot" to lose time, and delay the general election. Any stick will do, in certain circumstances, for castigatory purposes. The idea of keeping a House, this weather, to debate the rights of Excisemen to Vote! The fact was that an Irish Member

> "Came winking through the House,
> And canted off the Exciseman."

A short Indian debate, AYRTON floored, and the Government Bill advanced in Committee. Question is, shall the Council over-rule the Indian minister, or only have a Veto. House decided for the over-ruling, as at present.

The Irish Reform Bill, much scorned by the Irish Members, went through final stages, and passed at the end of the week, in silence. Fancy an Irish measure passing in silence!

Tuesday. The Lords read the Scotch Reform Bill a Second Time, and received a remarkable petition in favour of the destruction of the Irish Church. It was presented by LORD LYTTELTON, and signed by 261 beneficed and other clergymen of the Church of England. LORD REDESDALE was dreadfully shocked, and said that they were asking for a Sin and a Sacrilege. LORD GRANVILLE complimented their moral courage, and the BISHOP OF OXFORD, who at once grappled with the petition and began to count the names, found very few incumbents, and called the others "clergymen unattached." When *Punch* adds, that among the names are those of MAURICE, KINGSLEY, JOWETT, TEMPLE, ALFORD, GILBERT ELLIOT, FARRAR, and MONTAGU BUTLER, it may be thought that such a petition means a good deal.

LORD ELCHO made an elaborate speech upon the ineffectiveness of the British Army, and there was much military talk, ending with some severe comments upon the misbehaviour of a portion of the Volunteers at the Queen's Windsor Review of the previous Saturday. It is hard to say whether the misconduct of those Volunteers or the blundering of the Railway authorities deserves most reprobation; only the Railway folks are paid to do their duty, and the others are not.

Ought the Knights of Windsor to be obliged to go to daily service in St. George's Chapel? SIR C. O'LOGHLEN thought not, because they might be Catholics. MR. LABOUCHERE thought not, because they were old, and might be ill. But MR. HARDY showed that they were the Chapel guard, royal soldiers, peculiar champions, and almost part of the Dean and Chapter. So by 83 to 39 the old knights were desired to attend to their military-religious duties. It does not seem very hard to have to say one's short prayers, with fine music, in a fine chapel, just across the square.

A Lords' Committee reports that the Ecclesiastical Titles Act is no mere vain flourish, but a significant protest against Papal arrogance, and that it ought not to be repealed. The Bill for repeal was withdrawn, in the Commons. So was MR. T. HUGHES's Sunday Trading Bill, to the great delight of Houndsditch.

Wednesday. An Education debate, ending with the death of MR. BRUCE's Bill.

Thursday. Began the Grand Debate in the House of Lords on the Irish Church. The splendid chamber was crowded with Nobles, and brilliantly-attired Ladies smiled from the galleries on the knights below. The Commons swarmed around the Throne, and the audience was altogether one to make a gentleman, with anything in him, seek to bring it out in his best way. The only things that might rather tend to dull his efforts were the facts, firstly that it was perfectly well known what was going to be done; and, secondly, that it did not much signify.

LORD GRANVILLE ably moved the Second Reading of the Suspensory Bill. He had no inconsistency or suddenness to excuse, having talked Anti-Church of Ireland in the Commons twenty-four years ago. He asked the Lords to look at Canada, where Disendowment had made the Colony loyal and the Church prosperous.

LORD GREY moved the rejection of the Bill, but denounced the Irish Church. But the Bill did not grapple with the subject, and, moreover, was a partisan Bill. Why had not the Liberals, when in office, discovered that the Irish Church ought to come down?

LORD MALMESBURY could not help animadverting—and didn't help—but was helpless.

LORD CLARENDON. The Irish Church has failed. Let us do justice. The Lords ought not to wage battle with a decided majority of the House of Commons.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, holding that the question involved the vital issue of union of Church and State, was bound to struggle to the last against Disestablishment in Ireland.

LORD DERBY, pleading ill-health, but manifesting all the dash and fire of a veteran champion, reminded us, if he will excuse us for saying so, of another distinguished nobleman—

> "Cheers LARA's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,
> Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel."

He made a vigorous onslaught upon the enemies of the Irish Church, and with the skill of a practical orator rang out about Spoliation, Rights of Property, Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye, WILLIAM THE THIRD, the Coronation Oath and the QUEEN'S feelings, until the Bishops nearly cried, and the Curates in the crowd felt eager to fight somebody.

LORD KIMBERLEY could not see that he was a Church Robber. Tithes had been taken away. The Nation was the rightful heir to Church Property.

The BISHOP OF LONDON temperately expressed his dissatisfaction with the measure. It would be useless. Ireland wanted peace and quietness. We adjourned.

In the Commons, the Bristol Election Committee reported that MR. MILES had been unduly elected, and had been guilty of bribery through his agents, but that there was no proof that he knew it. The evidence showed about the same sordid and vulgar corruption as usual, but rather more impudence. MR. MORLEY did not claim the seat, but offers himself for re-election. There were some election agents at work at Bristol, whom the House should order to be soundly flogged. There would be then no more mock elections in Bristol for a quarter of a century—and not many elsewhere. It would be against the law, would it? What are laws, passed by men who acquire, by bribery, the right of making them? There's a rope's end coming, boys, a rope's end coming.

The House got on Art, which curiously never softens the manners of Members, nor forbids them to be ferocious. On a motion of LORD ELCHO'S, the Peel Statue, in New Palace Yard, was ordered to be taken away. It is due to the memory of the sculptor to say, that its inadequate proportions were due to the architect of the Houses, who was afraid of the effect of an heroic statue.

The PREMIER was taken to task for a speech he had lately made to the Merchant Taylors, in which he had said that, until LORD STANLEY took office, the affairs of Europe were in a wild sort of condition. Yet LORD DERBY offered office to LORD CLARENDON. MR. DISRAELI did not make much of his explanation, and had better have referred to the rest of his speech, and to his discovery that the Hand of Providence was in the present crisis, and have asked with the poet,

> "Must one swear to the truth of a song?"

Then the Bribery Bill made some progress in Committee, and the House of Commons divided in favour of giving up its jurisdiction over Bribery cases, and then came a fierce wrangle, and bad language till two in the morning.

Friday. The Lords resumed their High Debate about the Irish Church and State. LORD CARNARVON tore his late colleagues to pieces, and though not approving the Bill as regarded its time of introduction, and as a partisan measure, could not take the responsibility of rejecting it. LORD REDESDALE talked of Sacrilege and Sin, and had more to say about the Day of Judgment and our Creator than we care to set down. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH (Minister) defended the Church according to his lights, LORD DUFFERIN answering. The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK spoke up valiantly for the Irish Establishment, and the *Star* politely called him "a burly gentleman blustering," an awkward phrase considering whose fragile form and modest speech it is the *Star's* pleasure to glorify in and out of season. LORD ROMILLY complained that he had heard in that House six references to the acquisition of Church property by the BEDFORD family, and said that if compensation had been made to the poor abbots, the secularisation of such lands would have been an unmitigated good.

The ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH said that if the Church had failed, it was the State's fault. The EARL OF CORK was for imitating our policy in Scotland. The DUKE OF RUTLAND wasn't. The gentle SOMERSET charged LORD DERBY with trying to kick the House before him, and declared himself very happy in Opposition, a happiness which the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY hoped the Duke would long enjoy. LORD SALISBURY delivered a long, pungent, and telling speech against the principles alleged to be represented in the measure. LORD LYTTELTON thought the Church's position strange and untenable. LORD HARROWBY described the Bill as one for gratifying priestly revenge, and the BISHOP OF KILLALOE said that all property was a "grievance" to those who had none. Adjourned at 1.

The Commons talked of Cattle, Telegraphs, and Records till 12·25.

N.B. See *Mr. Punch's* cartoon of last week. It was yet more amply vindicated later. Because the Lords would not allow the Railway Conspirators to tax the public as they pleased, MESSRS. WATKINS & Co. have flung up the Combination Bill, and growl that the public may now look out for squalls. We thank the Coronets, and we warn the Companies. Our Iron Flail swings fluently.

PLEASING INTELLIGENCE.

A PIECE of foreign news, from Italy, has hardly made the noise, the agreeable noise, that might have been expected, considering the important organic changes it involves, and the interest they have for this afflicted metropolis—far greater than the attitude of Prussia towards France, or the movements of PRINCE NAPOLEON, or even the proceedings of the Austrian Reichsrath. The Italian organ-boy has been brought up before the Italian Parliament, and the comforting words of an Italian Minister give multitudes of distracted sufferers a hope that their troubles are likely to cease, through the compulsory deportation of Italian organists into England and France (the co-operation of both these tortured countries is, it is superfluous to add, expected) being stopped by the Italian Government. What a happy day that will be which shall pass without a single organ, Harmonian, or street piano, being ground in our hearing! and what a Great Handle Festival we will hold in commemoration of an event long desired, almost despaired of; but now, thanks to Italian Statesmen, to be serenaded hereafter with the choicest, sweetest music instrument and voice can concert together, a cheering probability!

FRANK BUCKLAND ON THE DEVONSHIRE FISHERIES.

"MR. F. BUCKLAND recently, at a public meeting at Exeter, in giving thanks to the Corporation for a grant of £150 towards improvement of the local fisheries, pointed out that if the river obstructions and pollutions were but removed, the Devonshire waters would soon be swarming with delicious fish. He had himself lately turned 700 salmon into the Axe, and 600 into the Exe."—*Devonshire Paper.*

> Says BUCKLAND to Exeter, "Think it not gammon:
> Only pay to keep weirs, filth, and poachers in bounds,
> And the *Axe* for the axing will answer with salmon,
> And, in money and fish, your *Exe-pence* bring back *pounds*."

The Turf in a Blaze.

THE MARQUIS OF AILESBURY'S Moors at Osmotherly in the North Riding of Yorkshire have taken fire, and were burning furiously the other day. Nobody knows, it is said, how the fire originated. *Mr. Punch* would suggest that it may have been *roused*, if not nursed, by the rotten state of the Turf and the heat of the Days, together, since the last Derby. It is observed that, as in most cases of this kind, there is more smoke than fire. What with the blacks and the choking clouds of vapour, the spelling of the name might well be altered to the O'Smotherly Moors.

Dirge.

> THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR'S dead,
> We hear from Antananarivo,
> RANAVALONO reigns instead,
> Her sister's crown upon her head,
> And so we need not grieve, Oh!

THE BRISTOL ELECTION COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

Once more Bristol has disgraced itself in its Election. The fame of its *Bird's-eye* is only equalled by the infamy of its *Returns*.

EVERY ANGLER HIS OWN "FLY."

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS is gone to Norway, for fishing.

GREAT SLANGING MATCH IN THE COMMONS.—GRANT DUFF against Grand Duffer.

WHERE A FULL STOP IS WANTED.—To the Girl of the Period.

EVIDENT.

Emma. "WELL, AUNTY, HOW DO YOU THINK THE SEASIDE AGREES WITH ME?"
Aunty. "LOR', MY LOVE, IT'S MADE QUITE A MAN OF YOU!"

A BEAUTIFIED BEING.

(*Old Lady sings.*)

ONLY look at me,
Fair in every feature;
Don't you think you see
A fascinating creature?
Venus, Beauty's Queen,
Looked so lovely never.
Lo now, I have been
Made Beautiful for Ever!

Here are bust and brow,
White as alabaster;
Don't you tell me, now,
That I am cased in plaster.
Here's a cheek, whose rose
Time shall never pluck—Oh
Do not say it glows
With nought but painted stucco!

Oh, forbear to chaff,
Saying, Art doth trammel
Features, which a laugh
Would cause to crack enamel.
Freckles o'er this face
Where did Time's hand sprinkle?
Point me out the place
Or show me any wrinkle.

I have undergone
Renovation thorough,
Loveliness, laid on,
Has filled up every furrow.
So, to win my hand,
Now, boys, who'll endeavour?
Take me as I stand,
Made Beautiful for Ever.

Absurd Omission.

SOMEBODY not singing the charming new ballad, "*Oh, Fond Dove*" at MR. COOEY'S Concert last Tuesday. (*The name was printed* KUHE *in the advertisements.—Printer's Devil.*)

A MODEL MAYOR.

MR. PUNCH'S best compliments to the Mayor of Welshpool. That gentleman appears to *Mr. Punch* to be the *beau idéal* of a jovial magistrate, one of the olden sort, and none the worse for that. There was question in the Town Council about a reception feast to SIR ROBERT NAPIER, whose father-in-law, GENERAL SCOTT, resides at Trelydan Hall, near the borough. According to the *Oswestry Advertiser*, up and spake the worthy Mayor:—

"We must fall in with the views of SIR ROBERT, as we are not certain that he can come to either a luncheon or a dinner. If we have a luncheon without SIR ROBERT it will certainly be a tame affair, but if we had a dinner, either with or without SIR ROBERT'S presence, we might be very jolly together. Whatever you decide upon I shall be very happy to lend my assistance in carrying it out."

If country magistrates never spoke less sensibly or less genially, *Mr. Punch* would be relieved from a good deal of his trouble in opening the minds of those beaks. We should like to be at a dinner under such a President.

Interesting Conversation.

Trotter. WALKER, you are aware I cannot carry weights?
Walker. I am.
Trotter. Good. That being the case, why is last Wednesday like that portion of my frame between the shoulders?
Walker. Don't know.
Trotter. Because it's a *weak back*. Good morning. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACCORDING TO A CLERICAL CONTEMPORARY.

THE REVEREND MR. RAM
Has resigned the living of Ham.

DANCE FOR MILKMEN.—The Can-Can.

HANDEL *v.* OFFENBACH.

"THEIR Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE were present during the second part of the performance of *Israel in Egypt*. It is to be regretted that, with this exception, the Handel Festival was not honoured by the presence of any of the members of the Royal Family."—*Morning Paper.*

"The first performance of *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein* was honoured with the presence of their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE, H.R.H. the CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK, H.R.H. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF TECK, &c., &c., &c. The house was sparkling with the presence of royalty and nobility."—*Morning Paper.*

Chacun à son goût, eh, M. OFFENBACH?

The Seal of Destiny.

KING THEODORE'S seal, which has been laid at the QUEEN'S feet as one of the *spolia opima* of the Abyssinian war, turns out to have been made by MESSRS. STRONGI'TH'ARM, Waterloo Place. It bears for its device a "monstrously rude" lion. An old Greek would have said there was an omen in the choice of manufacturer and emblem. The seal made by MESSRS. STRONGI'TH'ARM, of Waterloo Place—the monarch's doom sealed by British soldiers, the MESSRS. STRONGI'TH'ARM of Waterloo memories—the "monstrously rude" lion unquestionably the British, which has been so "monstrously rude" as to invade THEODORE'S kingdom, release his prisoners, take and burn his stronghold, upset his empire, and drive him to blow out his own brains.

ARRAH, NOW! WHISHT!

AN enthusiastic whist-player, an Irishman, says that as on Sunday in London he is debarred from his whist, the nearest approach he can make to it is attending the service in *Whist*-minster Abbey.

THE BAFFLED VOLUPTUARY. (A STUDY OF THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.)

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

(*Respectfully dedicated to all whom it may concern.*)

"WILL you walk into my Office?" said the Spider to the Fly,
"'Tis the snuggest little office for business on the sly:
The way into it lies down a broad and easy stair,
And I've *such* accommodation to offer parties there!"
"Oh no, no," answered the Green Fly, "To ask me is in vain;
Your stair is easier to go down than to get up again."

"Scorning hedges, following fancies, no wonder you're drained dry;
Do let me offer you a draft," said the Spider to the Fly.
"I like to be the friend at need, and take poor green flies in;
You'll oblige me by accepting: I've no use for the tin.
"No, thank you," answered the Green Fly, "I think I have heard say,
That for *your* accommodation through the nose one has to pay."

Said the knowing Spider to the Fly, "Dear Fly, what *can* I do
To prove how strong's the fancy that I have ta'en to *you?*
I've no end of 'good things' of which you're welcome to a slice,
If your stomach is not squeamish, and your taste not over nice."
"I don't think," answered the Green Fly, "that my way to that I see:
Your 'good things' with *green* flies, I've heard, are apt to disagree."

"Dear creature!" said the Spider, "You are witty as you're wise:
How hon'rable your scruples, how sagacious your replies!
But though to take a check from you I really must decline,
Lay aside your apprehensions, and take this cheque of mine."
"Not at present, Mr. Spider," said the Fly, "and now good day:
P'r'aps we may yet do business, should I o'er come round your way."

The Spider turned him with an air that said, though he was dumb,
How well he knew the poor Green Fly soon round *his* way would come.
So he wove his web of meshes, as strong as they were sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly.
Then he came out to his door again and temptingly did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the Green in eye and wing—

"You've had a cruel time of it: been cheated, choused, done brown:
Freely you've bled, and heavily in many a field come down.
They've 'nobbled you' upon the cross, when you ran on the square,
And won of you by foul play, what they ne'er had won by fair.
But I'm the card to teach you how doers may be done,
And each '*lost*' in your book-balance transmute into a '*won*.'"

Alas, alas, how surely and how soon the poor Green Fly,
With the Spider's wily tempting, round the Spider's way came by:
His crippled wings slow dragging, still near and nearer drew,
Not dainty was his stomach now: all qualms o'erboard he threw:
Burning with shame to fly the last where 'mongst the first he'd flown,
And hot to wreak on others the wrong that he had known.

Recking only of the suff'ring, and reckless of the sin:
Whatsoe'er the loss in winning, at all hazards bent to win;
He came within the Spider's clutch, poor foolish fly at last,
When out-sprang the cruel Spider, and his long arms round him cast!
Dragged him down his easy staircase into his little den,
Then, a scratch—a drop of poison—he ne'er came out again!

Now, Turf Flies—green ones, most of all—who may this fable read,
To the temptings of the tempter be deaf adders in your need.
If you lose foully, never think to pay off wrong with wrong;
Of the dead men's bones be mindful when you hear the Siren's song;
'Ware down-ward stairs: of "good things" and turf-agencies fight shy.
And take a lesson from the tale of the Spider and the Fly.

Additional Amusement.

IT is proposed to add a room full of astronomical celebrities. Among such scientific stars are to be COPERNICUS, GALILEO, NEWTON, HERSCHEL, &c. It will be a substitute for the Chamber of Horrors, and be advertised as the Chamber of Horrery.

A LADY going to MADAME RACHEL to be made beautiful for ever, is in *Richard the Third's* position of standing "the hazard of the *Dye*."

THE TURF SPIDER AND THE FLIES.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAREST JUDIANA,

You have now reached the age of eighteen, when it is the fashion for young ladies to take the reins of domestic government, and for their mothers to abdicate the chair of authority for ever; but I feel sure that your dear Papa, who has always been an advocate of woman's rights, would never consent to that sort of thing. I trust, therefore, that my daughter will not look down upon her mother because she is no Medical Woman, or would-be University-Woman, nor would-be Archbishopess, to talk sublimely about the Irish Church, no MRS. DIZZY, climbing the greased pole at the political fair to win the pig! but simply a stewing, preserving, non-Novel-writing person of the weaker—I mean—stronger sex, and a firm believer in the Rights of Men.

Such, my dearest, is your Mother, and I cannot conceal my satisfaction that I am not writing this letter to you fifty years hence; for your dear Papa, MR. JOHN STUART MILL, and all reformers, whether they be great and glorious, or the veriest rag-tag and bob-tail of society, prophesy such changes, that the very thought of being alive then, and of having daughters, makes my hair stand on end. To be sure, it would be a good thing for young ladies to find wholesome occupation; but how overwhelming to think of one's girls being M.A's and M.D.'s, and Curates and Barristers, and Members of Parliament! I console myself with thinking that if the study of Greek and Algebra would not make ladies better housekeepers and financiers than they are now, it could not make them worse.

To return to the point, though I really forget what that is now, my heart swells with British ardour and maternal pride when I contemplate the education I have been enabled to give my daughter, and all the money it has cost! I know that it is the fashion to run down the present system of female education, but has not my daughter learned to dance, to sing, to speak a little French, to dress her hair becomingly, to play croquet, to discuss with knowingness every topic of the day; to amuse herself from morning till night?—and is not this the accepted curriculum of female education in this great country?

Your education finished thus, it is my wish to discourse to you upon many things which every young woman on entering life ought to see through the eyes of a mother, even if she is only a meek-minded person addicted to Pickles and Pastry. I really feel ashamed of myself when I reflect that I am a nobody, and have not even written a novel! But though extremely humiliated at the idea of never contributing immortal works to the literature of my country, I can discourse to you in your mother tongue upon such topics as Hair Dyes, Husbands, Chignons, Curate's slippers, Ladies' Committees, Rights of Men, Dear MR. MILL's theories, (of which I am a humble expounder) and so on.

When I first surveyed the greatness of my undertaking I thought I should never have courage to battle with it, but the sight of so many words on paper has such an exhilarating effect upon the spirits, that I can well understand how ladies take to writing as men do to cigars and billiards. It is the only dram-drinking within their reach, and having once got a taste they cannot abstain; and really it would be very terrible if this desire to hear oneself wordify had no other vent-hole but conversation. Your Papa, however, though he has a great objection to what may be denominated as Tatting and Twaddling women (for it is astonishing and lamentable how ladies' tongues go when occupied with their harmless tatting needles), is at all times pleased to hear the opinions of Persons, as we may now call ourselves, who have any—and no British matron ought to be without—though they suit his palate better when they have been kept for some time, like onions, and are not too strong.

Oh, dear! I ask any feeling Person of the other sex to think of what it is to have a daughter just coming out, or rather one ought to say, going in,—a daughter going in, then, for croquet and curates, if she is an ordinary young lady, or for Committees and Degrees and Causes if she is clever; but in either case with so much sail and steam that it is impossible for any steady-going maternal craft to keep within hail of her, and to imagine what the state of mind of such a panting and despairing left-behind mother must be! I ask that feeling Person, as a man and a brother, to shut his eye for a moment, and putting himself in the place of a parent who has a daughter, look into the future and make what he can of it.

I confess that a daughter is a delightful spectacle to outsiders and the world in general, and I never go into the dull London streets without gazing in amazement, not unmixed with awe, at these chignon-bearing creatures, as young ladies may now be described in natural histories of civilisation, and without wondering if they tie up their throats with so many yards of gay ribbon to show that they deserve moral hanging for their follies. But to return to the mental arithmetic of any Feeling Person doing a sum in simple addition, who shall put his income, moral sentiments, philosophy, fireside comforts, and a quiet mind on one side, and on the other, his daughter's lawn-parties, concert-tickets, trips to Paris, seaside expenses, guineas for fashionable charities, brides'-maids' costume, Doing-as-other-people-do and other Necessaries of life, and see where the balance remains.

Ah! my dearest daughter, the Necessaries of life have increased sadly since *Mr. Punch* led me to the hymeneal altar, especially the one last mentioned!

I do not wish to cavil at the spirit of the age. I only want you to feel that you have a mother, and that that mother is a reformer, though she can blow with no mighty trumpet. A few years ago there waged a terrible war between those of my sex who called themselves reformers and the men they wanted to reform; but after many sanguinary conflicts, in which both parties were always victorious, a truce has been proclaimed, arms are laid down, and the once hostile forces are upon the most amicable terms imaginable.

I have already made some allusion to the Rights of Men, and as this is a question quite set aside by most ladies who come forward as champions of humanity, I feel it incumbent upon me to stand up for the poor helpless injured things. For though all women have not husbands and brothers, all women must at some time or other have had fathers, and have thus come into pretty close relationship with the inferior sex, as I suppose it is in this age of scientific discovery universally held to be; of course, making a few glorious exceptions, such as MR. BEALES, the POPE, MR. TUPPER, &c. The fact is, or rather *my* fact is,—for may it always be *Mrs. Punch's* endeavour to state opinions in the mild pleasant manner peculiar to her sex—my fact is, that men as an institution are little understood by the female part of the community. Why, boldly asks *Mrs. Punch*, in the name of common sense and her sex in general (excuse the paradoxical phraseology) is a man treated as if he were a fool by his female relations? "Gentle MARY WALKER," as the old song sweetly runs, "tell me why."

Before expounding upon this particular text, I will state what I consider to be the rights of all Britons of the male sex, only excluding Spirit-Rappers, Mormons, and all mischief-makers from MR. EYRE's persecutors and MR. REARDON downwards.

The Rights of Men are:—

1st. The last word but one in every domestic discussion.

2nd. The privilege of proroguing the parliament when the subject under consideration has been vehemently handled for the space of an hour.

3rd. To see that his wife or *fiancée* is properly taught the rudiments of arithmetic, so as to be able to do such sums as these:—

B.'s income is £600 per annum, but B.'s wife cannot, with the strictest economy keep house under £800 per annum. Subtract the last sum from the first, and what remains to lay by for the education of the boys, and for the dress of the girls, poor things?

If this does not answer, a man is justified by the laws of his country to quote ADAM SMITH, JEREMY BENTHAM, and other learned authorities, demonstrating that two and two make four.

4th. To go to the club with SMITH and BROWN whenever he returns home to find the kitchen chimney on fire, remonstrating policemen in the hall, cook sulky, mistress stormy, dinner not in sight, and most likely out of the question.

5th. To be treated like a reasonable being, and not like a fool; that is, cajoled into follies he cannot afford, to snobbisms he detests, flattered, fooled, wheedled.

6th. Every free-born Briton, provided he is harmless, and does his duty to his family and the world in general, has a right to a quiet life, a cigar now and then, sensible conversation, and a comfortable home.

Having enumerated the Rights of Men, I must now say a word or two about their wrongs; and this brings me back to the question—why is a man treated like a fool by most of the women with whom he is brought in contact? Whilst other ladies are proclaiming on the housetops that we want Votes, Universities, and Medical Degrees, and Property Laws, let me, as becomes *Mr. Punch's* consort, act the part of a domestic reformer, and tell my daughter and the rest of her sex, what we want besides in the way of reformation.

I wonder whether there will be a Professor of Common Sense in the

new College proposed for Ladies; and if so, what worthy Person will fill the Chair? Must I speak the truth, boldly, then? The rudiments of Common Sense are sadly neglected in these days.

For instance:—dear ladies, are not men flattered by you from the nursery upwards till you marry, and then what a wretch is he who does not consider his wife a superior being? You exact large measures of deference from him, but do you manage the domestic provinces so as to deserve it? But for the present let me prorogue this discourse, for I am growing agitated. The first duty of a well-bred woman is to prorogue her discourse when growing agitated.

Your aspiring Mother, MRS. PUNCH.

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

First Counter Tenor. "SCRITCHY, I THINK YOUR WIFE'S WAITING FOR YOU AT OUR ENTRANCE."

Second Counter Tenor. "OH, THEN, LET'S GO OUT AT THE *BASS* DOOR!"

INCREDIBLE BARBARITY AT BRIDPORT.

As children, and especially little girls, would be very likely to weep on being sent to gaol, the case subjoined, if it has been truly stated by the *Sherborne Journal*, may be safely said to have been one of "great cry and little wool."

"JUSTICE IS NOT ASLEEP IN THE WEST.—Two little girls were brought up before a Bridport magistrate, on Monday, for the offence of picking wool off the carcase of a dead sheep, which they found lying in a ditch, and 'on account of their youth' were—discharged, of course—No; sent to the common gaol for *three weeks!*"

The fact that a magistrate had been really guilty of the brutality thus ascribed to a member of the Bridport quorum, would give good cause for pronouncing that the savage *Shallow* deserved to go to the original author of the remark above-quoted on shearing. Is it really true, however, that such great cry was caused for so little wool? In that case the name of the justice who occasioned it ought to be known in order that, by direction of the HOME SECRETARY, it may cease to disgrace the Commission of the Peace.

Wanted—a Syllable.

THE Alexandra Park managers very properly reserve a right to turn disreputable folks off the race-ground. But the announcement scarcely expresses the meaning. The Directors "will exclude all persons whom they may think proper." Surely the word should be improper? If not, the meeting may prove jolly, but hardly respectable.

FORGET ME NOT.

(*A Song of Summer Drinks.*)

AIR—"*Vergiss mein Nicht.*"—MOZART.

FORGET me not! blue Mouse-ear, *Myosotis*,
That haunts the mead, *palustris* named of ooze,
Forget me not! I too, when parched my throat is,
Do cooling moisture love in Summer's heat to booze.
Iced Cup then let me drain,
Admixed, by dear provider,
With claret or champagne,
Or brisk and sparkling cider.
Oh! give that drink to me,
Athirst in case I be.
Forget me not!
Oh, that iced pot!
Forget me not!

Forget me not! round that cool tankard's border
There is one plant I always like to see,
Forget me not! of thy botanic order,
For thou dost rank among the *Boragineæ*.
Oh, crown my Cup with sprigs
Of aromatic borage!
Brave herb, his heart who swigs
That fills with cheer and courage!
Then give that drink to me,
Athirst in case I be,
Forget me not!
That same iced pot!
Forget me not!

BEALES'S HAT.

THANK destiny! The Empire has been saved from a crime and shame.

It was announced, to the dismay of millions, in the report of the Liberal meeting at Guildhall, against the Irish Church, that in a fight between SIR W. ROSE and MR. BEALES, the hat of the latter had been crushed.

We were stunned and shocked for two days.

But on the third MR. BEALES wrote a letter to the papers, and it contained these "words of sunshine:"

"IT IS NOT TRUE THAT MY HAT WAS CRUSHED."

That was not all. Anxious completely to allay our feelings, and restore us with the honey of comfort to the balm of bliss, MR. BEALES, as kind as he is great, added,

"IT WAS NOT EVEN DAMAGED."

England has sustained many a trial, and not infrequently has come to grief. But History shall not say of her that she crushed the Hat of BEALES!

"A MEETING LIKE THIS."

WHY is the Member for Peterborough still silent? Did he not see that at a recent Charitable Meeting for the benefit of the homeless, or workless, though not worthless, Poor of London, HENRY EDWARD, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, sat next to the Protestant BISHOP OF LONDON? This, to apply a joke not new to the diocese, is indeed a TAIT-*à-tête*, on which *Punch* the Protector smiles approvingly, and whereat WHALLEY the Woluble is dumbfounded. Yes! Three hundred years ago, one party in temporary ascendency would have burnt the other; but now, in these days, better enlightened by the Sun of Liberality than by the flames of Smithfield, Protestant and Catholic Bishops, warmed by the fire of a common charity in their hearts,

Regardless of creed,
Regard but the need
Of the Homeless and Hopeless;
We wish them God speed!

Election News.

IT is announced that MR. M'COMBIE, of Tillyfour, the great breeder of stock and winner of cups and medals, will be a candidate for the Second Seat to be given to Aberdeenshire. In the event of a contest, it is believed that every head of Scotch cattle will be "polled."

THE WEATHER AND THE WAX-WORKS.

IN consequence of continued complaints from the Wax Figures at MADAME TUSSAUD'S, *Mr. Punch* issued a Commission to inquire into their state as affected by the present hot weather. The result of the inquiry the Commissioners now beg to place before the public.

Dated, June, 1868. The TUSSAUD'S Bee-hive, Baker Street.

From the Large Room, Centre Group.

Fig. No. 8. HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF GREECE. *Baker* Street.

I should think so, indeed: might as well be in an oven at once. I am described in the Catalogue as "celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments." If this weather continues, and we're not allowed any ices; or, if I might suggest it, a quiet walk, after the Hive has been closed for the evening, in the Thames Tunnel, mine will be a melting beauty. *Am I often dusted?* Oh, yes. The kindly young person who waits upon me every morning, thought I had either been crying in the night, or had caught cold (no such luck!) and I was unable to make her understand that my left eye had been running. *Am I wandering?* Wish I could, if away from Baker Street. The heat affects my head, neck, shoulders, arms, and hands. For the rest—a-hem!—sawdust we are, and unto sawdust we shall return, unless the subject of this present memoir be put forward for ventilation. QUEEN OF GREECE, indeed! if this state of things is permitted, I shall be Queen of only one very little spot of Greece, which will be found where I now stand, as all that remains of yours truly, H. M. Q. G. As the witness appeared in a fainting condition, the inquiry was discontinued at this point.

No. 7. KING OF SARDINIA.

Phew! Fought once with England and France against Russia, the Tallow Country. Tallow! And this is retribution in wax. King of Sardinia! Wish I was a Sardine: done in oils, instead of this. Phew! The Commissioners bowed, and passed on.

No. 17. GENERAL CANROBERT.

What is this costume? It is the dress of a French General of Division. A wrong title, *par exemple:* there should be no division in a camp. Too hot to laugh. *Have I read* MR. KINGLAKE'S *third and fourth volume?* No; I hear he represents me as a General of Division in the matter of ST. ARNAUD and myself. He is a droll. If the proprietors would only give me a holiday, then he who now runs, might *then* read. *Will I give you* LORD RAGLAN'S *present address?* By all means. LORD RAGLAN lives at No. 15 (back of First Group). He says he's been often under fire, but he never knew any engagement so hot as the one he is fulfilling now with TUSSAUD & Co.

The General was informed that his conversation with LORD RAGLAN could not be received as evidence; whereupon he refused to reply to any further questions.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. *Address, No.* 35, *Second Group. Right Hand.*

Oh, yes! at home and at your service. Don't call me your Grace; say, your Grease; that's more like it. TUSSAUD'S Hotel has been very long established. *Would I, in this June,* 1868, *vote for its Disestablishment?* Yes, heartily. I wish I was at Lambeth, ho, hi, ho! . . . If I could only be permitted to stand in one of SYDNEY SMITH'S "parson-coolers," as that irreverent divine used to call the stone pulpits! Or take a dip in my own See! Or dance on my own Lawn!

His Grace having become slightly confused, the Commissioners withdrew.

No. 70. CHARLEMAGNE.

Yes, I am correctly described as "A Magnificent Figure." What'll become of it if this weather continues. You can't say to the heat as you do to any other visitor, "Please not to touch the Figures."

No. 76. VOLTAIRE.

Ahem! I think I had better not complain of the heat, though I feel it.

The subject, being evidently a painful one to the Philosopher, was dropped.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

Would listen to no questions.

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt!"
"But alas! to make me
The fixed figure!"
"Albeit unused to the melting mood."
"I'gin to be aweary of the Sun."
"We know what we are, but we know not what we may-be."

The Bard supposed it was too hot to go to the Theatre, or would have liked to have heard how his plays were drawing. Under cover of a cough, the Commissioners finished the interview.

No. 117. LUTHER.

I perfectly agree with my friends, His Holiness (he'll only be his Half-iness if July is like this) PIUS THE NINTH, CARDINALS WOLSEY, ANTONELLI, and WISEMAN, also with JOHN BRIGHT, on the subject of 90° in the shade. If it continues, we shall all require Re-formation.

The Doctor here wished to enter into the Colenso Question, in which he manifested considerable interest. He was informed that such a topic was irrelevant, whereupon he commenced swearing in Latin. At least, it being Latin, the Commissioners concluded it *was* swearing, and left him to himself.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Lodging at No. 78. Ha! who said Reformation? Ha! Smithfield, I'm sure, could have been nothing to this Tyrant TUSSAUD!

Commissioners retired in haste.

No. 120. JOHN WESLEY.

My Dear Brethren, I do not in anywise dissent from my neighbours, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, and His Majesty RICHARD THE THIRD, lodging at Numbers 119 and 121 respectively, who are using strong language about the heat. RICHARD says that he never will be "himself again," and calls this the summer of his discontent. I believe I am not long for this climate. How is SPURGEON? (*Left speaking.*)

The next witness was roused by treading on his toe; whereupon he raised his arm, turned his head mildly, and pretended to take a pinch of snuff.

No. 138. WILLIAM COBBETT.

I believe I am entirely "out of order." My arm moves rheumatically, and my head turns feebly. Where's a Doctor? As in life, so now, people tread on my toes. Oh, yes, they invariably beg my pardon, that's true; but the mischief's done. I grant I was a warm partisan, always, and perhaps a first-rate growler when there was something to growl at. Disappointed man, am I? Perhaps so. I expected that in this weather I should have been accommodated with a seat near the door. If they leave me here, they won't see much more of WILLIAM COBBETT, and be hanged to 'em.

No. 148. HENRY THE THIRD.

I hear visitors reading out of the Catalogue that I died of "natural decay." I shall do it again.

Further conversation declined.

No. 154. EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

Ich dien, TUSSAUD, but I should like to take a turn, on a pony, with LOUIS NAPOLEON on horseback, in Rotten Row.

The Commissioners were becoming interested in some important historical disclosures commenced by H.R.H. THE BLACK PRINCE, when they were abruptly summoned by

No. 181. WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

Orange? Wishes he had one now. Too faint to say any more, except that he thinks JAMES THE SECOND is better dressed than he is. Would the Commissioners make a note of it?

OLIVER CROMWELL (examined by COMMISSIONER LINN).

Expresses himself always glad to see Commissioners—reminds him of old times. Regrets he can't be removed like a bauble. Doesn't mean barbel—bauble. What's that on his nose? Wart. *Wart? Yes, wart* he said it was. Hates jokes; but said some good things himself when younger. Is dissatisfied with his position here. Why? Heat. Very hot between CHARES THE FIRST and CHARLEY THE SECOND. Why does he think the TUSSAUDS Royalists? Because they *executed* him in wax.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

Asked a few unimportant questions about the ducks in St. James's Park and other little ducks. Wasn't there a dog show? Oddsfish, there's the governor asking for something, gentlemen; as I said on a former occasion, I beg your pardon for detaining you.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

Feels the heat. Would like to go out to the Serpentine. *Why?* Because he would make a decent thing of it by letting out boats. New idea for Ship-money. Sorry they couldn't stop.

The Commissioners were walking towards the refreshment bar, for the weather was beginning to tell upon them, when they were hailed by a "Belay there, you lubbers!" which appeared to come from WILLIAM THE FOURTH. On approaching, they found His Majesty had nothing else to say, so they adhered to their original intention, and after this the inquiry was adjourned.

Widdles for Wallflowers.

Widdle. When is a lovely young lady, who can't sound her "r's," like, by her own showing, a resplendent angel?

Answer. When she tells you that she wears a pair of gold wings.

NEXT WIDDLE.

Widdle. Why is a pocket-handkerchief tattered by wear and tear like an elderly clown in a circus?

Answer. Because he's an old *wag*.

ENERGETIC WAY OF TAKING IT.

"YES, GENERALLY COME AND SIT HERE FOR AN HOUR AFTER BREAKFAST. ONE MUST HAVE EXERCISE, YOU KNOW."

DISRAELI'S DISPENSATION.

O DIZZY, my darling, when next a libation
You pour with the Taylors, so gladsome and free,
Don't prate, if you love me, about Dispensation,
For that 's not a word for yourself or for me.

When a gentleman spouts for his own recreation,
One wouldn't be hard on a firework phrase,
But the canting and *Record*ish word Dispensation—
Is *that* fitting stuff for these cynical days?

If you meant it in fun it 's a mere desecration,
If earnest, my boy,—but you 're not such a fool:
What certain religionists call Dispensation
Is something that never was taught in your school.

You want to set going a Church agitation,
Well, play out your game with each weapon that 's fair,
But the humbug that calls lobby-votes Dispensation,
Old *Punch*, the great Umpire, 's unable to bear.

Assert, if you like, that a dread tribulation
Will follow the fall of JOHN MANNERS and you;
But don't call a vote a divine Dispensation,
Because you 're aware that the thing is untrue.

Punch likes your smart books for your keen detestation
Of hypocrite howl that you christened a *Cry*,
But Taper and Tadpole ne'er roared Dispensation
When Protestant votes were the dearest to buy.

I'll end with a hint this unpleasant jobation:
If oft you display such an absence of Nous,
You 'll get what the Catholics call Dispensation
From paying the penance of leading a House.

PUNCH.

DESIGN FOR A MONUMENT OVER A TEATOTALLER'S TOMB.—An Urn.

TO THE LORD JOHN MANNERS.

DEAR LORD JOHN, *July* 1, 1868.

YOU were kind enough to promise us that water should return to the cleansed lake "in June."

It may have returned, but I walked across the lake, with my feet on the bottom thereof, in company with the Duke of Cornwall Terrace, the Duke of Albany Street, the Earl of Kent Terrace, the Earl of Gloucester Terrace, and the Misses Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia Lear, and back to the Ornamental Enclosure (where we play at croquet) last night, and none of us were in the least wet.

One would not hold a gentleman to a day or two, as if one were a sharp attorney, or an old maid who had grabbed at an offer, but the evenings are very hot, and if you would just prod the contractor a little, we and the ducks should be much obliged. Not that he has not been doing his work very neatly, or that the job will not be a good one.

Ever yours, faithfully,

Boskybellows Terrace,
Alpha Road.

"PARCUS" ET INFREQUENS, &c.

A Timely Warning.

WHAT a fearful thing a general drought would be! Water, water nowhere, and not a drop to drink! And yet to this we must come, unless Societies for the conservation of the English rivers are established everywhere to warn off oarsmen from their favourite work of destruction. We use the phrase, "work of destruction," advisedly, hearing from undoubted sources (of rivers) that boating is on the increase, and that everywhere stalwart young men and active boys are *pulling up our most beautiful English rivers.*

AFTER DINNER.

AT the Banquet given last week to the Archbishops and Bishops MR. JOHN ABEL SMITH, M.P. "replied briefly to the toast, but his remarks were inaudible." Hadn't he better change his name to MR. JOHN *UN*-ABEL SMITH?

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DEMORALISING SABBATARIANISM.

Is there not in existence a Society for Suppression of Vice? Because then its attention is invited to the question thus raised by the *Manchester Examiner*:—

"IS IT LAWFUL TO PLAY CRICKET ON A SUNDAY?—IN DR. DORAN'S recently published work on 'Saints and Sinners,' it is stated that 'at the present time cricket is the only game that can be lawfully played on Sunday. Either DR. DORAN or the Leominster magistrates must be in error, for the latter have just fined four boys a shilling and costs, with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment, for playing cricket on Sunday week."

If Sabbatarian justices are indeed empowered by any law to fine or imprison people for playing cricket on Sundays, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, in case there is one, ought immediately to petition for its repeal. It is a law of a most demoralising tendency. Cricket is as pure, healthful, and manly an amusement as any that can be imagined. It is difficult to conceive how the generality of boys, or men either, could pass their time on a Sunday between Church hours better than in a game of cricket. Being no manner of work, cricket is, nevertheless, occupation; and can therefore be displeasing only to the personage who "finds some mischief still," as DR. WATTS says, "for idle hands to do," and must, one would think, especially object to a pastime which keeps anybody out of mischief on Sundays. Whilst people are engaged in playing at cricket, they cannot at the same time booze in a public-house, or lounge and loiter about outside of it, repeating odious words every half-minute. Neither, as the Sabbatarians themselves might consider, can they travel in excursion trains or steam-boats. All the while they are playing they really rest the faculties which they have tasked during the week, and recruit the nervous system on whose condition mental health depends.

A SEASONABLE PETITION.

TO SIR RICHARD MAYNE, and the Police in Scotland Yard assembled—

The Humble Petition of the Dogs and Curs of London,

Sheweth,

That your petitioners are all, at present, of sound mind, although many of them, unhappily, are rather weak in body.

That your petitioners are afraid of being driven out of their senses by the recent cruel order that they must all be muzzled, when they take their walks abroad.

That your petitioners are by nature able to perspire only through their tongues, and the wearing of a muzzle impedes them in so doing, and thus induces fever, which to madness is akin.

That your petitioners will do their best to keep in their right minds, but if they be goaded out of them, their muzzles must be blamed.

That your petitioners would suggest that if dog-fountains were placed in convenient localities, stray dogs would not run the risk of being driven mad with thirst in the hot weather, and this would supersede the need of tying up their mouths.

That your petitioners have heard that this is a free country, but, while they are not suffered to walk about unmuzzled, they beg leave to doubt the fact.

Your petitioners therefore humbly pray that their muzzles be removed, and that they themselves be suffered to walk about unfettered as freeborn British subjects, provided that they pay the dog-tax, and in every way discharge their duty to the State.

And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FROM NATURE.(P)

TOILETTE DU SOIR À LA SIRÈNE.

The Practice of Baby Farming.

THE frequent mention of Baby Farming suggests the question—"What crops may a baby be expected to yield?" Thereto the only answer that can well be given is—"The usual exanthemata of infancy." But, at this rate, all the harvest a baby can afford would be reaped by the doctor.

A New Exhibition.

(Notice by Our Travelling Cockney.)

THE EMPEROR, the EMPRESS, the PRINCE IMPERIAL, and PRINCE NAPOLEON, as *A Nappy* Family.

DUET FROM "NORMA," ARRANGED FOR A LITTLE DUCK AND A CHORUS OF GREEN PEAS.—"*Yes, we together!*" &c.

OPERA FOR ODD-LAYERS.—Bet-ly.

THE ALEXANDRA PARK RACES.

OUR readers of African travels are aware that the races in Mungo Park are exceedingly dark. In this they differ widely from the races in Alexandra Park, which struck us as being remarkably fair. From Muswell Hill to Africa may appear somewhat of a jump, but the suffocating state of the weather was decidedly most suggestive of the continent in question, and certainly every race may have been aptly termed a heat. The approach from the railway station to the course having been liberally macadamised with broken brick, and then mercilessly crushed by the heels of some thousands of pedestrians, produced a rich and aromatic powder, which showed to great advantage on the boots and trousers of the visitors, and completely negatived the remark of a tolerant Cockney, who gave it as his opinion that the affair was "none so dusty." The charge of a shilling admission kept out the roughs, the *Bill Sykes* element being almost unnoticeable save in one or two instances when *Bill* had passed in with his Bob. The police arrangements were, however, most efficient, nobody being apprehended for any offence in the park itself, though several people were taken up by their "carriage" friends on the road. The ring was crowded, every inch of standing room being occupied, which rendered the declaration of several bookmakers that they would "lay against the field" somewhat absurd; and the voices of the shouting betting-men seemed to us to be even huskier than usual. It is evident that, paraphrasing the line of the poet, they think

"Who bets on horses should himself be hoarse,"

for anything more rasping and suggestive of a rusty stable-door hinge we never heard than were some of the "voices of the crowd" in the Muswell Hill betting-ring. The Grand Stand itself is a very imposing piece of Alexandra Parkitecture, and its general appearance is exceedingly refined, whilst the racing ground must really be considered a little course. Still, by going over it twice the distance is obviously doubled, and the victory is invariably settled after the second round. There was a marked absence of "three sticks a-penny" men, and of broken heads in consequence; for though, as usual in English assemblages, there were many who were reserved, we are bound to say we saw nobody shy. Even the unlucky dog who on race-courses as a rule "urges on his wild career," exciting as he does so the execrations of the populace, was absent from Alexandra Park, and practical joking snobs were content to carry flowers in coats instead of flour in bags, whilst that most nourishing but misused esculent, the pea, was not observable to the naked eye, either as an instrument of deception or as a missile.

The means of transit, too, were specially commendable, and though we are compelled occasionally to grumble at the extremes in dress to which ladies go, we confess to feeling with the manager of the Great Northern line that there are seasons when it is quite the right thing to go in for long trains.

There can be no doubt that the affair was more successful as an opportunity for an "outing" than as an event in the racing world. The managers could not ensure a perfect condition of the course after so long a drought, and if the horses' hoofs found the earth's crust a "hard case," it must be remembered that the Alexandra Park is only a walk from Town, and that one can't have everything even in these accommodating times. If the Muswell Hill gathering is not an Ascot for its style, a Goodwood for its "family partyishness," a Stockbridge for its jollity, an Epsom for its immensity, a Newmarket for its thorough professional flavour, or a Hampton for its furious fun, it partakes of the nature of all of them, and it only requires some judicious improvements—in the matter of admission money to the exclusive portions of the field for instance—to render it one of the most pleasant of annual attractions.

We would however suggest that there should be some protection afforded even to the "Welcher." There have been instances where innocent people have fallen a victim to that spirit of rough justice which incites a British crowd to resent and punish the deliberate cheat. It would be better for a "select circle" to investigate the charge rather than thrust him forth to the mercy of the mob. But for another offender we would urge no leniency. We allude to the individual (and his name on both days was legion) who continually remarks, "I 'll have your hat." An assault in his case is quite justifiable; and in every instance of an expressed desire for the possession of one's head-covering, it should be perfectly legitimate to take him at his word, and "let him have it."

PEEL'S GHOST

Apropos of PEEL'S *Statue.*

SAYS PEEL'S ghost to PEEL'S statue, as sadly it stood
In the corner of New Palace Yard:
"You 're by far, far, the worst, where I fear none is good;
And to blush for one's own brass is hard.

"In the spirit, as erst in the flesh I was wont,
Choice of three courses let me suggest:
When of OSBORNE and ELCHO you 've faced the full brunt,
I don't much doubt which you 'll think best.

"The first is the course which good MANNERS demands;
But which Good Taste, says "No" to, I fear;
To leave your deformity just as it stands,
To Commons and Cabbies a jeer.

"Next course, to the wit and the wisdom we owe
Which JOHN HARDY hovers between,
To leave you a statue, but not *statu quo*,—
Clapped away where you cannot be seen.

"The third course is that which I think, on the whole,
As original I should like best—
By way of repose for my wandering soul
That now hovers round you distrest—

"To the furnace again your spoiled brass to consign;
The poor Baron's friends it may hurt:
I honour their feelings, let *them* think of mine;
Of the three courses, that 's your desert."

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAREST JUDIANA,

AFTER those preliminary remarks of mine, I debated in my mind what was the most important topic with which to begin a series of letters to my daughter, and it took me several anxious days and sleepless nights to come to no conclusion. At last I went to your dear Papa, who, however waggish and cynical he can be upon occasions, is the most feeling of men when his wife, or indeed any lady, is in real distress; and what was my surprise when he said, without taking a moment's time for reflection, "Dress, my dear, may be briefly stated as the most important object in a woman's life—so there begin."

So there begin! I couldn't have believed that matters had come to such a pass: but who so able to decide upon any grave question where ladies are concerned as my dear *Mr. Punch?* Of course, *Mr. Punch* is right, but I can only say that Dress is far from being *my* most important object in life; and though he did not say so, it is to be taken for granted that he excepted me, as every gentleman is bound to except his wife when making severe assertions.

It must be admitted that the sin of dowdyism can no longer be laid at the door of Englishwomen by any impertinent foreign nation. It is, indeed, a most delectable and praiseworthy circumstance, and a crowning decoration and honour to the age we live in, that ladies of all ranks in life have at last been awakened to a sense of their moral responsibility as Wives, Mothers, and Daughters, and have learned the ART OF DRESS!

Golden Age, ineffable period! when the whole Duty of Woman is understood and acted up to with exemplary zeal and unmitigated self-devotion. How will my daughter's heart glow with exultation when she finds the heroic sacrifices of which her sex is capable, where so dear and so paramount a duty is concerned, as that of being well dressed! A few unkind people may doubt as to whether such a principle is the best upon which to found a moral code; and I was only saying something of this kind to MRS. GRUNDY the other day, but she answered in a very decided tone—

"My dear *Mrs. Punch*, what you say is very sensible, and so on; but then, like all theorists, you live up in the clouds. Put yourself in my shoes, if you please. As a practical, conscientious British matron, with grown-up daughters to marry, and poor GRUNDY not being nearly so

well-off as he appears, and tradesmen's bills increasing like snowballs from year to year, and the boys being obliged to launch out a little at Cambridge as other young men do, I cannot do as I would for my girls, though I give them every advantage in my power. It is true they have had little education, excepting dancing and music, but what is education in comparison to a good wardrobe? and really few girls can make a better show than my JULIA and CLARA and BLANCHE, especially at night, when white silks don't show their yellow tint, and no one is the wiser for cleaned gloves and "done-up's." The worst of it is, that milliners are sometimes so disagreeable and ask for money, the ungrateful creatures, when a lady of my position has patronised them for years, and is almost sure to settle up accounts some day or other! Ah! poor GRUNDY and I have an anxious time of it, especially since false hair and other expensive fashions have come in. I assure you, dear *Mrs. Punch*, I have lately paid—I mean I have bought—(for paying is quite out of the question, just now when provisions are so dear, and one is obliged to have lawn parties and other sociabilities of the season) no less than twenty guineas' worth of false hair for my girls, and even now BLANCHE'S chignon is detestably small. If crinolines were a thorn in the flesh, hair is two thorns, for the fashion is always changing, and you can't do up hair at home. Last year, my darling girls had the loveliest golden locks, so crisped and flossy, perfect bits of colour as artists would say, and now brown has come into fashion, and any lady knows what those simple words involve; to-morrow it may be black or burnt senna, or indeed aquamarine for all I know. But what Englishwoman would not dye for the honour of her country? and I pride myself that my daughters have dyed to some purpose. Revolutionise us, dear *Mrs. Punch*, as much as you please in other respects, but the art of dress is, in my opinion, the first business of a woman's life."

I confess to you, my dear daughter, that I do not agree with MRS. GRUNDY, and had I been a person of moral firmness, I should have told her my opinions of the present Red Indian, Abyssinian, frizzy-headed, scanty-skirted, be-feathered, be-spangled, be-fooled sort of costume, illogically called Ladies' full dress.

Your dear Papa and I are old-fashioned people, and though we try to keep up to the spirit of the times, we cannot reconcile ourselves to seeing respectable ladies dressed with as much violation of good taste and decency as women in the Gorilla country who know no better, poor dears!

Mr. Punch and I went to an evening party the other night, arriving as we were bidden to do, at the rational hour of ten; but no sooner had we entered the drawing-room, than *Mr. Punch* drew back, and said with a shocked, almost a solemn air, "We have evidently come too soon, my love, for the ladies have not finished dressing themselves."

I said meekly that I thought he was mistaken. "We must have come to the wrong house, then," he ejaculated quite fiercely; "and, in Heaven's name, *Mrs. Punch*, among what sort of company are we? Let us retire forthwith." But up stepped the hostess, a charming young lady, the modest wife of a fond husband, the mother of sweet children, and lo and behold, she was as outrageously dressed as a dancing-girl at a fair! An awful boss of some hairy material surmounted her head, and the remainder of her costume might be said to consist of a pearl necklace, pearl ear-rings, and a white silk train commencing at the waist. Of anything pretending to be a bodice there was no sign.

What are we coming to, then? What does it prognosticate when mothers and wives dress in the style of ANONYMAS? Is it done to please the men we wish our daughters to marry? What a lesson for them is this drawing-room spectacle! What an incentive to decorum! Oh, fie, ladies! Burn your chignons, every one of them; cut up your trains into vestments for your shoulders, dears; fancifully as Nature dresses the flowers, if you will, but with regard to comfort and propriety, and see how the men like that.

If ladies adopted this insufficient mode of Ball-dress out of economy there might be something said in its favour, but as it is, they spend double and treble the money necessary to cover their shoulders, upon pyramids of false hair, so firm and securely fastened that the Redan hardly stood cannon-balls better than they would do.

A clergyman's wife, in that mild and benignant manner with which clerical ladies are wont to handle the parochial reins, not long ago suggested the desirability of Liveries for female servants; but on the principle that modest dress, like charity, should begin at home, I commend other reformations to the lady's notice. If Liveries would keep housemaids and cooks from vanity and ruin, for Heaven's sake, Reverend Madam, let the system be introduced among their betters! What a revolution would be effected in society if some enterprising Moses were to set up a grand millinery and drapery Mart where ladies could buy costumes exactly proportionate to their husbands' incomes.

Let us begin with the £300 per annum department. Straw bonnets, of any colour, trimmed with ribbon, no flowers nor veils, except Shetland veils worn on hygienic principles to prevent tic-douloureux, Linsey dresses for winter, serge for Sundays; cotton and alpacas for summer, with cloth or alpaca mantles.

Next let us take the £500 per annum department. Plain net bonnets for summer, plain velvet for winter; dresses as before, with the addition of black silk, and mantle of same material for summer.

£700 per annum department. Bonnets as before, with the addition of neat flowers and one small feather; grey silk for summer, silk mantle trimmed with jet, French merino or black silk for winter: choice of mantles from £3 to £5.

And so on: do, dear Mrs. Rector, see what you can do in this matter, and when you have reformed the mistresses, then turn your attention to the maids.

Do I in my most ardent moments expect such a reformation? Shall *Mrs. Punch* call upon her sex for a Burning of the Vanities, to some purpose? Join, my JUDIANA, in the aspirations of

Your devoted and patriotic Mother,

MRS. PUNCH.

A NATIONAL TRIUMPH.

MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL read in *The Owl*, which he had borrowed:—

"Her Majesty's Government have resolved to confer a Peerage on SIR ROBERT NAPIER."

He remarked to MR. ARCHIBALD FRAZER—

"There'll be just nae Peer like NAPIER."

MR. ARCHIBALD FRAZER, in less than a minute, burst out laughing. MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL laughed too. Then they went off, both of them, into fits of laughter, which continued with momentary intermissions for about twenty minutes, and recurred at intervals during a period of four hours and a half.

Valuable Suggestion.

DEAR SIR,—Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, I observe in the *Illustrated News* that the King of *Tigre* uses a *Lion* for his seal. Surely there is something here which you could work up, and by so doing oblige,

Yours, obediently,

City. Tuesday. A STOCK-EXCHANGE WIT.

[We prefer to print our delightful Correspondent's letter, *minus* his respected signature.—*Ed. P.*]

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

IMPECUNIOSITY is evidently threatening the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. He has been sending a NAPOLEON for change all over Europe, and can't get it done anywhere.

A PROTECTOR.

"ALL RIGHT, MISS, *ALL* RIGHT! *I'VE* GOT 'OLD ON 'IM! *YOU'VE* NO CALL TO BE AFEARD!"

A WELCOME TO NAPIER AND HIS ARMY.

'TWAS Old NAPIER of Merchistoun first won the crown
Which a NAPIER has never been wanting to wear:
And NAPIER of Magdala now brings renown
To a stock with scarce room a new honour to bear.

Let the heart of old England be vocal with thanks,
Let the joy of old England be uttered in cheers,
That know no distinction of races or ranks,
But of chief and of army, alike, own "nae peers."

Ne'er had Captain or soldiers a worthier cause,
Nor themselves of that cause did more worthily bear;
Maintaining, not outraging, Chivalry's laws,
Till they tracked the hyæna to Magdala's lair.

In all the strange hardships through which they have past,
Foes or friends had the due that to either belonged;
In march, halt, or fight, from the first to the last,
Not a woman was outraged, a peasant was wronged.

From the salt of the sea, and the sand of the shore,
Through the wall of the mountain a door-way they clove;
Up the torrent bed slowly but surely they bore,
Over Alp upon Alp irresistibly strove.

If the loads were too heavy for scaling the track,
If the followers shrank from such marches, dismayed,
Let loads be abandoned, and followers sent back:
The track must be scaled, and the march must be made.

On and on, up and up, ever higher and higher,
But forwards, still forwards, they held on their way:
Till the basalt of Magdala gave back their fire,
And the tyrant stood, faced in his fastness, at bay.

Small renown such a foe to his conqu'rors can bring:
With the realm, not the chief, was the battle they won:
But from holier cause never warfare did spring,
Nor gave retrospect fairer, when fighting was done.

'Twas in no doubtful quarrel, for no sordid ends,
Not to humble a rival, or win land or fee;
But to prove England counts not what treasure she spends
If the wronged she but rights, and the captive sets free.

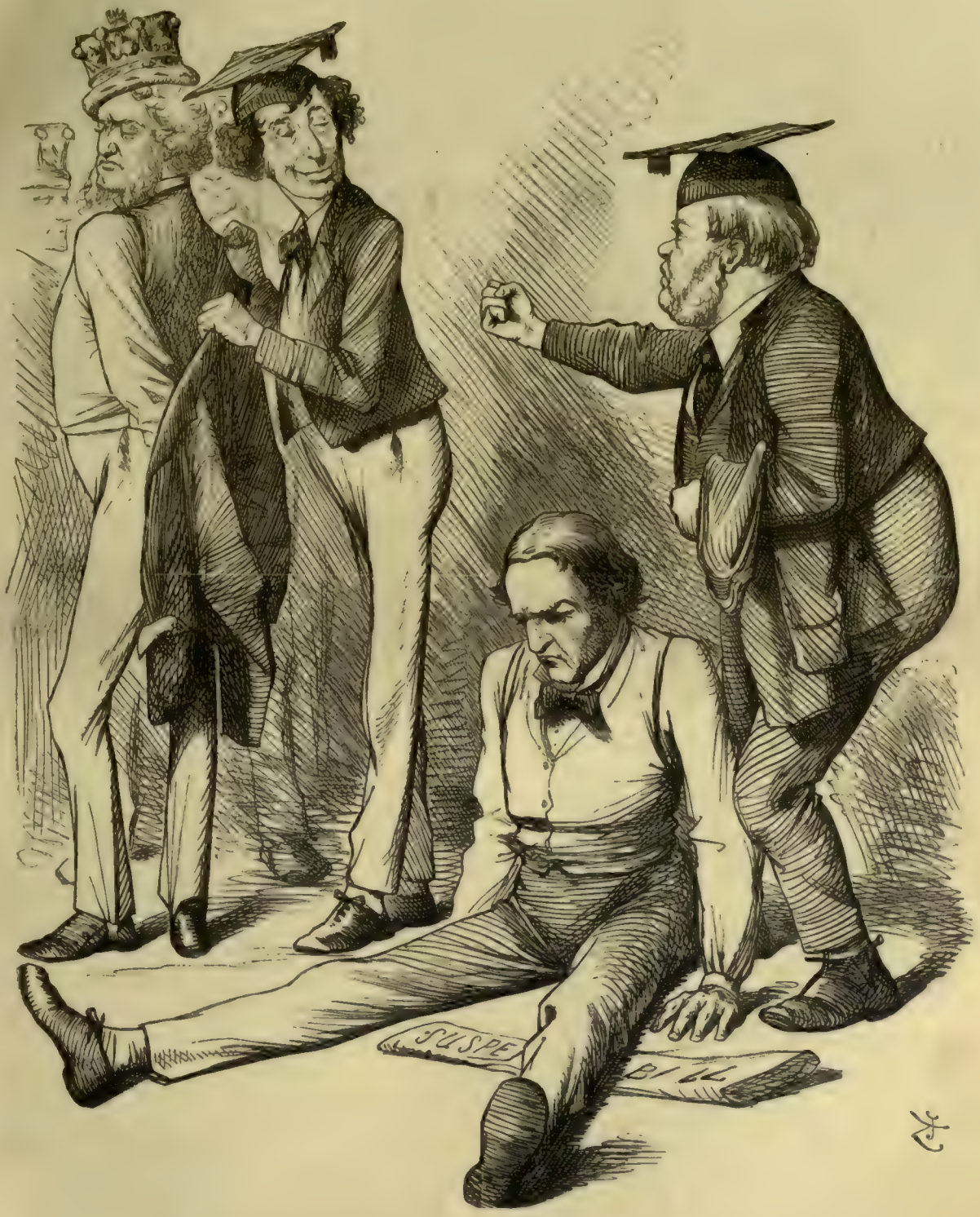
ROYALTY *v.* RITUALISM.

IF the Ritualists are prohibited from using incense *à la Romaine*, they may find some substitute for it in the following telegram, sent by her Most Gracious Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA, Defender of the Faith, on the occasion of the unveiling of DR. MARTIN LUTHER'S monument to the KING OF PRUSSIA, at Worms:—

"Pray express to the Committee for the erection of the Luther Memorial my most hearty congratulations upon the successful completion of their task. Protestant England cordially sympathises upon an occasion which unites the Protestant Princes and peoples of Germany."

Priests of the mock-turtle persuasion put that in your thuribles and smoke it. You see the QUEEN calls this country "Protestant England." HER MAJESTY expresses sympathy with an assemblage met to honour the memory of LUTHER, whom you call a heretic. What do you say to this demonstration on the part of your Sovereign? Nothing disrespectful, nothing malignant, nothing foolish, nothing that convicts you of hypocrisy and humbug? Then you will agreeably surprise straightforward and sensible people by showing yourselves more loyal, and wiser, and honester, than they imagined you to be.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RISK.—From the case of RISK ALLAH against the British and Foreign Marine Insurance Company, it seems that the Company consider that though they insure against any ordinary risk, they decline the responsibility of RISK ALLAH.



ATHLETICS AT WESTMINSTER.

JOHN BRIGHT. "HA! WON'T YOU KETCH IT NEXT HALF, WHEN OUR BIG BROTHER COMES!!!"

MR. PUNCH'S ENGLISH PRIZE POEM.

Recited at No. 85, Fleet Street, on the occasion of the Encænia or Commemoration of Benefactors and Typefounders.

DESCEND, O Muse! Yea, condescend, all Nine,
To aid my venture in the heroic line;
Your plectrum lend, your aluminium lyre,
And fill me with the best poetic fire.
In orient climes, where broad lagoons of sand
The horizon rim with leagues of lonely land,
Where green savannahs cool the heated eye,
Their grassy prairies billowing to the sky,
And the bright heaven is gay with tint and hue
No poet dreams, no painter ever drew:
The gracile palm the monarch of the scene,
The blithe cicala chirping on the green,
Birds on the wing with iridescent crest,
Proud of their plumage and their rainbow breast,
Now nigh, now neighbour to the climbing sun,
But all unconscious of the doomful gun;
The fragrant bush—its tamarisk and teak]
Restoring bloom to many a distant cheek—
With sweet temptation and mellifluous bribe
Alluring all the apiarian tribe,
And with a burst of coleopterous glee,
Which SPENCE and KIRBY would have longed to see,
Startling the love-birds in their dewy nest,
Mourning the brood they yesterday possessed,
And wondering why the cruel heart of youth
Could know no pity and could feel no ruth.
There, in their own pagoda, miles away,
With neither taxes, rates, nor rent to pay,
They sat and watched the young Mammalia play;
Heard the flamingo in the adjoining wood
Bleeding herself to find her offspring food;
Helped the torpedo, loth at first to creep,
Not half-awakened from hybernal sleep;
Enjoyed the peace, the privacy, the prawns,
Walks in the woodlands, lounges on the lawns,
And in the evening, resting from their toils,
Painted in water-colours and in oils—
A youthful pair, by boonful nature blessed
With gifts of grace and beauty, nicely dressed,
Bound by the tie but death or WILDE can sever,
And wishing five-pound notes would last for ever.
The moon was up, when in their new caïque
They dared the sea and rounded peak on peak,
Trusting the star that shimmered in their wake
Deep as their love, but tranquil as a lake,
Flying from home and several guardians' rage,
Both wealthy wards, and under legal age:—
He, who had risked for those blue eyes and hair
All that conspires to make life's morning fair,
The large estates which his great-uncle won
Beyond the telegraph and beyond the sun,
In various lands and different climes
Where no man thinks of writing to the *Times*,
Careless of fame and foxes, friends and foes,
If only she were near to mend his clothes;
While she, half-madden'd by the arrowy taunts
Of spiteful cousins and malignant aunts,
Flung to the winds her hopes of Earls and Dukes,
And fled with PERCY from the world's rebukes.
See roseate youth with mutual grace advance
Through the swift mazes of the rhythmic dance,
Wile the soft hours and lead the day along
With all the pomp and pleasantry of song,
Give time no respite, and foreclose the dawn
With games and sports, and croquet on the lawn;
Or, sometimes, neophytes in nature's lore,
Examine infusoria on the shore,
Till the chill shades of punctual twilight fall,
And PERCY's hand adjusts her Paisley shawl.
High in the midst the Sujah on his throne,
Between two monoliths of carious stone,
In robes of purple slashed with angry puce,
Spangled with bees, and fleur-de-lys, and luce;
A carcanet of "cat's-eyes" on his brow,
Sculptured all over with the sacred cow;
Grasping a sceptre jade and jacinth mixed,
With one blue beryl in the ferule fixed;
Swords at his side, and hauberks in his waist,
These set with sard, those with smaragdite faced;
His voice distinct above the maddening drums,
The gongs, the cymbals, and the hoarse tum-tums,
Rolled like a simoom through that vaulted hall,
Where lions crouched and leopards came at call,
Bidding the tremblers say why they had dared
Enter a land, where youth was never spared
A land no stranger ever left alive,
But died next morning at the stroke of five.
Around him ranged his stalwart stevedores stood,
Lust in their eye, and rapine in their blood,
In curious armour cased from head to heel,
Corslet and casque, and greaves of Sheffield steel,
Wielding the claymore and the Libyan lance,
Awful in slogan, awful in the dance,
And leal to him their Sujah and their King,
Who ordered fifty turbaned slaves to bring
Mead and metheglin in huge mazer bowls,
And told out moidores to buy sausage-rolls.
The goblets brimmed, they sang in Odin's praise,
And made their talk revolve round other days:
Told of their chief at tourney and at tilt,
Horsemen unhorsed, but he was never spilt;
First at the joust, and foremost in the fray,
The kingdom's backbone and the nation's stay;
Stalking the jaguar in its mountain lair,
Flashing his falchion through the polar bear,
Cleaving the dodo down from toe to tip,
And smiting wily wombats on the hip.
Such are the souls who mount supreme and climb,
And write their names upon the towers of Time;
Who soar in space away beyond the ken
Of well-dressed, drawling, ordinary men,
And on the roll of those who 've dared to think
Stand as indelible as marking ink.
The Sun, with clouds in waiting, was at rest
On Ocean's broad immeasurable breast,
The moon had risen, as sometimes is the case,
With one slight frown across her lovely face,
The usual stars were winking in the sky,
Theme of the poet's song, the lover's sigh,
And the wide welkin rang with peals of glee
Arising from a party taking tea;
When—for the Sujah changed his dire intent
And death commuted into banishment—
The Trireme came, and at her prow appeared
An aged henchman with a milk-white beard,
Charged to escort the youthful couple back,
By cape and coast, by tor and mountain track,
Past islands anchored in pellucid seas,
Where spices scent the soft meridian breeze,
Past headlands haunted in the gloaming hour
With Faun and Fay from barracoon and bower,
Along lone straths which few have ever trod,
Or heard a footfall chiming on the sod,
Through vales and valleys, gorge and gloomy glen,
Where pumas prowl, and ounces pound their den,
Up to the hills which skirt the eternal blue,
Home of the Condor glittering in the dew,
Who brings his brood the lamb, the savoury cub,
And meets a member of the Alpine Club.
She spoke—her words were soft as eider down,
And heard with rapture by the crowded town,
Who thronged the casements and the chimney-tops,
Who dressed their areas with festoons of hops,
Got banners, flags, and military bands,
Grew hoarse with shouting and then clapped their hands,
Sang national airs, rang all the rolling bells,
And fired off matchlocks, guns, and petronels;
To honour her and him so loth to go
From those bright shores where never falls the snow,
To face offended aunts and outraged law,
And all the horrors which their fancy saw,
In hyperborean districts, zones away,
Where morns were dark and eves were mostly grey—
Lands which might suit the solemn and the strong,
And had made something like a name in song,
But could not please that melancholy pair,
Who in each other's arms both perished there.
So have I seen the great Atrides' son
Fall down and die ere yet his race was run,
Expire and sink amid a ruined world,
And blood the flag his prowess had unfurled;
Cry to the eagle in his eyrie far—
"Bird, tell my queen, who owns yon streaming star,
That her great chieftain, loveliest of his clan,
Lived like a hero—died like a man."

YEOMANRY TRAINING.—(VERY SEVERE IN THE HOT WEATHER.)

DELIGHTFUL POSITION FOR MAJOR BLAZER, COOLING ON HIS WAY HOME FROM PARADE.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. PUNCH is a Trappist. Not only because he sets the most refined traps and catches therein all the Notabilities of the time. He is one of the order of *La Trappe*, founded 1140, in Normandy. Like *Alice*, he has quitted his Normandie, but he adheres to the rule, especially in this hot weather. The monks of *La Trappe* are bound to silence, and to labour, and are forbidden study, wine, fish, and other luxuries. He has obtained a dispensation from labour and from observing the other inhibitions, but he has devoted himself to silence and to smoking, and means to adhere to his vows until the thermometer shall permit him to wear clothes, and walk about. In these circumstances, he cannot restrain his compassion for people who crowd into public places, make speeches, hear music, or do anything which they are not obliged to do. He is filled with the tenderest compassion for the Lords of England, who met on

Monday, June 29, for the Third and last night of the great set debate on the Church-of-England in Ireland. Again came the Nobles, and the Ladies, and the Commons. The DUKE OF EDINBURGH, home again from Australia, sat with the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF on the cross benches, and in the Gallery were the Princes CHRISTIAN and LOUIS OF HESSE. The Stranger's Gallery was blackened with parsons.

The DUKE OF ARGYLL, whose lady-clan mustered in large and charming force, opened the night's debate, and declared that all Eyes and all Hearts were on the great question. He believed that the object was gained, for that question was raised from languid speculation into living politics. His Highland Grace made a very good party speech.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD took a large piece of chalk, and wrote "Presbyterian" all across the Duke's back. He was very humorous, and the way in which he imitated MR. SPURGEON, while reading a letter from that hierarch, was exceedingly telling. He had something to say about a concession to the spirit that excited Fenianism, and about a sentimental grievance, like that of Cain against Abel. Finally, he protested against sacrificing the Church and our liberties to Rome. It was all very clever, and did not in the least convey the idea that his Lordship was in any terror for the Church of England.

LORD SHAFTESBURY was like *Shirley*, in the old play, "O dear, I cannot tell what to say, nor what to do." But he manfully resolved to do nothing, and not vote, though he owned that the course was pusillanimous. We do not think, considering LORD SHAFTESBURY's surroundings, that it was anything of the sort. He was reasonably averse to putting the Lords into collision with the Commons.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND made a very mild speech against the Suspensory Bill, and in behalf of the bulwarks of the Constitution, which had better be called bullrushes if they are likely to go down on such a question.

LORD HOUGHTON thought that sentimental grievances were the most likely to become serious grievances. The Irish establishment was the Church of the Conqueror, and the Church of the Garrison. Had PITT's intentions in favour of the Catholics not been defeated, we should have long ago made Ireland tranquil: now we must do it in the best way we could. The Poet vindicated his name—he was a Doer, eh, MR. CARLYLE?

LORD BANDON was solemnly Protestant, and a clever reporter remarked to his successors in the duty of taking down the dreary harangue,

"All Hope a BANDON, ye who enter here."

LORD GRANARD, as a Catholic, declared that his fellow-believers were most anxious for the disestablishment. Which nobody can deny, or has denied except in Parliamentary speeches.

LORD CLANCARTY protested against violating the Act of Union. Dear CLANCARTY, the Union was obtained, partly by bribery, and partly by noble promises which have never been fulfilled. You know that, jewel. Eh, now, grammachree, mavourneen, dudeen, astore, and several other terms of endearment which we don't remember at present.

EARL RUSSELL. The veteran Irish Reformer made a very good speech. He could hardly say anything new, having been agitating against the Church in Ireland for fifty years, but he stated the entire case with vigour and terseness, and *Mr. Punch* feels contempt for any man (whether he regards the Irish as fellow-subjects who deserve justice, or aliens who are the better for stern rule) that could listen without a sentiment of veneration for the honourable little old brave English nobleman who, true to the convictions of a life, made another appeal on behalf of a principle which he has held so long.

LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS (evidently ill, *Punch* is sorry to say) then made his grand effort, and in a speech of some two hours and a half, addressed himself, with signal ability, to all sorts of arguments, great and small, against touching the Church. He ended by declaring that he had confidence in the true heart and faith of the country, and let the result be what it might, a statesman could desire no nobler cause for which to fight, no fairer field on which to fall. The plaudit was well-earned, and enthusiastic.

LORD GRANVILLE replied in a speech of point, and said that in a few months the battle would be fought and won.

About three in the morning the Lords divided.

For the Irish Church	192
Against her	97
Majority for rejecting MR. GLADSTONE'S Bill .	95

In the Commons there was also a great question. Some boys at Leominster had been fined for playing at Cricket, and of course the "liner" said that they were fined for playing it on a Sunday. The punishment was for damaging a growing crop, and Sunday had nothing to do with it. But, unless they were hardened sinners, who had been warned, JUSTICE PUNCH thinks a good blowing-up might have done.

Something about the Customs' on Silks—not so interesting as those of ladies, whose customs are to make remarks on silks worn by their friends, and if the silks be cheap, to call the wearer a dowdy, and her husband a mean wretch; and if dear, to wonder how soon that extravagant woman will bring her poor henpecked spouse into bankruptcy.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL (Conservative), himself one of the braves who wear the Victoria Cross, becomingly pleaded for giving Government employ to discharged soldiers. His proposal was warmly praised by MR. GLADSTONE, and coldly approved by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.

Another row about the Architects, ending with a division—the House by 90 to 45 didn't want to hear any more about it.

Vote for increase in police force, now more wanted than ever, and it was resisted by a little knot, who could number only 22 to 192, and we hope the minority will have an early opportunity of discovering that the police are much wanted. Of course we don't desire any serious damage, but we should like to read that MR. AYRTON had had his watch-guard torn away, and that ALDERMAN LUSK'S best Sunday hat had been knocked in, with the loss of his lunch, if he carries that in his castor or beaver, which is silk.

Tuesday. The Lords, as we mentioned last week, did well in crushing out the Conspiracy among the Southern Railways. They did less well to-day in passing a Bill by which the Brighton line will be able to raise its fares. They were lowered to defeat competition, and that being defeated, the Company discovers that the fares were too low. LORD REDESDALE made an energetic protest against assent, but was outvoted by 44 to 35.

Protestant magistrates somehow hate to let Catholic priests into the prisons to see Papist criminals. Continued complaint is made of the hindrances, and some of them are offered in a very vulgar and petty spirit. Of course, a Protestant may be as sincere in believing it wrong to assist in teaching Popery as a Catholic is in believing it to be right, but it was the intention of the Legislature to grant the priest as it grants the parson; and though the Act is permissive (which no Act should be, in a country of men who dislike doing anything new), its meaning ought to be carried out. Don't let us hear more of magisterial impracticability in this matter. MR. NEATE was amusing. He would make it obligatory on a priest to state whether a hanged Catholic had confessed his crime, or not. We object to this for two reasons. First, the Catholic Church enjoins secresy, (though a good citizen would, in the interest of society, manage that a needed fact should come out) but, secondly and chiefly, because the criminal is hanged on evidence that ought to satisfy every one, and not to need confirmation from the lips of a felon. The hankering for confession is natural, but illogical.

Those Excisemen and their votes again. Government thinks they ought not to vote, so does MR. GLADSTONE; but a general election is at hand, and the measure was carried by 79 to 47. If it gets to the Lords, they will probably throw it out.

MR. MILL'S most valuable Bill for giving us Municipal Corporations instead of jobbing Vestries, was got rid of——for the present.

Wednesday. More massacre. Down goes the Weights and Measures Bill, and our system, or rather our bundle of anomalies, the scoff even of the French peasant, is to continue. And the Libel Bill, to prevent newspapers from being punished for doing their duty and giving truthful reports, is also withdrawn.

But MR. COLERIDGE'S Bill for admitting Dissenters to all the privileges of the Universities was read a Second Time by 198 to 140. One opposing gentleman was good enough to say that the Dissenters were composed of the lower classes. Well, we have no particular friend in the First Life Guards who is an Independent, nor have we lately read the name of any distinguished Baptist lady on the doors of an opera box. But we fancy that we have met ladies and gentlemen who go to chapel. And if dissent prevails among the lower classes, it is a very good thing, for the religious police of dissent is far more vigilant than that of the Church, and very useful to those who are in danger of falling into divers temptations. ARCHBISHOP PUNCH is justice incarnate.

Thursday was a remarkable Parliament day, but it was marked with a black as well as a white stone. First, the white. The thanks of both Houses were given to SIR ROBERT NAPIER, for the third time, mind. He has been thanked for Indian and Chinese services, and they have been noble. To-day LORD MALMESBURY moved and LORD RUSSELL seconded the vote to him, and to his gallant naval coadjutor, COMMODORE HEATH, and LORD DERBY and LORD ELLENBOROUGH echoed the praises. And in the Commons, MR. DISRAELI, in language of artistic power, and MR. GLADSTONE with a generous warmth, performed the same duty, and LADY NAPIER heard them. When *Mr. Punch* adds, as he heartily does, his loudest cheer, the victor of Magdala may well be proud—yet he is one of the most modest of men, and talks of every one's services but his own.

All this was delightful. But then, in the Lords, we had the jolliest row. MR. DISRAELI in the Commons (his friends say *for* the Commons only, but this was taken to mean for the Government) accepted the altered Boundary Bill. Now the LORD CHANCELLOR and LORD BEAUCHAMP proposed to undo the alterations—to delay the Bill—and, folks say, to try to make a before-Christmas Parliament impossible. LORD RUSSELL was so indignant that he declared he would not stop in the House, and accordingly he haughtily left it, followed by about twelve Liberal lords. The Government in the Lords was so astonished at this that it opened its mouth, and had not shut it when our reporter left, and *Mr. Punch* was so much amused that he swore by Odin that he would do no more Essence this week. Mirth takes various forms of demonstration. BEAUCHAMP'S proposal was withdrawn next day.

A REMONSTRANCE WITH SIR RICHARD MAYNE.

(*From* TRAY.)

AIR—"*Guy Fawkes.*"

THE Dog Days Act, well meant, turns out in operation sinister.
SIR RICHARD MAYNE are you obliged that blunder to administer?
Wear muzzles when we go at large we must on pain of slaughter,
To hinder hydrophobia you prevent our drinking water.
Bow, wow, wow!
Oh, how uncomfortable! Bow, wow, wow!

The authors of this precious piece of British legislation,
If they had known we dogs have no cutaneous perspiration,
(Our lolling tongues performing the diaphoretic function)
Would not have doomed us thus to be tongue-tied without compunction.
Bow, wow, wow! &c.

A drunken dog it sometimes may be meet and fit to muzzle;
But we, dogs proper, no intoxicating fluid guzzle.
We're all of us teetotallers, drink water, pure and single;
A bit of brimstone in our cups is all we ever mingle.
Bow, wow, wow! &c.

I wish you could experience the miseries we suffer
Through that hard Act, devised by some unscientific duffer.
The dreadful irritation which that measure is exciting
Is quite enough to drive us mad; then he'll deserve a biting.
Bow, wow, wow! &c.

How would the House of Commons like to suffer this infliction
Themselves, which we do now endure, the worse for that restriction,
Which would be wholesome if imposed on certain legislators,
Interminable talkers, and impertinent debaters.
Bow, wow, wow! &c.

Pensive Thought.

IN his speech on the vote of thanks, the PREMIER said, "Happy is the man who has been thrice thanked by his country." Well, the country has *twice* thanked MR. DISRAELI, and it was on his two resignations. He may be happy yet.

PUDDING IT PLAINLY.

WHY is a promising Cricketer like flour and eggs?
Because he's calculated to make a good batter.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FAVOURITE STIMULANT.—BETSY'S British Brandy.

BAD FORM OF RING-WORM.—A "Welcher."

THE QUEEN'S BREAKFAST PARTY.

Mrs. Alderman Saltash and Daughters (in chorus). "GOOD GRACIOUS, 'PA! YOU'RE NOT GOING WITH US IN THOSE ——!!"
Mr. Alderman Saltash. "MY DEARS, I'M 'ONG RAYGIE,' I ASSURE YER!"

EGYPTIAN FINANCE.

WE have often of late had long and elaborate articles in the Papers under this heading. They might be compressed into one sentence. Egyptian Finance is for the Pasha to take all he can get, and quarrel for the rest. ISMAIL's real revenue is black mail, levied indiscriminately on all the Pasha's subjects, and all other Egyptian residents whom he can plunder with impunity.

As the Pasha never pays a debt, he is naturally disgusted with the Consular Courts, which are the only Courts in Egypt rude enough to give judgment against the Pasha in suits by the Pasha's creditors. He therefore proposes to alter the capitulations under which these Courts exist. There is nothing wonderful in that. What is wonderful, considering that the British is the most respectable and independent of all the Consular Courts, and that many of the Pasha's principal creditors are English subjects is, that LORD STANLEY should be in favour of the alteration. It is meant to make the Pasha independent, he says. We don't exactly see why he should be made independent of law and justice, and that is the independence he most values, and can most safely rely on Courts of his own to secure for him.

Spinsters of Arts.

IN his scheme for the establishment of a Ladies' College, somewhere between London and Cambridge, MR. LLEWELYN DAVIES proposes to take as a model the Cantabridgian "poll" examination. Very good; only the ladies, with their fondness for diminutives, will be sure to turn "poll" into "POLLY."

ON DIT.

THE Music Hall Comic Singers are about to publish *A Plea for Tol-lol-leration.*

ADVICE BY A REASONABLE ABSTAINER.—Stick to dry wine.

PRACTICAL INCREDULITY.

COMMENTING on MR. MONK's Bill for the removal of the electoral disabilities of revenue officers, the *Post* observes:—

"We know that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue object to their officers having even any religious opinions."

For that matter there is no difference between the Inland Revenue and the Excise and Customs. Now the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, some of them being Scotchmen, are doubtless familiar with the celebrated song of ROBERT BURNS, relating how:—

"The de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman."

It is easy to see why they should wish their subordinates to be free-thinkers. Not believing in the personage named by BURNS, those officers will never be deterred from doing their work by any fear that he will dance away with the Collector of Income-Tax.

A Woman's Question and Answer.

THE reason assigned by men why women ought not to have votes is in fact a woman's reason—because they oughtn't. Unless, indeed, you say:—

Why shouldn't females vote as well as males?
Because the women don't push down Park pales.

LEGITIMATE COMPLAINT.

THE Ritualists separate the sexes in Church. Paterfamilias writes to a paper complaining of this. He has been in the habit of sitting by his wife for twenty-five years, "and who," he piteously asks, "is, under the new plan, to pinch me when I snore out at the stupid sermon?" The clergy ought to see to this.

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"MEDEA" AT DRURY LANE.

ACT THE FIRST. We perceive on the rise of the curtain,
That *Dirce* considers her future uncertain,
For though she 's expecting her *Jason*, and he
A wonderful hero is well known to be,
And is going to wed her, the fact that her *J.*
Has another wife living although far away,
Whom he 's left, makes her fear that he may not prove steady,
And she turns all white, knowing he 's married all-reddy.
For, after all, heroes should not commit bigamy:
It 's right to be *Young*, but it 's wrong to be *Brigham-y*.
However, when *Jason* and *Creon* appear
With the famed *Golden Fleece*, she gets over her fear,
And whilst the procession files grandly before us,
She seems to be much re-assured by the Chorus.
But in midst of the general con-gratulation,
There enters *Medea* in great agitation,
And there, in the hearing of swells of the nation,
She calls *Jason* "Ingrate" in-great perturbation.
Medea says, "*Jason*, this match mustn't be,
You know you are lawfully wedded to me,
And surely *one* wife is enough, sometimes more;
You'd be married by two, you've been married be-fore."
Says *Creon* to *Dirce*, who 's cut to the core,
"*I'll* see to it, *calma il tuo terror:*
Medea, at *Jason's* attempt t'wards the lady,
You needn't take umbrage—admitting it 's 'shady;'
But leave us this instant, for though p'rhaps we may
Have shortly a dance, or charade, or a play,
Whichever the bride and her spouse may desire,
A dull mourning consort we do not require."
Medea then kneels, and in *scena* pathetic
Appeals, then indulges in language prophetic;
But *Creon*, the father, is blind to her kneeling,
Is deaf to entreaty, and dead to all feeling:
He 's a stony old *père*—so it 's no use ap-pealing.
Then deep threats of revenge at the party she flings,
And the Act Drop descends on this nice state of things.

When the **SECOND ACT** opens, *Medea* says, "Oh, King,
I feel in a humour just now Not for Jo-King.
I ask you to pause in this act you'd commit."
Says *Creon*, "The Bridal put off! Not a Bit.
Leave the place—you shall punished be, Ma'am, if you stay."
Thereupon she appeals for another short day,
Which he grants; then to *Jason*, who 's really unkind,
She gives a most liberal "bit of her mind,"
And she asks for her children, which *Jason* denies her:
To her threat'ning he turns a deaf ear, and def-ies her.
And then with unlimited heartlessness goes
And marries a second wife under her nose.
Whilst wrathful *Medea*, the right mood for crime in,
Exclaims, "Hymen, aid me, for such a rage I 'm in!"
And seizing a brand all alight in her hand,
(Which proves her wrath's genuine—witness the brand,
With revenge in her eye, as the dullest can see,
Rushes off in a tempest of passion *O. P.*

In the **THIRD ACT** we find out her dreadful intention,
Of which in the previous one she 'd made mention.
It is to present to the young bride as present
A mantle and crown steeped in poison, which pleasant
Acceptable gift *Jason's* children, no other,
Hand their father's new wife with the "Compts" of their mother.
And then poor *Medea* determines to slay
Her innocent boys as a lesson to *J.*
But feelings maternal asserting their sway,
She finds that she can't put them out of the way;
And her sorrows in wild plaintive music out-pour
Such an air! It commences, "*Del Rio Dolor.*"
At length she determines she *will* do the deed,
And vainly doth *Jason* with sword intercede;
Too late to defend either *Dirce* or those
Who called him "Papa," we are left to suppose
That the dreadful design of the ill-treated wife
Is accomplished, and so for the rest of his life
We feel pretty sure as the curtain descends
That *Creon* is safe to be cut by his friends;
Whilst *Jason*, no longer a husband or pappy,
Can't even expect to be mod'rately happy.
And the moral conveyed by the airs which abound
In this beautiful work are in two senses *sound;*
Whilst the lesson that 's taught by the author's libretto,
Is, that once on a bad road who knows where you 'll get to?

Medea is, for instance, seized by Furies,
Which forms a most effective "situation,"
Although the densest of provincial juries
Would find in her case some extenuation.
But we confess, as given at old Drury's
Grand house, the climax meets with approbation;
And as a change from VERDI and BELLINI,
We welcome very warmly CHERUBINI.

"Two stars keep not their motions in one sphere,"
The Poet sang, but we saw 'tother night
Three stars at Drury Lane, each brilliant, clear,
One really dazzling, but all very bright.
Punch could not yield the palm; and so, to steer
Clear of mistake, gave *both* palms—left and right.
To finish with a vile pun—oh, a base 'un—
He saw two *suns*, too—MAPLE-SON and JA-SON.

NEVER WASTE YOUR TIME.—Waste Somebody Else's.

DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

Landlord (exultingly). "BEAUTIFUL, PROMISING WEATHER, MR. CLOVERDALE!"
British Farmer. "AH, WE SHAN'T HEV' ANY NICE MOULDY HAY FOR THE COWS THIS YEAR!!"

EXQUISITE HOMAGE TO A LION.

OF course, when SIR ROBERT NAPIER visited the Crystal Palace there was tremendous cheering, and—

"The two bands, accompanied by the Great Organ, at the same time played '*See the Conquering Hero Comes.*'"

This was a truly British, straightforward, and explicit demonstration of merited homage, honest and hearty, if a little adipous. A more refined and delicate, because at first sight not quite so flattering compliment was paid, in the course of a musical performance, to the victor of THEODORE, when SIGNOR FOLI sang the famous air from HANDEL'S *Samson*, beginning with the words:—

"Honour and arms scorn such a foe;"

As whom, one naturally asks, if not the late King of Abyssinia? The song continues—

"Poor victory,
To conquer thee,
Or glory in thy overthrow;
Vanquish a slave that is half slain!
So mean a triumph I disdain."

To anybody whose sensibilities are but commonly keen, the foregoing strain, considered as sung in honour of SIR ROBERT NAPIER, may appear an example of curious infelicity. A nicer sense discerns the exquisite subtlety of a reticence which may be imagined to suggest that the foe with whom that great General had to contend was not the miserable THEODORE, but the nature of his country, with the obstacles which it opposed to an invader. Otherwise one would think that "*Honour and Arms*" had been selected for the occasion of Wednesday's *fête* at the Crystal Palace by some sly member of the Jamaica Committee and the Peace Society, or at least that NAPIER had fallen into the hands of the Philistines.

Cruel Satire.

LORD DERBY has charged LORD CARNARVON with having recommended "a dash" upon Magdala.

What LORD CARNARVON says he recommended was, "a diplomatic mission."

The idea of LORD STANLEY'S father confounding "dash" with "diplomacy!"

ADVICE TO THE POPE—

Don't take too much Rope.

POOR dear PIO NONO! I prithee take warning,
Nor good advice, though it is *Punch's*, be scorning.
Take up whate'er hobby may please ANTONELLI:
Take to scourging your back, or to starving your belly—
To hair-shirts or Chasse-pots, to Zouaves or penitents—
To preaching at women in tunics, or men i' tents—
To holding your toe to be kissed by young 'Merica—
To consigning KING VICTOR to—let us say—Jericho—
To putting down Campagna cub-hunts or chignons—
To gagging free speech, clipping free-thinkers' pinions—
To sending gold roses to QUEEN ISABELLA,
And making believe that she's all that you tell her—
To threatening damnation to Austria's Kaiser—
To laying mare's nests for our own *Advertiser*—
To cramming *canards* for our wonderful WHALLEY—
Giving Orangemen points for a row and a rally—
To sainting or sinnering, blessing or banning—
Finding texts for a MURPHY, or truths for a MANNING—
Bringing down Peter's keys, bringing up Peter's pence—
Putting truth in the Index, and banishing sense—
Anything, in a word, that is commonly foolish,
And in mere Papal measure mistaken or mulish,
But, as you your good would achieve and renounce ill,
Have nothing to do with a General Council:
The Council I mean that is called "Œcumenical,"
For which to Rome's bishops the earth o'er, you pen a call.
Pan-Anglican Synods may look Lilliputian,
To the crowd that obeys *your* world-wide allocution,
But, from small things to great, by that Synod take warning,
Which left its foes laughing, its friends in deep mourning.
For as surely as too many cooks spoil the broth,
The Church will be spoiled by too much of "the cloth."
For proof I appeal to the deliberations—
Conciones ad clerum—of *our* Convocations.
No work they get through, not a question they settle:
Tis but clerical pot pounding clerical kettle:
Or if e'er they unite to direct Church's thunder,
'Tis to back an injustice or bolster a blunder.
Whate'er your Episcopal Council proposes,
For putting down LUTHER, or backing up MOSES,
They have no more chance of o'er-bishoping men so
Than has Convocation of muzzling COLENSO.
Be wise then, and stick to encyclic and syllabus,
To mumming and mass *in pontificabilibus*,
Prove Papal misdoings mere Protestant scandal,
Excommunicate monarchs with bell, book and candle,
Intone "*Miserere*" and chaunt "*Dies Iræ*,"
O'er Bishops and Cardinals prone to inquiry,
Trust CULLEN in Ireland, or MANNING in London,—
Their zeal may be checked, or their blundering undone,—
But would you as POPE still direct fasts and feasts,
Ware General Councils, especially Priests'!

Very Alarming.

THE *Waterford Mail* says the intense heat in that part of Ireland has created quite a frenzy among the cattle, who are rushing about the country, half mad, in all directions. An excited mob of British Bulls is bad enough; but think of a stampede of frantic Irish Bulls! Perhaps they are all moving towards Rome, to be canonised into Papal Bulls. Nothing more crazy can well be imagined.

LITERARY.—The excellent article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on "The Pleasures of Wapping" has been erroneously attributed to the Head Master of Eton.

"UNTO THIS LAST."

Provincial (at the Leeds Exhibition). "I've hefard as the Paint on some o' these yere 'Piciers' comes to a matter o' Fi' Pounds sometimes, let alone the Man's Time a Layin' of it on, yer know!!!"

THE GREAT AMERICAN ELECTION.

It is fitting that every Diner-Out should understand the situation in America, as, *Mr. Punch* is happy to say, you are nearly sure to meet American gentlemen, and happier to say, American ladies, in good society. He will, therefore, in a few words, explain matters with the lucidity all his own. President Johnson's time will soon expire, and his successor must be elected. The rival candidates are General Grant and Mr. Horatio Seymour. The General is put up by the Republicans, Horatio by the Democrats. You might think that in a Republic everybody was a Republican, but this would only show your frightful ignorance. You might think that in a Democracy everybody was a Democrat, but this would only show your frightful ignorance. There is much more behind. It is all very well for men in a rotten old country like this to label themselves Liberal or Conservative, and so to be placed at once. Subtler politics pervade the States. Generally, you may say that the General's friends are those who were most persevering with the war, and are most resolved to make the South understand that it is whipped, and to give power to the Nigger. You may also understand that Mr. Horatio's party call themselves Conservative, and are for something like repudiation of financial bargains, and for encouraging the Fenians while the vote of the Irish rabble is useful, and then for throwing them over. Also that Seymour's friends are of the Johnsonian party, partly. Those facts will do for you to shuffle with; but, if you want to discuss the whole subject seriously, you must know that the Reconstruction Question has to be considered along with the Nebraska Line, and yet that the Hard Shells are separated, to a certain extent from the Copperheads, yet not so far as to involve the Naturalisation Doctrine, at least in its bearings upon the issue of Greenbacks, and the recognition of the Confederate Debt. You must also bear in mind that, although Mr. Colfax, who is put up as Vice-President with the General, is in the habit of smiling a good deal, this by no means weakens the right of Chief Justice Chase to be sent to Vienna in the place of Mr. Motley, when Mr. Horace Greeley shall have finished inaugurating the new *Public Ledger* Buildings (the most superb newspaper office in the world, and one that will make famous the name of Mr. Childs), though not too much stress must be laid on the return of Mr. Adams, greatly respected by all. Lastly, you must balance all the above items, and then throw into the scale the death of Hiram Kimber, the eminent Mormon, which is a counter-blow to the demise of Mr. Buchanan; and then, if you read the Constitution by the light of the will of General Washington, and the European Edition of the *New York Herald*, and carefully study the first ninety-seven tons of Mr. Seward's Despatches, you will be able modestly to sustain a conversation on American politics, if your own share in it be limited, as *Punch* advises, to asking questions of your American friends.

AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY.

Sir,—This is Thursday, July 9th, and I am in London. I read of the doings of the Aëronautical Society. What's the use of such a Society existing, if they can't give us a breath of air in Town? What are Water Companies for? Water. What are Air Companies for? Air. Very well then, let's have some. Yours, gaspingly, Gaspar.

P.S. I was going to add two jokes about raising the wind, also about water rates and aërates, including something good *àpropos* of aërated bread; but I can't work them up. Too hot. If you like the ideas, do 'em yourself.—G.

An Alderman on the Antique.

Mr. Alderman Lusk, M.P. for Finsbury, has endorsed the remark of one of his friends, touching the Elgin Marbles, that those remains of Grecian sculpture were "big stones and men without heads, and he did not think much of them." Probably the worthy Alderman prefers Gog and Magog.

The "Cross" Benches in the House of Lords.—Where the angry Peers sit.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FRIDAY, *July* 3. As if the Sun were not pertinacious enough, the Lords must kick up a little Shine again to-day. They could not wait for the Monday, to which LORD BEAUCHAMP had postponed his Amendment on the Boundaries Bill. MR. DISRAELI had, of course, sent for his colleagues, the LORD CHANCELLOR and LORD MALMESBURY, and had told them that they must oppose the Amendment which they had supported on the previous night, whereby they had made EARL RUSSELL and his tail rush out of the House in wrath. The PREMIER's orders were imperative, but LORD MALMESBURY revenged himself by giving LORD RUSSELL a terrible scolding, declaring that conduct so disrespectful to the House had never been seen. LORD BEAUCHAMP also told him that his behaviour was ignominious, and LORD DERBY added that it was ungenerous and unworthy. LORD RUSSELL could not see things in that light; but, as the Government had abandoned the Beauchamp Amendment, it dropped.

The Commons talked about the admitting Foreign Cattle into London. It is a dull subject, but it acquires liveliness when we come to look at our butchers' bills, and to find ourselves charged thirteenpence a pound for meat.

Monday. The groans of the Nova Scotians were respectfully listened to by the Lords, and the Blue Noses were assured that they had really nothing to complain of, and ought to understand that.

LORD JOHN MANNERS was asked by MR. THOMAS PARRY whether he meant to do anything to carry out the recommendations of a Report of 1866 as to the Accommodation of Public Departments. The Member for Boston was informed that nothing was to be done at present, but that notices would be given at the proper time. The idea of expecting Government to do anything, when only two years have elapsed since they were told what to do. N.B. No water in the Regent's Park yet!

Now, about this Bribery Bill. Whether the House of Commons much wants to pass it is not for *Mr. Punch* to say. It is a Government measure, and MR. MILL says that it is a meritorious attempt to grapple with a tremendous evil. Some wicked folks affirm that there is intention to use corruption at the General Election on a more stupendous scale than has ever been witnessed, and in this case it might be highly inconvenient to sundry persons to find themselves being tried before real Judges, who, have a way of administering the law without respect of persons, instead of before a Committee which is very hard upon "publicans, low attorneys, and other villains" (as MR. DENMAN observed), but has such a belief in the virtue of gentlemen, that it can never think that they know anything about bribes. The Bill proposes to take the jurisdiction from the House, and give it to the Judges. It were unprofitable to detail the wrangling, and the divisions that nearly brought the measure to grief, and caused a rumour to spread that MR. DISRAELI intended to throw it over. He has once more adjusted it, and declares that he will pass it if he can. We shall see.

Tuesday. The Lords passed the Scotch Reform Bill, rejecting LORD REDESDALE's proposal to enlarge the boundaries of Glasgow. *Mr. Punch* is worshipped in Glasgow with the fervour of admiration which distinguishes the *perfervidi*, and he has some idea of standing for that enormous city. His only objection is that, during the canvass, he should utterly ruin his digestion by yielding to the temptations of LANG's, the most variegated luncheon-house in visible creation—and a reproach to London, with its greasy sandwiches, of two sorts only, and both usually stale.

Schools debate in the Commons. MR. LOWE wanted to examine all the great schools, once a year, in the very things they don't teach; namely, reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, and history. This was very properly described as an insult to the schools. And who wants his son to learn any such useless nonsense, or anything else but bad Latin and good cricket? The real examination of Eton and Harrow is going on while *Mr. Punch* writes, and is being conducted at Lord's, in the presence of thousands of elegant spectators. But what do you think MR. MILL said? "All those things a boy should know before he goes to the great school." *Should* is a noun, or it may be a verb—we never learned grammar—anyhow it is a word, and it is a word that saves more trouble than any other in the language.

On a British Museum debate ALDERMAN LUSK intimated that the contents of the Museum were not various enough, and that there were too many things so much alike as to be a bore. Also the place abounded with "big stones and men without heads" (the honourable Alderman was supposed to refer to the Elgin marbles) and a friend of his did not think that they were so very good. The Trustees instantly gave orders that the natural history collection and the sculptures should be sold for what they would fetch. Will Finsbury return this Alderman again? *Punch* may have something to say, at fitting time, and his influence in that borough has been fatally tested by candidates whom he thought objectionable

Questioned about a Small Packets Delivery Company, which is now being prosecuted by the Post-Office, MR. WARD HUNT said that he did not know anything about that, but that some of the "circular delivery agencies had a way of throwing the circulars into rivers and ponds, instead of leaving them at the doors." We heartily applaud such agencies, and beg that they will continue to do so with all the circulars that they may be asked to deliver to us: and if the postmen would do the same with ninety-five per cent. of the letters, our happiness would be increased.

Wednesday. The Bill for making Mines pay rates was taken in Committee, and cut to pieces in the most wholesale manner. In fact, all the clauses but one were knocked out.

On the Oaths Bill, SERJEANT GASELEE remarked that the less a man swore the better. *Mr. Punch* is happy, for once, to proclaim his entire concurrence with an opinion of the learned serjeant.

Thursday. On the preceding Monday morning, early, our adored PRINCESS OF WALES added a little Princess to the group at Marlborough House, and to-day addresses of congratulation to the QUEEN were moved in both Houses. *Mr. Punch*, of course, drains his deepest goblet to the health of the three royal ladies, and rejoices with all his might. H. R. H. was at the Napier Fireworks on the Saturday, and driving about on the Sunday,—a lesson to young matrons who make unseemly fuss over these little arrangements.

In the Lords, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY got up a debate on Ritualism, and, declaring that he had never known such Awful Times, wanted to pass a strong Bill on the subject. Needless to add that he met his match in LORD SALISBURY, who said that the contest between those who liked different forms had been waged for two hundred years, and now Parliament was asked to strike down one party—the result would be to strengthen it by uniting all who approved the high worship, who supported the weak against the strong, and who hated the Evangelicals. The BISHOP OF CARLISLE made a good speech, showing that Ritualism, professedly intended to catch the poor, caught none except the upper classes, the poor preferring the sermons in the theatres. LORD RUSSELL was for postponing legislation to the most distant period, and there was other opposition. Then LORD DERBY suddenly cut the knot by moving the Previous Question, and this was carried, "to the apparent astonishment of LORD SHAFTESBURY."

The Irish Reform Bill has been passed, so the Triple work is complete.

In the Commons, a select party, nine soldiers and four officials, said MR. CHILDERS, discussed the all-important question of the management of the War Office. *Bref*, the Treasury is trying to defeat the admirable plan for consolidation, and for entrusting the direction to a master-hand, like SIR HENRY STORKS. This must be seen to.

Friday. The Abyssinian Conqueror is graced by his QUEEN with the well-earned title of LORD NAPIER, of Magdala, and by Parliament with a pension of £2000 a-year for his own life—may it be long and happy—and for that of his male heir.

"So should desert in arms be crowned."

Strong expressions in the Lords about the conduct of some of the Volunteers at the Windsor Review. Perhaps LORD LONGFORD, Under-Secretary for War, went far enough in observing that the offence of straggling led to the offences for which the Duke hanged many soldiers in the Peninsula. The authorities are considering what less punishment will suffice.

The Commons went at the Bribery Bill, and got on. They were also bored about the diet of Irish paupers, the dishonesty of Egyptian tribunals, and Trinity College, Dublin. The Lords' Amendments to the Scotch Reform Bill were accepted. "Courage, lads, I see land," as SOCRATES used to say when he nearly got to the end of a volume of *Alison*.

A "Derry" Down Ditty.

SAYS HARDY, "I know not, when CALCRAFT we lose,
Where to look for another to put in his shoes."
Says DIZZY, "Be easy, the right one to fill
Such a vacancy, sure, is Suspensory BILL!"
Says SIR STAFFORD, "I wish ere the old man depart
He would give us just one parting touch of his art:
I 'd spend the last sixpence we had in the till,
If he 'd string up JOHN BRIGHT and Suspensory BILL!"

CHANGE OF RELIGION.

DURING the Dog-days SIR RICHARD MAYNE has become a *Muzzle*-man.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

"Think, if the Nemesis that waits
On tyrants and their minions,
Were the new Parliament to move
To clip the Force's pinions,

"And anxious no more cooks should fall,
No masters more be chuzzled,
Were to condemn your Blues to walk
Their round of areas muzzled!

"And there, before the liberal Cook,
In Tantalus-like pause,
The baffled Bobby of her love,
A muzzle round his jaws!"

[See page 29.

GREAT LION SHOW. 1868.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

ROYAL LION, FIVE SHILLINGS. | ZOOLOGICAL LION, SIXPENCE (ON MONDAYS). | ABYSSINIAN LION, ONE SHILLING.

LEX TALIO-NIS.

(BY A SAD DOG.)

WHY clap dogs into muzzles
In this time of parching drought?
'Tis the knottiest of puzzles,—
From which we can't get out.

It is not yet the dog-days,
And even if it were,
We 're not more giv'n to rabies, then,
Than in winter time, we swear.

But though we don't go mad from heat,
Nor yet from want of water,
We *do*, what 's vulgarly called "sweat,"
And the tongue 's our sweating quarter.

To show their tongues, and not their teeth,
Is dogs' need in this weather,
But how can we hang out our tongues,
With jaws fast bound in leather?

The Blues may say, "Dogs shouldn't drink,—
No more than human critters:"
And if our kind were given to gin,
The Law *might* add its bitters;

But strong drink isn't in our line,
On Adam's ale we draw:
Then why, SIR RICHARD, tie us up
By this MAYNE-liquor law?

If London areas had tongues,
To reach the Commons' lobbies,
They could tell tales to prove *Dogs'* teeth,
Less dangerous than *Bobbies'*.

The cat stands charged with broken glass,
The dog with broken victuals:
If cats and dogs laid down the law,
They both would earn acquittals,

While area-walls proclaimed the deeds
Of guilt by Bobbies done,
And the devourer stood revealed—
In cook-charming A 1!

Think, if the Nemesis that waits
On tyrants and their minions,
Were the new Parliament to move
To clip the Force's pinions,

And, mindful of their cup-board loves—
And midnight area-pickings—
Vanish'd veal pies, cold legs walked off,
And fugitive cold chickings—

And anxious no more cooks should fall,
No masters more be chuzzled,
Were to condemn your Blues to walk
Their round of areas muzzled!

I see the sudden shudder run
From A to X division,
As each portrays in his mind's eye
The horrible position!

Beholds the rich cold roast and boiled
The willow-pattern load,
The crown of foam from off the pot
Demanding to be blowed,

And there, before the liberal Cook,
In Tantalus-like pause,
The baffled Bobby of her love,
A muzzle round his jaws!

Imagination from that scene
Of Horror shrinking cowers—
Conceive the suffering of the Force,
And put an end to ours!

ELEMENTARY AND PAPAL TEACHING.

ACCORDING to the *Pall Mall Gazette's* Roman correspondent, the POPE, the other day, paid a visit to his army on the plateau of Monte Cavo. Here his Holiness, in a temporary chapel, erected at great cost in the midst of the camp, said mass during a violent storm. At that elevation it was so cold as to oblige him to wear his red velvet cap. The rain came through the roof of the chapel, and an umbrella (red, likewise) had to be held over his head. By reason, also, of the weather—

"The white linen of the altar was retained in its place by the weight of bullets, and the Host was placed under a glass clock-shade to prevent its being carried away by the tempest."

Bullets, considered as means for the maintenance of the POPE's temporal power, may be deemed objectionable, but nobody can disapprove of their employment, in the way abovementioned, for the purpose of aiding him in the celebration of mass. It is to be hoped that he will have no more occasion for recourse to bullets except in some such a way as that. The necessity for the glass clock-shade may have taught the POPE something. Ecclesiastical consecration has but a limited effect on the elements.

FIRE-EATING IN FRANCE.

IN a book on *The Romance of Duelling*, MR. ANDREW STEINMETZ gives certain instructions for the guidance of British travellers who, at Paris or elsewhere on the Continent, may have the misfortune to get engaged in a quarrel, and consequently in a duel. Attention, Monsieur, if you please to that word, consequently. You pride yourself on your logic. Do you call the conclusion whose premises are sword-thrusts and pistol-shots logical? If you do, then surely, you retain the faith of mediæval chivalry, that Heaven defends the right. Otherwise, how can you allow any fool who is also a bully to compel you to stake your existence against his own at pleasure by offering you an insult of which you hold the receiver bound to call the author out? Of course, if you like the excitement of bodily peril, you are thankful to the fool who gives you an excuse for risking your life or limbs. In that case your invitation requesting him to try and kill you is logical enough; but is it the logic of a rational Monsieur?

Undeniable.

SOME silly people object to MR. BURNAND's parodying MESSRS. READE and BOUCICAULT's Holborn drama. Surely, everybody must admit that *Foul Play* is *Fair Game*.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

SOME of the newspapers comment with surprise on the "modesty" of SIR ROBERT NAPIER. They seem to have fancied that the victory of *Arrogie* must necessarily have made the hero *arrogant*.

A WIRE-DRAWN NOTION.

A MR. STRING-FELLOW has been exhibiting a flying machine at the Crystal Palace. That is, his machine won't exactly fly, but it will move along a wire. Really the inventor ought to be called MR. WIREFELLOW.

A FELLOW-FEELING.

Poor Man (to Swell emerging from Club). "No, indeed, Sir. Can't get any Work, Sir. Done Nothing for Months, Sir; and *you* know what that is, Sir!"

PENAL STARVATION.

In avoiding mistakes it is rather characteristic of certain administrative officials to run into opposite extremes. Some time ago, society had reason to complain that convicts were too well treated in prisons. Rogues and ruffians were so absurdly pampered that *Mr. Punch* was obliged not only to point this out with pen, but also with pencil in suitable sketches and cartoons. *Picturæ idiotarum sunt libri.*

From facts lately published by the Howard Association, it appears that criminals, instead of being any longer pampered, are now starved, not a few of them actually to death. Now, although the law directs that malefactors, condemned to death, shall be executed within prison walls, it orders them to be hanged, not starved, and none others to be executed at all. Even a fraudulent contractor, director, or banker should therefore be allowed a sufficiency of food to keep body and soul together.

Some difficulty is doubtless created by the necessity of maintaining the diet in gaols below that of the Union, inasmuch as if it be raised a degree above the starving-point, convicts will be put on a level with paupers. But could not Dives afford to add a few crumbs to the pittance of Lazarus whom he confines in his workhouse?

It cannot, however, be denied, and should be borne in mind, that rogues and thieves can effectually secure themselves from being starved in prison by the simple expedient of not stealing and cheating any more. And certainly a solution of the question how to deal with our criminals is discernible in the possibility of a sufficient bellyful, balanced by a sound flogging.

More Political Inconsistency.

There is ground for fearing that Lord John Manners will, in the future, not be so good a Conservative as he is at present, for he has warned the House of Commons that next year he thinks it will be necessary to take a vote, (of course, there is no doubt that he will be in office for years to come) for the purpose of reforming—the ground to the north of the Albert Memorial!

A Matinée Musicale.—A Lark's.

THIEVES UNDER THE THUMB.

Onnerd *Mr. Punch,* Sir, is this a free country? that's what I wants to No. 'Cos there's a covey 'ave bin writing to the *Times* for to edwise as burgelars and pickpokkets and sich should be ad afore the Beeks for to inquire into their carackter, which he says it was suggested by Mr. M. D. Hill, the late Recorder of Birmingum—small thanks to 'im for the same:—

"All persons suspected of living by theft might be apprehended under a warrant, in order that their mode of life might be inquired into, the *onus probandi* of honesty being with the accused. If a person has not an honest mode of obtaining his living, he must have a dishonest one. Separate crimes are punishable when the offender is caught, but criminality is a tolerated profession."

It's werry well to sport fine words like "criminallity" and "tollerated," but I means to say as this 'ere cove he don't know what he's saying. Vy, if you come to that, there's thieves in one or two "purfessions" as is "tolerated" by society, a'cos they can't well 'elp it. Ow about your money-lending lawyers, and your bubble joint-stock swindlers? Ortn't some of them to be surweillanced, don't you think? Vy, they swags their thousands easy, while we filches a poor fiver. Talk o' public safety and pussonal secoority, which is the most dangerous, the pore pickpokket like me, who prigs a ticker now and then, or the purfessional swell-mobsman, who's a bubble bank director, or a blackguardly attorney as discounts young nobs's bills? If you apprehends the one, you should nab 'em both, I ses, and if you quods the pickpokket 'acos the peelers swear as he's purfessionally a prig, you shood also quod the usurers and jointstockers who swindle by purfession, and who would find it preshus ard to prove as they are urning of a reelly 'onest livelihood.

Which I remain yours to comand, purfessionally, A Prig.

THE JULY ORDER.

Shakspearian Title for Sir Richard Mayne—*Dog-bury.*

THE COURT CIRCULAR A SPHINX.

Why were the Queen and the Royal Family like night-lights on the morning of Sunday last week? Because, according to the *Court Circular* for that day—

"Her Majesty the Queen, and the Princes and Princesses went out this morning."

After this alarming announcement it was reassuring to learn that Her Majesty and her illustrious children had continued to pursue their usual occupations.

"In the Multitude of Councillors there is (no) Wisdom."

The Judy of our bosom, reading of the proposed General Council, long insisted on confounding "œcumenical" with "economical." We have at last succeeded in impressing upon her, that though the sounds are almost alike, the meanings are as nearly as may be the reverse of each other. An "economical" council is a Saving council. An "œcumenical" council is a council that never saved anybody or anything; but has precipitated the destruction of a good many.

PROTESTANT THOUGHT.

The Pope's Bull of Invitation to the Œcumenical Council was published to the sound of silver shawms. Before the Prelates come, Rome may have heard the trumpets of Jericho.

Notice!

Good place for Whitebait Dinners, to be remembered by that historical question put by Queen Elizabeth to the Dutch Admiral—"How's your *Pur-fleet?*"

The Clergy who have a "*vested interest*" in the Anglican Church—The Ritualists.

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

Susan (with reverence). "LAWK A DAISY ME, HANN! O'OZE THAT!"
Hann (with awe). "MISS JEMIMA LARKYNS—OLD CHUMLEY'S COOK, NEXT DOOR!"

WAS THEODORE DECEIVED?

THE papers have been asking this question, the *Pall Mall Gazette* leading the way.

Mr. Punch would reply, not a doubt of it.

For example: he thought England would put up with the imprisonment of her consul, and the outrage of her envoy, rather than pay five millions to punish him and set them free. But she wouldn't.

He thought no English force could march from Zoulla to Magdala. But it did.

He thought his prison fortress impregnable. But it wasn't.

He thought his own big guns would smash the little English mountain batteries. But they couldn't.

He thought the rocket brigade at Arrogie was a train of baggage-mules, and the Punjaub Pioneers a rout of camp-followers. But they weren't.

He thought SIR ROBERT NAPIER would walk off thankfully with cows and captives, and leave him in quiet possession of his chiefs, his crown, his mortars, and his Magdala. But he wouldn't.

Yes, THEODORE *was* deceived at all points—not a doubt about it.

And "sarved him right," says *Mr. Punch*.

Excepting Exceptions.

BROWN stopping on the scorching flags of Regent Street to moralise, observed, "There 's nothing new under the Sun!"

"Except boots," exclaimed his limping friend, who was suffering agonies.

JAPANESE OUTDONE.

JUGGLING Extraordinary in Society. Feat as performed in Belgrave Square. Keeping up a Ball from eleven P.M. till five in the morning.

MAN WHO HAS A TURN FOR MUSIC.—An Organ-Grinder.

OUR LAW REPORT.

AN action was recently brought by a tenant of one house against his neighbour for annoying him by constantly playing on his pianos such tunes as "*Champagne Charley*," "*Not for Joseph*," "*Paddle your own Canoe*," and so forth. Abatement of nuisance was promised, but let us sincerely hope that *harmony will not be restored*.

Risky Allah's Latest Case.—Both SERGEANT PARRY on the one part, and SERGEANT BALLANTINE on the other, omitted to quote the well-known lines evidently applicable here,

"* * My Lord,
Who steals my purse steals trash: 'tis something, nothing."

For the rest consult your memory, or the nearest *Shakspeare*.

Free Translation for Financiers.

(*Suggested by* SIR MORTON PETO'S *Whitewashing*.)

"*Hanc veniam petimus damusque vicessim*."
"We are all PETOS more or less; so don't let 's be hard on him."

NOTHING=0.

CONSIDERING what their flying projects come to, no wonder the *Peter Wilkinses* who have lately been exhibiting at the Crystal Palace call themselves "Aëro-noughts."

CAUTION.

LADIES who wear long dresses, and dislike their being trampled on, should wear upon their backs a card with the inscription, "NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED!"

A MAN IN ADVANCE OF HIS TIME.—One who has been knocked into the middle of next week.

A POET'S INDIGNATION.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have been down upon me a good many times, but I know you love justice, and I confidently ask your aid. Sir, it has been reported that I am the author of the words of the song sung (and excellently, I hear, by MR. CUMMINGS) at the Crystal Palace on the day the DUKE OF EDINBURGH was there.

Sir, *Mr. Punch*, it is not true. I had nothing to do with it.

I allow, Sir, that the style of the so-called Poet is based upon mine, and that the mistake is not unnatural. But when you come to look at the verses that were sung, you will see that I, the POET CLOSE, could never have written such nonsense. Look here, Sir.

"Of NELSON, HOOD, and COLLINGWOOD,
Our grandsires used to sing;
Our fathers had a toast as good,
They gave 'the Sailor King!'
Now royal ALFRED treads the deck,
His courage to evince;
He braves the storm, nor fears the wreck;
God bless our Sailor Prince!"

Treads the deck to evince his courage! *Mr. Punch*, would I thus libel my Prince? He treads the deck for no such unseamanlike and idiotic purpose. He treads the deck because it is his duty to do so, and at the right time goes below for the same reason. But worse stuff follows.

"Young, brave and true, he wears the blue,
His courage to evince,
The pride, 'the darling of his crew;'
God bless our Sailor Prince!"

Wears the blue to evince his courage! One would think that it was a proscribed colour, and that like wearing of the green in Ireland, the feat was one of danger. Isn't it sad that thousands of folk should have to hear such bosh? But there is worse still.

"When o'er the land a flash of pain,
Shot through th' electric wire,
That England's darling son was slain,
High rose the people's ire;
Now let him know, *the coward blow*
Our fealty doth evince,
And blend our prayers, that God who spares,
May save our Sailor Prince."

What does the so-called Poet mean by saying that a flash of pain shot through the electric wire? Did it hurt the wire? And how does the coward blow (which wasn't a blow) evince our fealty? The fact is, Sir, that the barren-brained bard wanted to rhyme to Prince, and could think of no rhyme but evince. I, Sir, could have given him many rhymes, much better; as

Our noble Prince
Did never wince,
But ever since,
When eating mince,
Has wished for quince,
His mouth to rinse,
And thus convince
That he is every inch a Prince.

Sir, as the LADY FLORENCE PEPPLE, the sister of the young King of Bonny, successor to him of whom I was proud to be Laureate, is coming over, and I shall have to address her in song, it might do me injury in my business if I were supposed capable of writing such verses as those I have quoted. By giving publication to the facts, you will oblige,

Your obedient Servant,

THE POET CLOSE.

July, 1868.

What will the Teetotallers say?

THE REV. DR. JELF, on retiring from the Principalship of King's College, London, had a testimonial presented to him. You shall have as many guesses as you like, and yet you shall not find out what was selected to be given to a Doctor of Divinity on resigning the headship of a great educational establishment. A Theological Library? A set of clerical robes? A full-length portrait? A silver tea and coffee service? A candelabrum?—All wrong. They gave him (besides founding a Jelf prize, or scholarship, or something of that commendable character), "A Bacchanalian Vase!" This we can only suppose to be classical either for a claret-jug or a wine-cooler—a punch-bowl being, of course, out of the question. Whichever it may be, we heartily wish the excellent Doctor many years' use of it!

"GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME."—Suppose while MAYNE's order continues in force we were to christen the Police "Muzzle-Loaders."

ALDERMAN LUSK.

"MR. ALDERMAN LUSK could not congratulate the Museum upon its success in a popular point of view. Notwithstanding the sums that had been spent on it, the people did not go to it as they used to do, and the number of visitors fell off every year. . . . A person he knew said of one room that it was 'full of big stones, and men without heads, and he did not see much merit in them.' (*A laugh.*) He told his friend he was not perhaps a judge of fine art, but being himself in the room devoted to antiquities the other day, not a single person was to be seen. People wanted greater variety, and not so much of one thing to look at."—*Debate of Wednesday, July 8th.*

ALDERMAN LUSK may love things that bring grist in;
ALDERMAN LUSK may be purely Philistine;
ALDERMAN LUSK MATTHEW ARNOLD may slight,
ALDERMAN LUSK may scorn "sweetness" and light;
ALDERMAN LUSK may not see, for M.P.'s use,
What 's the good of your *Fates*, your *Hyssus*, or *Theseus*;
ALDERMAN LUSK on the marbles of PHIDIAS
May look but as "damaged lots," more or less hideous.
In whom ALDERMAN LUSK may feel want of clothes is,
Still worse than the want of heads, legs, arms, and noses.
But when ALDERMAN LUSK takes his trumpet, he blows it—
"He don't want no Museums, and don't care who knows it."
Philistine he may be, but one thing he 's not,
A Pretender, that is, to more taste than he 's got.
And were all our Philistine M.P.'s, LUSK, like you,
The Fine Arts would fare better with us than they do.
Philistines with *no* tastes, on Art may keep quiet,
Philistines with *bad* tastes are *sure* to run riot!

AN EXAMPLE TO OUR NEIGHBOURS.

IN the French Legislative Chamber, the other day, M. EMILE OLLIVIER made a speech against the financial extravagance of the Imperial Government, in which he said:—

"In France we shall never come to bankruptcy, but we shall arrive at expedients such as we know have been adopted in countries which have entered upon the dangerous routes in which we ourselves are now travelling: we shall come to taxes on the rente: we shall come to paper money."

This prophecy was received with "loud exclamations." Well it might have been. France has a frightful example before her. We English have come to "taxes on the rente" already, and worse; we have also come to a tax on hypothetical income. What we shall finally come to, Heaven only knows. Possibly not grief. Perhaps a Reformed Parliament, elected by the People, will readjust fiscal burdens on the acknowledged principle that partial taxation is confiscation. Let us hope for the best.

SAD WASTE OF OIL.

A TELEGRAM from Belgrade, dated July 5, informed newspaper readers that:—

"The solemn unction of PRINCE MILAN, as Sovereign of Servia, took place at the Cathedral to-day."

So it seems unction is not only practised in the Roman Church, but also in the Greek, and indeed a punster would remark that it is a rite which might be supposed to be especially characteristic of the Church of Greece. In these days of progress, and especially steam-progress, when people are so familiar with the process of oiling machinery, it does seem rather an odd trick to oil a king. If sovereign princes are oiled, why not sovereign presidents? MR. ANDREW JOHNSON was never oiled, but if he had been is it likely that he would have suffered any less than he has from friction with Congress? LOUIS NAPOLEON has never yet been oiled as Emperor of the French, and yet he appears to rub on in that capacity tolerably well.

Maxims.

(BY IVAN THE IMMORALIST.)

To Intending Elopers.—Don't run away, when staying will do as well.

With fair words butter some parsons.

Never do anything of which you would be ashamed: when anyone is looking.

Consider your wife as an angel:-a recording angel.

Never speak ill of a friend, as one day you may be seen walking with him.

ON DIT.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS wished for a Shakspearian motto under his portrait. The one immediately suggesting itself was of course, "The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM is taken."

CAMP-LIFE AT WIMBLEDON.

PRIVATE SMITH DETERMINES TO "CAMP" AT WIMBLEDON THIS YEAR, AND FINDS HE CANNOT POSSIBLY GO DOWN WITHOUT A FEW NECESSARIES.
[*Volunteers are requested to make their baggage as small as possible.*

HE RIDES INTO CAMP

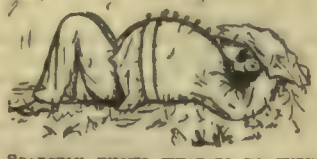
FIRST NIGHT, THINKS THERE IS A DRAUGHT THROUGH THE CANVAS. MAKES USE OF HIS BATH.

CANNOT GO TO SLEEP. FANCIES ANTS, SPIDERS, EARWIGS, AND OTHER CREEPING THINGS.

DOESN'T AT ALL LIKE GETTING UP WHEN THE BUGLE SOUNDS. "CAN'T I HAVE ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES?"

IS OBLIGED TO GIVE UP HIS BATH. NO ROOM IN THE TENT, AND DOESN'T "SEE" HAVING IT OUT IN THE OPEN.

IS ON FATIGUE DUTY, AND HELPS TO FETCH THE WATER, &C.



SCARCELY KNOWS WHAT TO DO WITH HIMSELF ALL DAY, AS HE DOES NOT SHOOT.

AND THINKS THE BEST TIME IS THE CONVIVIAL GATHERING IN THE EVENING.

Slight Mistake.

Country would-be Visitor to the Opera, who has made a mistake and selected a fashionable tailor's instead of a second-hand emporium. Oh, I say, do you "let out" dress coats?

Affable Shopman. Honly when they're *too small*, Sir.

The Political Preacher.

"A PREACHER I am of political righteousness
To my countrymen," JOHN BRIGHT at Limerick said.
Then righteous is Brighteous and righteousness Brighteousness.
Else he Brighteousness preaches in righteousness' stead.

IN FORMÂ PAUPERIS.

London Arab. "PLEASE SIR, CAN'T I HAVE A SHILL'N'S'ORTH ?!"

THE PATENT PREMIER.

(*From the "Arcana of Art."*)

THIS is a very clever invention. Until recently it was thought impracticable to produce a Premier possessing such comprehensive properties—the *vis inertia* in perpetual motion. Picture to your perplexed imagination a solid body attached to a fixed point while constantly progressing in political space. Science smiles upon her latest triumph—a Premier in a rapid state of oscillation, and never for one moment in danger of being displaced.

Several curious mechanicians have examined its intricate works, and confess themselves unable to discover by what combination of secret springs its vibratory action is regulated. To some extent the Patent Premier resembles an ordinary repeater with a dial elegantly enamelled, but its maintaining power surpasses that of any similar instrument extant.

The Premier has a heavy striking weight and a powerful alarum—so powerful, indeed, as to startle many superstitious people in the dark. Another remarkable feature about the Patent Premier is its marvellous accuracy. It is warranted never to go wrong, nor to stand in need of correction, its capacity of self-adjustment rendering it peculiarly suitable for any Government office. We are happy to see that our most influential merchants—those connected with the Tailors—have set up the Patent Premier in their Hall of Audience, where its ticking is listened to with whispered delight and admiration. If furnished with stronger hands—at present those indispensable adjuncts are somewhat rickety—the Patent Premier would really be a valuable church-clock. As it now stands, the Premier should not be shaken violently, and it requires a good pair of bellows to blow the dust out of it.

A Place very much Wanted.

THERE are not too many employments in the public service open to men who are necessitated to earn their living by the pursuit of literature. The creation of an office for which skilled authorship would be a qualification is suggested by the disputes continually occurring on the construction of Acts of Parliament. The ambiguity and obscurity of parliamentary enactments is due to their not having been properly revised and corrected. To put the language of all bills into such order as to fit them to become law, Parliament wants an Editor.

A WEATHER WAIL AND A WEATHER WANT.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink."—WORDSWORTH.

To drip I run when in the sun,
To damp, when in the shade;
Thermometer at ninety-one,
And rising, I 'm afraid!
In-doors or out, or slim or stout,
At a red heat one groans,
Longing one's flesh to go without,
And sit in one's bare-bones.

One cannot eat but little meat,
One's stomach is not good;
'Tis shame, methinks, that cooling drinks
Aren't better understood.
Such drinks there are at every bar,
Where stars and stripes wave high,
And ticklers bland from hand to hand
In icy rain-bows fly!

But here, ah me, I nowhere see
The drinks the time requires;
If, clubless, I for "coolers" cry,
What answers my desires?
There 's soda-water, lemonade,
And there 's Imperial Pop;
There 's SAINSBURY's fruit syrups, made
At his peculiar shop.

There 's lemon-kali, with the gripes
Resulting from its use;
There 's more or less adulterate swipes,
In quantities profuse.
There 's JACOB TOWNSEND's cooling draught,
Sarsaparilla sp'iled;
But for my taste, however chaste,
Drinks *may* be drawn "*too* mild."

There 's what for BASS attempts to pass,
Or ALLSOPP's bitter beer,
Which or in draught, or bottle quaffed,
Inebriate—not cheer.
And where "*nux vomica*" with "grains
Of Paradise" combine,
Such drink, howe'er one longs for drains,
'Tis wiser to decline.

For us no *café* opes its door,
With marble tables spread;
With smooth-swept matting on the floor,
And awning o'er the head.
And iced caraffe that wooes to quaff,
And waiters trained and trim,
While in the breeze the boulevard trees
Cast chequered shadows dim.

So to the flaring gin-shop's bar,
Or pastry-cook's hot den,
After my wanderings faint and far,
I must come back again!
For cooling draughts there 's but one mart
In London's vasty pale,
The drinking fount 's my last resort—
My liquor, Adam's ale!

The "Intelligent Foreigner."

ONE Sunday an Italian went into an English Church during service, and took a seat which did not belong to him. The Verger, who was ignorant of Italian, was at a loss how to explain the case to him. Remembering, however, by a happy thought that music is the universal language, the ingenious official leant over the door, and in an undertone, so as not to disturb the clergyman, hummed the air of

"*Non pew mister.*"

The intelligent Foreigner, comprehending his false position, immediately retired.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—The Bold Rover who was seen a week ago snatching a kiss from FLORENCE was detected last Tuesday in taking a bus from Highbury.

John. "NOW, THOMAS, AIN'T YOU READY? THE CARRIAGE IS WAITIN'!"
Thomas. "I AIN'T A GOING. IF *MISSIS* IS EQUAL TO CARRIAGE HEXERCISE IN THIS 'OT WEATHER, *I* AM NOT!"

MARRIAGE ON A MODERATE INCOME.

GENTLEMEN entertaining the question whether a man can afford to marry on £1,000 a year, are informed, in an advertisement by a Milliner, that there exists at a shop in Regent Street:—

THE LARGEST COLLECTION of ANTIQUE and MODERN REAL LACES in EUROPE.—The new Bruxelles pointe d'aiguille bridal veils (without powder), 10 to 100 guineas; volants, tuniques, &c., en suite. Shawls in every kind of real lace, 5 to 500 guineas (many exclusive designs and particularly adapted for wedding trousseaux). Real laces of every description direct from the ouvrières at the lowest prices."

This information may suggest the inquiry whether shawls at from 5 to 500 guineas each, particularly adapted for wedding trousseaux, constitute a beginning that may be looked upon as an earnest of the way in which a wife is likely to go on. If so, this sort of earnest will be no fun for anybody but a millionnaire, who thinks unlimited expenditure a joke. That amongst those shawls there are some whose designs are exclusive, one would think likely. The designs of 500 guinea shawls must be exclusive of all purchasers except those endowed much more plentifully with money than with brains, unless endowed with practically no end of money. From the figures named with reference to shawls and veils, the lowest prices of real laces would seem to be too high to admit of matrimony on a pittance of £1,000 per annum. Bridal veils at from ten to a hundred guineas may be thought to imply brides proportionally expensive in every other particular. All this is intelligible; but what is the meaning of bridal veils without powder? Not, surely that they are composed of materials like gun-cotton, which will blow up. That can be no recommendation, although many husbands may wish that such costly veils were exploded.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PLAYS.

AT the St. James's *The Grand Duchess finished* by becoming the wife of *Paul the Prince*. At the Olympic *The Grand Duchess began* by being MRS. PAUL.

THE RAILWAY AMALGAMATION SCREW.

THE subjoined extract from the *Railway News* looks rather like a defiance thrown in the teeth of Parliament and the People of England by certain Directors of:—

"THE RAILWAYS SOUTH OF THE THAMES.—One of the first effects of the withdrawal of the Amalgamation Bill of the Southern lines will very shortly be felt by the public. Up to the present time several of the Brighton trains have been allowed to run into the Cannon Street terminus. As, however, Parliament has refused power for the South-Eastern to charge a reasonable toll for the use of the station on which so large a sum has been expended, the directors have given notice to the Brighton Company that their trains will not, on and after August 1st, be allowed to enter the station. Some additions to the fares, which the company have power to make under their present Act, will also come into force at that time."

"We will see whether you and your Legislature, or we are the stronger. We will try whether we have not the power to make you accept our terms, and submit to what you are pleased to call our imposition." Such is clearly the meaning of the announcement that the Brighton Company's trains will be excluded from the South Eastern's station, and the intimation that, simultaneously, the fares will be raised to the highest figures allowed by law. In short, the Railways South of the Thames inform the British Public that, in order to extort consent to their rapacious Amalgamation scheme, they are about to put on the screw. Let them. A few turns of that instrument will probably have a different effect from what they contemplate. Already Government is proposing to take the Telegraphs into its hands. Perhaps the Railways will follow.

A Sors Horatiana.

(*Apropos of Ritualism and the Vicar of Wymering.*)

"*Hæ Nugæ seria ducent*
In mala——"

"These Nugees may lead the Church into serious mischief."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

SCENE—*Interior of the St. James's Theatre. Time* 8·30 P.M.

Enter into the Stalls YOUNG FLANNAY, *of Lounge Chambers.*

Flannay (*to Friend whom he finds in the next stall*). Hallo, old fellow, how are you? [*Of course doesn't wait for an answer, and continues*] Come to see SCHNEIDER, eh?

Robinson (*his Friend, admitting ingenuously that that is his object*). Yes, one's heard so much of the *Grande Duchesse* for the last year that—

Flannay (*interrupting*). Ah, then, you didn't see it in Paris?

Robinson (*weakly*). No, I somehow missed it (*trying to recover his position*). But I know all about it.

Flannay (*as the Overture commences, hums "Voici le Sabre," while using his opera-glass*). Who's in that box with NINKUM?

Robinson. With whom?

Flannay. With LORD NINKUM—you know, the fellow who——

Robinson (*utterly ignorant of the subject*). Oh, yes; I know him, by name, of course. (*Inspects* LORD NINKUM *and his party closely, so as to know his Lordship again, and point him out to his friends.*) Handsome woman.

Flannay (*who would have made the same observation if he hadn't been forestalled*). 'Um, pretty well.

Miss Jones (*who has been brought by Mr. & Mrs. Smith*). One recognises all the airs.

[*Is slightly astonished at finding them so different to what she had made of them singing to her own accompaniment.*

Mrs. Smith (*secretly hoping that she will "recognise the airs," as she stands very little chance of recognising the words*). Yes, oh, yes; one knows them all by heart. (*To her husband*) MONTAGUE, I wish you'd get a book.

Smith (*who has paid three guineas for the stalls, and has brought the original French book of the Opera with him*). We don't want one—you can use this (*presents it to her with a certain amount of malicious pleasure, adding*) MISS JONES is a first-rate French scholar, and can follow it easily. [*Passes the book.*

Mrs. Smith (*smiling to Miss Jones*). There's the book, dear. (*To her husband aside.*) I think you need not try to make me look foolish before my friends.

Smith (*sniffing the battle afar off, saith "ha, ha," to himself, and then nods pleasantly to Brown in the distance*). There's BROWN, and his daughter, I suppose. I didn't know he had one so old as that.

Mrs. Smith (*accepting the diversion in favour of Miss Brown*). She looks dreadfully painted. [*Hostilities suspended: Opera commences.*

Smith (*to his Wife.*) That's FRITZ—DUPUIS played it in Paris.

Mrs. Smith. Thank you: I don't want to know. You couldn't take me last year.

[*After this shot, which knocks* SMITH *over and silences him, good humour is partially restored. Royalty and Nobility enter private boxes. A party, evidently having dined, enter one of the lowest boxes, where their heads just appear above the stage. People in stalls point out Royalty and Nobility to one another, and everyone is pleased with themselves at being in such distinguished company. Royalty and Nobility smile, and try to look as little self-conscious as possible.* MRS. SMITH *and* MISS JONES *wonder what Royalty's laughing at, and feel inclined to join them patronisingly.*

Flannay. This fellow (*alluding to* FRITZ) doesn't play it as well as the original.

Robinson (*generally prepared to be pleased with anything or anybody French*). Doesn't he? (*Timidly.*) He's not bad, though.

[FLANNAY *shrugs his shoulders.*

Young Brown (*who is supposed to have met Schneider in Paris off the stage, and be generally an authority, to Miss Sharpe, who is always playing in amateur theatricals, and is a sort of drawing-room star*). No English actress can touch SCHNEIDER.

Miss Sharpe (*raising her eyebrows*). Indeed!

Young Brown. Yes; it isn't her voice exactly (MISS SHARPE *is great in amateur opera bouffe*) though she does manage that admirably; but it is her—her—there's only one word for it—her *chique.*

Miss Sharpe (*who wishes to attend to the piece*). I understand.

[*Understands about as much as he does himself.*

Flannay. Smith.
Robinson. Brown.
Royalty. Nobility. } (*in chorus*). Ah, here she is—here's SCHNEIDER.

[*The audience being too aristocratic to applaud violently at first, give her, for them, an enthusiastic reception. You can't do much, you see, in hot weather for a guinea a-head in the stalls, and half-a-guinea in dress circle, particularly with the recollection that the Artiste can be seen for six shillings in Paris.*

MLLE. SCHNEIDER enters from the left of the stage, walks round jauntily, with a sort of unsteady waddle (which Young BROWN supposes to be peculiarly "chiquey") smacking a little riding-whip in front of her soldiers, she leers at FRITZ, hits two or three people pointlessly with her whip, which makes the audience laugh. LORD NINKUM is so delighted he actually applauds, and kicks his little legs against the box in champagnic ecstasy.

Flannay (*in raptures*). Oh, she's deuced good!

Young Brown (*to Miss Sharpe*). What do you think of her?

Miss Sharpe (*sensibly*). I haven't seen enough of her yet to judge.

[YOUNG BROWN *is astonished, he has always heard* SCHNEIDER *praised immediately she has appeared.*

The *Great* actress then walks round, leers at her audience, winks at them, takes them into her confidence in bye-play, smacks her whip, gives a little kick of the leg, hits two or three people, including a ponderous Frenchman, doing his best in a perspiring performance of *General Boum* (the original—poor KOUDER—was very good, and not a bit of a buffoon) and sings "*Ah, que j'aime les militaires,*" during which, with an admirable display of wit and humour, and with an elegance of action which belongs, we are glad to hope, to this actress alone, MLLE. SCHNEIDER kicks her leg up in the air, and hits the person nearest to her with her riding whip. The greater part of the "business" of the First Act seems to consist in hitting each other, grimacing, upsetting tables and such *novel* practical fun.

Mrs. Smith (*to her husband, indignantly*). Well, if that's what you admire——

Smith (*rather taken aback, and apologising*). She didn't do that in Paris.

Whenever this "kicking up behind and before" is repeated, shouts of laughter issue from certain private boxes saluting this and the constant repetition of hitting anybody with her whip as an inimitable piece of burlesque humour. Two or three true English ladies, in Nobility's boxes, turn away from the stage, and regard one another in eloquent silence.

Flannay (*who has been delighted with everything*). She's charming. *Elle a du chien, n'est-ce pas?*

Robinson (*vaguely*). *Oui.*

[*Sees that* LORD NINKUM *and party in private box are in fits of laughter, and is satisfied.*

Miss Sharpe (*who, for reasons above-mentioned, is something of a critic*). She's very vulgar, and I am sure that any of our actresses who play burlesque are infinitely superior to SCHNEIDER.

[*Thinks of* MRS. MELLON, MISS MARIE WILTON, MISS OLIVER, MISS FARREN, MRS. HOWARD PAUL, &c., &c.

Young Brown (*feeling that she is not far wrong*). Yes, but—(*falling back upon his one resource*)—they haven't got the *chique.*

Miss Sharpe (*following up her attack*). If you mean they are not so horribly vulgar, I hope that they never will have the *chique*, as it is called.

[*Rupture of amicable relations between these two amateurs who are going to play together at* LADY KETTLEDRUM'S *in a few days.*

Robinson (*during entr'acte, to Young Brown in the lobby, quoting Flannay as his own opinion*). She has *du chien*, eh?

[*Thinks he has shut up* YOUNG BROWN, *then.*

Young Brown (*thinking of Miss Sharpe, and gradually coming to a decision*). If I want to see this sort of thing I can do so legitimately at one of our music-halls. It's only a form of the Fast Female Comic Singer.

Jack Bull, Esq., Jun. (*to his young Wife*). SCHNEIDER may be the Duchess, but no one would call her your *Grace.*

Mrs. J. Bull, Jun. (*after the Second Act, when the Grande Duchesse has sung "Dites-lui," and joined in the can-can*). If any but a French actress had done this, she'd have been hissed off the stage. I'm sure she would—it's disgusting!

Jack Bull (*highly respecting his Wife's candour*). Yes, it is; but they really *do* manage these things better in France; for *there*, SCHNEIDER, whose performance, by the way, as it is, is witnessed chiefly by ladies of the faster sort, would not do a quarter of what she has done here. What was hinted at the Variétés, is developed at the St. James's. In the song, for instance, of "*Dites-lui,*" where you admit that SCHNEIDER manages the few notes she has in her voice admirably, or it were more correct to say, M. OFFENBACH manages them for her, she grossly overacted. She Out-Schneiders SCHNEIDER here.

Mrs. J. Bull, Jun. (*from an economical point of view*). As we have been foolish enough to pay a guinea for our stalls, we will remain to the end.

She does so, and understanding French and French acting, is not particularly delighted with the Third Act, showing how *Messieurs les tambours* disturbed *Fritz* and *Wanda;* nor with the *Grande Duchesse's* treatment of *Baron Grog*, and her reason for marrying *Prince Paul* in the Fifth.

LORD NINKUM is delighted throughout, and applauds all the *strong* points throughout most heartily. *Flannay* in the stalls follows suit, and the after-dinner party in the stage-box are in ecstasies over the action and manner of Mademoiselle in the "*Dites-lui*" song especially.

Flannay (*to Robinson at the door, during the entr'acte, where they are smoking cigarettes—so like Paris!*) She's delicious! it's quite refreshing to see her. (*Assumes the character of l'homme blasé.*)

Mrs. John Bull Senior (*who fetches the young couple in her carriage on*

returning from the Olympic). MRS. HOWARD PAUL is very good, but the piece is entirely un-English. (*Quoted from the observations* of MR. JOHN BULL, SENIOR, *now asleep.*) It is a pity that the QUEEN does not resume her personal patronage of our theatres. From your account, my dear (*To* MRS. J. B. JUNIOR), I do not think that such a performance would have been tolerated by Her Majesty. What do you say, JOHN? (*Rousing him*). Really you are always asleep when theatrical subjects require your consideration.

Mr. John Bull (*awakening to the situation*). My dear, I don't understand this introduction of *can-cans*. I can't make out why my licences permits to French players in England what would neither be allowed to our own performers, nor to them, I believe, in their own country. Some two hundred years ago we English required an apology for the appearance of a female actor upon the stage. For another reason, it seems to be required now. The stage, as a clever writer has observed, should be a popular school of morality, a supplement to the pulpit, where virtue, according to PLATO's sublime idea, nerves our love and affections, where —

Jack B. Junior. Come Governor, here we are. (*Carriage stops.*) I'll smoke a pipe after supper with you, and talk it over. JULIA (*to his wife*), Would you like to see SCHNEIDER in *La Belle Hélène?*

Both Ladies (*decidedly*). No, thank you. Instead of wasting your money on that, take stalls for the Opera. [*All retire.*

P.S. Since writing the above I have seen *La Belle Hélène*—announced, by the way, as produced for the first time in London. This is not correct. *Helen*, with nearly all the music, was done at the Adelphi, and M. OFFENBACH himself complimented MISS FURTADO upon her performance of the beautiful Queen. MISS FURTADO had the advantage over MLLE. SCHNEIDER in many respects, and MR. TOOLE was far beyond his French prototype as *Menelaus*. Neither of them can sing brilliantly. Again, the riddle scene in the First Act is tedious in the French original, as is also the Game of Goose in the Second Act, which was wisely omitted at the Adelphi.

In its French form, and played as it is at the St. James's, it would not last a week here were it not for MLLE. SCHNEIDER's *prestige* and the judiciously high prices; but *Helen* at the Adelphi, with MRS. MELLON, MISS FURTADO, and PAUL BEDFORD (pleasanter to the eye in his stolidity than is M. RAVEL with his overdone buffoonery) ran for upwards of a hundred nights, and is still a favourite piece.

MLLE. SCHNEIDER as *Helen* is perhaps scarcely so extravagant in her vulgarity as in *La Grande Duchesse*, but there is all that excessive grimacing, continual adoption of a "*cad*"-tone (which her admirers think *so* charmingly clever), that pointless introduction of rough horse-play, hitting and kicking, without which SCHNEIDER would not be SCHNEIDER.

The "cascader" song does not give her such an opportunity for acting as did the "*Dites-lui*," and as there is no translation of it in the book, (there is a weak adaptation incorporated with something else on another page,) our English ladies, not understanding, follow the male lead in their applause. I don't suppose they know much about the history of Jupiter and Læda, which is delicately portrayed on the wall of HELEN's chamber. Well, well, it was coldly received by a very warm audience. Royalty was not there, and not many stopped to the end: those who did, however, got up a feeble call for the great actress.

The costumes were dull. By the way, when classical dresses are worn, is it not usual for French actors to adopt *caleçons?* I was in the stalls: need I say more? The second Ajax was knocked by MLLE. SCHNEIDER right over a stool, heels uppermost.

M. DUPLAN was not equal to the *rôle* of *Paris*, he could not touch the high note in his song about the three goddesses. Perhaps he was suffering from cold; but he was much better in *Fritz*. The rest were nowhere; except *Orestes*, who shone out as she did in *Wanda* by the neat quiet finish of her burlesque acting. I have alluded to the English translation sold with the French book: it is what might be called "humorous," awakening a gentle feeling of pity in the reader's breast, but lacking the genuine fun of the usual English libretto to a serious Italian Opera.

So much for MLLE. SCHNEIDER at the St. James's. I have done.

MARCUS CURTIUS, OR A LEAP IN THE DARK.

(*A Classical Comic Song for a Music Hall.*)

Civis Romanum sum I am, an ancient rum 'un true;
So now I 'll sing a rummy lay of ancient Rome to you.
A Swell, gents, of the period, here in *toga* togged you see;
Now don't you fancy KICKERO looked very much like me?

(*Spoken.*)—Old KICKERO was a celebrated Lawyer, you know. I daresay you've heard of KICKERO's Offices. They wasn't in Lincoln's Inn; nor yet in the Temple of—Jupiter, or any other divinity. But never mind KICKERO. 'Tis another ancient rum 'un I 'm going to tell you about—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, unky dorum, asinus dum sto.
Did you ever see such a Guy as me, Quirites? O! Io!

Now listen to the story what I 'm going to relate,
I 'll take my arf a David of the truth of all I state,
We 'ad at Rome, I tell you 'cause I don't suppose you know,
A place we called the Forum, 'bove two thousand years ago.

(*Spoken.*)—Well; this Forum, you see, was an open space surrounded with public buildins, like—I don't know what you 've got exactly—but suppose I say Trafalgar Square—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

A wonder in the Forum did our minds one day astound,
The earth yawned right asunder, and wide open gaped the ground;
We couldn't tell, how deep 'twas to the bottom of the 'ole,
Some said it 'ad no bottom; and they called it PLUTO's Bowl.

(*Spoken.*)—You 'd have said Ancient NICHOLAS's Bowl. PLUTO, he was the Ancient NICHOLAS of the ancient rum 'uns, but we didn't fancy he drank punch; thought his tipple was nectar, 'cause we 'adn't got no punch ourselves, either liquid or literary, in my young days—

With my 'ic oc orum, &c.

This 'orrid gulf we looked on with astonishment and fear,
As DR. CUMMING views a sign the end is drawin' near;
And then it 'indered bisnis worse than ever you 'ad yours
With excavations made by the Commissioners of Sewers.

(*Spoken.*)—You see, we used to 'old public meetins in the Forum with our BEALESES and POTTERS in the Chair. There was situated our Sessions Ouses and Palaces of Justice; so in course a great 'ole in the middle of the Forum was a bore of uncommon dimensions to my fellow-citizens and self—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

We sent and asked the oracle what course we should pursue,
The answer we got back was one that put us in a stew—
That 'ole will never close up, was the message brought us 'ome,
Till it has 'ad flung down it the most precious thing in Rome.

(*Spoken.*)—Now, in London I suppose you 'd call that the Koh-i-Noor. But we 'ad a jewel among us that proved worth any diamond—a regular Brick, as I may say—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

"Now what, in all Rome's city of more value can there be
Than youth and arms and valour—a young swell, in short, like me?"
So said a cove who thirsted less for cooper than for fame,
One MARCUS CURTIUS, to pronounce his full and proper name.

(*Spoken.*)—Only, you see, we used generally to call him MARK CURTIS, by way of abbreviation. I was in the 'abit of sayin that CURTIS was a title of courtesy—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

"I 'm in for it," the 'Ero cried, and few more words he spoke,
With which he put his armour on, and jumped across his moke,
And right into the Forum, amid all the people's cheers,
He rode the patient animal distinguished by his ears.

(*Spoken.*)—Some said there went a pair of 'em, and inquired which was the biggest moke of the two. For my part, now, if you ask my opinion, my answer is, I can't exactly say—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

They went together at the 'ole, but down the moke did peep;
He didn't seem to see the fun of takin such a leap.
"'It 'im be'ind," said CURTIUS, and thereon exclaimed, "Here goes!"
So down they went, and over them the earth at once did close.

(*Spoken.*)—To the mingled 'orror and admiration of the be'olders. The Patres Conscripti werry much applauded what he had done, and on the strength of it took a boat and went to Philippi, where it formed the leadin topic of their conversation. They called it an 'eroic act of self-sacrifice and virtue as was its own reward, which may be quite sufficient for some people, but decidedly not for JOSEPHUS, oh dear, no; not for JOE. Accordingly, peraps you 'll excuse me if I venture to improve the occasion—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.,

and conclude with an appropriate

MORAL.

Reflect on MARCUS CURTIUS, gents, and let his early fate
Be an example to avoid and not to imitate;
Don't act with eyes wide open like that caution to young men,
'Tis easier gettin in a 'ole than gettin out again.

NOT A MILITARY NATION?

IN the prospect of a General Election all England is one camp. The whole people, at least all the householders, are under canvas.

AN EXPLANATION.

Freddy. "EACH WANTED IT, MAMMA DEAR, AN' SO BABY PULLDED IT, AN' I PULLDED IT, AN' THEN DOLLY BREAKED ITSELF IN TWO, AN' BABY FALLED OVER AN' 'ITTED 'ER 'ED, AN' 'URTED 'ERSELF, AN' CALLDED OUT," &c., &c. [*And so on for five minutes.*

SHAFTESBURY TO THE RESCUE!

BRAVO, SHAFTESBURY! Fear not but *Punch* and JOHN BULL
You will find at your back for a long and strong pull,
From our Protestant pie to keep out the POPE's paw,
And on Ritual rigs clap the stopper of law.
Hold tight to your Bill that proclaims through the land,
That no monkey nor monkish tricks England will stand.
As for vestments, and incense, and lights and such stuff,
Let who want them seek Rome, where they'll find *quantum suff.*
But we won't have POPE's work done by Anglican hands,
Nor in Protestant rope let 'em twist Popish strands.
Of the claims of the Church let the Ritualists jaw;
There's but one Church of England—the Church of the Law!

Let DENISON shudder at thought of a Church
Where priest high o'er layman has no right to perch.
He may prose and may prate, and declaim at his ease,
Of the charge to St. Peter, the power of the keys;
BULL loves the old rule that no strange shaven poll
In English dominion shall tithe, tax, or toll.
And *his* Church is a Church that holds clergy and lay
One in eye of the Law both are bound to obey.
His Church has no sanction that Law does not bound,
His Church has no terrors that Law does not ground.
Sway or swag whence they list other churches may draw,
England's Church has one root and one refuge—the Law.

No miracle-mong'ring she needs or desires,
Simple service and seemly is all she requires.
'Tis enough in our clergy if models we see
In learning and life of what laymen should be.
By the lives that they lead more of power they will reach,
Than by titles they claim or by sermons they preach;
'Tis the man that makes sacred the office he bears,
Not the rites he performs or the vestment he wears.

These moppings and mowings, incensings and lights,
As mummeries are harmless, but serious as rites.
Who trust *their* hocus pocus had better withdraw
From the Old Church of England, the Church of the Law.

THE ROMAN CITIZENS AND THEIR BIG BROTHER.

OF course, LOUIS NAPOLEON, you observed the passage following in the address presented by the Roman Committee to the KING OF PRUSSIA, on the anniversary of the Battle of Sadowa:—

"The most ardent wish entertained this day by the Roman people is, that under your wise guidance the noble German country may fully attain its object, and raise itself to that absolute greatness that does not envy the development of other peoples, nor desire to oppose it."

Is there a nation, think you, between which and the German a contrast is suggested in the words foregoing? Do you know of any nation in Europe which has not raised itself to that pitch of greatness that does not envy nor desire to oppose the development of other peoples? No you don't. It is a mistake to suppose that the French is that nation. France is too generous to be such a nation as that. If she appears to be so ignoble a nation, that appearance is simply owing to the deplorable fact that her Government is forced to oppose the completion of Italian unity by a groundless fear of the influence of an Ultramontane priesthood.

Only Natural.

THEY say that the War Office Clerks are in revolt against *King Storks.* No wonder. They have been used to *King Logs,* and don't want a change of dynasty.

MOST LIKELY.—Is it because so many Swells have "handles" to their names that they are called "knobs?"

THE RATS IN COUNCIL.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *July 14th*. These Railways give a great deal of trouble. Perhaps more than they are worth. Let us go back to the old Coach-system. Parliament was never bothered about the Coaches. There would be many advantages in this retrogression. People travel a great deal too much, instead of staying at home minding their business and saving their money. Women are always wanting to go somewhere. Folks keep two residences, and spend half their time in unprofitably running from one to another. There are many other evils connected with Railroads, only it is too hot to think and remember. But it is clear that the system is a failure. LORD TAUNTON to-day proposed a resolution that no Railway Bill, containing power to raise fares, should be read a second time before a special report from the Board of Trade that such increase was just and necessary. LORD REDESDALE thought that all Railways ought to be kept to their bargain with the public, and he entirely objected to being guided by the Board of Trade, which was notoriously under Railway influence. LORD SALISBURY (a chairman of a company) thought the Railways ought to be treated generously. We should particularly like to know why. Certainly not because they show any generosity. A Company has as much human feeling as one of its own buffers. Some row was made in defence of the Board of Trade; and LORD TAUNTON (he used to be MR. LABOUCHERE) carried his motion. It will not do much good, but it is well to show what the Lords think of the Companies.

Mother Church was then finally destroyed for ever. At least, as much was done to that end as can be effected by the passing of the Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates. The Lords mended the measure, and assented to it. We have not heard of the fall of any churches in consequence, but when such catastrophes happen, *Punch* promises to record them. Nevertheless, it is a fearful sign of the times, and if it was not too hot to care about anything except iced drinks, we would be terribly emphatic on the subject. When it is cooler, we will be hotter. Meantime, Mother Church must do us the favour to believe that we are awfully what-does-she-call-it about this proof that the House of Lords is atheistic, and that all religion is done away with in England.

Naval debates in the Commons, and it was clearly shown by the Enemies of the Admiralty that all our ships are good for nothing. First Lord ill, so LORD HENRY LENNOX had to defend the Admiralty, and we honour his pluck, for he was so gouty that he had to speak with his knee on a stool. He promised two turret-ships as soon as possible, and more when the best designs could be obtained. We went into supply, and supplied a great lot of naval money. It was very hot—we mean the night; though the money might have been hot also, to the burning of fingers, to see the readiness with which it was dropped.

Tuesday. The Conservatives had intended to throw out the Bill for letting Excisemen have votes, but MR. DISRAELI had ordered his colleagues to change their minds, and the LORD CHANCELLOR ably advocated a Bill which his associates in the Ministry had resisted in the Commons. These little spectacles of consistency are now so common that they cease—especially in this hot weather—to excite a smile. The Exciseman is to have a vote, and we hope that he will make no mistake in the exciseman of an election, but give his vote like a calm gauger. If not, we shall sing, with BURNS,

> "We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
> We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man,
> And mony braw thanks to the muckle black deil
> That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman."

The Commons, in Committee, discussed the Bribery Bill, and there was a good deal of cavil at many of the clauses. Among other things it was proposed that MESSRS. GURNEY, the short-hand writers to the House, should not have the monopoly of taking official notes on election trials. MR. GLADSTONE emitted a great eulogy on the incomparable way in which their work is done. No doubt they do it very well, but there are scores of gentlemen in the gallery who can do it equally well. The newspaper reports on an important night, when the crack stenographers go to the front, deserve quite as much praise from MR. GLADSTONE. Besides, any machine of a man can take *verbatim* reports. The high class reporter is seen in the reports in which all is condensed, and nothing worth note is omitted. No disparagement to MESSRS. GURNEY, whose house has been famous since its representative, according to LORD BYRON, went to Madrid to take down the divorce proceedings in ALPHONSO *v.* INEZ AND ANOTHER. We wonder whether it is as hot in Madrid as in London.

The Bill proposes to exclude a briber from Parliament for seven years. This MR. POWELL declared to be a horrible punishment, taking from a man all that was worth living for. We honour his affection for the House of Commons, which no doubt returns it, but we think that there are one or two other things worth living for besides the honour of sitting in the same assembly with MR. POWELL. As has been well asked, does nobody in the world except the 658 live for any worthy purpose? In the course of the debate, MR. CLAY, as is common with him, said a wise thing. He could see no difference between bribery by an agent and bribery with one's own hands. Yet we can. The former is the worse offence, as it makes three rascals instead of only two. A tremendous majority, notwithstanding the hot weather, remained to support the horrible punishment, which was enacted by 197 to 26. This looks like earnest.

MR. CHILDERS showed that the Civil Service costs us about Twelve Millions and a half a year, and is not done particularly well, either. By the way, an odd result has arisen from our desire to have clever men. We get them too clever. They pass examinations, and then consider themselves superior to the work for which they have been struggling. It is, however, only fair and just to the Civil Service to say that though we have frequently been brought in contact with its members, for official purposes, we never witnessed any particular superiority of intellect. If the weather were not so hot, we would enumerate a series of anecdotes illustrating this, but it shall suffice to say that having, the other day, desired a Treasury clerk to make a champagne cup, he came humbly up to us to know whether he should put in any curaçoa.

On Secret Service Money, ALDERMAN LUSK, who aims at being a successor of the late MR. W. WILLIAMS, and is, in the fact that he comes a long way after him, wanted to know the use of Secret Service when everything is published in the papers. It is too hot to be witty, and we content ourselves with a hope that one thing will not be published in the papers, namely, ALDERMAN LUSK'S re-election for Finsbury. We would introduce a compliment to his excellent colleague by instituting a contrast, only his name reminds us of torrid, and that is not an idea to be invited.

Wednesday. The Bill for interfering with the sale of poisons was discussed in Committee. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU wished to be bound by the suggestions of a farmer whom he named, but we don't see why this Farmer Sutical, or any other farmer, should dictate. There are some good things in the Bill, and when it has passed we will get the Professor whom we keep on the premises to analyse it, and report for the warning of chemical and druggical men, which reminds us that, this hot weather, the chemist with his cool bottle of soda-water fresh from his damp vaults below is a sort of angel. But—

> "O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
> Cooled a long age in the deep delvèd earth!"

Thursday. The Lords held important discussion upon the endeavour on the part of the Government authorities to make the proceedings of SIR HENRY STORKS of none effect. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE spoke out manfully for his gallant friend SIR HENRY, and hoped that he would be allowed to complete all that he wished to do. The same subject was raised in the Commons, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON was very bumptious, but quite unable to remove the impression that the War Office was divided, and that some superior power was hindering reform. We shall get at it all in time. The Lords then went away, like gentlemen, at thirteen minutes to 8, just in time to dress for dinner.

But we shudder to say that the Commons kept the SPEAKER in his chair, this hot weather, for fourteen hours and a half—that is, till 3 in the morning. We have no heart to dwell on the details, beyond saying, with approbation, that MR. DISRAELI declared that *he would not advise the* QUEEN *to prorogue until the Bribery Bill should be law*. Well said, Sir. The chief talk was of bullocks.

Friday. Dear LORD REDESDALE, this Coronation Oath gives you much trouble. You are a good Lord, and *Punch* will try to make it easy for you. Suppose that, in exchange for the great glory and comfort of your being allowed to sit at the head of the table, when *Punch's* Council meets, he made you take a tremendous oath, by Thor, Odin, and Frigga, that the current volume of his work should always lie upon your dressing-table. Suppose that your housemaid objected that the book was much in the way of your combs and brushes and Macassar oil. You are bound to leave the book in its place. But would it not be competent to *Mr. Punch* to say, "Never mind the old oath, REDDY, I know you honour the book—put it on the bookshelf." Would you be breaking your vow in doing so? Come, use the sense you apply to railway matters, and take a cool drink.

The Commons declined to pay the judges £500 a year more for sitting in Bribery. And in the debate MR. DISRAELI said that the Lords used to have power to tax themselves, though they are now taxed by the Commons. MR. GLADSTONE said that nothing but the whole weight of MR. DISRAELI'S authority could make him believe that. *Mr. Punch* cannot understand MR. GLADSTONE'S demurrer. Did not both Houses sit together? *Vide* COKE. And as for the Bishops, did not Convocation tax itself, that is, the clergy? MR. DISRAELI knows history.

MR. FLASHMAN, of Dover, petitions that Palestine may be restored to the Jews. But, to say nothing of Palestine not being Parliament's to give away (a trifle to a religious reformer) the session is too far advanced and too hot for the Restoration to be managed this year.

LETTING HIM DOWN GENTLY.

Podyers. "D' SEE THE LOVELY CREATURE I DANCED LAST GALOP WITH?"

Smith. "O YES—KNOW HER VERY WELL. MARRIED TO A CONFOUNDEDLY JEALOUS FELLOW, WHO INSISTS UPON HER DANCING WITH THE *PLAINEST MEN* IN THE ROOM."

A CARD.

MONDAY is the 27th of July. What imports the nomination of this date? Simply this. On that date there will be performances at Covent Garden Opera House for the benefit of MR. WILLIAM HARRISON, whose fortune was wrecked in his chivalrous attempt to establish English Opera in England. Two classes ought to give him their best support,—those who think we ought to have an English Opera, and those who think that an honourable artist who has fallen into undeserved trouble should be assisted out of it. The bill is a very attractive one, and (as *Abel Drugger* was told to bury a magnet to attract the spurs of the gallants towards his shop) hope that under the portico of the Covent Garden Opera House will be found the potent attraction of the pleasure of doing kindness to one who has been deprived of wealth and health by his exertions in aid of National Music. If MR. HARRISON has not a fine Benefit, we shall say that there is more cant among musical people than we at present believe that they talk. Monday, July the 27th.

OUR NAVAL ROLLING STOCK.

THE Admiralty has provided us with ironclads deserving a name to match with that of SEELY'S pigs. In their course on a cruise they roll in a manner which entitles them to be called REED'S porpoises. We are too little provided by land with steam-rollers; and we have too many at sea: not enough to crush stones; more than enough to cut water. BRITANNIA did at one time rule the waves; now she rolls them: and if she goes on rolling them with broadsiders instead of turret-ships much longer, they will very soon be ruled by France or the United States, and even Germany may become more of their ruler than England.

A Last Chance.

SCENE—*A Room. Present:* SWELL, YOUNG LADY, *and* LITTLE BOY.

Algernon (who has been anxiously hoping Tommy will leave the room). Here, TOMMY, my man, here's half-a-crown. Run up-stairs and fetch your sister's photograph book, and *don't come back.*

GRUMPY, LUMPY, AND BUMPY.

A DIALOGUE FOR HOT WEATHER, WHEN ATTENTION, ANSWER, OR ARGUMENT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO A RATIONAL BEING.

MR. GRUMPY *is smoking a coarse Churchwarden,* MR. LUMPY *a handsome Meerschaum, and* MR. BUMPY *an elegant cigar. A vast refrigerating tankard of iced drink on a table between them.*

Mr. Lumpy. Yesterday the thermometer was 88° in the shade, which is a great age, as THOMAS HOOD wrote.

Mr. Grumpy. Yes; and I don't believe that the Siamese Twins are going to be separated. It is a puff preliminary to a new European tour. Why, I saw them when I was a little boy.

Mr. Bumpy. Probably. For the new number of the *Quarterly* is a very good one; but I think the critic who insists that TENNYSON will not permanently retain his rank among the greatest poets, will catch it, hot and hot. [*Cue for drink. They drink.*

Mr. Lumpy. That story about the two serpents each half swallowing the cat, and then one serpent swallowing the other, and getting choked, is interesting. The narrator says that the cat got in, ignorant of the contents of the box. How did he know? If so, it was careless in Puss not to read the inscription: "Two boa-constrictors inside. Care."

Mr. Bumpy. But whether the judge or the magistrate is right about which of 'em ought to admit MOTHER RACHEL to bail, is a point that should be settled for the sake of better people.

Mr. Grumpy. Unless LORD JOHN MANNERS soon turns the water into the Regent's Park Lake, there will be a row. I wonder what that hideous great pipe is for. The boats will run against it, and capsize—that's certain.

Mr. Lumpy. MR. HENRY MORLEY is an authority, and he seems to have no doubt that those quaint verses which he has discovered are by MILTON. But the Museum authorities say that the initials are not J. M., and that the writing is not Milton's.

Mr. Bumpy. Just so; and I should like to hang a few road contractors for throwing down stones to make traffic difficult for the poor horses this awful weather. [*Cue for drink. They drink.*

Mr. Grumpy. I don't know. The patronage bestowed on MADEMOISELLE SCHNEIDER'S performance is a disgrace to a church-going upper class, and an indication that we are likely to have a very different *régime* from that of the PRINCE CONSORT.

Mr. Bumpy. Still, there is no excuse for beef being thirteenpence a pound. Housekeeper is ready to swear it was asked. Butcher denies it. I don't know where the truth lies, if truth ever lies. Some people say in a well. Wish I did.

Mr. Lumpy. When a culprit has been flogged, he ought not to be kept in gaol until the affair is forgotten; he ought to be immediately dismissed with all the inconveniences caused by the cat upon him, and go home to his admiring pals, who would improve the occasion for him, and take hint for themselves.

Mr. Grumpy. But I object to removing St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is ugly, but interesting, and it gives scale to the Abbey.

Mr. Bumpy. Ah! And I was very glad SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN charged the jury dead against those railway fellows who, not content with getting a man fined, gibbet his name all down the line. He got £150, and serve the railway right.

Mr. Lumpy. MR. OPPENHEIM did not originally propose a statue to the PRINCE CONSORT. He sensibly offered a Fountain. The Effigy was the LORD MAYOR'S brilliant idea. [*Cue for drink. They drink.*

Mr. Grumpy. I went to the South Kensington Museum to see the Theodore trophies. They are not much, but the Museum is the best thing in Europe, and I am sorry that I have sometimes been jocose on MR. COLE. It is worth close study, but is delightful, if only surveyed Sketchily.

Mr. Bumpy. I dare say I should agree with you, if I listened to what you say. But the Conservatives have now been in office exactly two

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP," &c.

WAGGLES SAW A SPLENDID THREE-POUND TROUT FEEDING IN A QUIET PLACE ON THE THAMES ONE EVENING LAST WEEK. DOWN HE COMES THE NEXT NIGHT, MAKING SURE OF HIM! BUT SOME OTHER PEOPLE HAD SEEN HIM TOO!!!"

years, and there is only one important Minister, STANLEY, in the place he held in July, 1866.

Mr. Lumpy. The reason why the fixed stars give light is that their photospheres are all in a state of the fiercest combustion. We were so once. It is still very hot down a deep mine. If we went to the depth of seven miles and a half we should find a temperature of red-hot iron. I know that's right, for I have read it in an admirable astronomical handbook by MR. NORMAN LOCKYER, just issued by MR. MACMILLAN.

Mr. Grumpy. Quite so, and the POPE was so justly angry with his officers for not building a proper chapel for him at the Camp, that he countermanded the beautiful dinner he was going to give them. The idea of putting the Pontiff into a linen edifice, and letting the storm come down on him at mass!

Mr. Bumpy. Exactly; and MADEMOISELLE PATTI is going to be married on the 1st of August to the MARQUIS DE CAUX. *Punch* affirmed the betrothal three months ago, and was rudely contradicted; but he is always right, which is very wonderful.

Mr. Lumpy. Yes, and I hope that MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, who has completed his postal mission, and is on his way home, means to write an American novel.

Mr. Grumpy. I read in the *Choir*, "That semi-barbarous meeting called the Eisteddvod is to be held at Ruthin. MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has refused to attend, and no wonder, when we recollect how he was treated by his countrymen last year." Let us drink to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the blessed KING EDWARD THE FIRST.

[*They catch the word drink, and do.*

Mr. Lumpy. No doubt it was an improvement, as they call it, to pull down Middle Row, and build handsome houses, and leave Holborn open. I saw the change the other day only. But I hate a city to be deprived of all its queer old characteristics, and made monotonous. That new Smithfield Market promises to be a fine thing.

Mr. Bumpy. There is no manufactured pen that a man who was reared on quills can write with. At least, I have never found one, and I have tried everything, from gold to rats' bones, or what were sold for such. I wish there were such a pen. I am ruined by quills, for I can't mend 'em.

Mr. Grumpy. But I am very glad that MR. LEIGHTON was chosen as the new Royal Academician. Let us drink his health.

[*Phenomena as before.*

Mr. Lumpy. I have read all the letters in the *Daily Telegraph* about Marriage and Celibacy, and I do not know which offends me most, the extreme eagerness of the girls to get married, or the extreme selfishness of the men who plead that marriage would deprive them of clubs and cigars. Fancy a man who cannot live without baccy.

[*Re-fills Meerschaum.*

Mr. Bumpy. But why did wild Half-Can stab Potts? SHAKSPEARE had some odd caprice of thought when he gave the names. I shall write to MR. CHARLES KNIGHT about it? The question has troubled me for five-and-twenty years.

Mr. Grumpy. I hate the slang that calls the Zoological Gardens "the Zoo." Why not the Hort. and the Bot.? Are the fashionable vulgarians better than the shop-boys who talk of the Vic.?

Mr. Lumpy. That very graceful poem which appeared in the *Times* as a welcome to LONGFELLOW, and which, from the initials, was attributed to the author of *Hypatia*, was written by MR. CHARLES KENT, the Editor of the *Sun*, and was worthy of a priest of Phœbus Apollo.

Mr. Bumpy. Whatever you may have urged, it was no reason why we should have allowed WALTER SCOTT'S MS. of *Quentin Durward* to be bought for France, though I appreciate the good taste of the French authorities in buying the tale whose scene is laid in their country.

Mr. Grumpy. Somebody sends me a pamphlet, "How to Deal with the Criminal Classes." I won't read it, for I don't see how you can deal with anybody who never opens a shop, except with a crowbar.

All Three. By Jove! let us drink *Mr. Punch's* health on his birthday. This is the 17th of July, and he was born on Saturday, the 17th of July, 1841.

Grumpy. Hooray!

Lumpy. Hooray!!

Bumpy. Hooray!!!

(*Left at potations pottle deep.*)

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,—I feel that I should be ill preparing you for the Battle of Life without some practical hints on the Choice and Management of a Husband; for though it is not incumbent upon every young woman to marry at all, it is highly necessary that she should have her mind made up upon a subject so important. First then, let me tell you that your dear Papa and I are both of opinion that the present system of Husband-hunting which has its laws and seasons as well as otter or fox-hunting, or any other fashionable sport, is both a vulgar error and a reprehensible custom; and curiously enough I was only yesterday lining my jam-cupboards with waste-paper when I came upon this fragment of some old chronicle evidently written by one of our posterity. "In the nineteenth century a curious and immodest fashion prevailed among what were called the Upper Classes of this barbarous people. For quite regularly in the pleasant spring-tide of the year, all the youngest and fairest women, insufficiently clothed but profusely adorned, ran races by gas-light in what was called the Matrimonial Curriculum, all their mothers looking on and encouraging the game, by every conceivable womanly wile and art. And those who ran best won divers prizes; this one an Earl, that one a Baronet, a third only a Younger Son; and many got no prizes at all, and as there were no other stakes whatever to run for, left the Courses, sore dismayed."

Oh, my dear! It does seem shocking that Posterity should have such a bad opinion of us, doesn't it? but *Mr. Punch* views the matter in precisely the same light, and *Mr. Punch's* Posterity must be right. I hope and trust, however, that Posterity will not class me with those ambitious and unmotherly mothers, as I am not ashamed to call myself a person of only one or two ambitions, and those of most humble and maternal kind.

I would have you especially take notice, my JUDIANA, that choosing a husband is quite as important as choosing a dress,—for the unsuitability of the first is much more inconvenient than that of the last, and the quality quite as much so. Be circumspect therefore, lest you allow yourself to fall in love with a man on account of a delectable appearance, of which he is pretty sure to be conscious—and, for worlds, do not marry a handsome man. Good looks being quite as much of a delusion and a snare to the one sex as the other, especially to the other. For myself, I proclaim it on the house-tops, that I am proud to be the wife of an ugly man. I should be proud to own an ugly son-in-law, and if the world asks the reason why, I can give it, chapter and verse.

An ugly man will most probably have been treated in a reasonable manner by his mother, sisters, aunts, female cousins and friends. He will not have been spoiled from his babyhood upward by all the women who have had the honour of ministering to him, he will not have begun his career in life by taking it for granted that if he knew a million nice girls, nine hundred thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine would take precisely his own view of the case, if he proposed to them. Ah! it is a lamentable piece of good fortune for a man to be handsome; he may be big, he may be little, he may be young, he may be old, anything but that—till there are fewer foolish women in the world, and then it would matter less.

I shall never live to see that golden age, my JUDIANA, though you may do so, when a man who prides himself upon his whiskers, his waistcoats, and his knack of talking drawing-room twaddle glibly, will be all but an extinct species—as also the women who delighted to honour him.

Having warned you against marrying a man with patented attractions, let me warn you against one or two other types to whom *Mr. Punch* and your mother have objections quite as decided.

The Money-loving Tribe is quite as low in the scale of humanity as the one just described, which may be called the Self-admiring tribe. The latter cares for his wife and family because they are his belongings and furniture, so to say; but then they must be common-place and vulgar to suit his fancy. He has no vanity, and plenty of contempt, and entertains odious notions concerning Women's Emancipation and other intellectual topics. Have nothing to do with him.

There is a particular race of clergy of mild exterior against whom I urgently warn you; for I know not how it is but men of their profession are more prone to a sleek sort of self-assertion than any other; and I never see a country rector issue from the vestry in his white robes but I think how sick his poor wife must grow of that stagnant self-satisfaction which neither she, nor refractory dissenters, nor incroaching dissenters can for a moment distrust. Such men are quite unimprovable, and terribly dull company. Marry no man, though he were an angel, who is your junior by ever so few years or months. Women, my daughter, are much too prone to command, and assuming the equality of the sexes, humanly considered, no man has a right to put himself in this position of inferiority.

Marry a man double your age, if you don't mind it.

Marry a wise man if he be ugly as ÆSOP: of any profession; but do not marry an ass, although he may have the look of an Apollo. Of such Apollos there are not a few, and they are sure to give a warning bray.

Between a spendthrift and a money-hunter choose neither. Pursue the same course with men who spend their time in toys, trifles, and unproductive conversation.

Marry no man who will not subscribe to these Articles in a satisfactory manner to yourself:—

Do you believe in MR. MILL, and in his notions concerning women?

Are you prepared to sign any document concerning the legal claims of women to the Franchise, Universities, Professorships, the Medical Curriculum, *etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera*, including the entire and arbitrary disposal of their husbands' income?

Do you hold women to be superior to men, and men to be horrid selfish creatures, preferring clubs, papers, and cigars, to the delights of tea and home conversation?

Will you engage never to interfere with your wife in her choice of a church, and to admire the sermons of her favourite preachers; also to subscribe handsomely for Easter decorations, presentation gowns, &c.?

Will you promise never to shelter yourself from reasonable expenses under the plea of "Limited Income."

Lastly, will you take an oath to see everything exactly from that point of view that your wife desires?

Having caught your hare next proceed to skin him, the old cookery book says; so having chosen your husband, next begin to break him in, my JUDIANA. Far be it from *Mrs. Punch* to come before the world as a Female Rarey, and yet has not *Mr. Punch* himself gone through a mild process of taming? For, if we unfortunate women who are so shamefully enslaved by the laws of our country had no moral weapons wherewith to defend ourselves, we should be in worse plight than the squaws of barbarous tribes. Thank the happy Fates, therefore, that you are blessed with a tongue, a fountain of tears, and an implacable memory. An ordinary domestic tyrant may be kept perfectly tractable by the cunning use of the first appliance, an extraordinary one is tamed with the second, and the most incorrigible despot going cannot stand the third. For instance, your husband is sulky when asked to take you to Switzerland, or to buy you a new piano—but you can remember a thousand things he said once upon a time—in the Spooning season, as Courtship is vulgarly called—bearing upon foreign trips, or pianos, or anything you fancied, when you were an angel. Recall these things, omitting neither dates, nor interesting geographical or atmospheric facts. Such, for instance, as "How we strayed from the others at the pic-nic, and it rained, and we stood under a tree," &c., &c., &c., or, "How we stayed at such or such a place in North Wales on our wedding tour, and there was a horrid cracked piano, and you said,—oh, that men should be so depraved!—you said, that I should have a Broadwood," &c., &c.

Take heed that you use your memory discreetly, my daughter, and you will never find your husband more than you can fairly battle with. Never forget to remind him in season how often he goes to the Club, how seldom he takes you to the Opera, what he spends on his own pleasures, what he ought to spend on yours. What selfish creatures men are, and what a mistake marriage is. Obey these instructions, and you will have every reason to bless your mother,

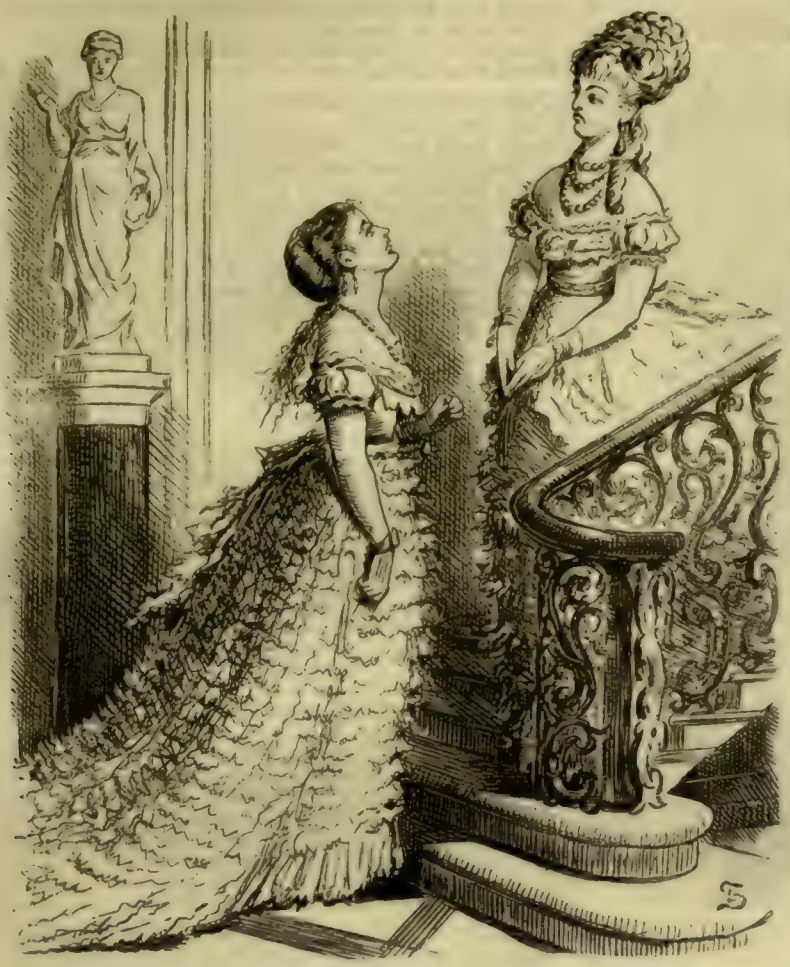
MRS. PUNCH.

Recreations of Fontainebleau.

IN a column of gossip about Court Life at Fontainebleau, the Paris correspondent of the *Post* says:—

"The visit of the new librarian of the Palace of Fontainebleau frequently imparts a literary character to the Court *soirées*. At a recent *réunion* of this kind, M. FEUILLET read to their Majesties several chapters of a romance which he is now finishing."

Whereon the PRINCE IMPERIAL may perhaps have taken occasion to say, "Hear M. FEUILLET reading Papa and Mamma his *feuilleton*."



A GOOD CUTTING REASON.

Alice. "Angela, what *have* I done to Offend you? You have avoided me the whole Evening."

Angela. "I'm not Offended, but your Dress perfectly Kills mine, and I really can't be seen with you."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Punch has received several communications touching the extreme heat of the weather. From a voluminous mass of correspondence he selects for the edification of his readers a few of the more remarkable ones:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Barking, July 22nd.

Sir,—Last Saturday my mother-in-law came on a visit. In a short time it became so hot that I was obliged to leave home. You may make what use you please of this.

Yours,

J. Stubbs.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Exeter, July 20th.

Mr. Punch,—It was so warm here last week that Brown (who set up in opposition to me a year back) and I quite forgot our long-standing coolness.

I enclose my card.

Yours truly,

Galen.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Punch,—I have a droll friend of the name of Pond. I never knew him so dry as he has been lately.

Yours,

Wagstaff.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Old Chap,—Excuse the liberty, but wouldn't you like to be iced *Punch* this weather? You know *me*.

Yours,

Old Subscriber.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Dear Brother Punch,—Rather a good idea of Brother Wilde's letting us take off our wigs in Court, eh? What we might term an unexpected "refresher."

Yours without prejudice,

R. Arthur Porus.

Poetry or Doggerel?

Mr. Punch,—Has not too much importance been attached to the fact, as an argument showing the Poem ascribed to Milton not to be Milton's, that the initials appended to it are P. M. instead of J. M.? May not P. M., Sir, be supposed to stand for Poet Milton? If the letters had been P. C. would many of us have doubted them to mean Poet Close? I venture to sign myself,

Hotspur.

MAJOR PALLISER'S HEAVY CHARGES.

My eye, *Mr. Punch*, was caught the other day by the following jocular paragraph in a newspaper:—

"Major Palliser's Gun.—It may ease the minds of tax-payers if they are informed that the gun which burst at Shoeburyness on Thursday, as well as the powder and shot, was Major Palliser's private property, and that no expenditure of public money has been incurred. The gun in question is one of a purely experimental nature, and steel was tried only in consequence of the great pressure put on Major Palliser to give that metal a trial."

The writer of the foregoing statement could never have intended seriously to express an opinion that tax-payers would be glad and not sorry that the cost of an accident incurred by a gentleman in trying experiments for their advantage would have to be borne by him, and not by themselves. For an individual alone that cost would be heavy; a share of it for each one of a multitude would be light, and if the tax-payers would rather Major Palliser should stand it than they, their meanness would be ridiculous. Does not the British Public always make a point of compensating every one who loses either money, life, or limb in its service, by the award of a handsome grant or pension to himself or his survivors? Generous British Public, it takes nothing for nothing; never allows anybody to sacrifice anything for it without being amply remunerated!

If Major Palliser has lost anything by the bursting of his gun, of course Government will take care to see that he is reimbursed. Otherwise it will not go the way to get clever men to devote their abilities to the improvement of our artillery.

Your humble Servant,

Egomet Ipse.

SCIENTIFIC EVENING DRESS.

"Why," says the *Lancet* to its readers, "do not the members of our profession set a good example by clothing themselves in a rational manner during the present weather? Our medical contemporary proceeds to explain that the elements of a rational costume are porousness and whiteness of material, rendering it a non-conductor, a sparing absorbent, and plentiful reflector of heat, and allowing evaporation from the surface of the body. The *Lancet* states that:—

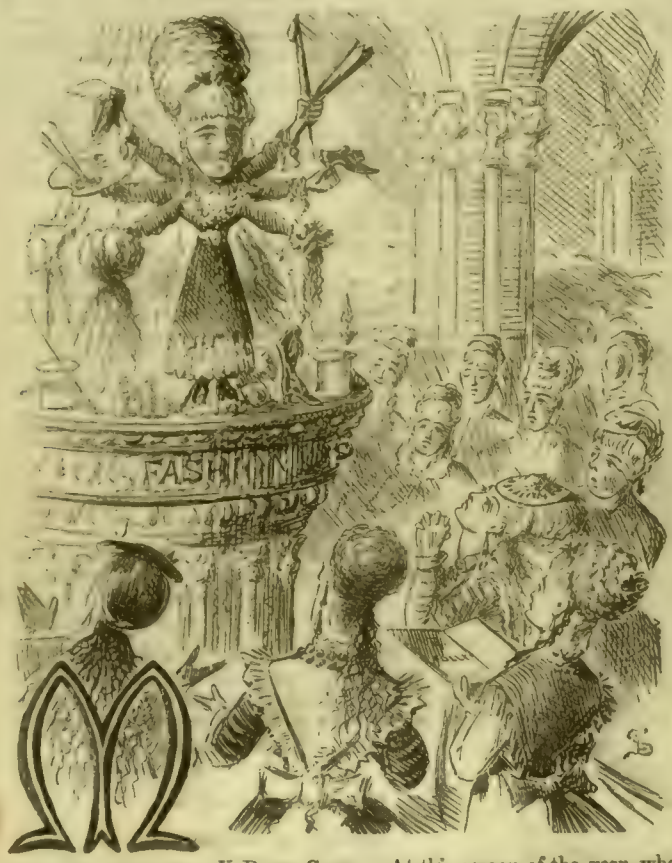
"These qualities are possessed in the highest degree by white flannel, and there is no reason that we can find why this material should not be adopted generally in place of the atrocious costume which fashion inflicts upon suffering mankind."

Fashion with regard to colour and caloric, is even more unscientific as touching male attire than female. It requires men to put themselves into suits of black when they go to dance in crowded ball-rooms. The consequence, the least injurious, is liquefaction. For waltzing in such weather as we have lately had, the only fit attire would resemble the uniform in which recruits are drilled. Men should wear a fatigue dress-coat, waistcoat and trowsers, made, as the *Lancet* suggests, of white flannel. It might, if needful, be picked out and trimmed narrowly with pink, or scarlet, or sky-blue, or any other tint suitable to the tomfoolery of capering, and satisfactory to the ladies.

Don't Mention the Place.

The Eisteddfod this year is to be held at Ruthin. Reporters be pitiless: let there be no ruth in what you say of that grotesque meeting.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.



Y Dear Child,—At this season of the year, when those who can afford it leave the green nooks of England, and fly from one end of the Continent to the other, with enjoyment exactly proportionate to the expenditure, it may be as well to give you my thoughts on Travel. Your Father has little inclination for the favourite British sport of riding a steeple-chace across Europe, with the cream of one's country-people, in the dog-days; but shall his wife and daughter on that account be deprived of pleasure? Never, never—so pack up your finest clothes, my Judiana, buy the biggest chignon you can get, and with maid, courier, and boy in buttons, let us set off on our travels.

Do you ask whither we go? *Naïve, Miss Punch!* As if it mattered in the least so long as we find plenty of fine ladies and gentlemen there, and if a baronet and his lady, or an Honourable Miss Came-in-with-the-Conqueror, will not the place be a Paradise of the first water?

Formerly, I confess, people used to travel for the sake of studying foreigners, and the ways of foreigners. My Grandfather took his family from one end of France to the other in a private coach-and-four, and they did not pass through a village without learning how the folks lived there, what education they had, and so on. But the fashion is wholly altered now, and you and I must submit to being whirled from Calais to Paris in crowded carriages till our limbs are agonised with cramp, and our brains dizzy, and our senses—nowhere: and not grumble, because the Grand Hôtel du Louvre is like an Inferno this hot weather, peopled with those polyglot imps in black swallow-tail coats, the waiters, poor wretches!

Nor, why should we grumble indeed, because we are whirled on in the same way to Geneva, and perhaps farther, window-blinds down all the time, carriage packed to the last inch with rugs and bags, and no fellow-travellers but English, who are frigid and unyielding as to elbow-room, as the locomotive Englishman or Englishwoman is sure to be. We stop somewhere and eat nothing, and thus gaining heaps of new experiences and information, cattle on to our journey's end.

"Why do people travel, then?" asks my ingenuous Judiana? There are a hundred reasons why, all cogent and plain enough to be understood by a mind as innocent in the ways of the world, as that of *Miss Punch.*

1st. Travel is the best means of studying the manners and customs of the English.

2nd. Travel is the best means of making acquaintances of superior rank to our own.

3rd. Travel may be recommended to those who "from circumstances over which they have no control," cannot stay in their own country.

4th. Travel is an admirable method of giving one's daughters what may be called *an Opportunity.*

5th. Travel is an admirable field for flirts of both sexes.

6th. Travel is the fashion.

These are a few of the reasons why people should travel, though their name is Legion.

If a foreign *tour à la mode*, is a probation to fathers and mothers, it is some recompense to have got one's eldest daughter engaged, to have made the acquaintance of old Lady Bignamb and her inestimable Jeamses, to have one's sons lolling about *cafés*, and losing money at cards with that young Lord Fitzvagabond—(what matters it how a lord behaves?) to have screwed down the domestic staff at home to the minimum of board wages, and the hotel-keeper to the minimum of *Pension* prices, so retrieving the extravagance of the London season.

And then for mothers, there is the especial gratification of seeing how sweet their girls look in *rechauffé* toilettes, and how much admiration they get! Dressed in the flimsiest, flashiest style, ribbons streaming, chignons, a miracle! and abundantly using the liberty allowed them, what an astounding impression our young ladies must create upon the minds of foreigners. The manners of that portion of our sex are so perplexing, that I am afraid we have things said of us that are far from being true, and no wonder.

Prepare for your travels, therefore, my child, for it is highly desirous that you should go abroad and see what your country-people are like. We will go, and conquer. Perhaps the happy fates may lead us to some Swiss Arcadia, where the *Ranz des Vaches* is heard on the heights, and the glaciers shine in the sun, and the pine-woods are green—and the Upper Ten Thousand of our adored country most do congregate. Let us take with us an abundant and fashionable toilette, a courier glib of speech, and of immaculate honesty, our maid for comfort, and our Buttons, for the look of the thing—and how will hotel-keepers and waiters bow down before us.

Oh! for a flunkey—but that is a dream of Elysium in which I dare not indulge. Let us be thankful for the Buttons, and tell nobody that he is a newspaper boy hired for the occasion.

Your ambitious Mamma,

Mrs. Punch.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER.

The following are a few of the alarming and disastrous calamities which a large proportion of the Peerage, the clergy, and the county families, and an excited section of the ladies residing in market-towns and rural districts are confident will be the certain result of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church:—

Scarcity of Foxes,
Stoppage of Banks,
An inferior description of Sherry (bad enough already),
Decay of County Balls,
Increased consumption of Tobacco,
Demoralisation of Curates,
Alarming spread of Poaching,
Indifference to the office of Rural Dean,
Decline of Croquet,
General neglect of Gloves,
Disease amongst Grouse,
Servants more and more independent,
No Railway Dividends,
Black Beetles,
The Fires of Smithfield,
Disuse of Powder by Male Domestics,
Cheap Claret,
Short Sermons,
The elevation of Mr. Bright to the Peerage, and
The Setting of England's Sun for Ever.

Racy Bit of Foreign News.

A week or so back, a rather novel race took place between a One-Horse Car and a Velocipede; the former was driven by a Monsieur Car-rere, and the latter propelled by a Monsieur Car-canade. Comical names under the circumstances. They started from Castres—it ought to have been Car-tres—but it wasn't. Their destination was *Toulouse*, though their object was *to win.* However, the gentleman with the horse came in first. A spectator, who had recently seen *Mazeppa*, was so impressed with the rapidity of the winner, that he shouted out, in the language of the soul-stirring drama in question,

"Again he urges on his wild Carrere!"

ODD MEN OUT.

PREFACE.—1. THE MAN WITH AN EAR.

It was a toss up whether I should put them into the photograph book of "A Few Friends," but I decided upon making them into a collection of the Odd Men Out.

Happy Thought.—To call them Heads and Tales, *i.e.*, Sketch the head and then write the tale.

But this idea was immediately abandoned, as among the first in the collection came

The Headless Man; that is, The Man without a Head on his shoulders.

After him comes another portrait, of whom you will hear as The Man *with* a head on his shoulders.

The other Portraits are—

The Man with an Ear.
The Man with a Nose.
The Man with an Eye.
The Man with a Palate.
The Man with a Voice.
The Man with No Voice.

Leaving the Man with a Head and the Headless Man for the present, we will come to the Man with an Ear.

There is a Man with an Ear who knows how to play some instrument and plays it, as he says, merely for his own amusement, which however does not prevent him from treating you to a private performance when you weakly allow yourself to get with him alone for five minutes in his own room. He doth, as it were, ravish you with sweet sounds when he getteth you into his net. With this ear of his he does wonderful things. He uses it as an elephant does his trunk, for the purposes of picking up. There is the Man with an Ear who does *not* play upon an instrument; and the Man with an Ear who does.

I met Bilscombe (one of the former division) standing in the street in an attitude of the deepest attention. I salute him.

"Ssh!" says Bilscombe. I look about to see what is the cause of this mystery.

"Ssh!" says he again, apparently feeling that some sort of explanation is perhaps necessary. "I want to catch something."

If by any chance my practical-joking friend, Grigg, is with me, he will pretend that what Bilscombe wants to catch is a fly or a flea, and disturb him gently by pretending to hunt it on his coat-collar.

"Ah!" says Bilscombe, with a sigh of annoyance, "they've finished. Bother!" When for the first time I discover that he has been listening to as much as he could catch of the strains of a German Band, performing selections from something or other round the corner of the next street.

"I wonder what that tune was," he says more to himself than me, as we walk on.

To humour him I inquire what tune; but this was before I knew Bilscombe well.

"Well," says he, "it goes like this;" whereupon he stops suddenly, it may be in the middle of Regent Street, *he* doesn't care, and standing exactly opposite me, he directs an imaginary band with a short stick, much after the impulsive manner of the late M. Jullien, while the part of the imaginary orchestra is filled by his mouth and nose together (mouth shut, nose open, like an organ with two pipes), which under the direction of the stick, perform a solo of this sort, time a little uncertain, say two four to begin with, and four and a half when in doubt,—"Rum *dum* a dum *dum* dum dum dum, *dum*, dum dummy dum dum di rum di—"

I tell him I don't know it, and propose moving.

"No, no," says Bilscombe, "that part's all right: here's the difficulty:—doodle loodle rum adum doo and—then, how does it go then?"

"I really don't know," I answer.

"You're the tenth man I've asked to-day who doesn't know," he exclaims, almost angrily.

"Why does he want to get hold of this tune so particularly?"

It appears from Bilscombe's modest confession that he is the collaborateur of a friend (under the assumed name of—well never mind what) who writes those amusing pieces in which a considerable element of success is either the judicious adaptation of the popular melodies of the day, or the careful introduction of such novelties as shall become popular. "My department," Bilscombe informs me, "is the musical. You know I've a deuced quick ear,"—I admit it—"and if I once hear a tune, I can always catch it: at least," he corrects himself, remembering his failure just now, "I can *generally*."

"But this tune?" I ask.

"This tune," he replies, "is the most confounded tune ever written. I've hunted it all over London. It's driving me perfectly mad. There," he stops suddenly. "I think I've got it—rum de dum, dum de dum," he looks at me inquiringly. I wonder to myself if he has got it, and hope so sincerely. No he hasn't. I comfort him by observing that it will come in time, and forthwith attempt a change in the conversation.

"Come in time!" he exclaims. "If it doesn't come in good time, it won't do. The piece is to be produced in a few days, and Tom (the chief collaborateur) says he *must* have it. "Hallo! look there!" and, before I can offer the slightest resistance, he has hurried me round the corner of a small street, and into an alley where some dirty children are dancing to an organ.

The organ man is performing "*Not for Charley*," or "*Canoe Joseph is my Name*," or "*Paddle your own Champagne*," or whatever any of these tunes may be called.

Bilscombe shakes his head. No, of course not: just like his luck. Let's wait for the next tune. I say, "No, come along," and inform him, on my own authority, that I am sure the man hasn't got the tune he wants on his instrument.

Bilscombe yields, and we return to civilised life.

It is half-past twelve, so I propose that we shall take a walk in the park. (Hate going alone, and Bilscombe will do, unless I can find somebody else; he will do very well if he'll only promise not to stop, and sing and direct orchestras with his stick. I make this proviso at the corner of Bond Street, when he is asking me if one couldn't get a capital comical effect out of the March from *Norma*, Rum tum ti rum tum (stick up) Rum (stick down) tum (stick to the left) tetum (stick to the right) tum, (stick up, knocking off an elderly gentleman's hat.) Elderly gentleman forgets himself in offering to remember Bilscombe when he sees him again: obsequious apology from Bilscombe, with tenders for brushing his hat for him himself. Tenders spurned, and old gentleman nearly run over while turning to throw a last indignant look at Bilscombe as he is crossing.

Altercation between old gentleman and cabman: left quarrelling, and we pursue our way down Bond Street.

Bilscombe promises to be quiet, and says that he shouldn't wonder if by dismissing the subject entirely from his mind it would come to him later on.

I tell him, with great inward satisfaction, that I've got no doubt of it. Dismiss it. He dismisses it. When it returns to him I shall not be there. Unfortunately, the first music-shop on the left-hand side catches his eye.

He stops me—only for a moment, he says—or will I come in with him. I'll come in—we enter. The shop is full.

(*To be continued.*)

IRISH PROTESTANT BOYHOOD.

The Dublin Correspondent of the *Post*, the other day, announcing a Protestant demonstration to come off under the presidency of the Earl of Enniskillen, said:—

"A placard has been posted throughout the County Fermanagh stating that the Earl of Enniskillen 'hopes and expects every Protestant, from fourteen to sixteen years of age, will be at his post on that day, to enter his protest against the meditated attacks upon the Established Church and the Protestant Constitution by the enemies of both.'"

The meeting of Protestants thus convoked, in view of the conditions of age prescribed for those invited to attend it, seems to have been designed to be a demonstration of Protestant boys who would be boys indeed.

Riddle

When does an Editor play a singular trick with grammar?

[*Chorus of impenitent Contributors.*—"When he tries to improve our contributions."
That's not it.]

When he Declines an Article.

Something New.

In the match between the Lords and Commons at Wimbledon, the lowest score made on the side of the Peers was by Lord Dufferin. This is the first time we ever heard of even an approach on his Lordship's part to being a Duffer in anything undertaken by him.

ALL THE WAY FROM THE BASS ROCK.

In the Wimbledon reports how refrigerating it was to read of "The Bass Prize!" What gift could have been more seasonable than a cask of the best Burton—perhaps we ought to say a butt?

COOL!

That excellent but audacious fellow, Barnby Willows, had the courage to ask his friends to a housewarming in the height of the tropical weather.

MALMESBURY NURSES.

Lord Malmesbury considers that it is Useless to teach Modern Languages at the Public Schools, "as Parents can easily procure such Instruction for their Children by hiring Foreign Nurses." Observe the Delight of Four Young Gentlemen who have returned from Harrow for the Holidays, and discover that their Parents have procured French and German Instruction for them. Also observe the Envy of the young and untutored Clown.

THE TAP TRIUMPHANT. (A DITHYRAMBIC OF THE DOG DAYS.)

Fill up a glass,
Brim-full of Bass,
Or Allsopp if you will,
Strong beer or stout;
The Bill's thrown out,
The Sunday Liquor Bill.

Drink health to them
Whose votes did stem
The Sabbatarian tide,
And check the crew
Of Maniacs, who
For Maine Law are allied.

By brief Report,
As sweet as short,
'Tis proved that he 's an Ass
Who doth asperse,
And would coerce,
As sots, the working class.

To say, when loose,
From beer's abuse
Refrain they never can,
Is all my eye,
'Tis to belie
The British working man.

What more needs he
From drink to be
Restrained, than any Swell,
Who quaffs, at ease,
What him doth please,
In club or in hotel?

Who says you must
Not fellows trust,
With swipes to drench their throats,
As well might say,
That such as they,
We are unfit for votes!

This summer hot
Would make the lot
Of thirsty souls severe;
If, broiled and fried,
They were denied
All Sunday, any beer.

May be, the State
Has felt, of late,
How great would be the bore,
To go all day,
Forbid their clay
To moisten, for the poor.

Drink up your beers,
And give three cheers
For liberty to cool
A droughty tongue.
Free, still, is Bung
From Sabbatarian rule.

Punch on the Head.

In an account of a terrible assault committed by a school-boy at Herault upon his Master, a contemporary states that "the latter was awakened by feeling a hand on his shoulder, and the *noise* of several blows on his head." Now one may hear a singing in the ears, but blows on the head, if sufficiently hard, are generally felt, we fancy, not heard. Perhaps, however, they were *sound* blows.

The Weather Abroad.—A great Reignfall is shortly expected in Spain.

Never Mind.

Hot days and cool drinks have something to answer for. Lord Napier, of Magdala, visited the Wimbledon Camp on the Wednesday, and "when he was going away," the Band struck up, "See the Conquering Hero *comes*."

THE LATEST DISCOVERY.

A Friend who had read in the *Times* about "the table-land of Wimbledon," reports that he found it, most agreeably, in Jennison's Refreshment Stand.

THE "CLERK OF THE WEATHER" WAKES UP ST. SWITHIN.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Saturday, *July 18th*. It is all very well to beg that Members will not put unpleasant questions, to the delay of public business, but when thousands of pounds are being spent on Target experiments, the taxpayer is rather inclined to ask about results. Mr. O'Beirne insisted on poking a question at Sir John Pakington, and in getting it answered, and the answer showed, as Lord Elcho observed—and he has studied the subject—that the sort of forts we are building at Plymouth, at £35,000 a-piece, are good for very little. *Mr. Punch* inspected one of the Plymouth forts last year, to the extent of looking at it as he smoked his cigar on the Breakwater, and asking the boatman whether it was an ice-house, and therefore he is perfectly competent to give judgment, which is that a French ironclad would knock it to pieces before a Plymouth Brother could row off and tell the invader to go away.

We then debated the Bribery Bill, and twice carried, mark you, an amendment by Mr. Fawcett for throwing the lawful expense of elections on the county and borough rates. Mr. Alderman Lusk did not speak in support of the clause, which was virtuous self-denial, as his own outlay, at the last Finsbury election, was £6,143 11*s*. 11*d*., and of course an alderman would incur none but lawful expenses, which it would be pleasant to be reimbursed by the rate-payers. But he was as silent as one of the Elgin marbles which he "doesn't think so much of."

Monday. Debate in the Lords on the Public Schools Bill, and Lord Malmesbury emitted two propositions: one, that it was not necessary to teach the modern languages at Public Schools, as parents could easily have them taught by engaging foreign Nurses for their young gentlemen; and the other, that the Holidays given at school are a great deal too long, and cause youths to forget much which they have been learning. *Mr. Punch* leaves the former allegation to the treatment of one of his Artistic Young Men; and as to the latter, Lord Malmesbury had better look out for a bonneting the next time he enters a playground—not that he isn't quite right. [*Quite wrong, poor dears!* Judina.]

Questioned by Mr. Harvey Lewis (to whom thanks), Lord John Manners stated that the Baptists in the Regent's Park stop the way of the water, which ought to have been in the lake long ago. Their College has some bad drainage which must be amended. The Baptists are a very objectionable sect, both in Jamaica and England, and we have a great mind to put them down, only that we love Mr. Spurgeon. Will he be kind enough to excommunicate the College, and oblige the Park?

Asked whether he meant, as was rumoured, to knock Mr. Fawcett's Amendment out of the Bribery Bill, the Premier gave sharp answers, stating that he always behaved in a highly superior manner, and gave notice of what he meant to do. The upshot was, that on the following night notice to the above effect was given, and on the Thursday the Government induced the House to upset the Amendment by 115 to 97, whereby there was much storming. Also two other proposals were made; one, that every candidate should deposit £100, and the other, that any candidate not getting a fifth of the votes, should pay his share of Election expenses. The House rejected both, and later in the week again defeated Mr. Fawcett.

Women and other men who steal flowers from public parks and gardens, should know that there is an Act under which they can be committed and punished. A Magistrate's having recently overlooked the fact, and let a flower-thief off, may lead other selfish persons into mistakes, with disagreeable results.

We had a jolly Irish row over the proposal that local Irish beaks should have power to alter polling-places. Everything connected with that delightful country has a party bearing, and the object of this proposal was to enable the landlords to drag their tenants to the poll without rescue by the priest and his mob. The Priest Party was as sharp as the Landlords, and a good fight took place, ending in the defeat of the Government and the Clause by 84 to 74, and Lord Mayo flung up a large slice of the Irish Registration Bill.

Then, thanks to the hot weather, we had a great battle over the Cattle Bill. This was for preventing foreign cattle from coming into London. It was proposed that only the British Meatmonger should have the right to send his articles to town; the alien beasts were to be taken to a distant market somewhere down the Thames. The pretended reason for the vehement support given to this Bill by the landlord interest is fear of the Cattle Disease; the real reason is, that it was a Protectionist measure, tending to raise the price of food. The Liberals fought hard against it, moving adjournment after adjournment, and being stormed at by the Colonels and such like. But it was beaten out at three in the morning; and the next time it came on, by appointment, Mr. Ayrton snapped a Count Out, scarcely fairly, but pardonable in the circumstances. Finally, on Saturday morning, the Government, wearied out, threw up the Bill.

Tuesday. The Electric Telegraphs Bill went through Committee. It was abused by a few Members, and Mr. Phillips, Liberal Member for Bury, objected to it, as only for the benefit of merchants, lawyers, and betting-men. Merchants may not be altogether an insignificant class in this country, and lawyers manage much of our business for us. We should see no objection to refuse transmitting the signals of the betting rascals. But many other people want the telegraph. *Mr. Punch* himself uses it freely, and his despatch, "*Hooray, Bumpy, Lumpy says Grumpy has got the gout,*" is as important as any Government message, and demands as much care in the transmission. The Bill, with much honour and glory to Mr. Scudamore, has passed the Commons. It has been read twice in the Lords.

Something really ought to be done to satisfy the Catholics on a matter about which they make such a botheration that it is clear they think it of importance. Papist paupers and criminals ought to be allowed full and free visitation by their priests, and not to be exposed to the peril of being converted to Protestantism and virtue together. Guardians and Magistrates should be compelled to do what the Legislature intended. Dear old Newdegate, don't talk nonsense. What can it signify to you or us what creed these classes affect?

Wednesday. Mr. Coleridge's Bill, for admitting Dissenters to all the privileges of the Universities, was withdrawn. Now, perhaps, the Baptists in the Regent's Park will observe what has followed their conduct in respect to the Lake. *Raro deserunt prena.*

Mr. Mill tried to obtain an enactment forbidding the employment of paid agents at Elections. He was elected gratuitously, to the honour alike of himself and Westminster. But there were other Members who had not deserved such a distinction, and they shuddered at the danger of offending those whom such a Clause would hit. It was rejected by 116 to 86.

All the Ministers, except Lord Stanley, ate the Whitebait dinner, and, we hope, enjoyed a Banquet which perhaps they may not repeat.

Thursday. More School Debate in the Lords, and several nobles enunciated the very wise doctrine that the Head Master should be as autocratic as possible, and not be shown to the boys as under the Sway of a Committee. It is true that a wise Committee will seldom interfere; but, having chosen a fitting Head Master, will trust him with all government and responsibility; but all Committees, even of individually wise men, are not wise. Decidedly, boys should be under a just and benignant Despot, whose *dixi* should be final.

India must wait till next year for Legislation. The Government Bills were withdrawn. *Punch* has already recorded the other catastrophes of the day, which, by the way, was a good deal cooler than any day for a month.

Friday. We never knew the House of Commons behave worse. Everybody seemed desirous to say or do something that ought not to be done or said. It will hardly be believed that Mr. Milner Gibson, who is the archetype of goodnature, and whose smile when, as a Minister, he used to seem to be answering questions, would have disarmed a savage—he who was always as busy a honey-maker as the Bee in the Epitaph which Milton did NOT write—he was in a passion the whole evening, and wanted words to be taken down, and had to be called to order. When he could stray, what wonder that others erred, that Mr. Hardy, who had provoked Mr. Gibson by imputing "faction," had to apologise, that Mr. Ayrton was not going to be put down by clamour, and that Major Parker called Mr. Gibson's course "contemptible," and was obliged to substitute "dubious." There was a general disposition to make rows, and the only two good things we have to report are, first, that Mr. Gladstone disclaimed any knowledge or patronage of the low cad, Finlen, who intruded on him with a deputation (and who leaves his own children in a condition too foul to be described here); and secondly, that the Commons passed the Bribery Bill. Well done, Benjamin, our Ruler!

OUR ENLARGED ENTOMOLOGY.

The place which the gigantic gooseberry generally occupies in the newspapers has this year been taken by mosquitoes, which are said to have turned up, if with truth certainly in season, during the late tropical weather. A Correspondent of the *Times* declared that he heard one of these insects make a noise which he described as boom, oom, oom—the sort of hum peculiar to the mosquito. There is another insect, too common in some beds, which is altogether silent, and yet its name is associated, in a vernacular expression, with hum. It is not the flea. We shall soon know whether the boom, oom, oom of the supposed mosquito was a genuine hum, or mere hum in connection with the word which, *per se*, is the name of that other insect.

Doing Things by Halves.

An old saying bids people "throw out tubs to catch a whale." The Admiralty in ship-building, observes this proverb in part. It throws out tubs, but catches no whales.

Tonic for the Insolent.—Sarcy-parilla.

CAUTION LARGE.

Volunteer (to Old Lady, who is calling the Guard, and making a great fuss about "the loaded Gun"). "I assure you it's all right, Mum. I fired it off before I left the Camp."

Old Lady. "Oh, but one can't be too Careful. There may be some of it left in!!"

"ROGUES WILL FIND OUT THE WAY."

A New Song to an Old Tune (àpropos of the Bribery Bill).

Air—"*Over the Mountains and over the Waves.*"

Over the judges,
And over the laws,
By cover of fudges,
Or shelter of flaws;
Under penalties sternest
That statutes can lay,
Over sham qualms, or earnest,
Rogues will find out the way.

Though a candidate's face
Be 'gainst "men in the moon;"
Though defeat to disgrace
He prefer, like a spoon:
Though the Carlton won't venture,
And Spofforth says "nay,"
There are rogues still with scent sure
To nose out the way.

Strong as you believe it,
Your barrier of law,—
Stern as House can conceive it,
Or draughtsman can draw,—
If you 'd sit for a borough
And have money to pay,
Through the statute to-morrow
Rogues will find out the way.

Some would strive to expose him
The bribe that receives,
While some may suppose him
More guilty that gives:
But with knaves glad to pocket,
There 'll be fools glad to pay:
Pass your Bill then: to block it
Rogues will find out the way.

There may be a hope that
All wrongs will come right:
That *may* be a soap that
Will wash niggers white.
You may pass penal sections
For ever and a day,
But not less in elections
Rogues will find out the way.

DISRAELI'S WEEK OF CRIME.

(*From the Morning Star.*)

Monday. The arrogant but artful Premier declared that the weather was almost too hot for anything. This was a characteristic hint to the representatives of the nation to go away from the House, and leave him to control the destinies of the country. It was not taken.

Later, Mr. Disraeli said that he did not think it was quite so hot. We cannot speak calmly of such inconsistency, yet what else can be expected of the Tory author of a Reform Bill?

Mr. Disraeli asked Lord John Manners what the opera of that night was. Would Mr. Gladstone have asked such a question while the responsibilities of office weighed upon him? But Mr. Disraeli was ever a trifler.

Going home at night, Mr. Disraeli said that he should walk. Yes, it is certain that he is not the man to hasten home, and betake himself to the study of blue-books and national questions. We believe that he went basely to bed.

Tuesday. Meeting Mr. Ward Hunt in the lobby, the Premier was heard to observe that he hoped the white-bait were good. He was thinking of the Ministerial dinner next day? When did he think of anything but of the advantages of office?

The Premier, observing a Liberal Member who had crossed the House, seated near him, asked him whether it was cooler "over there," pointing to the Opposition bench. This insolent and virulent sneer did not deserve the playful answer which it received, and we regret that one who professes to be of the people, had no more earnest and worthy reply than, "Yes, you know, we 're out in the cold."

Mr. Disraeli in the most bare-faced manner ate an Orange during the discussion on the wrongs of Ireland. A more outrageous and indecent symptom of sympathy with the tyrannical faction was perhaps never manifested. And this is the man who affects to care for his Irish fellow-citizens, those of whom, only thirty-two years ago, he wrote, "This wild, reckless, insolent, uncertain, and superstitious race have no sympathy with the English character. Their fair ideal of human felicity is an alternation of clannish broils and coarse idolatry."

Wednesday. We do not often allude to private matters, but Mr. Disraeli's conduct this day was too offensive to be overlooked. He was seen standing in his balcony at Grosvenor Gate, and pointing out to a lady the new railings of the Park. On his lip lurked the bitter smile which he was too cunning to allow to be seen, but it may easily be imagined that he was expressing hatred for the people who had made those new railings necessary. At least, if he were not, will he stand up at the table, and manfully explain what he was saying to the lady?

At the White-Bait Dinner at the Trafalgar, we hear that Mr. Disraeli was the life and soul of the party. "Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel." Well if the wise saints choose to be deluded by the political *Mokanna*, we know not that it is any particular business of ours. But in due time they will discover on what sort of viands they have fed, and for their leader the *Azim* of South Lancashire is preparing the spear. Let them cleave to the brown loaves and white fishes while they may. *Delendus est* Disraeli!

Thursday. Mr. Disraeli laughed to Sir John Pakington in a peculiar manner on taking his seat in the House. Evidently there was some reminiscence of the Banquet of the previous night. Now we put it to Mr. Disraeli, who has talents above those of the Roystons and the tipsy Colonels, whether some show of gravity does not befit the Minister even of a Minority?

Well, indeed, might the Premier look as grave as he did at the ominous termination of this day's proceedings. There was matter for gravity in his meditations, but he had no right to manifest upon his countenance the displeasure which he felt. The House of Commons is not to be brow-beaten by a man whom it once refused to hear, and to whom it would have been well had attention never been accorded.

Greater men than Mr. Disraeli have assumed a manly cheerfulness amid political troubles.

Friday. Mr. Disraeli came into the House with an umbrella in his hand? Yet there was no sign of rain, nor was there any rain to justify this parade of precaution. Could he have put up the article, however, to avert the storm of contempt which was hurled at him for his despicable conduct in regard to the amendment of the great and good Fawcett, the Premier's umbrella might perhaps have been serviceable, yet even that would not have repelled the tempest.

It is the Premier's habit to close his eyes during the speech of an opponent. This we consider a treacherous advantage, as it deprives an antagonist of the means of seeing the full effect which his arguments may be producing. But it is part of Mr. Disraeli's nature to be tricky in all things.

The mode in which Mr. Disraeli watched every glance and gesture of Mr. Gladstone during the latter's majestic speech of last night, was in itself no doubt intended to be offensive, but it was really the highest compliment which the orator could receive. It was the reverse of what is seen in nature. The Serpent was fascinated by the Man. But this did not make the stare less Disraelish, that is, less rude.

Saturday. Not much was done in the House, but we could not help seeing that the Premier, who would be a good actor were not his acting so manifest, endeavoured to enlist sympathy by sneezing more than once. Of course he had no cold, and equally of course Sir John, or some other colleague—shall we say confederate?—had a snuff-box whence was obtained the sternutatory appeal of Mr. Disraeli to the kindness of the House.

Sunday. Mr. Disraeli actually paraded himself in a place of worship. Why this hypocrisy? But he attended no church in the afternoon, and probably solaced himself with a cigar and a claret cup. Such is the religion of the Defender of Protestant Institutions!

THE WEATHER.

Man could not stand boots, so took to pumps and hose. Ladies wore silks, but only those that were watered or *glacé*. The Meteorological Report in the papers became unexpectedly popular, and to read about the wet bulb was delicious. (Where are Greencastle, Helder, and Skudesnaes?) There was more barometrical pressure than is generally supposed, for people were constantly tapping the weather-glass. Many persons went out of town to the nearest watering-place; those who couldn't, made for the next drinking-fountain. Nobody cared for any music but the Coldstream's. The Park and Piccadilly were completely deserted for Brook Street, Conduit Street, Wells Street, Liquorpond Street, and Snow Hill. How ungrateful we are! The barometer was "corrected," and the thermometer exposed—to most unpleasant remarks. The heat completely upset *Mrs. Malaprop*: she talked about the weather being one of the chief tropics of conversation, admitted she was of a warm temperature, and said she understood that the temperament was the highest ever known in England. The advice of the late Sir Robert Peel was never before so extensively followed on the summer eve of a general election, for everybody made it his business to "register, register, register"—the heat. Warm discussions arose about the exact geographical position of Wenham Lake: some said Norway, others Iceland; an intelligent minority held to America—but America's a large district. People were variously affected—some were knocked up, others pulled down.

Photographers did a great sunstroke of business. Everybody knew an authority who had just returned from Barbadoes, or Bengal, or Mauritius, and declared it was cool there by comparison. Great rejoicing when the weather became a shade better. Bets freely made that after three days' moderate temperature people would begin to grumble about the cold, and the summer being gone, &c. The wonder was that Parliament was not dissolved, but who could have stood a hotly-contested election, unless it had been for an Icebergh?

Undeniable.

Some of ou rcontemporaries have recently published some interesting communications concerning the adulteration of food, and one paper has contained some rather surprising articles on London milk. In our opinion, however, the *best* article on milk is—cream.

"WE MAY SOON SEE AN END OF THE WIG."

"On rising to lay the facts before the jury, Sir R. Collier apologised to the Court for appearing without his wig.

"His Lordship observed that it was he himself who had set the example, there being a limit to human endurance in weather like the present.

"Sir R. Collier expressed the hope, shared in by most members of the bar, that the example would be generally followed, and that the profession would soon see an end of the wig."—*Law Report of Friday.*

Our epoch with changes is busy,
That well may make sober heads spin;
No wonder old Tories feel dizzy,
When their chiefs Household Suffrage bring in.
When Lord Chancellor Cairns (in her duel
With Dissenters the Church's best hope)
Gives compulsory Church-rates their gruel,
Spite of all Oxford's use of soft soap.
In Church and Lay matters, so far
Innovation is running its rig,
I'm afraid, past the pale of the Bar,
We shall soon "see an end of the wig."

Here's Coleridge, himself reared at College,
Would to snobs of Dissenters undo
Not only the pathway to knowledge,
But the access to fellowships too:
Here's Carnarvon leaves Cairns in the lurch,
And supports the Suspensory Bill,
Since in Ireland the Protestant Church
Its mission has failed to fulfil.
People really don't know where they are:
And alike in things little and big,
Feel, that far past the pale of the Bar,
We may soon "see an end of the wig."

Here's Colenso a heretic bishop
With the law at his back in Natal:
And the Church no successor can fish up,
Though Capetown insists that she shall.
Here's the Bishop of London declaring
Convocation Natal can't depose,
While Stanley, theologist daring,
Seven-eighths of the Bench overcrows.
With "The sling and the stone" flung afar,
And heresy running its rig;
Far, I fear, beyond pale of the Bar,
We may soon "see an end of the wig."

Here's Gladstone whom Oxford sent out
Her demurest, most dutiful son,
To uphold divine right, denounce doubt,
And bind Crown and Crozier in one:
Once highest of high in the Church,
And Tory of Tories in state,
Leaving old Oxford creeds in the lurch,
Seals the Irish Establishment's fate!
Where henceforth shall we seek a fixed star,
In what ranks, Tory, Radical, Whig?
Yes—far beyond pale of the Bar,
We may soon "see an end of the wig."

Time was when a man with a handle
To his name found his way plain and clear,
When no service had witnessed the scandal
Of Plebeian allowed to pass Peer.
Now to service and purse of the nation,—
Be access to backstairs what it may—
Through Competitive Examination
Swells and snobs must alike make their way:
While Rank with Low-birth's on a par,
And none asks if you're Tory or Whig,
Methinks, beyond pale of the Bar,
We may soon "see an end of the wig."

In the House there is less faith in Bumble;
To Red-tape we no longer vote thanks:
In the Army at purchase they grumble,
Talk of raising good men from the ranks:
And elections, at last, circumscribing,
Of their pay hard-worked agents they'd chouse:
And on M.P.'s found guilty of bribing,
For sev'n years shut the door of the House!
Yes—the times very ominous are,
For old ways few or none care a fig—
In more callings, I fear, than the Bar,
We may soon "see an end of the wig."

MORE THAN ONE FOR HIS NOB.

Irritable Old Gentleman (who is rather particular about his appearance). "I WISH YOU'D BE CAREFUL. THAT'S THE THIRD OR FOURTH TIME YOU'VE PRICKED ME WITH YOUR SCISSORS!"

Hairdresser. "BEG YER PARDON, SIR, BUT THE FACT IS, SIR, I 'AVEN'T BEEN IN THE 'ABIT O' CUTTIN' 'AIR, SIR. WE'RE RATHER SHORT OF 'ANDS, SO——" [*Old Gent explodes.*

MAYOR AND ALDERMEN.

SOME Lord Mayors and some Aldermen are really Fathers of the City, and behave "as such." But LORD MAYOR ALLEN and ALDERMAN LUSK by no means fulfil *Mr. Punch's* notion of fatherhood. His veneration for the Mayor's chair is abject, but that sentiment does not prevent his apprising the sitter in that chair that he will be sat upon in a decided way if he plays any more antics. What business had he to suppose that an accomplished scholar and admirable Head Master like the chief of the City of London School had preached an objectionable sermon? Is not such a man as MR. ABBOTT likely to know better than an Alderman what a sermon should be? The other Fathers gave him such a wigging on this matter that he was obliged to go to the Prize giving, and behave himself, so we say no more at present about that. But now it is stated that the LORD MAYOR, wroth at some strictures by the *Daily News*, refused its reporter a ticket to the Napier banquet.

"Let bumptious ALLEN, with an awkward shame,
Cease acts like these, or he 'll be *Punch's* Game."

Then, as for ALDERMAN LUSK, he edified the House the other night with a cock-and-bull story of how he found a young lady and gentleman, the latter with handsome whiskers (which appear to have excited old MR. LUSK's envy), in a railway carriage together, and the gentleman was smoking. LUSK "presumed" that she did not like smoke, so he made her get out and go to another compartment. We daresay that the young lady thought the presumptuous LUSK a fussy and disagreeable old party, and wished he would mind his own business, and we hope that the gentleman chaffed him well. But fancy telling this bosh to the House of Commons! However, the Alderman will not have many more chances of boring the House with such twaddle. *He* will be moved to another compartment.

THE DREGS OF SOCIETY.—Champagne at two-and-one.

PIGEON-BUTCHERS.

THE *Daily News* has published something, worth reprinting, about the amusement of pigeon-shooting, which it seems certain "females of the period" have taken to patronise:—

"To see hundreds of the birds universally regarded as the type of innocence mercilessly and painfully slaughtered from seats so conveniently placed that not a flutter of the ruffled plumage, not a gyration of the dying agony, not a helpless struggle to use again the pinions which have been destroyed, not a confiding look when the poor wretch sits down and, without attempting to fly, looks its destroyer piteously in the face, is missed—to see these things closely and minutely is a cherished amusement with the classes to whom all amusements are within reach, and whose station and advantages entitle them to be looked up to and emulated as examples. Two days after the experience recorded, we were present at a boors' shooting match in a Surrey field. Nothing could be more vulgar and common place than the surroundings, nothing coarser or more essentially plebeian than the men. Sparrows were the birds here, the prize was beer instead of sovereigns, and the spectators were the roughest of the rough. But they gave their birds a chance, and they had left their womenfolk at home. Sometimes a whole cluster of sparrows escaped scot free, frequently only one or two out of a batch were killed, and no female was in sight."

Perhaps idle men are as well engaged in this sport, at once effeminate and cruel, as in gambling, or talking that which prepares work for SIR J. P. WILDE. But as for the she-spectators, *Punch* will gladly believe that the only women who assist at Pigeon-Murder are Soiled Doves.

OFF! OFF!

IF you are asked whether you think English playgoers can stand the *Can-can*, you may safely reply—can't can't.

THE TEMPLE OF ISIS.—VERREY'S.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, August 1, 1868.

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

"Gardez-vous!"

FLIGHT.

(*Adapted from* Longfellow's "*Curfew.*")

I.

Suddenly, joyfully,
Leaving the Row,
The London belle
Is beginning to go.

Cover the couches,
And shut out the light;
Calls cease in the morning,
And parties at night.

Closed are the windows,
And out is the fire;
The knockers are silent—
All footmen retire.

No groom in the chambers,
No porter in hall!
Dust and brown holland
Reign over all!

II.

The Season is ended,
And closed, like the Play;
And the Swells that adorned it
Vanish away.

Dim grow its dances;
Forgotten they 'll be,
Like the ends of cigars
Thrown into the sea.

Squares lapse into silence,
The railways are full,
The windows are papered,
The West-end is dull.

Fewer and fewer
The people to call;
Sweeps and the charwoman
Reign over all!

SMALL CHARGE FOR STAMPING.

The need of a public prosecutor appears to be suggested by the very mild justice administered to the ruffians concerned in an outrage thus described by the *Times*:—

"Nearly a Murder.—An atrocious case of assault was heard at Malton on Saturday before a full Bench of magistrates. The gross nature of the case caused the court to be crowded. Four men, named Thomas Potter, W. Potter, and W. Sharp, labourers, of Terrington, and Thomas Goodall, groom, of Wigganthorpe, were charged with assaulting a young man, named John Swann, a tailor, of Slingsby, in Hovingham, on the 14th inst., between ten and eleven o'clock at night. Goodall only pleaded 'Not Guilty.' From the evidence of a gentleman named Sedgwick, of Hovingham, who witnessed the latter part of the affray from his bedroom window, and whose appearance appeared to have saved the life of the complainant, the four men, seemingly without provocation, most cruelly ill-treated the man Swann, got him down, and kicked him until senseless."

When, in such a case as this, the accused are not committed for trial, the obvious supposition is, that their victim preferred to have it summarily settled. That, in some measure, enables us to account for the apparent leniency shown by the Malton magistrates to the above-named criminals. The *Times* continues:—

"The walls of Mr. Sedgwick's house and the pavement are yet covered with blood, the heavy rains having failed to obliterate it. Mr. Sedgwick did not hesitate to say that if not interfered with, the men must have murdered the complainant, and some of the magistrates expressed a similar opinion. With the exception of Goodall, who said he took no part beyond holding the coats of two of the others, the men made no defence. The Bench were unanimous in fining the defendants heavily, and imposed a penalty of £10, costs included. Three of the men paid their proportion, the fourth to pay in three weeks, or two months' hard labour."

Who can doubt that, if these fellows had killed the man on whom they committed the assault attested by Mr. Sedgwick, they would have committed quite a murder, and be the first to get hanged in private? The crime they did commit deserved penal servitude for life, and if they were let off with a fine of £2 10s. each, or the option of two months' hard labour, surely it was but because they were sentenced to the heaviest punishment that the Bench had power to inflict. "The Bench were unanimous in fining the defendants heavily." Of course, that means as heavily as they could. Only, what needs a little explanation is the statement that one of these brutes, to whom immediate cash payment was inconvenient, had three weeks' credit given to him instead of having been immediately sent to gaol. We do not blind ourselves to the fact that John Swann, the sufferer of their maltreatment, was a tailor; but we dismiss the suggestion that the Malton Bench regarded the injuries which he sustained as bearing a relative proportion to merely the ninth part of a man. But, anyhow, a Public Prosecutor is wanted to take perpetrators of atrocious assaults out of such hands as theirs, and send them to the Assizes, where a judge will have the authority, as well as the intelligence, to visit them with a punishment not absolutely ridiculous.

ANGLO-AMERICAN JURIES.

Denying that the American Government has any just reason to complain of the treatment of captured Fenians, who were naturalised Irishmen, the *Times* explains that:—

"The form in which the doctrine of immutable allegiance appeared was the refusal of a jury *de medietate linguæ*; for if a prisoner could not satisfy the Court that he was an American born, his claim to a mixed jury was rejected."

It is difficult to see how, in the case even of an acknowledged American citizen, it would be possible to empanel a jury *de medietate linguæ*. The English language is the English language. All Americans claim, as they say, to talk good English; and some do. As to language, a mixed jury of Americans and English would be six of one and half-a-dozen of the same.

Scarcely Likely.

In the news brought by the West India Mail we read that the "agent general of immigration has arrived *en route* for India to engage *coolie* labourers for Jamaica." We hope he will succeed.

Hugly Customers.—Bears.

THE TWO ENDS OF THE WHEATSHEAF.

A LAY OF LEICESTER FOREST.

The dog-rose fades in Barkby Holt,
And Tilton Wood is green;
Only the careless dragon-fly
Skims o'er the Whissendine,
When I, past banks and fields on fire,—
With divers shunts and rockings,—
Approach at length the Midland mart
Of pork, and cheese and stockings.

The fourth estate rode up the hill,
Like "any other man,"
The *Times* was on the top of a bus,
And the *Daily News* in a van:
And I tried to look as a critic should,
When he holds the balance fair,
So I wore my hat upon my nose,
And my nose was in the air.

The race-course was a tented plain,
The grand stand full of cronies,
But their talk is not of "dead 'uns,"
Of "monkeys" and of "ponies;"
The glass is at 92° in the shade,
And there is not the ghost of a zephyr,
Iced champagne is the popular drink,
And the toast, "Her Majesty's Heifer." *

Tom Booth with *Commander-in-Chief* and his mate,
Advanced to the fray without fear,
And John o' the Bedale has backed him up,
With a first for his *Brigadier*.
No Douglas or "Nestor!"—by *Bolivar's* side,
Commissioner Dodds I spy,
And Culshaw with the ancient light
Of battle in his eye.

Some press them to say about Foljambe's calves,
"Which is *Pompey* and which is *Cæsar*;"
And Strafford confesses to Duckham,
That "Plymley's heifer 's a teazer."
Thornton is buying a Farnley bull,
And merrily draws first blood;
And longhorns seem to preserve the type
Of cattle before the flood.

Inge for the Berners and Creswell cracks,
Has made the pace too hot;
Borton with old Sir Tatton's blood,
Is well again "on the spot;"
The older men have their wickets down,
And the young 'uns begin to score,
George Turner and George Sanday,
As their fathers did of yore.

And here 's John Day from Merton,
With his Southdowns in full fig,
Oh! don't he trim their whiskers,
And don't he "curl their wig!"
"Can I beat friend Woods this summer?"
Quoth Rigden, "Aye! that's the rub?"
To "Goodwood Clark" on a straw wisp,
And Henry Webb on a tub.

The judges have "all their work cut out,"
With those glorious rams and theaves;
Like a true backwoodsman justice,
James Turner is in shirt sleeves:
He is deep upon form and "handle,"
That rarest of "all round" men;
May I be a tithe as lively,
When I am three-score and ten!

The old blue blood on the Cotswold Hills
Now findeth itself done Brown;
And we must go to George Wallis,
To pick up an Oxford Down.
The Shropshire Cranes have reversed their front,
And won this year with their rams;
And Duckering, Eden, and Smith,
Are great in the land of the hams.

Those easy-minded pig classes
Are subject, like all, to fate;
A "*King*" by a slip has put out his hip,
And a "*Queen*" is choked in a crate.
When I strolled away to the horse-ring,
Why *Angelus*, I declare,
Was nearly as much flesh-laden
As any old porker there.

But Yorkshire won with that chesnut,
John Booth's, and the Codrington bay,
While *Go-a-head*, rarest of fencers,
Was quite out of luck that day.
The Ridings may boast of their hunters,
A better I never shall scan,
Turned round in his box or in action,
Than Tailby's *Orangeman*.

"*Ambition*" doth not o'er-vault itself,
In the shape of a Norfolk roan,
But why was "the Captain's" bonny black
Lucifer overthrown?
Charles Groucock out of Hanover Square
Takes two most decided rises;
His chesnut and grey cost fifty,
And win back thirty in prizes.

Fowler and all his steam ploughs
Are now not "expensive whims,"
And Howard administers pepper
To Messrs. Ransome and Sims;
Portable engines are Tuxford's pride,
And my thirsty muse had it taught her,
That a draught of cold "Abyssinian"
Is equal to soda-water.

With a brown crush hat for a helmet,
Beneath that vertical sun,
Now in a canter, now in a trot,
Goes William Torr on his dun;
When Davies takes his post next year,
May I be there to see
The solid men of Manchester,
And their shorthorn companiè.

* *Alexandra*, the first shorthorn that Her Majesty ever exhibited at the Royal Agricultural Society took a first prize.

FROM THE OBSERVATORY.

The leading astronomers are now all agreed that the loadstar is to be found in Charles's Wain.

The Worst Place in Thirsty Weather.—Taplow.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Saturday, *July 25th*. That Foreign Cattle Market Bill was abandoned, to the wrath of the Country Party, who owe the Premier another grudge. Mr. J. Lowther observed that the money needed to carry out the measure, would easily be raised if the Chancellor of the Exchequer would only levy a sovereign or two every time the same arguments upon it were repeated in the House. Smart; but until you have re-stated an argument about twelve times, the average John Bull scarcely recognises the fact that you are arguing at all. Ask the new Serjeants Sleigh and Sargood how many times they find it necessary to hammer an idea into what jurors consider their brains. Mr. Mill said that if there were a new attempt at legislation on the subject, it ought to apply only to cattle from suspected countries, and then there would soon be no suspected countries. This is one of the happy epigrams in which a true thinker wraps up wisdom. By the way, Mr. Bright having expressed a sort of hope that Mr. Mill was seeing his way to the ballot, Mr. Mill has published a letter declaring that he hates it as much as ever.

The Commons added a clause in the Railway Regulation Bill, enacting that every train should have a smoking carriage. At last. But better late than never. Even the common enemy of mankind, the South-Western, provides smoking compartments, which proves that even in those of whom the world justifiably thinks the hardest, there is some spark of goodness unextinguished.

The Local Government Supplemental Bill was passed with the Lords' amendments. This Act compels the use of Mr. Moule's invaluable sanatory invention in a large variety of cases, and is therefore a real boon.

Monday. Lord Napier of Magdala and of Carynton, in the County Palatinate of Chester, took his seat in the House of Lords. He was introduced by Lord Longford (Minister) and Lord Strathnairn, (Soldier).

The Bribery Bill was read a Second Time. Of course it did not entirely satisfy Lord Russell, though he approved the principle, and of course he improved the occasion to observe that Government had been carried on for two years without the confidence of the House of Commons. This says a good deal for the cleverness of the Government and the cowardice of the Commons. The latter are dead, but *de mortuis nil nisi verum*.

Kindly reference was made to the memory of good and gentle Lord Cranworth, who, at a venerable age, expired peacefully on the previous Sunday.

In the Commons Mr. Roebuck asked whether a monument to Lord Brougham ought not to be erected in the Abbey. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone expressed themselves reverentially and affectionately on the subject, which is to be considered, and so, we are glad to say, is the erection of a national monument to Michael Faraday. He needs it not, but England needs it.

Everybody then went away, in order that Sir Stafford Northcote might introduce the Indian Budget. He presented it to a select audience of 16, which at times rose to 18. As the subject affects 200,000,000 of our fellow-subjects, they will doubtless feel flattered at the intense interest which India excites. The budget showed a deficit, as there was last year, and as there will be next year, but Indian affairs are held to be going on tolerably well. We are spending less on useful public works, and more on the army and in expenditure in England, which are two other gratifying facts.

Then we had another theological debate. Mr. Whalley described Catholic priests as men who preached a religion that was essentially disloyal, and on remonstrance he withdrew the words, quietly adding that he retained the opinion which they conveyed. The eternal bother about the admission of priests to teach pauper children was renewed, and dreadful twaddle was talked on both sides. Thank the Parcæ, we shall have no more of this rubbish for a while.

Tuesday. Hooray! The Electric Telegraphs Bill passed the Lords. Thanks to a pertinacious opposition, we shall pay the Companies a great deal more than they ought to have, but we shall get decent telegrams, which will be promptly delivered as a rule and not as an exception. Thank you, Scudamore, we are sure.

A pleasant affair was mentioned in the Commons. By the "zealous activity" (as was declared by a Minister) of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, five volumes of interesting State Papers, of the time of James the First, have been restored to England by the Library Committee of Philadelphia. The act was done in the gracious manner in which the Americans always do a deed of kindness, and *Punch* was glad to hear that our Government had forwarded to the Philadelphian Committee, in acknowledgment of its courtesy, 156 volumes of Chronicles and Records of Great Britain and Ireland, with facsimiles of Domesday Book, and some manuscripts. He is pleased, too, that the Philadelphians have been pleased at this.

They play tricks with poor Mr. Rearden. We have heard something of this before, and about an Amendment he was nearly made to move on the Irish Reform Bill. To-night he was instigated to move something about the mountebank Train, but of course got no seconder, and was knocked down at a single bidding by the Speaker.

Why should we not record that to-day Mademoiselle Adelina Patti was married? It is not a Parliamentary fact. Well, we don't know and we don't care. Yes, the pet of the public was raised to the Peerage by the title of Marquise de Caux. If that is not exactly a Parliamentary fact, it is quite near enough to one to give us an opportunity of wishing the Marquise all happiness, which we hereby do.

Thursday. The Lords sat for a few minutes to hear from Lord Cairns that he was not going to tell them anything definite about the Courts of Justice, except that a plan had been agreed upon and would be sent to the Treasury in a few days. *Apropos* of a great deal, a bit of the Thames Embankment, from Westminster to Essex Street, was inaugurated by Sir Thwaites and a lot of people who simply ran after him, and cheered when he declared that the place was open. It is something on account, but it will be a long time before the work is done. *Punch* pledges himself to prod everybody.

The Commons did not meet. Let us hope that they passed the day in fasting, penance, and resolves to be much better patriots for the future—but we don't believe they did.

Friday. Both Houses met to part. The Royal Assent was given to half-a-ton of excellent Law.

The Commons had a short final sitting. Among the items of interest was a Resolution of the United States' Congress, thanking the House for its message of sympathy, on the assassination of President Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of Mr. Seward. The communication would seem to have come in some rather roundabout way as those events took place in April 1865.

The War Secretary announced that the dreadful doom of annihilation had gone forth against the Second Company of the First Administrative Battalion of the Hertfordshire Volunteers, for its insubordination at the Windsor Review. We think that mercy should ever temper justice, and that Government aid should be given to the wretched men to enable them to emigrate, under assumed names, say to Western Australia, whence, after perhaps half a century of penitence, they may return, and lay their ancient bones beneath Hertfordshire sod.

The last occupation of the Palmerston House of Commons was to behold poor Mr. Rearden perform his final feat by moving for leave to bring in a bill for Repeal of the Union. No one seconded him—no one even bonneted him. The farce was too dismal. We were then called to the Lords.

Lord Chancellor Cairns read Mr. Disraeli's Speech from the Throne. It was brief, and well written:—

1. Release, with thanks for diligence.
2. Friendliness with Foreign Powers.
3. Brilliant Abyssinian success.
4. Ireland quiet—no Fenian prisoners.
5. Thanks for Supplies.
6. Reform Scheme complete.
7. Various other laws—Schools—Railways—Fisheries—Telegraphs—Scotch Legal Proceedings.
8. Controller-in-Chief in War-Office.
9. Intention to dissolve "at the earliest day that will enable my people to reap the benefit of the extended system of representation."
10. Entire confidence in their proving themselves worthy of the high privilege.
11. Trust that under the blessing of Divine Providence the expression of their opinion on those great questions of public policy which have occupied the attention of Parliament, and remain undecided, may lead to maintain unimpaired that civil and religious freedom which has been secured to all my subjects by the institutions and settlement of my realm.

Prorogation till Thursday, October the 8th.

The last clause of course means Mr. Disraeli's hope that the new Parliament will maintain the Irish Church. Not, of course, that he hopes or cares personally about that particular thing, but that particular thing means office or resignation. It may be, however, that the result may be brought about as a different issue. Never mind about that. Sufficient for the day is the Order thereof.

Farther preaching were excrescence,
Joyfully we close the Essence.
Statesmen! *Punch* has done with you.
Roo-ey, too-ey, too-ey, too!

Remember the Names.

The Gazette announces that Drummer Magner and Private Bergin are spoken of by Lieutenant-General Lord Napier as "the first men in Magdala." Field Marshal Punch begs to add that he considers them also amongst the first men in England.

"THE PINK OF FASHION."

"Our Flower Show was a Decided Success this year, and Little Fidkins in an Embroidered Floral Waistcoat was Killing!"

THE OPENING OF THE EMBANKMENT.

For our "Sublime and Beautiful" shall we not have our Burkes?
Sing, Muse, the Thames Embankment, and Thwaites his Board of Works;
Sing Thursday, July thirtieth, when by their feet was spanned
The footway from Westminster to Essex Street, the Strand.

Sing Thwaites: sing Bazalgette: sing Tite, Architect and M.P.:
Manners, Office of Works as is, Cowper as wont to be:
Ayrton the inexhaustible, and Ebury the bland,
And Townsend, the benevolent, with a mud-lark on each hand:

Sing Colonel Hogg: sing Lawrence in gown of vair arrayed:
Sing Fowler of the Underground, and Shaw of the Brigade:
Sing Lowman Taylor, Freeman: sing Newton and Locke King:
Sing more o' the Board of Works *en masse* than thou by name canst sing.

Sing the three hundred asked to walk with these the maiden way:
Sing the *Fairy* and the *Ibis*, steamers chartered for the day:
Sing the Sergeant and two Bombardiers, R.A., that with good will
Fired off twelve "pots" in *feu-de-joie*, by the *Fox beneath the Hill*.

No stately ceremonial, no pomp or pageant show
Was seen where that procession did in Spartan plainness go:
In the coats of common life and nether garments of the same,
Umbrellas spread, sublime in their simplicity, they came!

Simply they walked the footway, with solemn step and slow,
From where Big Ben booms from his tower to the crowded bridge below,
To where the Temple Garden wall frowns darkly, as to say,
"Thus far, no farther! Benchers, here, bar and disbar the way!"

And when they had walked from Westminster unto the Temple Wall,
And nothing seen and nothing said, and nothing done at all,
Then Sir John Thwaites took off his hat, and waved it to the sky,
And the Sergeant and two Bombardiers from their twelve "pots" let fly.

Then aboard the chartered *Fairy* and *Ibis* all did go,
And to North Woolwich steamed it, to the northern sewers' out-flow:
And in the pumping station, on Plaistow marshes' plain,
They lunched and drank each others' healths, and so steamed back again!

And thus was the high festival of Sir John Thwaites essayed:
Thus was the footway opening of the Thames Embankment made:
And when John Bull doth a good work, in his teeth let no one throw
That he knows not how due honour to his own good work to show.

CHURCH MICE.

We read in the *Rock* that—

"Mr. Banting has given a further donation of £300 to the Curates' Augmentation Fund."

Mr. Banting is a very kind-hearted gentleman, but we do not quite understand the act thus recorded. Why he, who laboured so usefully for the diminution of mankind, should set himself to augment Curates, we do not see. The ladies will not thank him for making Curates fat. They will not be half so good as now at genuflexion and croquet. A Fat Curate is surely a contradiction in terms. Let him remain thin and agile until he becomes Rector or Vicar. A Perpetual Curate might have been allowed a little augmentation, but he is now abolished and made a Vicar. Neither we nor the girls of the period can tolerate what is menaced. "Let us have priests about us that are lean."

Effects of the Hot Weather.

A slovenly old gentleman, who had been out all day fishing, was observed on his return to be extremely g-natty.

On coming home for the holidays—we beg pardon, the vacation—Master Brown astonished the weak minds of his sisters by asking "Why's my education like iced hock and seltzer?" and adding in the same breath, "Because, you know, it's schooling!"

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

Landlady. "GOOD BYE, SIR! OH, SIR, WAS YOU A WISHIN' AS THE LODGIN'S SHOULD BE KEP' FOR YOU, SIR?"

Dizzy. "OH! H'M! WELL! YES! I SHALL WANT 'EM FOR A WEEK OR TWO AT CHRISTMAS, AND THEN WE'LL TALK ABOUT A PERMANENCY."

THE WORST MANAGED RAILWAY RUNNING OUT OF LONDON.

Among the London Lines the Eastern Counties used to bear away the bell for mismanagement. Its stations were generally voted the most inconvenient and ill-managed, its trains the slowest and most irregular, its treatment of the public the most unbearable, its results to its shareholders the most disastrous, its break-downs, in whatever it attempted, the most entire and conspicuous, in the world of Metropolitan Railways.

The Eastern Counties Line can no longer claim the proud distinction of being absolutely the worst-managed line out of London.

It must yield the *pas* in this respect to the South-Western.

The conductors of that line may boast that they have brought bad management more completely to a system than the directors of the Great Eastern ever succeeded in doing. Their stations are dirtier, their arrangements for ticket-taking more inconvenient and insufficient, their staff of porters more scanty, their train and station attendants more uncourteous and inattentive, their carriages filthier and more insufficient, their times worse kept, than ever were those of the Eastern Counties in their grandest phase of mismanagement.

When this is the case with the ordinary traffic of the South-Western line, it may be supposed that matters do not improve under the pressure of an extraordinary occasion, like a Volunteer Review, a monster excursion, or any other demand which tests official mettle.

It is hardly necessary to say that the normal condition of the South-Western on these occasions is utter collapse and blank break-down, borne on the part of the Company's servants with the calmness engendered by long experience of calamity, and on the part of the public, with vociferous wrath among the inexperienced, and with that concentrated, but silent, indignation among those who know the Company and its ways, which finds its best comfort in looking forward to a clean sweep some day of incompetent managers, directors, and chairmen, all together.

When all suffer, *Mr. Punch* ventures to complain, and hereby pronounces, and means to go on pronouncing, till he sees a change for the better, the South-Western the Worst Managed Railway that runs out of London.

The South-Western claims credit on two grounds. It has avoided accidents, and it has not cooked accounts. Quite true. But what if it have purchased safety by slowness, and maintained its dividends by starving its service? It has carried nine-hundred and ninety-nine thousand passengers at a snail's pace, that it might boast the millionth's immunity from damage, and it has put one-fifteenth per cent. into the pockets of twenty thousand shareholders, by destroying the comfort and crippling the accommodation of as many million passengers.

And this is Railway Economy *à la Mangles!*

THE CABMEN'S FLOWER SHOW.

People complain sadly that Cabmen are uncivil, and even go so far as to say they are uncivilised. There certainly, however, are exceptions to this rule. *Mr. Punch* the other evening was actually *thanked* for giving to a cabman his proper legal fare. More than this, there is a Cabmen's Flower-show on view now at the Euston Terminus. Only think of Cabmen being worshippers of Flora, and selecting for their place of worship the precincts of the other ancient deity called Terminus! All a joke, eh? Not a bit of it. The show has cost the cabbies a matter of five pounds, and that surely is no joke to men who work so hard, and whose incomes are so limited. *Mr. Punch* has seen enough of ordinary flower-shows to wish to see no more of them; but this at Euston Square is really so extraordinary, that he hopes to see another and another still succeeding the success which has attended it. Perhaps at the next Flower-show the Cabmen may inaugurate, a first prize will be offered for the pink of politeness, which some of them assuredly might be advised to cultivate.

Sad Accident in Paris.—We read with concern that "there was a fall on the Bourse to-day."

POEM BY LORD WINCHELSEA.

Sir,

Years ago you published a poem, not exactly in my honour, beginning

"Silly little Finches have silly little ears."

That, Sir, I have forgiven you. I write much better poetry now, I assure you, than that which called forth your criticism. In proof I beg to enclose you a composition which I have just completed, and it will much please me, and the rest of the aristocracy, if you will give it publicity.

I shall also be delighted if you will admit any critical remarks which this poem may call out from delighted readers.

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

August 4. Winchelsea.

ALLEGORICS.

As it fell upon a day,
Sliding down the Milky Way,
Like a little child of Zion
Riding on the British Lion,
Voiced a Sea-Nymph, calm and blue,
As she sang I sing to you:
Neither more and neither less,
N.B. Copy the address.
When the silver stars are steaming,
Earth is on its axis dreaming,
When the comet-bolt is shot,
I am there and I am not.
Watch me when Orion sickens
For another tale by Dickens,
Watch me when Osiris perches
On the wrecks of Irish Churches,
Watch me when the Red Star, Ares,
Cries aloud "Reform your Dairies."
When each gipsy Dimber-Damber
Wraps him in a sheet of amber,
When the smiling glow-worm skims
O'er the ice-berg, singing hymns,
When electric organs roar
Round sad Staffa's dismal door,
And the mermaid seeks her den,
Eating oysters—watch me then.
Red the morn and black the valley,
When young Sara left her alley,
Redder ears and blacker eyes,
His, to whom young Sara flies,
Comes the Master, fierce to see,
Like a raging Osmanli,
Him, whom Sara loves so dearly,
Bangs the Master most severely,
Yet the beaten recks not, while
Sure of faithful Sara's smile.
Now I part, dark winds are blowing,
Aries through the Zodiac lowing,
Who is this, whose pallid Pæan
Vibrates round the empyrean,
Who is this whose blue eye twinkles
Through his mask of periwinkles,
Who obtrudes the hateful kiss,
Answer, Loved Ones, who is this?
Nay, we know not, answers falter,
Incense hides Tractarian altar,
All is all, and part is part,
Truth is held to Falsehood's heart.
Darkness makes all faces hideous,
Be the artist Lusk or Phidias;
Wain, that starry Charles long rode in,
Creaks beneath imponderous Odin,
Till, twin hemispheres his drums,
Odin's stern Avenger comes.

Mr. Punch's Old Shoe.

Punch congratulates the Marquis De Caux, from the bottom of his heart and wishes him and his sweet bride, the tuneful Adelina, all the happiness that wedded life can bring them both. May there never be a note out of tune in the *duo* of "Patti, Patti!" and her Bel Massetto, Monsieur le Marquis.

Board Wages.—Directors' Fees.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

SCENE—"THE ROW."—LADY'S BACK HAIR FALLS OFF, AND IS WORRIED BY TWO LITTLE DOGS (UNMUZZLED).

Sister. "Come along, Ellen; why don't you Look as if it did not Belong to you!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EAR.—(Continued.)

There are many people in the shop as Bilscombe and myself enter. The young men at the counter are engaged in assisting ladies to the newest airs, and there is no one to attend to my Friend with an Ear. He looks round, uncertain as to his next step. I suggest that it's no good trying it now. But he is confident that they'll be able to tell him here, and I find out afterwards that his idea on the subject is, that every one employed in a music-shop is not only musical, but is gifted with the peculiar faculty of remembering every tune, and recognising it by a phrase when whistled, played, or hummed. Humming is Bilscombe's fort: he is so fond of it, that his head might be described as a humming-top. Such being his general notions in this matter, it is not surprising to see him walk up to a sort of railed desk, where a sort of accountant, or clerk (as I suppose) is sitting, and hear him address that respectable individual thus, "I beg your pardon, but—" sidling round to the side of the rails, and inducing the clerk to raise his head from his work, and give him every possible attention; "can you—I mean, could you tell me if you know a tune that goes—" begins to hum it softly through the desk rails—"rum di di dum—" finds that he has got it wrong, and politely begging the clerk's pardon, corrects himself in this manner—"no I hadn't got it quite right then—" is about to start again, but is stopped by the clerk pointing out one of the young men just disengaged who will attend to him. Bilscombe thanks him, (he is always most polite), and apologising to two ladies whose dresses he treads on, goes to the young man.

The young man is ready for him, with one arm on the counter, his head in a listening attitude, directly Bilscombe has intimated by the tone of his voice that his communication is of a private nature.

I try to appear unconnected with Bilscombe by standing by a piano, examining some music on it with a critical air; but I don't lose a word of the conversation near me.

My Friend with an Ear commences with "Oh! I've only come to ask—at least I was told you could assist me—" Here the young man looks as wise as he can. "The fact is," Bilscombe continues, "I've got a very good ear"—young man seems puzzled—"and sometime ago I heard a tune—I mean an air"—young man accepts the technical correction with two short nods, as much as to say "I know what you mean, quite; go on," and Bilscombe, taking that reading of it, goes on—"Well, I caught the tune once, but somehow I lost it, and I can only remember the bit; perhaps you can tell me the rest of it,"—here Bilscombe, observing several ladies waiting to be attended to, leans farther across and hums confidentially, "Rum didi dum dum day"—"I beg your pardon, Sir," interrupts the young man who can't hear it in that low tone, "I don't quite—" whereupon Bilscombe is obliged to recommence louder, and directing himself with his finger, "Rum didi dum dum *dum*, dum diddi, dum do *day*, Rum didi dum dum *doo*,—and that's where I don't know whether it goes up or down." Having overcome the fact of his audience in the shop, Bilscombe is ready to hum again, but the assistant settles him at once, he "doesn't know—" never heard it, in fact, and it's so difficult to catch from merely hearing—" here Bilscombe and he smile at one another in a vague way, and the young man attends to the ladies, in whose favour Bilscombe retires. I ask him, not in the best of tempers, if he has finished? He begs my pardon for detaining me (you can never be angry with Bilscombe, he's so polite,) and we leave the shop.

I tell him he's sure to recollect the tune in the course of the day, if he only dismisses it from his thoughts now. He says I am right, but stop—he's got it, "rum tum ti tum tum ti"—no—how odd, something put it out of his head again, and on we walk.

Another music-shop. Will I mind coming in, only for a moment. "they're certain to have it here: sell all these things;" and before I can object, the shopman, seeing us on the step, has opened the door.

He begins again; he is, "ashamed—sorry for troubling them, but he must explain that having a good ear he has caught a tune—an air he means—once; and somehow it has gone again. Does he, the shopman, remember anything like this—Rum tum tidum tidum," and so on, *da capo*. Other shopmen look at each other and smile. There is no one on business then, so Bilscombe, becoming bolder, repeats it up to a

certain point, whereupon the foreman, as if inspired, suggests "*Mountain Bells*" as a piece which may not, perhaps, be far from the mark. The polka (the music suggested turns out to be a polka) is produced, and is inspected by Bilscombe, who says he doesn't think it *is* it, but as he cannot read his notes very well, (that is *his* apology for knowing nothing at all about it) he asks the foreman to play it. The foreman cannot do that, but Mr. Jenkins, their tuner, has just gone up-stairs, and he would oblige, the foreman is sure. Mr. Jenkins, a thin man in spectacles, comes down and obliges, and the tune is as much like what Bilscombe has been humming as "*God Save the Queen*" is to the "*College Horupipe*." Bilscombe is profuse in his thanks, and wishes Mr. Tuner to oblige again. Three pieces are tried; nothing like it any of 'em; and Bilscombe says to me aside, "We ought to buy one, it looks so odd;" but as he makes no further advance in the matter, I purchase it, to save appearances. He praises me outside for this conduct, but doesn't offer to buy it himself, though I show him that it is of no use to me, and I can't get it into any pocket. He says that by going a little out of the way we shall pass a post-office, where I can go in, address it to some lady of my acquaintance, and send it with my compliments; then, he adds, we will at once go to the park. I agree, this being really a good idea. Unfortunately we have to pass (on our return from the Post-office he sees it, though he didn't as we were going) the shop of the well-known Music Publishers, Messrs. Tootle and Sons.

He will look in: on condition that this *shall* be the last, I accompany him. The shop is a business-like place, and an eminent composer is being bowed out by Mr. Tootle himself.

Every one else being occupied, Mr. Tootle undertakes to attend to him. Bilscombe adopts a new plan here. He explains about his good ear, and is increasing the length and interest of the story since I last heard it, when Mr. Tootle, evidently under the impression that something is going to be proposed for the good of the art in general, and his firm in particular, asks Bilscombe and myself into his private room.

When there, he apologises for the absence of the Sons, who generally manage these matters; but will we be seated, and (looking from one to the other as if we were another firm with an idea for him) will we explain. I reply that it 's Bilscombe who—and Bilscombe begins in some confusion.

Mr. Tootle leans back in his chair, joins his hands in front, and listens attentively. Bilscombe (politely, of course) intimates his belief in Mr. Tootle personally as a musician (Tootle bows) and therefore what he is going to put to him, Mr. Tootle knowing what it is to have an Ear, (bow again towards his hands) will not appear so strange. "To put it shortly," says Bilscombe, evidently feeling that he is inclined to wander, "perhaps Mr. Tootle knows, or has heard,—he may as well explain it is for business purposes—theatrical purposes—" (bow from Tootle as before)—"perhaps Mr. Tootle knows an air which begins—" here he leans forward and directs Tootle with his finger as a *bâton*, "Rum ti dum tum tiddy—rum ti dum—and that 's where he loses it."

Tootle looks at us. He is evidently debating upon the next step. If the Sons were at home we should probably be kicked out. As it is, Mr. Tootle, with his eye fixed on Bilscombe, rises and opens the door, so as to command help (if necessary) from the shop. I rise and say, "I 'm afraid we 're" (I mix myself up in it now) "taking up his valuable time." Mr. Tootle doesn't deny it, and I go into the shop as quickly as possible.

Bilscombe is stopping to say that should Mr. Tootle think of the tune—he is certain it begins Rumtiti or Rum tum or dum—when Mr. Tootle answers abruptly, "Yes, certainly," and closes the door.

I think I hear the lock turned.

I vow in Piccadilly that nothing will induce me to go with Bilscombe again on such an errand. When he stops a little boy who is whistling just as we are entering the park, and takes him into a corner to make him whistle again, I dive into the crowd and get rid of him.

The boy was too frightened to recollect what he was whistling, and his mother, with an umbrella, who was close at hand, came down upon Bilscombe. The last I saw of the three was in the centre of a crowd arguing the case before a magisterial policeman.

Deep.

The Emperor Napoleon has been giving his attention to sinking wells. By a new process we hear he can throw "2,655 litres of water per hour upon the river formerly supplied from the Belle Eau fountain." In fact, he is quite above depending for anything from bel-ow.

FISHY JOKE.

A Correspondent writes to say, that he finds the best place to catch Chubbs is by the Locks.

LITERALLY.

What river is closest to the *Exe?* The *Wye* to be sure.

THE HEAT OF THE WEATHER.

Punch has received some more letters on this oppressive subject. He permits a few to appear.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Sir,—Last week an argument between me and Father became so warm that we were not cooled down until several blows had resulted. I enclose my name and address.

Yours,
Ajax.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Dear Punch,—A few days ago I was foolish enough to plunge into a controversy at Bath. I speedily found myself in hot water.

Yours truly,
A Bath Chap.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Sir,—This simmer I have suffered much from boils.

Yours faithfully,
Sandy.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Honnerd Sir,—My missus uses matches as "lights only on the box." I feel as I am uncommon likely for to follow the example of them matches.

Your humble servant,
The Driver of the Ten o'Clock Brompton Bus.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Sir,—I am a milkman, and in my walk am considered an ungenerous man, but last Thursday I will admit it was so hot I could not help giving whey.

Yours obediently,
O. Cremer.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Dear Mr. Punch,—I have just written a duck of a novel, *I* think. I haven't a notion who should publish it. My Cousin Fred suggests Mr. Hotten, or Saunders & Hotley. I wish you would advise me,

Yours,
A Warm Admirer.

HERALDRY IN GUILDHALL.

The Chamberlain of the City of London is supposed to be as it were the Brain of the Civic Body—the Intelligence of the Corporation. Personally Mr. B. Scott is reputed to be a gentleman of erudition—in particular, a good antiquarian. As such he may be credited with a probable knowledge of a science so nearly akin to archæology as heraldry is. Of course, therefore, it is to be presumed that he knew what he was talking about when in delivering his address on the presentation of the freedom of the City to Lord Napier of Magdala, he said:—

"Friendly intervention has sometimes resulted in oppressive occupation; licence has been granted to the soldier as the reward of valour, and severity has sometimes been permitted to degenerate into cruelty; thus the escutcheon of many a successful leader is disfigured with the bar sinister."

The commonly entertained supposition is, that there is only one way in which an escutcheon can be disfigured by a bar sinister. This must be wrong if Mr. Scott, in his above-quoted statement on that subject, is right. Perhaps he will take some opportunity of informing the public by how many acts of a man's own the disfigurement of a bar sinister can be entailed on his escutcheon.

New Simile.

"As green as grass" is a trite simile, and usually a true one. But were it altered in this baking weather to "as yellow as grass," the change would certainly not be without a colourable reason.

THE ELECTIONS.

An old Conservative refuses to give his children a good education on the ground of his consistent objection to the Liberal Arts.

ETHNOLOGICAL SPORT.

You see advertised Dr. Grossmith's Lecture on the Dark Races. Surely Admiral Rous should be the Lecturer.

False Quantity.—Short Measure.

FRATERNITY.

Perfect Stranger (to Captain Foresyght, who is just about to refresh himself with a nice Snooze before his Afternoon's Shooting). "Is Pipson down here in Camp, do you know? Little Pipson, of your Corps—Partic'lar Friend o' mine—promised I 'd look him up. Uncommon Thirsty Weather, isn't it? What can you give a Fellow to Drink?!!"

A RELIEF FOR INDIVIDUALS.

(By one of them.)

Now Parliament 's over, and I 've to fear
No more legislation, at least this year,
That will lessen my comfort, pleasure, or ease,
Diminish my right to do as I please,
Or rob me, or cause me expense or trouble.
—Whilst blazing away o'er heath and stubble,
Or canvassing British electors, they
Who aspire to be Members another day,
No Liquor Bills can for the Sunday pass,
Designed from my lips to withhold the glass,
That doesn't inebriate, but does cheer;
The thirsty excursionist's glass of beer;
No Commons Enclosure Act, that stays
My feet from treading the dear old ways;
No statute respecting horse or dog,
Whose new regulations my freedom clog,
None making, in what public health concerns,
Fresh rules, or demanding of me returns,
On pain of a fine, if I look not out
And anxiously mind what I 'm about,
None bothering me, forced to learn new weights,
And measures, or having to pay new rates.
None adding, by Income's increased taxation,
Still more confiscation to confiscation.
I breathe for the present, can rest my head
In peace when at night I go to bed,
Down stairs to my breakfast can come next day,
Nor read in the paper, with sad dismay,
Of something about to be ta'en away,
Some burden imposed, or some tax, to flay
The victim that 's threatened with more to pay.

PETTICOATS AND PERILS.

While the foolish fashion lasts of wearing such long dresses as are now commonly in vogue, it really is quite dangerous to walk behind a lady. In this way many an unlucky wight has been bruised both black and blue by being suddenly tripped up and tumbling on the pavement. For the sake of public safety, where ladies most do congregate, the common railway caution should in future be placarded—"*Beware of the Trains!*" At night, when ladies walk to cabs or carriages from the opera or theatre, they should carry a red lamp suspended at their back, by way of danger signal, to warn near-sighted people from following them too closely and tumbling down thereby.

LADY'S SONG OF THE SEASON.

(*Adapted from "La Grande Duchesse."*)

Air—"*Ah! que j'aime les militaires.*"

How I dote on the millinery,
How I dote on the millinery,
How I dote on the millinery,
Husband will
Defray the bill
For things sent in to me;
For I dote on the millinery, &c.

Enthusiastic.

That indefatigable angler, Trollinson, never forgets his craft. Even in writing to you, he is sure to drop a line.

Nations' Please to Copy.—"The Persian Government has no debt."

Printed by Joseph Smith, of 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, August 8, 1868.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

Sincerely, my dear Child,—it is the source of the greatest gratification to me that you receive these lucubrations of your Mamma in a meek and appreciative spirit; for nothing would have more completely harrowed up my feelings and those of your anxious Papa, than the discovery that in spite of all our training—in spite of the educational conclave we summoned on your behalf, consisting of Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Mudie, and all his novelists, male and female, Lord Shaftesbury, the Author of "*The Girl of the Period*," and other social and educational authorities, you were a mere "Girl of the Period," after all, with no sort of respect for your mother and her old-fashioned, homely notions.

You ask me, and I respect you for putting the question,—"What books of instruction do you advise me to read before setting out on this foreign trip, Mamma?"—but I am sorry to tell you, my daughter, that reading for instruction would be sadly out of place upon such an occasion, and that if you wish to compete with the other young ladies abroad for social and matrimonial successes, you must store your mind with the utmost possible number of fictions, such as, "*Unwisely, but not too well*," "*Cometh up as a Nettle*," &c. Thus prepared you can travel all over Europe with advantage, no matter through what scenes of historic or artistic interest you pass through. As much history as you get in "*Byron*," will not, perhaps, do you any harm, but do not venture beyond that.

Music is an important element in English life abroad. I have seen the occupants of a *salon* in a fashionable hotel entirely taken by storm, awed, thunderstruck, enslaved for ever, by an audacious maiden of seventeen who without any ceremony, or invitation, sat down at the piano and played noisy operatic airs for upwards of an hour. It was so coolly and charmingly done that she carried everything before her ever after, and married the gentleman she had startled the utmost.

If you wish, therefore, to do as others do, you must get up your music, and create a sensation with it whenever opportunity offers. But what is music in comparison to dress?

Ah! how well I remember the last time I went to Switzerland with dear *Mr. Punch* (who had worn himself to a skeleton in the effort to educate his party during one or two trying parliamentary seasons) with what admiration we noticed the modest demeanour and sweet simple dress of the young Swiss ladies at Neufchâtel, Geneva, and other towns. We looked from one of these to one of our young countrywomen, and *Mr. Punch* said,—"Look on this picture and on that," and sighed, and could hardly eat any dinner.

If I consulted my own wishes, I should take you abroad in the costume we both admired so much, but I think of the future, and hesitate. May not your whole prospects in life be at stake, and have I the right to sacrifice my child's interests for any motive whatever? No, I arm myself with the thought that I am doing my duty, and march off to Regent Street to buy pork-pie hats, flimsy dresses stuck all over with ribbons, two chignons, one brown and one golden, with long curls to match, pinched up little boots trimmed with tassels, miles' length of coloured ribbon to make streamers of, little bonnets, little gloves, little parasols, everything little that ought to be big, and everything big that ought to be little. Then I say to my daughter—go and conquer.

But a dashing toilet does not suffice alone. A dashing manner must accompany it, or all the arts and crafts of milliner and dressmaker will end in defeat. Have no fear of anything or anybody. Set at defiance the ordinary rules of etiquette. Flirt in season, and out of season. Talk to any amount on any topic. Improve upon the models with which modern fiction supplies you, and wait the issue with hope and triumph.

Such, my Judiana, is the advice that I give you before setting out on your travels, not wise advice perhaps, but the only advice possible under the circumstances. We shall not see much of the countries we visit; we shall be subject to many mortifications; we shall perhaps sit down to table with Mr. Soles, the shoemaker, and his family, or Mr. and Mrs. Marrow, our worthy butcher's wife: we may find after all that Lord and Lady Churchmouse are only gracious when it is raining hard and nobody else is in the way, and begin to snub us directly the sun shines; or the trip may end in no grand acquaintances at all; but we shall have gone to a certain number of places and to a certain number of fashionable hotels: we shall have done as other people do; and if that is not a crowning satisfaction, what is?

I must tell you that your Papa is very vexed about the Boy in Buttons, and will not hear of it for a moment. "I did not expect it of you, *Mrs. Punch*; I did not indeed," he said, and summoning the boy, who is a very nice little boy and was quite delighted at the idea of seeing foreign parts, "Samuel," says *Mr. Punch* very sternly, "I believe your calling is Penny Papers?" "Yes, Sir," said the boy, very downcast." "Then resume it," *Mr. Punch* added, and has not again alluded to the topic.

How do other people manage, I wonder? If we cannot afford a Buttons for six weeks, how can Mrs. So-and-So, over the way, afford a footman all the year round? I don't envy people their flunkeys, but I envy their management. If good management does it all, are not we to blame who manage badly, and go without the elegancies of life? *Mr. Punch* knows what our friends' incomes are, and says they make a rule of not paying their bills. But why should we be compelled to pay, if tradesmen let others off?

Let that be as it may, we must yield the Boy in Buttons, and cut as good a figure as we can with maid and courier.

The courage is a little taken out of me by this act of *Mr. Punch's*. I would just as soon go to Bournemouth or Brighton, since we cannot make a grand appearance abroad; but the tourist tickets are taken, our plans are noised among our friends, and if we gave them up at the eleventh hour, they would think that there was something in it, which would never do. Let your actions appear accountable to fools, and their tongues will not wag about you.

We, therefore, obey *Mr. Punch's* mandate with the best grace we are able, and go abroad, to see as much of English society, and rattle over as many miles of railroad as possible, in the holiday allotted to us. Upon our adventures I will duly moralise to you in another letter,

Your excited Mother,
Mrs. Punch.

P.S. I have just heard that the Dowager Lady Crab, with her maid, man, and their dogs will cross over in the mail-packet with us to-morrow. Put your gold-stoppered scent-bottle in your pocket, and if my lady is ill and my lady's-maid incapable of waiting upon her, offer your bottle with your sweetest smile, and feed the dogs with biscuit. It will be a fine opportunity of commencing an acquaintance.

P.S. No. 2. English is the language of the countries through which we pass. I name this as you *naïvely* suggested taking "*Murray's Travellers' Talk*" in your pocket—unsophisticated Judiana!

NARCISSUS PER DEVIA LUSTRA VAGANS.

Mr. Narcissus (as he called himself) Reed does not resign the Constructorship of the Navy, and go into the House to defend his mistakes. It is not that the reed has been shaken by the wind, but that the Admiralty has. They know that he is wrong, and that Cowper Coles is right about the turrets, but sooner than have a disturbance with Narcissus, they let him conquer them and the British Navy. He has piped and they have danced, and soon they will

> "Tell us how with eager speed
> They flew to hear their vocal Reed,
> And how with Bumbledom profound,
> They came to judgment quite unsound."

On the whole we are sorry, partly for the sake of the Navy, though "that's but a trifle here," chiefly because we should like to see Narcissus in Parliament. Now, his classic hard-heartedness returned, he scorns the Echo of St. Stephens, and is as much in love with himself as ever. *Vale, inquit et Echo.*

Fire! Fire!

Archbishop Manning announces (a *Pall Mall Gazette* reminds us) that the Pope is for the separation of Church and State. Therefore, of course, Dr. Manning is for it. But the Pope, in an edict of no old date, announced that, to advocate such separation, was a something-able Error. *Ergo*, either the Pope or the Archbishop, or both, must be Heretical. Now, as Rome is entirely under Church rule, there is nothing to prevent an *auto da fé*, and, in justice to the tourists, it ought to be duly advertised.

SITUATION NOT WANTED. (A FACT.)

Lady's Maid (*come after a place*). "I beg Pardon, M'm, but was you the Lady I was to Attend?"
Lady Mary. "Yes."
Lady's Maid. "O, then, I think I was best say Good Morning. There isn't the Style I have been Accustomed to." [*Exit.*

"BRAVO, SIR JOHN!"

That brave and noble old soldier, the Constable of the Tower, has just published a letter upon certain incidents of the Crimean War. Sir John Fox Burgoyne's name, at the end of an epistle, would ordinarily save *Mr. Punch* the necessity of calling attention to anything the Constable might have to say, but newspapers are not regularly or carefully read in the holidays, and *Punch* is. Therefore, a few lines.

Firstly, at Sebastopol, the Russians were tremendously strong, much stronger than the besiegers.

Secondly, Lord Raglan did not wish to attack the north side, for the double reason that if won, it would not have given him the south side, where all the Russian resources were, and that it would have left him dangerously exposed, without even a sea-basis.

Thirdly, Lord Raglan did not propose to General Canrobert an attack in front immediately on the landing of the Allies, because such a course would have violated common sense, and would, as Sir John says, have been an act of madness, which would have caused us to be beaten off with heavy loss. General Canrobert, on the 18th of last July, confirms this statement, and adds *l'expression de son affectueux dévouement*, evidently more than phrase of compliment.

Fourthly, Sebastopol could not, with its resources, have been taken at that time, and Sir John, almost touchingly, says, "I should have been glad to have defended it with 20,000 men." Wouldn't he have defended it? The Russians had more than 25,000.

Fifthly, The verdict of posterity will be more favourable to the Army than its contemporaries have been. "The English people have no reason to be ashamed of the part played by their countrymen in the Crimea." We should think not.

Lastly, "Our Means were totally inadequate to our Task." That is for the War Authorities, who are now snubbing the Volunteers, and will, if not hindered, destroy that Household Guard. And so, with the heartiest thanks to the brave old Constable for standing out to stand up for the Army, *Punch* wishes him many a happy year of repose under his laurels.

SERMONS AND SUFFERERS.

People who complain of the length and dulness of Sermons should consider that listening to the discourse of an average Clergyman is an exercise of the Christian virtue of patience. Perhaps it may be said, indeed, to be something more. It may be regarded as a sort of Protestant penance. This view is confirmed by the fact that the Ritualists, as a rule, preach short sermons. They very likely think it quite enough to enjoin their penitents to get themselves flogged, to crawl a long way on their hands and knees, or walk about with peas (unboiled) in their balmorals. Therefore we may suppose that, when Ritualists preach, they considerately endeavour to inflict as little as possible of their tediousness upon their hearers.

A Testimonial.

The other day a worthy gentleman was presented with a Clock as a Testimonial. Now what would the present of a clock signify? Certainly not that he was "up to the time of day," or the gift would be superfluous. Had he been the secretary of a Company on the verge of dissolution, it would have constantly reminded him of the minutes of proceedings and the Winding-up Act. Or was the testimonial satirical, covertly hinting that the donee was a Time-server? If none of these, why a clock?

Two Equestrian Performances.

(*Announced as a Display of Premiership.*)

Astley's—*Alarcos.*
St. Stephen's—*A Dark Oss.*

An Excuse for being Quarrelsome.—In very hot weather you may be as disagreeable and disobliging to your friends as you please. If a coolness arises, so much the better.

VESTED INTERESTS.

Sweeper. "If you don't get off my Crossin', I'll 'ev your Number!"

THE GREAT ECLIPSE.

The Great Eclipse is fixed for Tuesday, August the 18th. Tuesday next as ever is. We do not want to frighten anybody, of course, but we think everybody had better be prepared. Because such an Eclipse is a very tremendous phenomenon, and the Sun will be darkened for at least six minutes, and longer if anything goes wrong. The newspapers, under the instructions of Government, have been spreading the belief that the Eclipse will not affect this country. The object of the authorities is benevolent, but it is questionable whether the propagation of a fable is justifiable under any circumstances. It is better to know the truth. The phenomenon will not affect Switzerland, and Her Majesty's journey thither is well understood. The venerable Archbishop of Canterbury has also departed for a distant part of the Continent, and he is to be followed by the Bishop of London. The Prince and Princess of Wales will not be in London on the 18th, that is also certain, unless the Heir-Apparent, with the proverbial courage of the Royal Family, shall deem it his duty to be present to re-assure the Metropolis. But, we say again, let no person be more frightened than is becoming in the presence of such an apparition, over which it is impossible to exercise any control. We do not say that there is any real danger, but danger is invariably greatest when unsuspected. Let all proper precautions be taken. We have had no total Eclipse of the Sun since 1715, and of course the present generation is without experience as to the necessary provisions. First, let every housekeeper remove all knockers, bells, rails, balconies, in fact all metal likely to be acted on by the penumbra of the node, and let these be placed, if possible, in a cellar, but if not, in a darkened apartment, from the walls of which the paper, if stained with any metallic agent, must carefully be torn down. All windows, and most especially skylights, must be painted over with any dark colour, or if this be not easily attainable, cover them with paste by means of a brush, and throw on soot or black ash, until light is effectually excluded. Have an earthenware flower-pot in every room, and let this be half filled with sulphur, ready for ignition the moment that the apogee manifests itself. So much danger arises from the use of fire-arms that we hesitate to recommend them; but where children and servants can be trusted, the continual discharge of guns and pistols (of course without ball) is a great safeguard, and in any house with a gong, let it be beaten from morning to night, the servants relieving one another—in humbler homes large bones beaten on the shovels in the house, will be available. The danger from the mesozoic eocene may be much diminished by continuous inhalations of nitrate of hydrogen, and where practicable this should be taken in bed, which should be carefully turned due east and west, except in extra-parochial districts, where the mattrasses, &c. must be thrown to the floor. All food must be avoided sedulously, and the only really safe drink during the phenomena will be barley-water in which chloride of ammonium or gentian has been infused. Silence should be preserved as far as possible, especially by females, children, and persons with high voices. Barking of dogs and talking of parrots must be prevented at all hazards—it is better to destroy a dog or a bird than to risk oolitic aberration. These few hints as to what is absolutely necessary we reprint, with permission, from the *Nautical Almanack for Marines*, and though such details are not akin to the usual contents of our columns, the solemn and exceptional nature of the great phenomenon will be our excuse. We repeat that we *hope* all will pass off well, and this is all that we dare say.

Godfather to a Great Gun.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—

"We have been informed that the Peabody gun has been adopted as a new arm by the Swiss Government."

The Peabody gun perhaps derives its name from its aptitude for throwing shells, and thus, in a manner shelling out. Considering what shot it may be supposed to carry, we may estimate it to be at least a hundred thousand pounder.

THOUGHT BY AN OPTIMIST.

The good people there are in the world are wholly unknown to many of us. Do you doubt it? Then think of the perfect Strangers you have met with in your life.

ODD MEN OUT.

MAN WITH AN EAR.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS.

Before quitting the Man with an Ear I must come to the second species of this genus. He is the Man with an Ear who *plays by it*, on some instrument. One instance in point will suffice, and we will then pass on to the other *lusus naturæ* enumerated in my first number. Here is my experience.

When I am unwell, and in need of rest, I write to a distant relative, I mean a near relative who lives a hundred miles away from town, and suggest my staying with him. Distant relative being an invalid of some standing himself, is generally glad of the opportunity of recounting to some one besides the doctor, the curate, and his housekeeper, his symptoms since we last met; say, perhaps, six or seven months ago. At his house I may depend upon absolute quiet. Here among cawing rooks and glistening trout [of course I don't live among the trout or the rooks, but this poetical description must be accepted in the true sense] you may recover that internal peace of mind and health of body, which London organs, villanous German bands, the rattling of cabs and omnibuses, the jolting of underground railways, and the business of metropolitan pleasure, have previously done so much to destroy.

"At Drouzemoor-Ripple I shall be happy," I said to myself on a recent occasion; "and to be all alone, with the exception of my excellent relative, will do me a world of good."

This was soon after the Handel Festival, when, being of a fine organisation and a peculiarly nervous temperament, the four thousand voices had somehow or another suddenly galvanised me into a sort of *hysterica passio*, and I was suffering from Handel and hysteria.

In this state I proposed, and was accepted, for a spare bed at calm, sleepy, pleasant, soothing Drouzemoor-Ripple. On arriving, my relative met me at the door, and we at once compared notes of how we'd been for the last few months.

He generally has the advantage of me in reminiscences, but I can beat him in present afflictions. A good deal, too, depends upon who gets the first opportunity of describing his symptoms. If he begins and exhausts every part of his body, having had a pain everywhere, it is evident that I can't go beyond *that*. But if he leaves out a leg, or arm, or a hand, or a finger, then I seize the vacant place immediately, and there I plant my malady.

For every ache of his, I have three: for every three, six, and so forth. Has he suffered from headaches which have kept him awake for two nights at a time, why I've had 'em for weeks together. Has he been knocked over by bronchitis—I have been brought nigh to death's door by diphtheria. Has he had scarlet fever—I adopt a kind of tertian ague. As for colds, coughs, toothaches, and ear-aches, we throw those in as a matter of course, and they don't count for much now. I have lately shown premonitory symptoms of gout. This was a strong point with me at our meeting. He had never thought of the gout.

In fact, whatever he has *not* had, *I* have, and so we get on very pleasantly together.

A surgical operation which I was fortunate enough to have undergone years ago, is always my last resort, and wins the field. I am afraid, however, that the next time we meet he will have undergone one too, merely out of envy. However, whatever his envy be I'll back my old operation against it. I will not dwell upon these pleasing topics any longer, but it was necessary to show you "how," as the advertisements say, "to pass a happy day" at Drouzemoor-Ripple. This time there was no necessity to fall back upon the operation, as Incipient Gout carried all before it triumphantly. My relative was rather proud of my having the Gout, and volunteered instances in point about my Grandfather and Great-Grandfather.

Second day of my Visit.—My invalid relative is not down to breakfast, being, the butler informs me, too unwell to leave his room this morning. I sit alone, happily, with my *Times*, my *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Post*. Strangely enough I see *more* of the newspapers, here, a hundred miles from town than I do in London. What more delicious than to cut a slice of grilled chicken, accompanying it with a morsel of buttered toast, and then, while engaged upon the combination, to read some twenty lines of interesting news? What more delicious, I say than this, for a nervous invalid? You take in telegrams with your tea, leisurely, and murmur to yourself your opinions on the Government policy without fear of contradiction. And this is a great thing, because with an hysterical subject, contradiction invariably flies to the head.

Then I lounge over the grass: I watch the trout and the carp, and the jack, and I wonder which are the carp and which the jack, and whether what I took for a trout is a trout, or a floating weed. It generally *is* a weed: except when I have taken it *for* a weed, when it turns out to be a trout.

I look at the view, I sigh with pleasure as the gentle breeze passes among the branches, breathing a polite request that the leaves will be good enough to move a little, and let it go by. So the leaves move a little, lazily, and the wind travels onward, and my relative in his nightcap (being old-fashioned) and dressing-gown, appears at a first-floor window, unopened, and nods, smilingly, holding up a letter to which he evidently wishes to draw my attention.

Satisfied that he is not walking in his sleep, I say, "What's that?" Not that I care, not that I've the slightest curiosity. On the contrary, I would rather not be troubled with letters now, and the servant in town has particular orders not to forward anything to me, for a week. But I ask, "What's that?" because it is evident to the laziest capacity that that is what my dyspeptic relative wishes me to say. He opens a little pane in his window, drops the letter out, and closes it sharply, being afraid of the morning air. The wish, suggested by the action, arises in my mind that this were Spain, and behind that window a dark Señorita dropping a *billet doux* at my feet, instead of a hypochondriac relation in a night-cap and faded dressing-gown.

The letter is very brief, and very much to the point. It says simply

Dear Dad,

Returned suddenly. Shall be with you to dinner at 6·30, and sleep. Your affectionate Son,

Fred.

Well, I am not sorry; one person can't destroy the quiet of this delicious spot, and, as I haven't seen my Cousin Fred for years (I think when we last met I was small enough for him to kick me for saying I'd seen him smoking), why it will be a new sensation. Besides, he can't be very noisy, as all he proposes is, "to come to dinner and sleep." As I subsequently discover, this is precisely what he has come to do, and this is his exact order of doing them.

I nod to my relative cheerfully and say "capital." He is so pleased at the prospect of seeing his son who, I find out, only turns up when in want of money, that he has pains all over him for the rest of the day until it is time to dress for dinner, to which he comes down with a mustard plaster concealed somewhere.

To the outer world, *i. e.* the butler, the footman, my cousin, and myself, my relative is in evening dress clothes—internally, *i. e.* under this black mockery, he is blisters.

I go to dress, and when we meet at dinner my long-lost cousin has arrived. He is (I did not know it when I cordially greeted him) the other species of the genus Man with an Ear.

He doesn't talk much, but he hums a good deal to himself. He is *very* glad to see me, so he says, but we are both rather shy of one another. He is not great at conversation, at least not at first. He is older than I am by nearly ten years. He says he thinks it's a little colder. I reply that I think it is—perhaps. He hums, and spreads his coat-tails before the grate, though there's no fire. He looks up at the chandelier and hums—he breaks off humming to wonder when the Governor will be dressed. Then he laughs at nothing—then he hums again. I descant upon the Governor's health—on health in general. He hums all the time in an undertone, so that I am as it is called on the operatic stage "Speaking through music."

He interrupts his humming to say "Yes or no," as the case may be. He tells me suddenly he's glad I'm here, it's so dull alone with the Guv. I return the compliment, omitting all mention of dulness, as in fact the Guv's style of disposing of himself suits me to a nicety. That is we, when alone together, talk rheumatics during dinner, complaining that we can't eat anything; and after dinner, we talk politics, and finish a bottle of old Port, because we must be very careful as to what we take.

Seven o'clock.—Guv comes down late, with an apology for his mustard plaster. Dinner announced. My long-lost Cousin Fred takes me by the arm and hums me across the hall into the dining-room. My relative says grace devoutly, and I detect an undercurrent of humming "*I Dreamt I dwelt in Marble Halls*" at the other end of the table. So we sit down.

[So far I had no reason, beyond the slight humming which I attributed to habit, to suppose that my Cousin was a specimen. But *nous verrons*.]

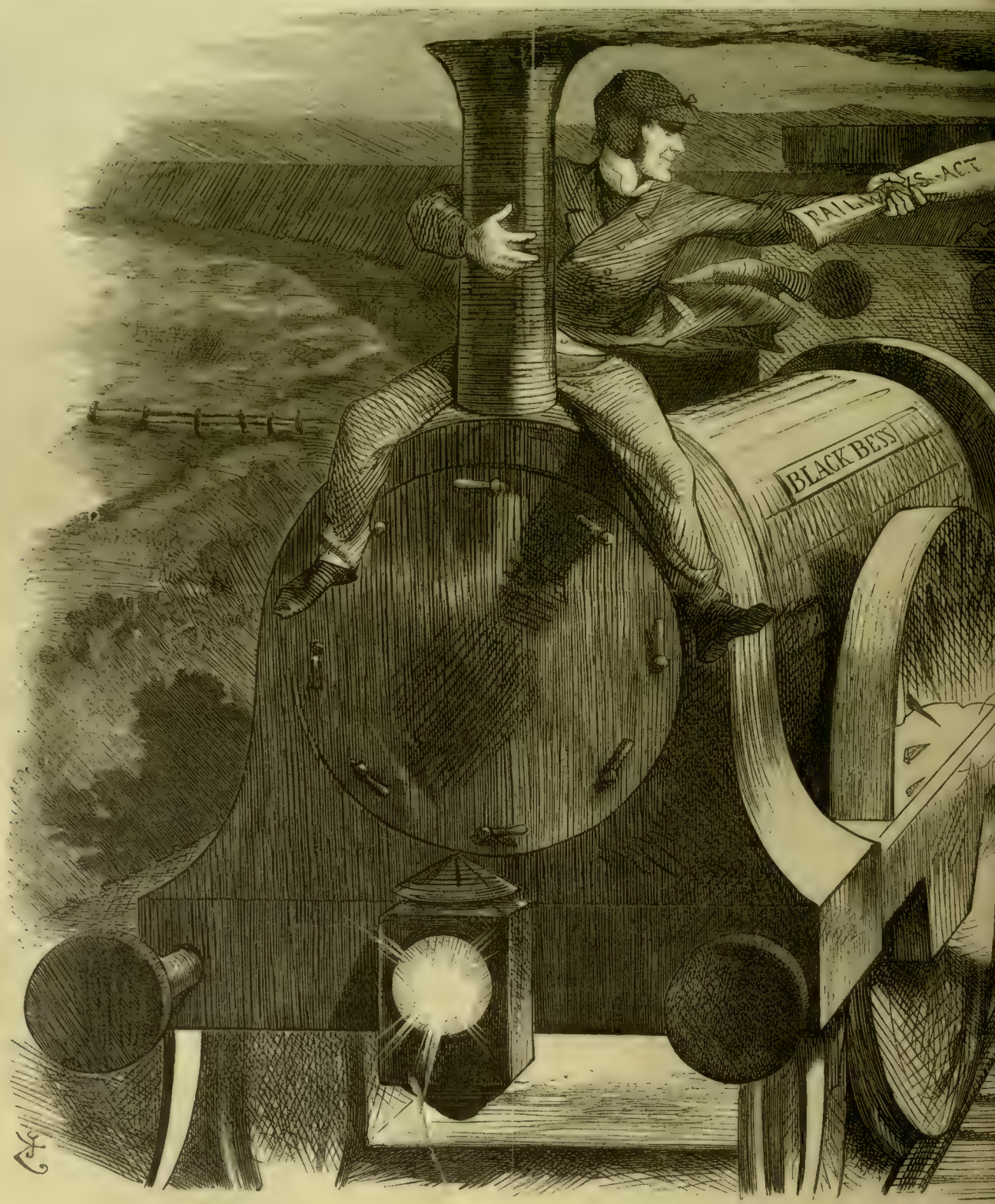
Ample Room and Verge Enough.

We always had a high opinion of the generosity of the Americans, but their liberality in their treatment of political offenders is more than regal. Dionysius sent away Phintias (no, Sir, not Pythias), but he kept Damon. But Mr. Jefferson Davis, who is to be tried for High Treason late in the Greek Kalends, is comfortably settled at Liverpool, leaving nobody as hostage, except Horace Greely and a few friends, whose names are to a bond which will never be enforced. American talk sometimes riles us a few; but, by the Capitoline Jove (we mean Mr. Sumner), the Americans are gentlemen.

THE GREAT UNBENEFICED.

Perpetual Curates are abolished. In name, only, we fear; otherwise this would be good news for all those deserving Clergymen who toil on year after year, and never obtain a living.

Fresh Meat for the Navy.—The Chops of the Channel.



THE MODERN DICK TURPIN; OR,

GHOST OF TURPIN. "HO-HO, MR. DIRECTOR! DOING A B

RAILWAY DIRECTOR. "*YOUR* LINE? HA! HA! YOU WERE

HIGHWAYMAN AND RAILWAYMAN.

IN MY LINE, EH?"

ANGED! *WE* ROB BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT!!!"

MODERN WORDS AND SONGS.

Sir,—Many have been the sneers raised by yourself, among the rest of your enlightened contemporaries, at the idiotic words advertised as the choruses to the Music Hall comic songs, as parodied and performed at the theatres where burlesque is the chief attraction. Learned and wise correspondents have also shown that our forefathers, with their 'Jarvey, Jarvey,' 'Rum, tum, tiddy, iddy i do,' and a very ancient one which *I* recollect as being the favourite of a pensioned family butler, 'Rickamy caryme mickle morl morl mingo', were not one whit more sensible in their musical mirth than our comic songster of the present day.

But, Sir, what and if I bring the charge against the immortal Bard! The Sweet Swan of Avon? Had Shakspeare lived now, enterprising speculator as he undoubtedly was, should we not have seen in the papers some such advertisements as the following:—

ROYAL GLOBE THEATRE.—Immense Success.—Unprecedented Hit. Exciting Drama of thrilling interest at 7, entitled OTHELLO, or THE MOOR OF VENICE, by the Author of "Macbeth," "Hamlet," &c. After which at 9·30, an entirely new and original Burlesque, written by W. Shakspeare, Esq., entitled, THE COMEDY OF ERRORS, in which are sung the most popular songs of the day, written by the same Author.

HEY NONNY NONNY!—Sung amid rapturous applause by Miss Lillia Johnson in the Burlesque, and encored five times nightly.—GLOBE THEATRE.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE TINY BOY.—Sung by Mr. Jeames, and enthusiastically re-demanded every Evening.—GLOBE THEATRE.

SAMINGO! SAMINGO!—The Great Trio, sung by Miss Rowland, and Messrs. Dooer & Donter, four times every night.—GLOBE THEATRE.

IN PREPARATION.—A Grand New Spectacular Extravaganza, with New Scenery, Dresses, and Music, entitled, THE TEMPEST, or THE ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENTS.

Then, when this had been produced, we should have another set of advertisements—

'BAN 'BAN CA CALIBAN.—The Great Song vociferously re-demanded seven times Every Evening by an enraptured audience. Sung by Mr. Dooer in W. Shakspeare's New Nautical Extravaganza, THE TEMPEST.—GLOBE THEATRE.

BEAUTIFUL BALLET.—Every Night. Ceres, Juno, and Iris, in their Pas de Fascination.

COCK-A-DOODLE DOO AND BOUGH-WOWGH CHORUS.—Enthusiastically Encored in the New Extravaganza.—GLOBE THEATRE.

With all due submission, and being perfectly aware that I have not exhausted the subject, I beg leave to suggest that in the matter of words for choruses our ancestors, including the Divine Williams, though they lived before, were not so very much in advance of us.

Yours respectfully,

Little Warbler.

Beyond Controversy.—"Ignoramus" ought to know that Milton's Minor Poems are those which he wrote before he was One-and-Twenty.

HEAT AND DRINK.

Mr. Punch, Sir,

I drives a 'bus regler from 'Ammersmith to the Bank and has the sun bang in my eyes along Fleet Street and the Strand, and from the Regent Suckus right down to the Broadway. Coming Citywards it catches me behind, just in the nape of the neck, which they tell me is just where a cove fust feels a sunstroke. So in coarse you see I suffers pretty much from a 'ot summer, which the present it beats all the 'ot uns as I've ever druv through. Well, then, I'm open to advice how I'm to keep myself in 'ealth, which being corpylent in pusson it's a wonder as I ain't been melted into taller.

Says a gen'lman this morning it taint the 'eat that urts you, my good feller, it's the drink. And then he spouts me this here sermon from a paper he were reading, which he said it were the *British Medical Journal*:—

"As the heat begets thirst it is well to remember that alcoholic liquors and high feeding are the great aids of the burning sun in producing sunstroke. Sir Ranald Martin relates, from his Indian experience, some striking examples of the effects of enforced abstinence among troops in warding off the fatality from sunstroke on a burning march, and others, equally well marked, of the opposite effects of indulgence. Light wines, plentifully diluted, and aerated waters are the suitable drinks for this temperature, sulphuric acid lemonade is at once refreshing and an excellent prophylactic of diarrhœa."

Well, I says, I'm a true Briton and I must 'ave my beer, which I takes my 'arf pint regler at each end of my journeys. If you calls that "indulgence," you 'd better take the reins and drive the 'bus yourself, which, mind you, it's 'ard work, especially this weather, and a man to do his work had need put something into him. Light wines may suit them forriners, which they're as used to broiling in the summer as the eels gets used to skinning. But to my belief an Englishman can't live without his beer, and as for squenching of his thirst with sulphuric acid stuff, he would as soon take a black dose, or a drain of arsafetida! So I remain, Sir, yours most humble to command,

A Busman.

P.S. The *Medical Journal* says likeways that "a good large silk umbrella will save any one from sunstroke." What would the public say, I wonder, if we drivers was to strike, because our governors won't furnish us with large silk umberellers?

MORE EFFECTS OF THE HOT WEATHER.

Mr. Swellington last Wednesday walked out without his gloves on, a feat which was entirely owing to the hot weather.

Mr. Latebird has been so much overcome by the great heat that he has found it difficult to dine until just midnight.

Mr. Hobbler, being chaffed for having suffered from the gout, remarked that such attacks were all owing to the heat, as any gardener would tell you that a hot summer produced abundance of toe-martyrs.

Mr. Harduppe found his memory so much impaired by the hot weather that he quite forgot to pay his debts ere starting for the continent.

Mr. Tiffler finds the heat affect his eyesight terribly. "The sun is in his eyes" continually just now, and by an optical delusion he frequently sees double.

General Lover has been jilted for the second time this summer, as the lady could not bear the warmth of his affection.

Captain Sharper, who in general is a notedly cool hand, with the thermometer at 90°, has quite lost his reputation.

"We'll Sweep Yer!"

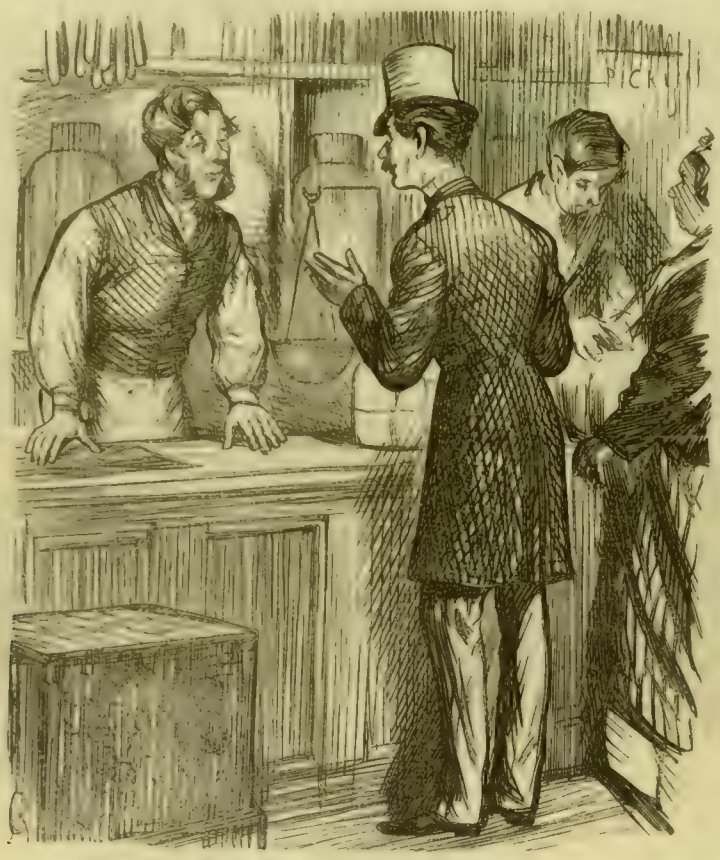
We hear that the Railway Bullies are renewing the old threat that, if people who can afford first and second class fare choose to ride third, the companies will serve them out by inserting Chimney Sweeps into the carriages. The threat should carry no terror. Physically, a penny newspaper spread between oneself and the sweep would prevent any real injury, unless Chummy were a ruffian, in which case a stout stick would settle the question with his nob. Morally, *Punch* would much rather ride in a carriage with an honest Sweep than with a railway man who had lured poor folks into a suburb, and then suddenly raised their fare 100 per cent. Ride third class, masculine enemies of swindling, and never fear Sweep or Director.

Scientific Terms.

(*Noted in this Hot Weather.*)

Absorption.—Iced Brandy and Soda.
Radiation.—On the Countenance after a certain number of glasses.
Reflection.—As to taking one more or not.

Toned Paper.—Sheets of Music.



"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

Swell (at the Civil Service Co-Operative Store). "Haw! I want two or thwee Pounds—Bacon—and—aw—'blige me by doing it up like Box—Gloves or Flowers, or something o' that sort!!"

SOUR GRAPES AT THE SEA-SIDE.

(Song of the Ocean Rover.)

Ha, ha, ha, ha!
  Jones and his bride,
Portly Mamma,
  By the Sea-side.
Jones on the sand,
  I on the sea;
Here do I stand,
  There sitteth he!

So let it be!
  I'm on the wave.
Ho! I am free;
  He is a slave,
Family man,
  Forced there to stay
By Mary Anne,
  What Jones must pay

Hundred to one
  Such were my lot;
Her had I won;
  Glad I did not.
I'm in my yacht,
  She is not mine.
Her Jones has got:
  I'm on the brine.

O'er the wild waters,
  Through the white foam,
Wife, sons, and daughters,
  Cost me no home.
Ha, ha! On billow
  Sleeping, I ride:
Head let Jones pillow
  By the Sea-side!

Sagacity of the Serpent.

A Python at the Zoological Gardens once swallowed his blanket. He was supposed to have mistaken it for a rabbit. This supposition is probably erroneous. More likely the Python wanted an anodyne, being troubled with a pain in his inside, and swallowed the blanket because he mistook it for a counterpane.

PATTI IN A NEW PLACE.

My dear Mr. Punch,

You will, I am sure, feel a lively interest in the following information which I extract from some foreign correspondence:—

"It is not in some quiet spot in England or Scotland, or at some pretty Swiss *châlet*, or other delightful retreat from the bustle of the world, that Adelina Patti, now the Marchioness of Caux, is passing her honeymoon. It is in Paris. The young Marchioness was present at the Opera on Monday evening, in an open box in the dress circle, when the *Trouvière* and the *Giselle* were represented. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, the house was crowded, and, as may be supposed, Patti was the observed of all observers."

This is just the thing that a genuine *artiste* like the charming Patti, circumstanced as she was, would do. One can imagine what a luxury for her there was in going from the back of the house to the front, and in listening to a performance as exquisite as her own, if there is any. It was very natural of her, for one pleasure of her honeymoon, to go to the Opera. But may I be allowed, dare I venture to say, that, grace and elegance apart, in so doing our sweet Patti reminds me very much of one Bob, the waiter at a tavern near unto Drury Lane? Bob, as perhaps you are aware, when he had got a holiday, was accustomed to spend it in sitting down to one of the tables at which on other days he attended, and causing himself to be served by his fellow-waiters. In suggesting this parallel am I guilty of a base comparison? Nay, say not so. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Adorable Patti has ministered to our enjoyment in a very high degree, but so likewise has Bob in no small measure. In so saying, my dear Sir, I think I speak not for myself alone, but for you as well as for

Yours truly, Memor.

P.S. You have doubtless seen the agreeable announcement that Patti has not finally retired from the stage. If ever I have the pleasure of seeing her as *Alice* in *Roberto il Diavolo*, her great scene with *Robert* will always make her remind me of Bob.

A JOLLY CHRISTENING.

Session and Season are over, and *Mr. Punch*, gladly turning from what good Queen Bess called the lippe-laboured orations out of the jangling mouthes of the House of Commons (she struck out "jangling," but we replace it) and all the other rubbish that has prevented his improving his mind, proposes to devote himself to a perusal of the Six Hundred and Sixty Thousand Volumes which his friend Mr. Winter Jones has had counted in the British Museum. But before addressing himself to his studies, he proposes, and moreover resolves, to drink one large bumper (it may be more, but details are unimportant) to the health of the youngest Christian of his royal house. A health to the Princess Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary, fourth child of Marlborough House. Perhaps he would not have made public note of this ceremonial, but that the christening on the Sixth of August seems to have been one of good old English jollity. After the ten godmothers and godfathers had promised and vowed, there was a banquet, with music from *Fra Diavolo*, and other merry works, and then the young parents went to the play, that is, to the Holborn Amphitheatre, to see the horses and the acrobats. Another bumper to the jovial Prince and his adored wife. "England yet"—yes, and Merry England yet, my Puritans and Ritualists.

Sporting.

A Correspondent sends us the following heading to an advertisement which caught his eye the other day:—

SET OF FOX HUNTS, BY HERRING.—These four beautiful Coloured Pictures, &c.

A Fox Hunt by Herring must surely be the picture of a Drag.

When is an author most likely to be sick of his own writing? When he 's regularly *in the swing*.

A GRIEVANCE.

Mamma. "Why, Dick, what 's the Matter? Didn't you Catch any Fish?"
Nurse. "Please, Ma'am, he caught two Minnows, and wants to Swim them in his Tea!"

CANINE.

Mr. Punch,

My tongue being bridled, and my canine privileges curtailed, you will pardon me appealing to public justice through those respectable agents—pen and ink.

It is high time, *Mr. Punch*, that our family had a recognised voice in Parliament. At present our *quasi* representatives are most inefficient. I know one who comes from my county, who is a good setter, but he can't bark. Another can only snarl at an estimate, though perhaps he may snap at a place; and a third is always getting in a Minister's way, and coming out with a yelp. If we look into Boroughs what do we find? No qualified champion of our persecuted race. The majority pride themselves on their clever little tricks, and I confess it is rather surprising how they stand up and beg. Now and then one of the pack breaks forth with a lamentable howl, but which among them I would ask does his duty dogfully when he sees a rat in the house? Ay—there's the rub.

Taxation and representation, we are told, should go together. Well, don't we pay our quota when the fiscal burdens which we bear extend from poll to poll? The British Lion annually drops in at all our kennels, and takes from each a little bit of biscuit for his royal lunch; and now I think of it, coming across the Mountains of *Rasselas*, why Britannia's triumphant car is drawn by the "dogs of war." Who after this will dispute our claim to parliamentary honours? I pause for a reply.

Faithfully yours,
Rasper.

Lord of the Isles,
August 8, 1868.

THE WRONG MAN.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer left Town for Loch Letter." The Postmaster-General would have sounded much better.

Bassó Profondo.—A Deep Draught of Bitter Beer.

MARKING A GENTLEMAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Gentlemen who are not averse from being marked in a railway carriage, but on the contrary, rather like it, may gratify their desire at the small cost of one penny, unless, like "J. C. B.," who writes to the *Standard*, they should happen to be as badly treated as was that correspondent, at Market Harborough. Here is "J. C. B."'s letter to our excellent contemporary:—

To the Editor of the "Standard."

Sir,—When stopping at Market Harborough Station this morning about 10·30, on my way from Leicester to town, I asked the proper man (not to mistake him, he appeared a young man of eighteen or nineteen, no whiskers) for a *Standard*, and was told in reply that he had none. I asked if he had sold them all, and was told in reply that he had. I was obliged to have recourse to a *Daily Telegraph*, and whilst he was handing me that anti-constitutional organ, I descried a copy of your journal in his bundle. I took possession of it, and informed the man that I should make the fact known at your office to-day.

Travellers surely ought not to have to search a newsvendor's bundle to obtain a copy of the only journal which marks a gentleman in a railway carriage.

I am, Sir, &c.,
J. C. B.

London, July 29.

Everybody would not have been as determined as "J. C. B.," who, having travelled from Leicester as far as unto Market Harborough station without being able to get himself marked as a gentleman, was near being foiled by "the proper man"—a very improper man, we should say—but succeeded in procuring the cheap *and only* proof of gentility on its travels. Well done, "J. C. B.!"

The Schoolmaster Sent Abroad.

Will it not be rather shelving Mr. Du Cane to send him to Van Diemen's Land? Instead of being appointed Governor of Tasmania, a man who bears such a name as that of Du Cane might have been made Minister of Education.

THE HOT WEATHER.

COOL CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Ed.—Can't do anything for you this week. Too hot. See lots of jokes in embryo.

Yours, warmly,
H. T.

Shadynook Cottage, Riverside.

From John Slack *to* P. Tightfit (*Tailor*).

Sir,—Your account is probably correct. Can't find cheque-book, too hot to look for it. Wait for the rain.

V. S.

Replies from people to whom Orders for Theatre have been sent.

Dear Boy,—Thanks very much. I return the orders. Glad of 'em later on. Congratulate you on the success of the piece, which I see from the papers is drawing crammed houses. We leave town to-day.

Yours,
Hook.

Dear Sir,—Mamma is much obliged for your kind present, but thinks it is too hot for the theatre. At another time, in the winter, we shall all be delighted.

Annie Spink.

Dear Bob,—You *never* send me a stall when there is something worth seeing, but *now* when I am told your piece doesn't draw a halfpenny, and when the very idea of sitting in a stuffy ill-ventilated theatre is enough to choke one, you send me a packet of six tickets. No, thank you. When I *want* to see your trash, I can choose my own time and pay.

Your affectionate Uncle,
Barnaby Geruffin.

P.S. You needn't call, as I leave town for Summer Vale to-day. I didn't pay in that sum you asked for two weeks ago, because *you* say you are doing so well, and the advertisements announce your piece as a genuine success, drawing crowded houses. You must be making a fortune, in which case you won't want any assistance from your uncle.

B. G.

To Josiah Crump, Esq., *of Little Snigg Court, Lombard Street, from* Leonard Slight, Esq.

Dear Mr. Crump,—You asked me to dine with you in the City at five o'clock yesterday, and I accepted. I regret to say that I am called away on most serious and important business, and am therefore utterly unable to fulfil my engagement. I will see you the first time I come to the bank.

Yours, truly,
Leonard S.

From Leonard S. *to* Geo. Saunter, *same day, earlier.*

Dear Geo.—All right. Thermometer nearly 100° in the shade. Dine up the Thames. Can't stand old Crump and the Governor's fogies in the City. Throw him over.

Yours, ever,
Lenny.

From Mrs. Capperis *to her Husband.*

Dear Arthur,—Am I to take the children away or not? London is *so* hot. When do you return? Shall I meet you at Brighton? Or send the children to Brighton, and come to you at the Isle of Wight? You have been *so long* away, and you *said* you'd only be *a week*.

Your affectionate wife,
Letty.

P.S.—Why *haven't* you written?

From Arthur Capperis *to the Same.*

Dear Letty,—Take the children to Brighton by all means. Do not come on to me here, as my movements are so uncertain. I will join you at Brighton. If possible I will get Lord Rudderford to bring me round in his yacht. This little trip has done me a world of good, you will be glad to hear, and in that case I am sure *you* would be the last to grudge me an extra day's holiday, even though it does keep me a little longer from you. Longing to see you and children again,

I am, your loving husband,
Arty C.

The Island. Yacht Club.

P.S. I *have* written. The posts are so irregular this hot weather. Do not be alarmed if I don't arrive within the week.

To D. Dodge *from* P. Orper.

Dear D.—I shall be in town to-morrow. *Do* settle up for last Derby. I want it. Will see you.

Yours truly,
P. O.

From D. D. *to* P. O.

Dear O.—Sorry I 'm just leaving Town. You won't see me. The place is too hot to hold me.

Yours, off,
D.D.

YES, FOR "JOSEPH"—AND HIS BASE BRETHREN.

The Music Hall gentry had a great gathering the other day, for a purpose which we should approve, if we did not hold that the Music Hall, as at present conducted, is so pestilent a nuisance that charity can have nothing to say to it. One of the performers had grace or shame enough to deliver some doggerel in which he deprecated the wrath of *Punch*, on the ground that everybody must live. It is the plea usually heard in the dock, and the answer is, "Yes; but decently." But as it is of no use telling the Music Hall folks what gentlemen think of them, perhaps they would like to know what the respectable artisan thinks of them, and of the spirit in which it is not impossible that he may deal with them. Here are the words of the organ of hundreds of thousands of the skilled artisans and the Trades' Unions, in fact, and we recommend them to special attention:—

"To these glaring temples of dissipation our youth are nightly attracted; where they are being gradually trained to drinking habits; where their minds are debased by the low songs and vulgar exhibitions provided for them; and where their morals are undermined and corrupted by contact with loose associates, when their blood is fired and their brains bemuddled with drink. . . . The expenditure incurred in those places of amusement keeps young men poor; causes marriage to be greatly postponed—to the increase of vice; or, if entered into, without the necessary provision for making a comfortable home; while the habits they acquire by going there will too frequently cause them to neglect home and family for their nightly amusements. The temptations of those places have also too frequently caused persons to have recourse to unlawful means for gratifying them; and too often to forfeit place, trust, position, and character. That the young should seek amusement is natural, and that the man of toil also should at times seek relaxation and enjoyment after the labour of the day; but the great evil is in permitting those amusements *in connection with public-houses*—nay, to license those places in preference to places of amusement unassociated with drink. . . . To license, in connection with them, music, singing, farce, and folly, to beguile the young and thoughtless, and to lead them into habits of drunkenness and vice in life's earliest spring, is a disgrace to the magistrates that license them, the Government that sanctions, and the Legislature that permits them. The publican interest is already the corrupting curse of many of our towns and villages."

So says the *Beehive*, speaking the sentiments of the Working Man. We do not think that he will see much force in the mewing plea of "must live."

ZADKIEL ON THE PAST.

Right again! Meteorologists have questioned whether the moon has anything to do with the weather. Perhaps it has as much as the stars have; and that is a great deal. Read old Zadkiel's

"Weather Predictions, July, 1868.—Storms, hail, and thunder at first; 3rd and 4th, rain; high winds, thunder, fair intervals; 6th and 7th cool, some rain; 8th to 11th, fair, dry air; 13th and 14th, heat, lightning, and meteors; 15th and 16th, rain and thunder prevail; 18th and 19th, fairer; 21st, violent thunderstorms all through the land; 23rd, cloudy; 25th, very unsettled; 27th and 28th, misty, drizzling rain prevails; 30th and 31st, cool and cloudy. *Much rain this month, and on the 21st day violent thunder; deaths frequent by lightning.*"

Observe, the concluding italics of the foregoing prophecy are Zadkiel's own. What are they meant to imply? When one man says to another, with reference to anything disagreeable to him which that other is going to get, or intends doing, "Much good may it do you," we know what he means. Zadkiel's meaning was the same as that when he announced "Much rain this month." Obviously.

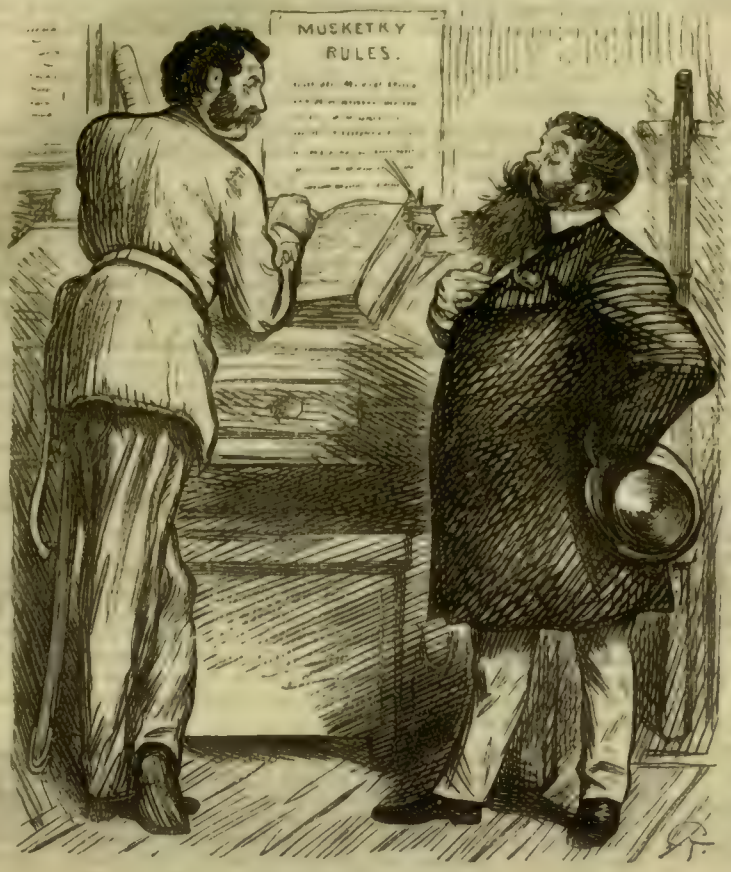
Seeing what a hit has been made by Zadkiel in foretelling the drought, we should be prepared to find his exactness equally instanced in the prediction of future events. But herein Zadkiel is transcendental. After having distanced Merlin, and outshone the very lucidity of clairvoyance in foreshowing the weather we were to have in July, he excels even himself by enumerating under the heading of "Voice of the Stars," this startling item of things to come in August:—

"At 5 h. 11 m. 30 s. A.M., on the 18th, there will be a new Moon (a total eclipse of the Sun) in about 25° 28′ of Leo. This will overthrow the power of Theodore in Abyssinia, and open up his country to civilisation."

'Fore Heaven this is a more excellent prophecy than the other! The total eclipse of the Sun in Leo, due on the 18th instant, and destined to smash Theodore, was, in effect, whilst anticipated, retrospective. This is a new thing in Astrology. Truly we perceive Zadkiel is a conjuror. His credit amongst the farmers and others who believe in him will doubtless be greatly reinforced by the astonishing success of his divinations, above exemplified, for July and August.

Fortunate on the Whole.

Mr. Disraeli's Tragedy of *Alarcos* has many of the faults of a young poet, but it deserved better treatment than it has received. It is something to indite an intellectual drama, though an imperfect one. But he is to be congratulated on one thing. Had the play succeeded, we should have had several burlesques entitled *What-a-Larkos*.



PARTICULAR!

Adjutant of Volunteers (to Recruit). "Well, Sir, and what Company do you wish to be in?"

Recruit. "Augh! I've been—ah—used to the Co'pany of—ah—Ge'tlemen, Sir!!!!"

"OUR DEAR OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

(*Genuine Version.*)

Our dear old Church of England,
Let 's rally round you now,
Though there 's not the least occasion
For kicking up a row.
You know you 're safe as ever,
And watched with loving eye,
But Dizzy (who 's so clever)
Suggests a little Cry.

So, dear old Church of England,
(And none can call you cheap)
We 'll make your name a war-cry,
For those who'd office keep.
Declare to win elections,
Old Mother Church so dear,
With these, our crack selections,
Yourself, and Gold, and Beer.

SERVE BOTH RIGHT.

Mr. Hiram Crawshaw, a friend of Lord Paulett's, must, as a nobleman's friend, be replete with all the moral and social virtues, but we should think that "talent was not his forte," as somebody said. At Brighton Races he does three wise things. First, he proposes to give money to one of a gang of the impudent and filthy mountebanks who are called nigger minstrels. Secondly, he gives him a napoleon. Thirdly, on the cunning cad returning what he could not easily dispose of, Mr. H. C. gives him a sovereign, and asks for nineteen shillings. Of course the greasy thief bolts with Mr. Hiram's money. Luckily a lady's keen eyes detect the fellow at Lewes Races, and he gets six weeks with hard labour, a fortnight more than most ruffians get for brutal assaults on women, and not more than, comparisons aside, he deserves. But we hope that Mr. Crawshaw is not unduly proud of his own cleverness. *Punch* might not have mentioned it, but has no kindly feeling for folks who encourage dirty nuisances, and he would be glad that everybody who does it were fined £1 as Mr. H. C. has been.

Marriages which are *not* "made in Heaven."—Lucifer Matches.

KILLING THE GOOSE.

(*An old Moral new pointed.*)

"The increase in the fares of the South-Eastern, Brighton, and Chatham Companies, that were to form the 'Great Southern Confederation,' has produced a decrease in the last published weekly returns over the corresponding period of last year:—

	1867.	1868.	Decrease.
South-Eastern	£34,350	£32,893	£1,457
Brighton	36,409	33,497	2,912
Chatham and Dover	17,499	16,042	1,457."

—*Daily Telegraph.*

Even blockheads are able to point to the fable
Experience is ever endorsing,
Whose moral proclaims that to make your gain stable,
You had best let it grow without forcing.
'Tis the tale of the goose that was wont to produce
For the goose without feathers, its master,
Eggs of genuine gold, at the rate, we were told,
Of one egg per day, but no faster.

For some time the man-goose was content to make use
Of the egg daily brought by the bird to him,
Till fired by disdain of such slow rate of gain,
A short-cut to millions occurred to him.
If his goose thus could lay one gold egg every day,
For him to put by in his bureau,
'Twas an obvious idea, inside her must be a
Mine of *all* the gold eggs *in futuro*.

The thirst for her murder prevailed when he heard her
Cackle loud o'er *the* egg for the day,
As, in proud sense of duty, to say, "Here 's a beauty,
At the feet of my master to lay!"

So he took with his knife goosey's innocent life,
And, without the delay of a minute,
Disembowelled her corse, av'rice stifling remorse,
Groped eager, and found nothing in it!

That blind goose-dissector was sure a Director
On some Southern Line of his region,
Who accustomed his public to humbug or hector,
For his daily gold egg put the *squeege* on,
Till at last putting screw on to force out a new one,
He finds the more sternly he squeezes,
Far from new eggs out-shelled, that the old egg 's withheld,
And that geese can't be bled as he pleases!

Though our Watkins and Laings and Mangles 'gainst *sayings*
Are proof, let the week's *doings* teach 'em,
If trav'llers think proper to put on the stopper,
E'en on Railway Directors, they 'll reach 'em.
If you cut up your geese, that they 'll not only cease
For your needs to lay gold eggs enough, Sir,
But the eggs will be lost, and the geese, to your cost,
Will cut up exceedingly rough, Sir.

Another Dainty.

A new relish may shortly be expected to appear on the breakfast-table. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, news has arrived from the German North Pole Expedition, one item of which reads thus:—"Potted six ice-bears already." Epicures received this intelligence open-mouthed. Fortnum and Mason instantly telegraphed to secure the whole consignment. Great uneasiness in certain quarters in the Zoological Gardens.

A Stump Orator.—A Dentist who talks about himself.

OUR FISH, FLESH, FOWL, AND NATURAL HISTORY COLUMN.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

ishing not to be in any way behindhand with our more generally Sporting Contemporary, Buck *Land and Water*, we have for this particular season established a Special Editor to answer all inquiries on matters connected with Fishing, Shooting, Hunting, the Management of Farms and Dairies, &c., &c., and to give information on all subjects connected with Natural History. Any one forwarding specimens of curious animals, fish, or birds, in a hamper, or box, carriage in all cases prepaid, must send questions and full particulars. Address to the Office.

Lusus Naturæ from the sea-shore will be microscopically inspected.

Animalculæ not objected to.

Insects will receive every possible attention, and be returned without loss of time.

It is necessary to issue the above public notice, as having only hinted our intention to a few friends, we have not received either so many specimens as we could wish, nor of such a nature as would show that our end and aim had been fully appreciated by those with whom we had communicated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Sir,—What's this? Yours, Warwick.

[We don't know what the deuce it is, but directly the hamper was unpacked, it flew at us, growling and barking fearfully. We (the Editor and clerk) ran up-stairs, leaving the door open, and were delighted to see the beast, which must have been something between a bloodhound and a pole-cat, run out into the street. We think the police will have some difficulty with it.—*Sporting Editor.*]

Sir,—I send you some remarkable fish. What do you think they are? Yours, Angus.

Forfarshire.

["What do we think they are?" We didn't want to *open* the hamper to know what they were. The carrier fainted when bringing them in, and though they were immediately kicked out, yet lime has had to be placed in every room, and the clerk and myself sniff scent-bottles full of disinfecting fluid all day. The police have threatened to indite us for a nuisance. If so, we shall say it was you, and give your name and address in Scotland.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Sir,—We netted some very beautiful specimens of the winged ——, I forget the Latin name, but you'll know it directly. It has been asserted that they are perfectly harmless. Yours, Devon.

[The ten biggest Queen Hornets we ever saw, and of the most fierce and savage description. Luckily we let the clerk open it. He has been laid up ever since, and now sends a solicitor to us. You'll get in a row.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Sir,—I send you some beautiful red-legged grouse, and hope that if you see anything curious about them you'll let me know. Yours, Hampshire.

[Thanks. They have not come yet.—*Sp. Ed.*]

*** We re-open this column to say yes they have. But why didn't you send them before? *There are many things very curious about them.* Bring an action against the S.W. Railway.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Sir,—My youngest child found the inclosed insects in a bed of our lodging-house. We captured them under a large glass. I send 'em all up to you as they are. Have you ever seen anything like 'em before? Margate.

[Anything like 'em? We can't get rid of 'em, and are bitten, all over, dreadfully. Don't send any more.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Sir,—In compliance with your request, I send a queer animal from our farm. He is only a little queer, but he will be a great deal more so when he arrives. Yours, John.

Oxfordshire.

[Driven here with difficulty. In the back-yard now. There's no doubt about it. It *is* a bull, and as mad as a hatter. The Clerk inspected him through the keyhole of the door. The bull butted it down, and is now in the passage. There is a crowd outside, but two policemen are sent for with guns. This is not the sort of specimen required.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation.

In answer to "Anglo-Indian's" query, we are sorry to decline, but we have no space for Elephants. The "Night Hunter" suggests that a Hippopotamus he has got for us *might* go in the tank; and if we'd let him lie down in the kitchen at night, we shouldn't be troubled with any more black-beetles. Many thanks; but *don't send it.*—*Sp. Ed.*

Sir,—We have a perfect plague of flies here. There are thousands. How can we get rid of them?

Rose Cottage.

[Easily. Purchase a small quantity of laudanum, and mix one teaspoonful with half-a-pint of cold spring water. Procure the finest squirt you can possibly get. Take each fly separately, and pressing his cheek-bones gently, force him to open his mouth. Then squirt in about three drops of the poisonous fluid, and the consequence will be instantaneous death to the fly. If a female fly, one drop more will be necessary. In a short time you will be entirely free from the nuisance. If not, write again.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Sir,—Are humming-birds ever seen in England? Yesterday evening I saw a small creature which at first I took for a wopps: then for a moth: but on closer inspection I found it to be uncommonly like a small bird, with wings and bright sort of shot-silk body. It had eyes as brilliant as toads, and it worked itself along not by its wings but by the tail, which acted on the principle of the screw-propeller. I heard it humming to itself, but could not clearly distinguish the air. I fancy it was a reminiscence of "*Not for Joseph.*" Was this a humming-bird? Jos. Mopps.

Broom Lodge.

P.S. I was quite sober at the time.

[What you saw was an insect not uncommon in these islands. It was not a humming-bird, though in some respects resembling that ornithological species. Just as the Lady-bird is a link between the insect and bird world, being named equally "Lady-bird" or "May-bug," so this insect you saw we have not the slightest doubt is not a humming-bird but a "*Hum-bird,*" or, more commonly speaking, a "Hum-bug."—*Sp. Ed.*]

Sir,—Having lately had a reverse in fortune, I have been obliged to give up my house in Belgravia, and take up my residence in Camberwell. How can I acclimatise my wife? Dulcis Guglielmus.

[By sensible and manly example, by judicious and kindly reasoning, you may soon convert the useless Belgravian fine lady into one of the most valuable specimens of the Camberwellian Domestic House-Wife. The trouble of acclimatisation may cost you something at first, but you will save much, and, in fact, be a great gainer, in the end.—*Sp. Ed.*]

MITES IN CHEESE.

Sir,—I send you some cheese. Are they Mites, or not? If not, what? Whatever they are, how many are they? Yours, Frummage.

[Mites! ants! worms! small flies! which leapt out directly the basket was opened, and are all over the place. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. If we knew your real address, you'd hear something more of this. Send it.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Sir,—We cannot make out whether these are gnats or mosquitoes. Take a bite, and try. I enclose several live specimens. Yours, Bitumen.

[Both, confound you! We (the clerk and myself) have been laid up for two days. Who's your solicitor?—*Sp. Ed.*]

THE PREMIER'S ASSISTANT.

In the work of educating his party in Parliament might not Mr. Disraeli find a right-hand man in the Usher of the Black Rod?

THE DIRECTOR'S OPERA.

ACT II. SCENE I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Macheath,	Wat Dreary,	Harry Padington,
Jemmy Twitcher,	Robin of Bagshot,	Mat of the Mint,
Crook-finger'd Jack,	Nimming Ned,	Ben Budge.

SCENE—*An* Office *near Whitehall.*

Jemmy Twitcher, Crook-finger'd Jack, Wat Dreary, Robin of Bagshot, Nimming Ned, Harry Padington, Mat of the Mint, Ben Budge, *and the Rest of the Gang at the Table, with Pens, Ink, Foolscap in Quantities, Time-tables, Ready Reckoners, Railway Bills and Acts, Clearing-house Registers, Balance Sheets, in various Stages of Manufacture, Accounts, cooked and uncooked, Bottles, Glasses, &c., before them.*

Ben. But prithee, *Mat*, what is become of thy Partner *Jemmy?* I have not seen him since the Wind-up of the Diddlesex *Credit Foncier.*

Mat. Poor *Jemmy* had an Accident last *Old Bailey Sessions.* He tried a financiering Touch to the Tune of a cool Hundred on exactly the same Principles that had carried him, with Honor and Profit, through Operations of Hundreds of Thousands. The Beak called it Swindling, and was heartless enough to commit him. All the Wit in *Westminster Hall* could not drive into the wooden Pates of a *Central Criminal* Court Jury the wide Distinction between Fraud and Financiering, and now poor *Jemmy* is among the twopenny-halfpenny Rogues in Grey and Yellow at *Portland Quarries!*

Ben. How are your common Juries, of peddling Tradesmen, to be expected to understand high Finance?

Ned. How came it *Jemmy* did not challenge?

Crook. Or claim to be tried by his Peers—a dozen of Directors?

Wat. Ah! *Jemmy* was before his Time, Gentlemen.

Jem. The more Reason, Gentlemen, we should not be behind *ours*—the Present. It is our duty to make the most of our Occasions. Whatever squeamish Sentiment may scribble, or pragmatical Prudishness may preach, shall we allow the Law to be levelled at *us?* It cannot, if we do but maintain ourselves above the Level of the Law. Down with all Cant, say I! Are we more dishonest than the Rest of the Commercial World? What we win is our own, by the Law of *Number One*, and the Principles of Mutual Assurance—Unlimited.

Crook. Where shall we find such exemplary Christians as our noble selves—a Body so exact in doing (those) as they would be done by, under the like Circumstances?

Wat (turning up the Whites of his Eyes). What, though I may have passed through the *Bankruptcy Court!* My Labours shall yet be blessed with Increase! Whom is Heaven to help if not *us* who never fail to help *ourselves?*

Robin. Well said, honest *Wat!* And though we may not all have thy Gifts in the Pulpit, we are Men, I will say it, of proved Courage, and indefatigable Industry!

Mat. Who is there here that would not stand in, or lie out for his Friend?

Harry. Or that would not cook an Account for his Company's Interest?

Robin. Or his *own*, either, if you come to *that?*

Mat. Shew me a *Towzery Gang* that can say more!

Jem. Enough blowing of our own Brass, Gentlemen. If they will not let us combine by Law, we will do it without. We here proclaim a joint Partition of the Country among us. Every Company hath an indefeasible Right to its own Field of Supply, and as Supply depends on Demand, 'tis our duty to demand all we can screw out of our Passengers' Pockets.

Wat. We but retrench the mischievous Superfluities of Simpletons for the Profit of the sharper Portion of Man-Kind. We hate everything in the World that is green; and whenever we see the Colour, our Instinct bids us change it to a Dun-brown. Cash was never meant to be locked up in the *Bank Cellars.* The Fundholder is your true Robber of Man-Kind. He cribs, cabins, and confines the Capital that was meant to fly over the World on paper Wings, and multiply *ad infinitum* under the Alchemy of the Financier's Bill-Stamp! Where can be the Harm of taking from others what they have not the Wit to make more than *Three per cent.* of?

Jem. Enough, Gentlemen. Our new Fare-tables are settled. Good Luck attend us all! Let us drink our next merry Meeting, and I will give you the right Railway Directors' Song and Sentiment—"Tax every Class!"

Air. "Fill ev'ry Glass, for Wine inspires us."

Tax every Class, for Law permits us,
And fits us
On Men's Purses to lay Hands:
Of unreas'nable Demands
Our Conscience it acquits us!
Chorus—*Then tax every Class, &c.*

SCENE II.

To them enter Macheath.

Mac. Gentlemen, well met! My Heart hath been with you this Hour. But a parting Shot at our inveterate Persecutor *Redesdale* hath detained me. No Ceremony, I beg you!

Harry Pad. We were just breaking up, after approving your new Rates of Fares. Ah, if the Lords would but have allowed your brave Heads of *the South* to work in Company. As it is, you must operate all the more manfully, each on his own Line. You must teach these Rogues what it is to throw Obstacles in the way of Directors in Difficulties. Though we work the other Side of the Water, You have our good Wishes. We have had too much Squabbling. What a Plague, Gentlemen? Are we not Comrades, after all? I should be the last Man to recommend a good Understanding had I not discovered its important Bearing on Dividends. There are Directors on the Northern and Western Lines who may be worth speaking with——

Mach. I have heard also Whispers of such—but—

Harry Pad. But what, Sir?

Mach. Is there any Man here who dares insinuate anything against my Honor?

Mat. We are all ready to bear Witness to it!

Mach. My sworn Truth to the Holy Alliance of Directors?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mach. In dividing our Booty—in Advance, more's the pity—have I ever shown the least Marks of Avarice or Injustice?

Mat. By these Questions, something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mach. I have a fixed Confidence, Gentlemen, in you all, as Men of Honor, and, still more, as Men of Business: and as such I value and respect you. *Redesdale* is a Man that is troublesome to us.

Mat. Is he about to give us any more Plague? I'll have him shown up in the Newspapers.

Mach. I beg you, Gentlemen, act with Prudence and Discretion. Publicity should be our last resort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this Meeting.

Mach. The Private Business of their Lordships' House cannot go on without him. He is a Man who knows our Game, but he is a necessary Nuisance to us. We must continue to treat him with a certain Deference, for the Moment we have him dead against us our whole Gang is at a Dead-lock in the Lords.

Mat. But stop his Mouth, and who shall dare wag a Tongue against us! In that way, I grant you, he is of great Convenience to us.

Mach. Make him and the World believe we have quarrelled among ourselves, which we can't afford to do, of course. Let us continue to squabble in Public, but in our private Meetings we can settle Matters pleasantly.

Mat. Your Instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high Time for us to repair to our several Offices. So till next Clearing-House Day we bid you Farewell!

Mach. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you!

Air. March in *Rinaldo*, with brass accompaniments.

Mach. *Let us take the Road!*
Now, the happy Hour approaches,
When we'll rob Trains like Stage Coaches,
So of Fares we'll raise the Load!
To the Law we'll hold!
Your Dick Turpins were but Asses,
Our Game their Game surpasses,
And the Public's bought and sold!

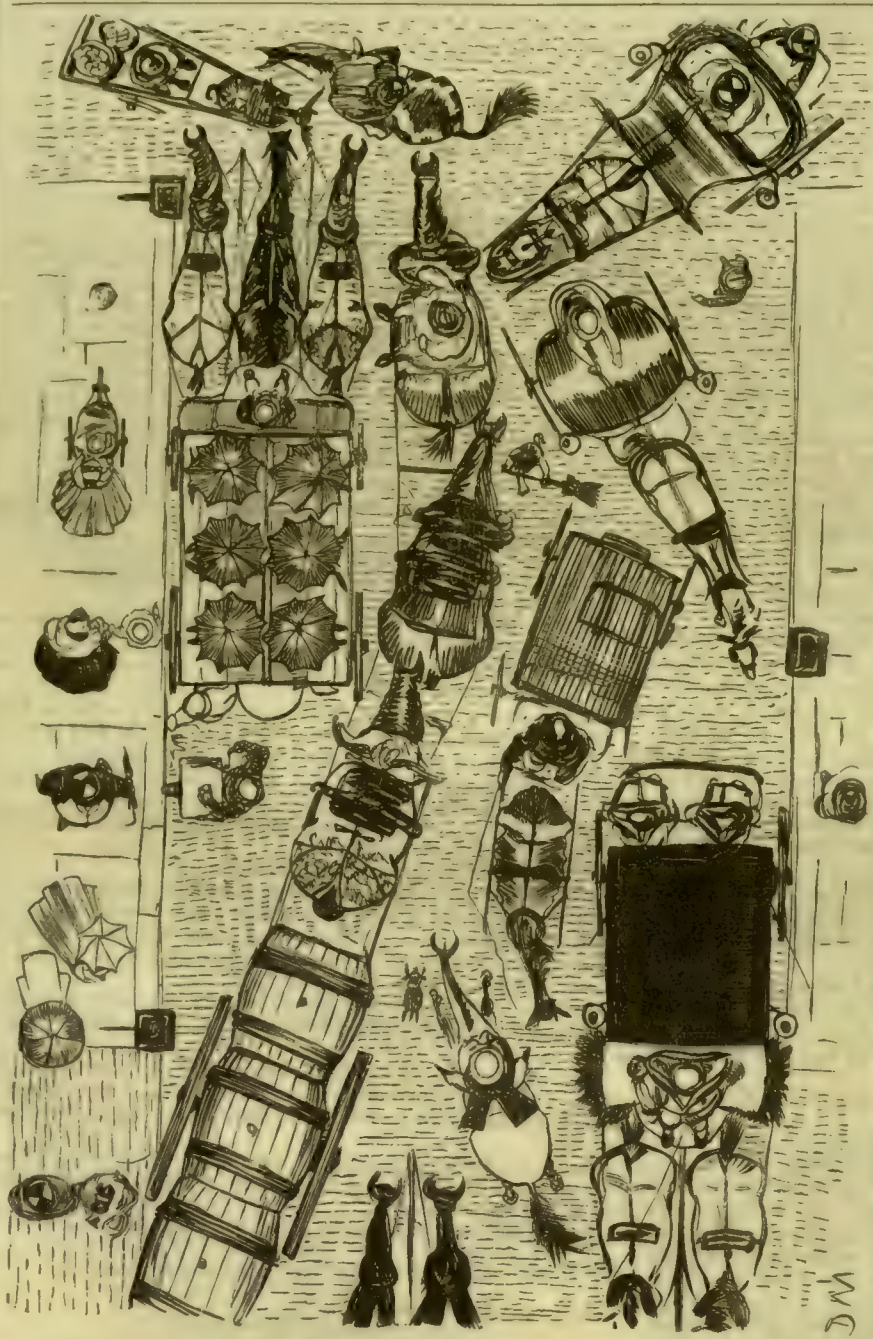
[The Gang, ranged in the Front of the Stage, brandish their Tariffs, double-load their Fares, and flick them in their Pockets; then go off, singing the first Part in Chorus.

Sport for Black-legs.—The Negro Race.

PATER PUNCH'S BEACH-MUSINGS.

'Tis the season of sea, when from business set free,
Britons crowd for their sniff of the briny;
To Neptune's embraces entrust their nude graces,
And come out of them shivering and shiny.

When the lodging-house shark preys from dawning to dark,
And the shark's victim, married or single,
Of his cash "ducks and drakes" as submissively makes,
As he makes of flat stones from the shingle.



'Tis the time when small children find rapture bewild'ring,
Beechen spades and tin buckets in plying,
And the sand of the beach over all in their reach
In their infantine joyaunce send flying:
Tuck up small skirts and blouses to pile their sand-houses,
Then follow their elders' example,
In cutting a way for the sea to make play
With the walls they have toiled hard to trample.

As *Punch* watches the joys of the small girls and boys
With a sage's and parent's indulgence,
While he blows the blue cloud well-earned leisure enjoys
In this August's extra-effulgence,
He thinks to himself, how man 's mirrored in elf!
Though in one respect best the child's state is,—
That the game on which Elders are wasting their pelf,
Here Youngsters are playing at, *gratis!*

See that dark-eyed young rogue with a marked Hebrew brogue
Defending yon sand-piled erection,
'Gainst assailants who bring each his Glad stone to fling
Through the wall the Jew trusts for protection.
'Tis an emblem of Dizzy, and Gladstone, one busy
In breaching the other's sand-castle,
While the agents their steady *residuum* get ready,
And at candidates' cost hold free wassail.

Just as sure, — mused old P., — as the wash of the sea,
That Hebrew's sand-wall will devour,
Will the tide of opinion assert its dominion
O'er the sand-house called Ireland's Church-tower.
What yon grey pile on land is to this pile of sand,
On which so high perched that Jew lad is,
That, if truth must be told, in strength, health, breadth, and hold,
Is John Bull's Church established, to Paddy's.

SPOTS IN THE SUN,

OBSERVED BY MEANS OF AN EXQUISITE 17 FEET 6¾-INCH REFRACTOR FROM THE CELEBRATED MUNICH WORKS.

("We know that the whole of the Sun's surface is in a state of continual agitation. The spots break out, vary in form, &c."—*Cornhill Magazine for August.*)

JUSTICE TO THE GRAND ST. MARTIN.

There is good sense and justice in a paragraph which we beheld the other evening in the *Glowworm*. Somebody wrote to it, alleging that the Post-Office did not deliver his letters regularly; and the luminous journal intimates, in reply, first, that it does not believe him, and, secondly, that if his letters miscarry, it is most likely his own fault. *Mr. Punch* is so terribly, yet so justly, severe upon all public departments that fail in their duty, that he deems it right to say that he endorses both the *Glowworm's* answers to its correspondent. The Post-Office does its business better than any establishment for which we pay. Of course, if you choose to direct your letters in a villanous hand, and to give them to your servant to post, who, not wanting to wet her feet, gives them to the butcher's boy when he calls, who, not being at the moment *en route* for a post-office, carries them in his pocket until he can entrust them to a butcherly young friend, who puts them into his tray and finally jerks them down an area, the probabilities of their being delivered are somewhat reduced. But direct your letter in a legible hand, with no fewer and no more words than are needful, and post it yourself, in a mild but determined manner, and, Gladstone's head to Rearden's, your missive arrives safely. *Mr. Punch's* complaint of the Post-Office is, that it delivers much too regularly, and much too often, correspondence which is simply waste paper; but that is not the Duke of Montrose's fault, but *Mr. Punch's* misfortune.

THE RISING TIDE.

Mrs. Gamp. "O YOU BAD, WICKED BOY! I S'POSE YOU 'LL BE FOR A WASHIN' AWAY *THAT* CHURCH NEXT!"

HYMEN AND LOW MEN.

One of the most rampant forms which Snobbism assumes, is the way in which the fact of a relationship with Swells is publicly paraded in advertisements of marriage. If the bridegroom be remotely related to a lord, or the bride's great-great-uncle be third cousin of a bishop, mention specially is made of this delightful circumstance, although the families concerned are sure to be aware of it, and it can hardly have much interest for society at large.

Descending in the social scale, this Snobbism assumes a form which is more practical, and often serves as an advertisement for those who by the etiquette of their profession, are not allowed to advertise their whereabouts, or puff publicly their works. Thus, for instance, our attention is directed to the fact that the bridegroom's second cousin is the famous Dr. Bolus, whose titles are paraded with great elaboration: or a reference is lugged in to the brother of the bride, in order that his treatise upon bunions, bricks, or boilers, may be publicly announced.

If this fashion spreads much further, small tradesmen will soon follow in the footsteps of the Swells, and advertisements of marriages will be profitably used as a means of making known the whereabouts of warehouses and specialities of shops. The bridegroom will proclaim himself the son of Mr. Buggins, of the noted firm of Buggins, Badger, Brown and Buggins, whose Emporium of Fashion stands conspicuous in Whitechapel, and will shortly be augmented by a branch at the West End. The fair bride will announce that she is the only daughter of Mr. Ephraim Corduroy, of the old-established house of Corduroy and Cadger, whose reversible ten-shilling trousers were honourably mentioned at the Paris Exposition, and whose guinea mungo overcoats are worthy of all fame.

Dropping to another round in the commercial ladder, we may see announced the fact that Mr. Timothy Trotter, Chimney-Sweep, New Cut, has espoused Miss Susan Sweetbread, daughter of the late Josiah Sweetbread, of East Smithfield; and the world will be informed that his business as a pork-butcher is carried on triumphantly by his desponding widow, by whom the largest orders will be thankfully received. Or, haply, some fine morning we may see this notice paraded in the *Houndsditch Halfpenny Gazette*:—

"On the 11th inst., at Bethesda Chapel, Minories, by the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, assisted by the Rev. Luke O'Blarney, uncle of the bride, Samuel Skunk, Esquire, *alias* 'Slimy Sammy,' Retail Rag Merchant, Black Doll Street, to Sukey Alexandra, youngest daughter of Bill Sikes, Esquire, late of Seven Dials, but now of Portland Prison.

"P.S. Best price in the trade for prigged dripping and old bones.

"N.B. Burglars bringing swag, must ring the second bell, and whistle."

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

I.—TREMENDOUSLY TORY.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors and Freemen of Great Briborough.

Gentlemen,

A numerous and influential deputation from your loyal and ancient Borough, now by reckless legislation unjustly deprived of one of its Members, having honoured me with an invitation to present myself as a Candidate for your representation in the ensuing Parliament, I accept the flattering proposition with feelings of equal pride and pleasure, and hasten to place my humble services at your entire disposal.

Being personally a stranger to you, a brief and temperate statement of my political opinions may not be deemed inappropriate, especially at a time when masks are worn and coats turned, when traitors abound, and men hesitate to show themselves in their true colours.

I glory in the name of Tory, and firmly believe that England was never so great at home, never so feared abroad, as when her Councils were swayed by statesmen who bore such illustrious names as Addington, Castlereagh, Eldon, and Liverpool. In the present deplorable dearth of rulers of their unwavering consistency and unshaken attachment to the Altar and the Throne, I must be content to support Her Majesty's existing Government, as the sole barrier, the only bulwark, between us and anarchy and Mr. Bright.

On the all-absorbing question of the hour and the day, I am firm as a rock, steadfast as a tower. I will hearken to no compromise, I will listen to no surrender. I regard with feelings, in which horror and contempt struggle for the mastery, the sacrilegious, impious, unprincipled and unprovoked assault upon the State Church in Ireland, and solemnly pledge myself that the rights, emoluments, perquisites, and privileges of every stipendiary dignitary of that venerable establishment, from the highest Archbishop to the humblest sexton, shall ever find in me a devoted champion and supporter. I tremble to think of what might follow in this our beloved country, if the plot and conspiracy of Mr. Gladstone and his heterogeneous band were unhappily to succeed, and dare not trust myself to contemplate the possibility of the existence of our own Deans and Chapters, so dear to us by a thousand ties and hallowed associations, being menaced with gradual extinction.

I think the House of Lords perfection: I regard the presence of the Bishops in that august assembly as one of the Palladiums of our glorious Constitution, and only regret that the Bishop of Sodor and Man, and all Irish, Scotch, and Colonial Prelates are debarred from seats in the Upper Chamber by the jealousy and short-sightedness of a latitudinarian age.

Those time-honoured institutions of our common country, in which daring democrats and licentious levellers pretend they can discern anomalies and abuses, I cherish with feelings of unmixed pride and satisfaction; and will resist to the utmost all insidious attempts to deprive us of what the wisdom of our ancestors devised, and the prudence of our forefathers maintained in inviolate integrity. Our National Debt, our Public Expenditure, our Naval and Military administration, our system of promotion by purchase in the Army, our Bankruptcy Laws and Chancery Suits, our Diplomatic Service, our Ecclesiastical discipline, our Educational arrangements, our Religious Disabilities, our Universities and Endowed Schools, our Game Laws, our Grand Juries, our Cathedral Establishments, our Agricultural Labourers, our Poor Law, our Vestries, our Turnpikes and Treadmills, are all in turn the object of my unqualified admiration and respect; and the audacious political adventurer who may dare to lay but a single finger on a single stone of that edifice of our Constitution, which has been alike the admiration of ages and the envy of the world, will arouse my unflinching antagonism, and provoke my undying hostility.

I will not outrage your feelings by allusions to such un-English topics as the ballot, the law of primogeniture, the Bribery Bill, reduction of our National armaments, and compulsory education. Bachelor and Lieutenant-Colonel as I am, I cannot regard with an eye of favour the participation of women in the Electoral Franchise.

When returned by you as your honoured representative, you will hear me, in this great crisis of our National History, in my place in Parliament, rallying round the Throne, defending our Altars and Hearths, nailing my colours to the mast, upholding Church and State, advocating no Surrender, guarding the bulwarks of our Constitution, sounding the tocsin, uttering watchwords and words of warning, preserving our ancient landmarks, stemming the advancing tide of democracy, manfully resisting the thin end of the wedge, and unfurling that proud Conservative banner, which has for its inspiring motto, "*Stare super antiquas vias!*"

Freemen! your immemorial rights I will protect as amongst the brightest jewels of the British Crown; and to all, Freemen and Independent Electors, I say in conclusion, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and victory is ours!

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
Your obedient humble Servant,
Frederick Lorenzo Devereux Effingham.

Constitutional Club, August 20, 1868.

CONSCIENTIOUS INDIVIDUAL

Who Thinks, "Now, that neither of them can Bribe, I wonder which I shall vote for."

WRONG, PRIMÂ FACIE.

Women who make up their faces deceive themselves, if they think that by so doing they are more likely to tempt men to make up their minds.

POINT BLANK.

Ellen. "Now, don't you Like this much better than Croquet, and a lot of Stupid People?"

[*The Major thinks he does—RATHER!*

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EAR WHO PLAYS BY IT.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS.

After dinner the Guv commences politics; that is, he gives me the result of his reading during the day, which embraces the opinions of the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, *Daily News*, and *Standard*—a political salad which we mix with our own oil, vinegar, and Attic salt, if any at table. My long-lost Cousin trifles with the decanters, which always seem to be "forming" in front of him; and presently, not being interested, apparently, in any question of the day, slips a little way down in his chair, gives himself his head, and falls asleep. Being aroused in order to pass the wine, he pulls himself together for the purpose of filling his own glass (the largest claret size), and having forwarded the decanters a stage, like the Parliamentary bills we are discussing, collapses again, and slumbers. My relative gives me "himself on the *Times*," I return with "myself on the *Standard*," and so on.

We exhaust the topics of the day, including the City article and markets. I beat him easily on markets, as he never thinks of reading them, and I have the movements of the Army and Navy at my fingers' ends, this being a part of the paper he can't manage at all. As he doesn't contradict any of my statements about hops, grey shirtings, calicoes, twist, the embarkation of troops for New South Wales, and the orders from the Horse Guards as to the movements of the Household troops from Windsor to Hounslow, I have the talking all to myself for a good ten minutes, managing it judiciously and slowly.

At five minutes to ten my relative has a pain in his back, and goes out of the room, and is not seen again by me till the next morning, when he will probably inform me that he hasn't slept a wink all night. The night before one of these complaints I happened to pass his door on a late visit to the library. If ever I heard a man snore, my relative was that man. I suppose there is no smoke without fire, and no snoring without sleep. I re-passed his room an hour and a half after this, and the snoring was as heavy and regular as before. When we met in the morning he said, as usual, that he hadn't slept a wink all night. Now, what possible amusement could my relative find in lying awake and snoring? Can a man snore himself to sleep? Can he induce sleep, gentle sleep, to visit him by correct imitation? Or I catch him on the horns of a dilemma—*if he wasn't snoring, who was?*

Not I: and there are no other bed-rooms near his. Do I ask him this?—no, I do not. I like Drouzemoor-Ripple, and its ease and comfort; therefore I amuse *myself* with these queries, and am content to let my invalid relative think that I am taken in by his constant sleepless nights.

The above digression occupies me while my long-lost Cousin is waking.

First he opens his eyes, and looks very wide awake for two seconds; then he shuts them suddenly, and is very much asleep for five seconds; then he re-opens them, shakes his head, and draws himself up in the chair; then he stretches himself, hitting out vigorously left and right, and screwing his head about as if it was new and inconvenient to him. Then he laughs at me shortly: I smile. Then he asks me, as if suddenly alive to some neglect on his part of the laws of hospitality, if I'll take any more wine? I won't—he does—throwing off a couple of glasses of sherry—"whitewash" he calls it—easily, and rising from his chair proposes "a smoke" in his room. This, falling in with my notion of comfort, I agree to it; but place before him "*my* room" as an amendment of the original motion.

All the same to him (a very pleasant, unselfish fellow my long-lost Cousin, I think to myself); my room be it.

Why do I choose my room, and why appreciate the unselfishness of the long-lost?

Because I can get as far as my dressing-gown and slippers, sit in my own particular seat (every man in his own room has a right, by courtesy, to his own particular seat), and when I 'm tired I can "turn in," which gives the hint to your visitor to turn out. Or if he *will* stay, his talking will send me to sleep, and his promise to put out the candle relieves me from all anxiety.

Being in the country my window is open, so that I shan't be sleeping in tobacco-smoke, and the amount of that fumigation in the room is just enough to keep away insects. A pipe ought to have been included among *Titania's* directions for protecting the slumbers of her donkey-headed *Bottom*. Being, as I have before stated, something of an invalid—*really* I mean, and not only upon my relative's account—it

is necessary that I should have great quiet, plenty of rest, and above everything, that I should go to bed early.

Had I suspected for an instant that I had suddenly stumbled upon the second species of the Man with an Ear, I should have thought twice before suggesting my room, and *then* I shouldn't have suggested it.

We go up-stairs. Our rooms are divided from one another by another spare room, where there is no one sleeping at present.

Fred, my long-lost Cousin, is *so* glad I 'm here—I 'm so glad, I say, that *he* is here. I can't say more; and when two men meet, (relations mind you) after an interval of ten years, it 's rather odd if the interchange of experiences is not both amusing and interesting.

I am under the impression that my Cousin has been to Gibraltar, Malta, Italy, Sicily, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Africa, America, and Canada, not to mention a long stay in Ireland and a short one in Scotland. I find that he *has* been to all these places, and more. Therefore, for two or three nights I can dispense with my books, and earn from him, in that time, as much as I would from hard reading in three weeks or more. "The information will be," I say to myself, wrapping myself in my dressing-gown, "served up hot and hot; or," I say, changing my trope, "the fresh-gathered fruits of recent travel."

So lighting my pipe, and putting aside *Plutarch*, Vol. IV., *Montaigne*, Count Xavier de Maistre's *Works*, Schemmeling's *Semitic Races*, Dunn's *Commerce and European Finance*, Bacon's *Essays*, Von Dullerman *On the Hebrew Particles*, and *The Four Books of Confucius*, I await the entrance of my long-lost Cousin.

A tap at the door. "Come in!" Enter the butler, carrying a large tray with tumblers, spoons, glasses, sugar, bottles of spirits, bottles of wine, bottles of soda and Seltzer water, enough apparently for a large party.

"Mr. Frederick said as I was to bring these in here, Sir," says Phibbs, the butler, looking about for space on the table, and getting the thin end of the tray into Dunn's *European Finance*, as a hint to me to assist him in clearing the table. *Bacon*, *Hebrew Particles*, *Montaigne*, *Confucius*, and my other friends are replaced by brandy, gin, whiskey, sherry, Hollands, sugar, and various waters.

"There was indeed a *tap* at the door," I say to my Cousin when he looks in to see if "the stuff" is all right. Anything to drink he calls "stuff," no matter what the quality of the liquor may be. By the way, he doesn't see my little funniment about the word "tap;" but only replies, "Oh, it 's come up all right. Now, Phibbs, you can go to bed." Exit Phibbs. To me—"I 'll put on my smoking-coat, and come in for some stuff." I say, "Make haste," as I have half finished my allowance of *one* pipe before bed-time, and I wanted to take it with his experiences of foreign countries and peoples during the last ten years. He leaves my door open, and goes humming down the passage. What tune it is I cannot exactly determine; I *think* the same as he hummed at dinner—"*Marble Halls*," with a dash of "*Home, Sweet Home*," and something else. It reminds me of Bilscombe for a minute, but I dismiss all thoughts of Men with Ears from my mind.

Mister Fred returns. In such a smoking-coat!—made, apparently, of the most flaming and flaring carpet-patterns worked in silk! Gigantic roses, enormous dandelions, spread themselves in folds over his body, and in fact the barest apartment couldn't be unfurnished as long as he was sitting in it. He is chair-covers, sofa-covers, rug, curtains, and carpet, all in one. They are big enough to hold three cousins, being cut on the made-for-growing principle.

"You like it?" he asks, alluding to the suit.

I candidly answer that I don't know whether I do or not, being dazzled by it. My Cousin hums to himself while I inspect the dress from my chair.

"I 've got another," he informs me, "all lions and tigers."

I suppose, I say, that he brought it with him from abroad—Turkey, perhaps. I throw this out, hoping that thereby hangs a tale of exciting adventure and thrilling interest.

"No," says he; "Piccadilly."

It is at this moment I perceive for the first time that he is carrying an odd-shaped black box fastened by brass catches.

"Liqueurs, eh? More 'stuff?'" I ask, smiling at my quotation from him.

"No," he returns, brightening up more than I have seen him do since his arrival—"my cornet."

"Do you play?" I ask. But why this question? Does a man carry cornopeans about with him when he can't play? Does any one in his senses lug about with him a violoncello when he is ignorant of the art of scraping its strings?

An answer flashes through my mind with telegraphic velocity, startling me like galvanism. *An* answer, do I say? *The* answer—*the only answer*—to the above queries.

Yes. The very time when a man, in his senses too, *does* carry about a cornopean, or any other musical instrument, with him, *is when he can't play, and is* (Gracious powers, how it flashes on me!) learning to do so!

I anticipated his answer. "You are learning it?"

"No," he replied (thank Heaven for that, as far as it goes! I thought to myself); "I only have a master when I want to learn some particular tune, because I have a difficulty over notes."—(Here he begins screwing on a mouth-piece, and shaking nothing out of the bell end of the cornet.) "I always have had a difficulty since I first began."

"When was that?" I ask, hoping for the best.

"Ten years ago," is his answer, which, so far, is satisfactory. A musical man in ten years' time can't be so very bad a performer on any instrument he has studied.

"No," says he, after giving a blast through it, to try the A crook-piece, which pierced my ears, "I 'm no great hand at notes: I almost always play by ear."

The Hour had come, and the Man!

"Now," says he, playfully, "mix your liquor, and I 'll give you a toon on the corny."

I grip my chair as if he was going to blow me off it, stare at him helplessly, and then he commences *The* ——

What "toon" do you think?

Heavens! Such an one to play by ear!

It is * * * *

My pen seems to go "on edge," as my teeth did, while I write.

The tune he plays is * * * *

Pardon me till next week.

THOMAS A'BECKET IN A NEW LIGHT.

Wonders ne'er will cease!
Here 's Archbishop Manning,
Hoists the flag of peace,
To bless, instead of banning,

Free-Church Congregation,
Protestant Dissenter:
E'en in "Liberation"
Circles, begs to enter:

For his Church-rule claiming
"Do as you 'd be done by:"
Persecution blaming,
"Which nought e'er was won by:"

For all sects demanding
Freedom of opinion,
Law Courts notwithstanding,
And the State's dominion.

And by way of Model-
Martyr, slain to check it—
Bless his sapient noddle—
Trots out T. A'Becket!

It a wit of *such* name
Is to write down Rome Ass,
One had rather, much, name
Gil. A'B. than Thomas!

Save him who could dish up
England's Comic History,
Who could match Archbishop
Manning's latest mystery?

Dexterously making
Friend of free opinion
Of a Primate quaking
For his Church-dominion!

For Dissenter's suffrage,
When by Lib'rals toasted,
Offering one, whose rough rage
Would have Lib'rals roasted,

And, by sentence sinister,
Giv'n o'er to damnation,
Each Dissenting minister,
With his congregation!

OBSERVATIONS AT GREENWICH.

As Brown and Jones were walking not far from the "Trafalgar," they observed in a shop-window the following announcement:—

"Tea made with shrimps at eighteen pence apiece."

Observed Brown, on reading this, "Tea made with shrimps! What a curious concoction!"

"Yes, indeed!" observed Jones. "And fancy selling shrimps at eighteen pence apiece!"

"Well, I must say," observed Brown, "the announcement of this shrimp-tea seems a little fishy."

ENCOURAGING.

First Bystander (evidently Village Schoolmaster—ignorant set of people generally!). "Don't seem to be making much of it, do 'e?"
Second Bystander (you'd have thought him an intelligent Farmer, by the look of him). "Ammy-toor, seemin'ly!!"

LAST SWEET THINGS IN CHEEK.

(*See Advertisements.*)

Macready.—The only Successor to this great English Actor is Don Chalmers Colona, who has a testimonial from Juarez, the murderer of Maximilian, and who is therefore a good judge of the way Richard the Third should be murdered.

Sir John Lawrence.—The only Successor to this great Governor-General of India is Lord Mayo (late Naas), who, being exceedingly clever in managing Irish Members of Parliament, must know how to control an Empire of Two Hundred Millions of Orientals.

Paganini.—The only Successor to this great Fiddler is Mr. Collins, who says that he is Paganini Redivivus, and ought to know.

Grattan.—The only Successor to this great Irish Patriot is Dennis Rearden, the Auctioneer, who was squashed at the end of the Session when trying to bring in a Bill for the Repeal of the Union.

Solomon.—The only Successor to this great Hebrew King is Mr. Tupper, whose proverbs are considered by himself and friends to be a trifle superior to those of the uxorious Monarch of Israel.

Theodore Hook.—The only Successor to this great wit, vocalist, Tory, and improvisa*tory*, is the Great Vance, Music Hall Singer, patronised by the Heir Apparent to the British Crown.

Gladstone.—The only Successor to this Great National Financier is Mr. Ward Hunt, who does whatever Mr. Disraeli tells him to do.

Longfellow.—The only Successor to this Great American Poet is Mr. Watt Whitman, who scorns the vulgar trammels of rhyme and rhythm to which his predecessor is a slave, and also those of decency, which ignobly bind the majority of mankind.

Sheridan.—The only Successors to this Great Dramatist are a Carpenter, a Scene Painter, and a Cabowner, who, with the assistance of a few explanatory words from a dramatist, make plays that run five hundred nights.

Tennyson.—The only Successor to this great English Laureat is the gifted author of the lyric ("received by millions with enthusiasm")—

"Let us sing fresh gales to the Prince of Wales,
And likewise the Princess,
And pray to Heaven whatever is given,
Their shadows may never be less."

A BULL ON A RAILWAY.

Under the heading of "Railway Spite" a correspondent of the *Times* says, with especial reference to the North Kent Line:—

"Since the railway fares have been raised, many gentlemen have travelled third class. The railway people, however, with great ingenuity, manage to pay us out in this way; they incommode the few who have paid for first-class tickets and accommodation by introducing into their first-class carriages the ordinary holders of third-class tickets, who smoke, spit, swear, and make themselves generally disagreeable."

So then, because many decent people choose to travel third class rather than submit to extortion, the Railwaymen are doing all they possibly can to drive all of them into third-class carriages. If this is spite on the Railwaymen's part, is it not cutting off their noses to spite their faces? They seem to have borrowed a hint from the Irishmen, who, owing a banker a grudge, made a demonstration against him by burning his notes.

BOBADIL REDIVIVUS.

It appears to us that at last there is an opportunity for Exterminating the Human Race. The alteration in the law of Capital Punishment puts an end (and *Mr. Punch* records it with satisfaction) to the disgraceful spectacle of a public execution. The Black Flag tells the story, and the 13th August, 1868, when the changed system came into play in the case of a cruel murderer, is a date in the history of civilisation. Some day, perhaps, we shall teach everybody so well that we shall need to hang nobody. In the meantime, see here. A coroner's inquest is held upon an executed criminal. A jury of Quakers, or of sworn enemies to capital punishments, would bring in a verdict of Wilful Murder. If this were confirmed by another similar jury, it is clear that we must hang gaolers, chaplains, and reporters, who assisted. But then to hang these would be Wilful Murder again, if we could only get a right jury. And so in time we might execute the whole public, with the exception of the Last Men, who could then found a new universe. The idea may not be pleasant, but it is logical.

Rail and Mail.—Cannot the Railway Companies be content with carrying the Royal Mail, but they must needs also levy Black Mail?

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ÆSTHETICS.

Fadsby (in agony; he's a martyr to the decorative art of the Nineteenth Century). "Oh! Mrs. Grabbit—I really must—implore you—to remove those Chimney Ornam——ugh!—those two—Fictile Abominations—from this Room while I remain he-ar!"

[*Of all the Artis's, Mrs. Grabbit said, as she'd ever let her Apartments to, he was the most partic'lar.*

CONFERENCE TO PUSEY.

No, Pusey, no; it is no go:
  Your overture 's made in vain.
Any green in our eye, do you think you spy,
  That you seek our aid to gain?
We know your creed, and we can't, indeed,
  In the same boat pull with you.
We must decline; take your own line,
  And paddle your own canoe.
    For to ourselves we'll keep ourselves,
      Your Colleges' plan won't do.
    We shall not drown, if you go down;
      So paddle your own canoe.

No peace with Rome, or those at home
  Who wear Rome's mask, say we;
And there the vest upon your breast
  Is branded with M.B.
Nay, Pusey, nay, away, away!
  We never can join your crew:
You're adrift on the tide, to the Tiber's side:
  No, paddle your own canoe.
        For, &c.

You offer one hand to the Papal band,
  And the other to us extend;
Do you really hope that we and the Pope
  Can acknowledge a "mutual friend?"
You tell us our bark is not an Ark;
  We don't believe that 's true.
We'd trust a raft before your craft:
  Just paddle your own canoe.
        For, &c.

Of an ocean trip in partnership
  Our principles won't allow.
You had better, a deal, have the Fisherman's Seal
  Stamped fairly on your brow.
We must leave in the lurch both you and the Church
  That encourages yours and you.
Our fingers don't itch for a touch at pitch:
  Go, paddle your own canoe.
        For, &c.

For Barcelona.

Mr. James Hannay, we observe, has just been appointed Consul for the Spanish province of Nuts, and has also been married. *Mr. Punch* felicitates him on both events, and adds, with a classic humour which Mr. Hannay will appreciate, that there is a double reason for saying *Spargite Nuces.*

OUR FISH, FLESH, FOWL, AND NATURAL HISTORY COLUMN.

To Correspondents.—Yes: we (the Sporting, Agricul-Horticul-etcetera-rural Editor here recently established) attend to all sorts of questions relative to Gardening, Fishing, Shooting, Hunting, Croquet, Yachting, Cricket, Fives, and anything else, including the Management of Deer Parks, Pigeons, Rifle-shooting, Ducks, Fowls, &c., &c.

Send specimens of *Lusus Naturæ* (not Lucy's Naturey, as one of our contributors spelt it) which will receive the greatest possible attention.

The Garden.—Sir, How do you like this sort of liquid bottled manure? *We* don't.

Yours, John Stingo.

[You're a brute. Once for all, hampers must always be sent to the Office, not to our private residence. The children might have been poisoned.—*Ed.*]

Sir,—Can a Cricketer be a gentleman who bowls a Maiden Over and never apologises?

Yours, Miss Fairchild.

[Certainly not, Miss Fairchild. Such a low blackguard should be expelled from any decent Club. We hope you weren't hurt.—*Ed.*]

Sir,—I have great pleasure in forwarding you a splendid specimen of the British Mastiff, with a slight breed of bull in him. He is not at all well, and his coat is all coming off. How shall we cure him?

Yours sincerely, Tobias.

P.S. The beautiful creature (he *is* so when well) will not allow any one to come near him, so that nobody has been able to physic him. He hardly knows his own master. In order to get him to the station he was caught in a double lasso.

[He was turned loose into our office, and the cowards who brought him ran away. Luckily, we were out at the time, and have not been able to go in since. The Clerk is watching at the key-hole with a six-shooter. You must not do this again, as it is a great interruption to business.—*Ed.*]

Dear Sir,—In the interests of the study of natural history, *was* the enclosed a cat?

Yours, Tom.

["Faugh!" as *Hamlet* said of the scull, and for the same reason. Second Clerk, who opened the hamper, had to take brandy the whole day, and has played the very mischief with the accounts. If this sort of thing goes on, we shall refuse any more specimens.—*Ed.*]

What shall I do in my Garden during August? asks Martin Dibble. Do? Nothing.

To a Gardener.—Take weeds out of the ground and burn 'em. For indoor gardening, take weeds out of the box, bite off the end and light 'em. Send samples of best weeds to us: plenty.

Please give me some directions for my Fruit, Vegetable, and Flower Gardens in this August and commencement of September? and oblige

Yours, Nini.

[Nothing more simple. Lop branches off chestnut trees, cut down rose bushes; burn mulberry trees, gooseberry, and black currant bushes; cut down the apple-trees, cut up the plum-trees, pitch into the peaches, tear the nectarines down, earth up potatoes, root up cabbages, smash the forcing-glasses, pelt the conservatories with stones, and bang the grapes with a broom, burn the pear-trees, kick up lettuce-seed, destroy the greengages, dig up the lawn, knock down the summer-house, then have tea. This will be sufficient for two days, if you're not accustomed to hard work.—*Ed.*]

THE POLITE ELECTION.

(A Model, respectfully recommended to the attention of all the Constituencies.)

REGARDING the election of a Member of Parliament for the borough of Pax-cum-Vobis as a credit and honour to the British nation, we give a somewhat fuller report of it than has appeared in other journals. There were two candidates, who, though professing opposite politics, could hardly be called antagonists, they having conducted their canvass together, and having throughout it displayed all the most kindly and brotherly feelings, an example which had a highly beneficial effect upon the borough. The Honourable VELVET BLAND, son of LORD HONEYBALL, was the Conservative candidate, and the Liberal interest was represented by MR. GENTLE SMILER, the opulent owner of the Treacleton estates, near Pax-cum-Vobis.

The nomination took place in front of the Assembly Rooms on Tuesday. The worthy Mayor, MR. JENIAL SOLE, an eminent fishmonger, presided. The respected Vicar, the REV. DR. HARMONY, and the leading Dissenting minister, the REV. MOSES MEEK, who was driven into town in MRS. HARMONY's basket carriage, and by that lady herself, accompanied the Mayor upon the hustings. Proceedings were commenced by MR. MEEK's reading the Prayer-Book collect for peace, and we may as well add that they were closed by DR. HARMONY's giving out the hymn, "*Let dogs delight*," from the Congregational Hymn-Book. The Mayor made a brief speech, in which he said that it was needless to ask those whom he saw before him to preserve the utmost amity and concord, as quarrels, even at election time, were unknown in their happy borough; but he would just express his hope that in the eagerness of all to exhibit good fellowship, after the nomination, they would bear in mind that the head in the morning sometimes accused the heart of being over-gushing over-night. He hoped that such a hint, coming from a fishmonger, would not be considered out of plaice (*Roars of laughter and applause*), or offishus (*Renewed laughter*), as he should be sorry to flounder in the discharge of his duty. The wit of the excellent Mayor increased the good-humour of the meeting, and the crowd arranged itself with the utmost consideration, the shorter persons being invited to stand in front, that they might see the better. Three cheers were then given for the ladies in the balcony, which were acknowledged gracefully, with bows from MRS. SMILER, the wife of the candidate, and (with some little modest hesitation) from MISS DARLING, who sat by the former, and to whom MR. BLAND is engaged.

MR. SYRUP (grocer) then proposed MR. BLAND, and said that, with two such candidates, it was of little consequence which he had the honour to nominate; but, having for many years supplied grocery to LORD HONEYBALL, and as MR. BLAND might remember, Everton Toffy to the junior branches of that noble house (*laughter; and* MR. BLAND *said, laughing*, "Very good toffy, too. I wish I had some now") he, MR. SYRUP, had thought it not inappropriate that he should propose that gentleman. He could hardly give him higher praise than in saying that he was worthy to be a fellow-candidate with their friend and neighbour, MR. SMILER. (*Applause, and* MR. SMILER *raised his hat.*)

MR. ANODYNE (chemist) seconded the nomination, and said that, whatever might be the result of the election, he was sure that everybody would be delighted. Speeches were a drug, and the only one he, a druggist, did not deal in, but as a vendor of scent he would give them a scentiment: "May the perfume of politeness ever sweeten the pocket-handkerchief of patriotism!" (*Loud cheers.*)

MR. SILK NAPPER (hatter) proposed MR. GENTLE SMILER, and said that the Borough was so fortunately situated, that it could not go wrong, but that perhaps it would go a little more right in electing MR. SMILER, as he was married and settled, and could give all his time to their interests; whereas a little bird had told him that, for a couple of months, perhaps, MR. BLAND might be occupied in reference to another union than that of England and Ireland, though it might also be said to be a Church question. (*Great applause.*) He hoped that he had taken no liberty; for, if he thought he had done so, it would make him as mad as the proverbial hatter. (MR. BLAND. "Not at all, MR. NAPPER.")

MR. FETHER BEDD (furniture maker) said that, in seconding MR. SMILER, he discharged an office which made him very happy, but he wished that the wisdom of Parliament had left them two Members, for two better men could not be found than the two before them. However, he hoped that the one they did not choose would soon get a seat elsewhere, and if he had the stuffing it, the honourable Member should not complain that it was not soft. (*Much cheering.*)

The MAYOR then looked at the candidates, but neither seemed inclined to take precedence.

MR. BLAND. Only a little older, MR. SMILER, but still the older man. Come.

MR. SMILER. The son of a nobleman, my dear young friend. Please begin.

MR. BLAND. The best manners is to do as you are bid, but I am really ashamed to be the first to address you. Gentlemen Electors—for all the electors of Pax-cum-Vobis are gentlemen—I feel that if I were to advise you in this matter, I should conscientiously recommend you to select my friend MR. SMILER, for though he cannot be more attached than I am to the institutions of our country, or more devoted than I am to the interests of our beloved borough, he has the advantage of years and experience. But "situated as I am," as you heard MRS. GERMAN REED sing so delightfully when she favoured us with a visit, you will allow me to put my modesty in my pocket, from which, as you know, I have drawn no other arguments in my favour, and to say that I should much like to be your Member. My dear old father would like it, and a young lady not a hundred miles off would like it, and I am not without hope that you would like it also. But I earnestly beg that you will be guided by your own discretion and your own conscience. One advantage I have over my opponent, or rather I will say, my valued friend. This is a great advantage, and I think, though it may be ungrateful to say so, that it ought to give me the victory. My valued friend has promised, should you elect me, to afford me in private the benefit of his best advice on all public questions. I leave the rest in your hands. (*Loud and long-continued cheering.*)

A VOICE. Ten thousand pardons, and indeed it's of no consequence, but the honourable candidate has omitted to mention his politics.

MR. BLAND. Ten thousand thanks, rather, for reminding me. So I have. Well, you know, I would not say a word against MR. GLADSTONE. (*Cheers.*) He is a splendid orator, a thoroughly honest and earnest man, a real friend to the Church, and one of whom we are all proud; but it so happens ——well, as a rule, I should like to vote with MR. DISRAELI. (*Cheers, and cries of "Nothing can be manlier."*)

MR. SMILER. Upon my soul, Gentlemen, I think that you had better choose my gallant young friend, BLAND. He has spoken to-day in a way that makes me feel I am doing an unjust, and almost an unkind thing, in offering you a choice. What does it matter to me whether I come in or not? I live near you. (*Cheers.*) I know you all. (*Cheers.*) I shall see you very often. (*Cheers.*) And it is not the adventitious circumstance of being your Member that can draw us closer together. And, as he has frankly told you, he shall have the benefit of my advice, *valeat quantum*. Still, having undertaken to give you the option, it would be inconsistent with my habits as a man of business to forfeit my word, and therefore, you will do as you please. I should prefer your electing him. But if you like, take me for a Session, for I shall certainly retire in his favour when he, too, shall have settled down into the sedate happiness I enjoy with yonder good woman. (*Loud cheers.*) I may as well say that I hold MR. DISRAELI (*cheers*) to be one of the most remarkable men of the day. Self-made, he has attained the leadership of a party not over-fond of men from the ranks, and he has shown extraordinary political talents, while his books are, I believe, among the most brilliant of fictions. But, on the whole, I should prefer to go into the lobby with MR. GLADSTONE. (*Cheers from all sides.*)

No other candidate being proposed, the Mayor asked whether a poll were demanded?

MR. BLAND. Couldn't we draw lots?

MR. SMILER. Or toss up?

THE MAYOR. I'm afraid, Gentlemen, that we must go on in the old way. My return made on the writ that MR. BLAND had drawn "Seated," or that MR. SMILER had cried "Woman, and it Was," would scarcely content the SPEAKER.

A COARSE VOICE. Let 'em fight for it.

There was a painful sensation in the assembly, but MR. ANODYNE, with great presence of mind, sprang from the hustings, and, rushing to the offender, administered to him a large dose of chloroform. He was speedily rendered insensible, and was conveyed to the Dove and Olive Inn, the landlord of which undertook to have him severely pumped upon by-and-by.

MR. BLAND. He's a stranger, poor fellow. Give him some dinner, and send him away. I may treat him, as he's not an elector.

Mr. Smiler. And give him half-a-crown—here it is.

This was the only unpleasant incident of the day. It was arranged that a poll should be taken, and on the Wednesday it began at 10. Until the close the carriages and other vehicles of the neighbourhood were impartially used to convey electors to the poll, Conservatives driving up Liberals, and Liberals returning the civility, and the solicitors on both sides were incessant in imploring voters not to think of anything but the interests of the country. The utmost courtesy prevailed at the hustings, and when there was any crowd, the cry "New elector" instantly caused way to be made for the novice. The candidates lunched in each other's rooms all day, and suggested to each other the names of voters who had not arrived. At four o'clock it was known which had been chosen, but by common consent it was agreed that nothing should be said about it until next day, and both candidates had a bespeak at the theatre that night, the performances being *The Rivals* and *The Two Gentlemen of Pax-cum-Vobis*.

The declaration was made on Thursday, when the Mayor announced the numbers to be

Smiler . . .	589
Bland	588
Majority for Smiler	1

Mr. Bland insisted on returning thanks for his friend. The electors could not have made a better choice. He heartily congratulated them, and if he could identify the one voter who turned the scale, he would ask him to dinner for six weeks. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Smiler, M. P., said that he thought they had not made a mistake, because his friend could now go away and be married, and come back ready to serve them far better than he, Mr. Smiler, could. But in the meantime he would do his best. He called for nine cheers for Mr. Bland, and a lady who should be nameless. They were heartily given.

Mr. Bland called for eighteen cheers for a lady who should not be nameless, for she bore the honoured name of the wife of the honourable Member for Pax-cum-Vobis. When the applause had ceased, there was a general cry for "Flowers," and the Mayor, the Speakers, and the hustings were overwhelmed with showers of bouquets, which were descending when our parcel was made up for the rail.

A CHECK TO FORTUNE-HUNTERS.

Scene—*A Public Lounge.*

Danby *and* Drawlington *meeting.*

Danby. I say, old fellow, you look anxious. What's the matter?

Drawl. My friend, I *am* thoughtful. Let me confide in you. Listen. You know I'm engaged, and to whom?

Danby. Yes, to be sure. You are going to be married next month.

Drawl. Yes—(*hesitates*)—I was.

Danby. Is there anything wrong?

Drawl. I have every reason to believe that Sam Blubb is very fond of Louisa.

Danby. What, jealous? And of little fat Blubb?

Drawl. Oh, dear no! I didn't say that Louisa was fond of Sam Blubb. But I'm afraid that Sam Blubb would be likely to make her a deuced deal better husband than ever I shall.

Danby. Why so?

Drawl. Poor little sentimental beggar, he loves her to distraction.

Danby. And don't you?

Drawl. Not to distraction. I fear Sam Blubb is worthier of her than I am.

Danby. Why, you're talking sentiment yourself! You have scruples about your feelings towards a girl with tin.

Drawl. Ah! there you've hit it—that same tin. I thought I was in for a good thing. My old Uncle said so—indeed the whole affair was his suggestion.

Danby. What isn't it all right, then?

Drawl. Well, you see, most of the tin's to come. She'll be in for it by-and-by, when an old woman dies; but those old women, when they turn seventy, do go on living so long. However, it would be all right enough some day—as the law now stands.

Danby. Then where's the hitch?

Drawl. That confounded Married Women's Property Bill.

Danby. Why, it was thrown over long before the prorogation.

Drawl. Yes; but suppose it passes in the blessed Reformed Parliament.

Danby. Suppose it does.

Drawl. Then what I want to know, before I plunge into matrimony, is, will its operation be retrospective? Will it affect a fellow who marries next month? When Louisa's old aunt dies, say five years hence, will it cut me—if I'm her husband—out of the tin?

Danby. That's more than I know.

Drawl. Everything depends upon that. Because what should a fellow marry for, except that it's the best thing he can do? I should be quite content to remain as I am if I could afford to live as I like without the necessity of unpleasant exertion. In fact, I'd rather. Louisa is very good looking, and all that, and would suit me as well as any other girl; but I'm not going to take a leap in the dark.

Danby. Can you help it?

Drawl. That's a question, too. I don't know if I should be able to back out now if I wanted. Not that I positively do want: I'm only uncertain. But if I did, it would be a neat way to retire in favour of Blubb. He for his part would be satisfied to gain her heart.

Danby. But you're the man for her money.

Drawl. Precisely so; and if I married her, and didn't get it, as I expected to, I should be very unhappy. Then I should never be able to make her happy, even if I were to try. Now, Blubb would try, at any rate. I'm not at all sure she hadn't better let him. It all depends upon what alteration will be made by that Married Women's Property Act in my look out.

Danby. Of course there is no foreseeing.

Drawl. Of course not. There is no prophet you can go to, even on the Turf. The "sperrits" are all humbug. It's a very puzzling position to be in, mind you; for a fellow who thinks seriously about his future prospects when he's going to be tied up for better or worse, and isn't sure it won't be for worse instead of better. Hang me, if I know what to do.

Danby. Have a cigar? (*Offers case.*)

Drawl. (*helping himself*). Thanks. Of course, what I have been saying is quite *entre nous.* (*Lights cigar.*)

Danby. Entirely; in the strictest confidence.

Drawl. You see it would be a bore to find one had missed one's tip, and got let in for an encumbrance for life.

Danby. Exactly.

Drawl. On the other hand, a fellow is afraid he may throw a catch away.

Danby. Just so.

Drawl. Farewell, old fellow!

Danby. Good-bye.

Drawl. Ta-ta.

(*Exeunt, smoking.*)

A *CROSS*-LOOKING ULTRA RITUALIST.

Rayther Too Rich.

The election of M. Grevy, the opposition Candidate for the department of the Jura, by a majority of two to one over the Government nominee, has profoundly annoyed the Emperor and his *entourage.* They find the sauce of the opposition quite enough to swallow, without the addition of Grévy to it.

Bar Gold.—Fees to Counsel.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF ONE AND THE SAME THING.

Young Mamma. "I trust you Slept well, Mr. Mountfidget, and were not Disturbed too Early. Did you hear the dear Children pattering overhead?"

Old Bachelor. "*No*, Madam, I did *not* hear any '*Pattering!*' What *I* heard was **POUNDING!**"

REJECTED ADDRESSES;

OR, THE OLD DON AND THE YOUNG DISSENTER.

(*Respectfully dedicated to* Dr. Pusey *and the Methodist Ministry in Conference assembled.*)

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Conference, Sir," she said—
"Sir," she said—
"I'm going to Conference, Sir," she said.

"Shall I write you a letter, my pretty maid?"
"Just as it pleases you, Sir," she said—
"Sir," she said—
"Just as it pleases you, Sir," she said.

"Shall we make one of it, my pretty maid?"
"Name your conditions, Sir," she said—
"Sir," she said—
"Name your conditions, Sir," she said.

"How about Oxford, my pretty maid?"
"The less on't the better, Sir," she said—
"Sir," she said—
"The less on't the better, Sir," she said.

"As 'twixt me and Coleridge, my pretty maid?"
"Of the two, Mr. Coleridge, Sir," she said—
"Sir," she said—
"Of the two, Mr. Coleridge, Sir," she said.

"Then I've nothing to say to you, my pretty maid,"
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said—
"Sir," she said—
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.

SABBATARIAN IGNORANCE.

The Lords' Day Observance Society recently addressed a memorial to the Brighton Railway Company against Sunday trains. Is not the following extract a pretty specimen of a snuffle?—

"Lastly, as recognising the Christian principle of a particular Providence, we cannot conceal from ourselves the conviction of the signal instances of the Divine displeasure in two accidents on the Sabbath day, the one of which in the Clayton tunnel ended in the hurrying of several lives in the moment of time into eternity, and which, in a financial point of view, resulted in a loss to the proprietary of an amount certainly not less than £50,000."

The Christian principle of a particular Providence in cases of fatal accident is illustrated by a memorial still standing in Christian records, though it fell bodily somewhere under two thousand years ago, and killed a number of people. The members of the Lord's Day Observance Society seem not to be aware of the particulars mentioned in a certain narrative about a tower which stood in a place in Syria called Siloam, until it fell upon those people. Apparently, they are also as little conversant with modern newspapers, as with the ancient writings in which that narrative occurs. Otherwise they would know that horse-races near Paris, generally, if not always, take place on a Sunday, and steeple-chases as well; notwithstanding which, no more necks are broken on those occasions in France than there are in England. Does the Lords Day Observance Society object to Sunday Schools? Its constituents would be wiser for some lessons which, peradventure, they might be taught to read in those institutions. At present they appear to be ignorant of any history, sacred or profane, and even contemporary, evidently knowing no more about the Grand Prix than they do about the Tower of Siloam.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"Ignoramus" is informed that the French novel called "*Le Blocus*" has not yet been translated into English with the title of "The Bloke."

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

Doctor Pusey. "AND, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, IF I COULD INDUCE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS TO LOOK KINDLY UPON MY PROPOSAL——"

Miss Methodist. "BUT YOU CAN'T, SIR. I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CHURCH AT ALL; AND IF I DID, I'M SURE I WOULDN'T GO WITH YOU."

["Dr. Pusey appeals for sympathy to the Wesleyan Conference. His sincerity and earnestness encountered a harsh rebuff."—*Times.*

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EAR WHO PLAYS BY IT.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS.

The tune he plays on his cornet is *The Last Rose of Summer*. The last! I should think so; it's enough to blast a whole garden full of them. Did you ever ride a hired horse rather uncertain in his forelegs, over hard, uneven ground—say, Wimbledon Common after the Volunteers and three weeks of uninterrupted July scorching? Every other minute he's just on his nose, never quite: the next rut may bring him down, but it doesn't: you get on a bit of even, burnt-up turf, and he slips along with comparative ease until, coming suddenly upon a rough cart-road, flop goes his off-leg, and he picks himself up under the guidance, apparently, of that peculiar providence which is supposed to watch over drunken men, children of two years old, and M. Leotard. But the nervous system of the rider! Is Richard himself again for a fortnight afterwards? Does he not, *apropos de* Richard, call out, "Bring me another horse?" Yes, he *can* call, and *he* can be attended to: there's another White Surry in the stable for *him* at five shillings the first hour, and two-and-six the second; but I cannot say, "Bring me another cousin, who hasn't got an ear to play by." Knowing the ground he is going over by heart, I sit in agony. He is in an arm-chair, holding the instrument of torture in both hands (the fingers of one being perpetually engaged in that peculiar movement in which Ingoldsby's sexton indulged, when "he put his thumb up to his nose, and spread his fingers out"), his cheeks puffed out like the biscuit-bag when blown to be popped for the amusement of children, his eyes squinting hard at the moving fingers, as if, should he leave off watching them, they'd play something else, and his body is heaving up and down with volcanic throbbings. The mountain in labour, and out comes *ridiculus mus*-ic. This pun bespeaks the wretched state of my nervous system. The first three notes he has got with certainty, though slow. I know from these that he is going to attempt *The Last Rose*. "'Tis—the—last"—so far safely. I tremble for the high note. He draws himself up, and sucks himself in for an effort, then takes a daring flight, and lands himself just two notes above where he wanted to go. He doesn't stop, and say that's wrong. No: he quivers on the note, balancing himself, so to speak, upon it until he can look about him and find the right perch to come down upon. He tumbles on to it—"rose." After this narrow escape I think he'll give it up. Not a bit. It's all downhill work for some time, and he does it slowly, taking one note twice over, in order to make sure of it. Singing it to myself (I can't help it), it sounds like this:—"'Tis the last rose"—no—"ro-o"—yes, that's right—"rose" (dwell upon it)—"O—of" (note encored in consequence of being correct) "O—of"—(pause—repeat "of"—), thinks before he plays, then, suddenly, takes me by surprise with "summ'r:" coming on to it sharply, like closing a bag with a patent spring snap.

Continuation of tune: "I-is," hesitatingly, my Cousin's ear doesn't seem to be serving him correctly; his eyes wander for a minute, as if looking for the next notes somewhere in the air (I don't mean the tune) and working as a sort of telegraph between the ear and the mouth.

"Found 'em?" says the mouth.

"I'll ask," answer the eyes, going round towards the right ear.

"Ask over the way," says the right ear.

Left ear doesn't know anything about it. Eyes wander: right ear has 'em as near as they can be got, at short notice, being perhaps prepared for quite another tune.

"All right," say the eyes, "blow away."

Mouth blows away. "I-is blo-ew-o-o-ew-woo," hopelessly lost, as in a maze. My Cousin tries one path, then another, down on a flat so painfully wrong that he frightens himself and hops on to a sharp, which breaks under him, and by accident he alights on the right note—"bloo-ming." Gratified with this result, he returns thanks for his safety by repeating it as a long note—Ming: then he thinks, and shuts up the first part of the air with military crispness—*fortissimo*—"alone."

Here I suggest ten minutes allowed for refreshment, in the hope of entangling him in a conversation about his ten years' travel in foreign countries. He takes his cornet from his lips, smiles upon me as much as to say, "You didn't think I could do *that*, did you, eh?" unscrews the mouthpiece, shakes the dew first out of one end, then out of the other (which I take exception to, as I do to a man who says, "Oh, don't trouble yourself about sending for a spittoon"), and after wiping his lips with the back of his hand (which I am given to understand has a "professional appearance"), and moving his head uneasily from side to side as if he was trying to ease himself in a very stiff stock (the effect of so much blowing, I believe), he observes, that, "being dry work, he must take a little stuff (*i. e.* liquor) before resuming his performance."

He takes a stiff glass of whiskey-and-water cold. He winks at me as he informs me that there's nothing like this mixture to sustain the wind. "Why," says he, "if I want to play for a couple of hours I just take two glasses of this, and I can go on for—ah, perhaps nearly three hours without feeling the effects."

Dreadful! and his poor audience! I scarcely like to ask him if any set of people ever *had* sat out his playing for that space of time. If so, where are they now?

If he ever did entrap an audience, it must have been, as an Irishman might say, at the Deaf Asylum.

This occurs to me while he is mixing. Now is my time to get him into a narrative. Once interest him by letting him see he is instructing me and he'll forget his confounded cornet. If it is to be done, I'd better do it quickly, or quotation to that effect in my mind. By the way, as he shows no sign of going to bed, and scorns the proposition when put before him, I, contrary to my healthy rules and regulations [I am here to be quiet: well, *I* am; I wish *he* was], I fill a second pipe, and say, "You don't smoke?"

"I can't while I play, but I shall presently." (*Drinks.*)

He will presently: delicious prospect.

Myself. We haven't met for ten years. (*I light pipe.*)

My Cousin. No. (*Looks for G crook in the box, and speaks while thus engaged.*) Do you know "*Love Not?*"

Myself (*to myself*). If I say "no" he's sure to attempt it: if "yes" it may put him off, (*aloud*) Oh, yes, it's very old.

My Cousin. Yes, very; do you know it well?

Myself (*feeling that I am driving "Love Not" out of the field, and perhaps, after all, it may be his only other tune*). Oh, yes, very well; I recollect it at school years and years ago.

My Cousin (*fixing on G crook, or whatever the thing is called—I don't believe it makes any difference to* him.) Ah! then you can set me right in the second part. I don't exactly know how it goes.

The cornet is being raised to his lips, when I interrupt him, quickly, desperately.

"Don't you play any Italian music? From the operas?"

He shakes his head; the cornet is at his lips.

Again I arrest him. "You've been in Italy?"

He nods and frowns; the note is coming.

Once more: "How do you like Rome?"

He shrugs his shoulders, as if he hadn't found much to care for in Rome. Was he expelled by the Cardinal Secretary for playing the cornet, and irritating the harmonious Italians into an open rebellion? The question should have been, I believe, "How does Rome like you?" *Love Not* commences. Long note. Love. Very long note. I drink half a tumbler of weakest spirits and water: long note still on: my Cousin not squinting at his fingers, but staring up at the wall with a hopeless, forlorn expression, as if the tune called up some tender reminiscences.

Not. Second note. Shorter, and dying away back into the cornet. My Cousin much pleased evidently, and almost crying over his own performance, which seems to affect him immensely. Pause for breath. Great effort, and lands safely on the high note. He looks round at me in melancholy triumph. Fourth note all right. He is almost weeping.

Fifth note: uncertainty. He wanders about among a lot of notes, and picks up stragglers here and there: tries them: won't do. Improvises a finish to the first part; and, thank goodness, stops.

He doesn't think he has got the right crook. He speaks of his crooks as if he were a musical shepherd about to indulge me with a pastoral symphony.

"Very Beautiful, isn't it?" he says, sadly.

"Very," I return.

"I knew," he continues, sadly, "I knew a fellow who was buried to that."

Good heavens! was not murdering a tune enough without that? Poor victim!

"I wish I played by notes more," he observes, regretfully; "I don't practise enough. It's seldom I get anyone who enjoys music as you do."

"By the way," I say, intensely appreciating the compliment, but wishing to create a diversion, "You've been to Russia, haven't you?" He has. Good. Now for something out of him. "How do you like St. Petersburgh? Grand place, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answers, "pretty well," and fixes on G crook.

"What is your opinion from experience?"—he is preparing for the second part of *Love Not*—"of the Serf system in Russia?"

"Didn't see any," he replies, and immediately commences the tune where he had left off.

Midnight. In a quarter of an hour I shall tell him I must go to bed.

CAUTION TO BATHERS.

DON'T LET THEM JOLT YOU UP THE BEACH TILL YOU ARE DRESSED.

Jones (obliged to hold fast). "Hullo! Hi! Somebody Stop my Boots!"

MINNEHAHA'S GHOST.

(*Young Lady sings.* Tune: *Obvious.*)

Oh dear! I have had such a fright!
Fal lal, la la, la la, la.
I've gone through such a dreadful night!
Lal, la la, la la, la.
I bought, the truth I will declare,
A thing that Fashion bids us wear,
A chignon of another's hair;
Fal, lal la, la la, la.

This chignon was of raven hue,
Fal lal, &c.
And oh, so nice and glossy too!
Lal, la, &c.
As bright as Whitby jet it shone:
That hair exactly matched my own,
I never thought where it had grown.
Fal, lal, &c.

Last night I laid me down to sleep;
Fal lal, &c.
When in on me a Thing did peep.
Lal, la, &c.
There, standing up near my bed-post
A Form of Red my sight engrossed,
And cried "I'm Minnehaha's Ghost!"
Fal, lal, &c.

It pointed to the table nigh,
Fal lal, &c.
Where I had laid my chignon by:
Lal, la, &c.

"O Pale Face Lady, there you see
Some hair that once belonged to me,
I'm come to claim my property.
Fal, lal, &c.

"I fell in battle with some squaws,
Fal lal, &c.
Belonging to the Chickasaws,
Lal, la, &c.
Among the wounded and the slain
They scalped me on the fatal plain,
And sold my head of hair for gain.
Fal, lal, &c.

"Now, I shall take away my due,
Fal lal, &c.
And also must be off with you.
Lal, la, &c.
Come to the Happy Hunting Grounds,
Beyond the Big Drink's farthest bounds."
I cried, "Oh not for twenty pounds!"
Fal, lal, &c.

Ah, then the frightful Spectre wound,
Fal lal, &c.
Its lanky arms my waist around.
Lal, la, &c.
"Come come," it cried, "ere morning break!
Yourself and chignon I must take."
I screamed—and found myself awake.
Fal, lal, &c.

Why should a Chimney Sweeper be a good whist-player? Because he's always following soot.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

My dear Judiana,

Mr. Punch and the British Public have been so overcome with the heat of the weather that I fear there is no present chance of the following important questions receiving proper consideration at their hands:—

Firstly. Whether, on the whole, foreign travel is more satisfactory than staying at home?

Secondly. How does Mr. Darwin, or the Duke of Argyle and other naturalists, account for the regular migration of the Swell and Snob Tribe to certain foreign resorts at this season of the year?

Thirdly. What motive induces people of tolerably harmless manners at home, to lead French railway guards, policemen and other officials such a terrible life of it, going exactly where the laws of His Imperial Majesty forbids them to go, ruffling the temper of His Imperial Majesty's official army in most unprovoked ways, and refractorily persisting in their naughty ways even when under severe reproof. Poor things—I mean the Custom-House Guards! I do pity them this warm weather.

A hundred other questions I would gladly put to *Mr. Punch* and the British Public, but the thermometer and humanity forbid. When the weather has grown cool, I will consult the oracle; meantime, I proceed with my comments on our journey, which might fairly fill a book, or figure as *A Summer with the Snobs or an Autumn with the Flirts* on Mr. Mudie's list, by the side of other works of satire and entertainment.

My Judiana, must I confess it, in spite of your Papa's precautions, in spite of the training I have had in my capacity of wife of the wisest of men, in spite of a thousand things in my favour, I am not wise, and on occasions, a goose.

Did I not set out on my travels with all sorts of aspirations? We were not going to mix ourselves up with Snobs; we had yielded our pet ambition, the Buttons, rather than indulge in a sham; we determined to show Mrs. and the Misses Grundy what models of prudence and decorum *Mrs. Punch* and her daughter should be; and without tuft-hunting and toadying, pick up desirable acquaintances whenever chance threw them in our way.

Alas! when I compare my aspirations with my experiences, I could almost die of mortification. What trophies of a brilliant campaign we were to bring home: but let the following extracts from my diary and *Mr. Punch's* comments thereon, read my daughter and her sex a lesson on the Vanity of Woman's Wishes.

Neufchâtel, July 2nd.—We have got so intimate with a charming family of the highest rank, though not rich; there are five daughters, and all so sweet and simple, and with such fresh youthful complexions—one thinks they must all have been born on the same day—only I suppose five twins were never yet heard of. And then there was no pride about them, though their father was a Baronet, and titles were as thick in their families as blackberries. Dear Lady Screwe would darn her daughters' stockings in the most winningly unpretentious way, and say, when the holes were such as to shock one, "Dear *Mrs. Punch*, do we not travel in order to wear out our old clothes?"

Mr. Punch. "Stuff and nonsense from beginning to end: those young ladies have looked fresh and youthful for the last fifteen years. Paint does it; and though they were so gushing abroad, they wouldn't know you in London. Everything is sham about them but their fine name, and they live on it—a sorry living, too. Proceed to the next entry."

Here I made a feeble remonstrance. "In the matter of paint I do think that you do those young ladies an injustice, my dear. I assure you their foreheads were as smooth and their lips as red as our own dear girls'——"

Mr. Punch. "Which proves you know nothing about it, *Mrs. Punch.* Red lips in these days are a delusion and a snare. Proceed."

I read tremblingly.

Geneva, July 6th.—A sweet charming young married lady has thrown herself upon my protection, and borrowed money of me under the following circumstances. She had come abroad with her husband on a wedding tour, and at some out-of-the-way junction he had got into the wrong train, while she was looking after the luggage, and had gone no one knew where. He couldn't speak any foreign language whatever: he had got all the money, and she was in great distress——

Mr. Punch. "And you believed the story, and (in a melancholy voice) lent her money?"

"Did not humanity dictate?" I asked.

Mr. Punch. "Rarely, if ever, does humanity dictate that one should lend money. Abroad, never? Do the husbands of sweet charming young ladies ever run away from them on their wedding tour? Choose your company with more circumspection in future, and proceed."

Villeneuve, July 9th.—This is the most delightful boarding-house in the world. Lord Crotchett hands me down to dinner every day with extreme politeness——

Here *Mr. Punch* made some remark that I did not catch, and I begged him to say it again.

Mr. Punch. "I said Fudge, *Mrs. Punch*, and I repeat the observation."

This made me so excessively nervous that I closed my Diary forthwith, and as there was a good deal of jam-boiling going on in the kitchen, I committed it, leaf by leaf, to the flames. If ladies addicted to writing would often follow the same plan, I feel sure they would experience the amount of relief that I did. Has it come to this, then, that I am a Snob in my husband's estimation? And if you and I are Snobs, my poor unsophisticated Judiana, who is not? Have I given utterance to the words that have dropped from the mouth of the oracle, and remained all the time unwise?

I will tell you what we will do, my child: we will find out some Marine Utopia, free alike from Snobs, Swells, and Shams, from ladies who paint their lips and cheeks, from fast novelists, and from those who affect the manners of heroines of French plays. There we will study the common objects of the sea-shore, and lead a life, so Arcadian, so inartificial and so poetic, that we shall prove to the world in general, and to *Mr. Punch* in particular, how entirely our Snobbishness was a foreign habit picked up on the way.

You too, my daughter, will not there be cast into the shade, as you were abroad by those highly accomplished and finished flirts we encountered everywhere. And that reminds me that some interesting notes on the subject of flirts are irrevocably blazing under the jam-pot—a warning to husbands of impatient temper!

In those lost records, I lamented, how bitterly only mothers can tell, that things should be as they are, and not as we would have them to be. Have I not brought up my daughter simply and modestly, with a view to graces of mind rather than salient attractions of dress and manner; but what follows? She is a century in advance of her age, and is as much obscured by her companions as a primrose by tulips. Who would be a Galileo in a superstitious age; but was not his fate light compared with that of modest *Miss Punch* in an age of flirts, French plays, and Madame Rachel's cosmetics? But let us quit this world for a time, and occupy our minds with the habits of barnacles and jelly-fish and other simple pleasures. We will patronise the cheerful sea side donkey, and in the enjoyment of its frolicsome capers, forget the existence of Vanity-Fair and all the mortifications thereof.

Your slightly depressed Mother,

Mrs. Punch.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Interesting Paper. "Report of the Earthquake Committee." Rules for Members. Each Member is obliged to be present at an Earthquake once a year at least. If not, on the fifth of November he must experience some equivalent in his own house. It is not necessary to be hurt *very much*. The Members to be known as The Earth-Quakers.

Hints for a few other Papers:—

"On the Disappearance of Deposits in Recently-established Banks."

"Researches on Spectral Analysis of the Stars," delivered by a Ghost at midnight at the Shades; licensed for spirits.

"Last Report on Drudging in the British Islands" by a Maid-of-all-Work.

"On Sponges and Poor Relations," by Major Dives, of Bath.

"Flukes from the Indian Elephant considered as unfair in true Billiards with a Rhinoceros," by Professor Roberts.

Professor Rolleston, F.R.S., on *Chikkin Hazard, Desert Islands, and Foul Play.*

"Discovery of Human Remains at Virginia Water," with some notice of the Pic-Nic Societies.

"Ethnology and the Study of the Various Races," by a Member of the Jockey Club.

Shakspeare for the Seasick.

(*After a Stormy Passage.*)

"If after every tempest come such *qualms!*"

WALKER TO WIT.

Election, we all know, is a synonym for choice. But choice is not a word which we should ever dream of using in reference to people who most thrive by an election.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

That Anglican out-and-outer, Archdeacon Denison, is deeply disgusted with Dr. Pusey's letter to the Wesleyan Conference. He declares its *animus* is Pusey-l-animous.

The "Bread of Idleness."—Loafing.

NOT A "SILVER LINING" TO A "CLOUD."

Adolphus (grandly; he is giving his future brother-in-law a little dinner down the river). "Waitar, you can—ah—Leave us!"
Old Waiter. "Hem!—yessir—but—you'll Pard'n me, Sir—we've so many Gents—'don't wish to Impute nothink, Sir—but Master—'Fact is, Sir—(*evidently feels a delicacy about mentioning it*)—we're—you see, Sir—'*Sponsible for the Plate, Sir!!!*"

THE '*TISER* ON THE TIMES.

Our frothy old friend of the *Tap-tub*, in discussing the substantial grounds of the complaints against the preaching of the day, comes to the melancholy conclusion that "the universal tendency of all things human is towards deterioration. We see this," says the oracle of the Licensed Victuallers, "in everything around us. In the place of Canning we have Disraeli; in the place of Peel we have Gladstone. The chair of Reynolds and Lawrence is filled by Grant; Mendelssohn's successor is Sterndale Bennett. So in religious places and things. Wesley and Whitfield have been followed by Bunting and Punshon, and Bunting and Punshon have both left us, and are followed by—we scarcely know whom. In the Church Newton and Cecil were followed by Daniel Wilson, and he by Stowell and M'Neile. Stowell is gone, and M'Neile has relinquished his pulpit. All things seem to tend to dulness and mediocrity!"

Not so. Most things undoubtedly do so tend. But *one* thing does not deteriorate, and that is the '*Tiser*. The oracle of the "Great Metrolopus" is as brilliant, as original, as profound, as instructive as ever.

Unlike the beer of its lords, the Licensed Wittlers, the tap of the '*Tiser* still runs as good, strong, stimulating and invigorating liquor as ever—the same true-blue, Protestant Stingo—as sweet with the malt of human kindness, and as tonic with the hop of high-principle as when it was first drawn and distributed to its admiring publics.

The '*Tiser*, alone, defies the law of "backwardation" it has discovered, and rises, daily, to higher flights of Wit and Wisdom, Patriotism and Protestantism, Love of Liberty, and the Licensing System, encouragement of Virtue and the Victuallers. A solitary exception to the universal prevalence of decline and fall, the *Tap-tub* alone bears, like a star, on its broad and benignant brow, its own exclusive motto—"Excelsior!" or—in the language of the Licensed Wittlers whom it enlightens—"Uppards!"

May its self-satisfaction never be less!

CONTRADICTION OF A MATRIMONIAL RUMOUR.

We are authorised to contradict a report that a union has been on the *tapis* between a Divine of eminence and a daughter of the distinguished house of Wesley. Where there is smoke there is fire, however, and some grounds have been given for the rumour. The eminent clergyman in question, having recently been unsuccessful in his courtship of a party of the Roman Catholic persuasion, had subsequently turned his attention in the direction of the Dissenting family that inherits the name of the founder of Methodism, as also the original name of the Duke of Wellington. His overtures were deemed unacceptable, not on account of any personal or mental disqualification, for Dr. Pusey is a gentleman of the highest moral and intellectual character; but because the sentiments of those with whom he sought alliance are strongly opposed to the practices of the theological associates with whom he has connected himself. The lady's guardian, the Rev. Dr. Jackson, therefore, signified, in explicit language, that the union was impossible, and the opinion of society is that the most desirable termination to the affair has taken place.

Not a Case in Point.

When the sensation-leader-writers go in for a telling article on some hard-hearted Bench, and some hard-hearted farmer, for punishing a woman for gleaning, they always lug in Ruth. They ought to remember that, according to their own showing, the Justices and farmers they are pitching into are Ruth-less.

A NURSERY TALE.

Topographical.—Who would be the nearest relation to the Puss in Boots? A Little Tiger in Tops.

The Back-door Bell.—A Pretty Kitchen Maid.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of 21, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, August 29, 1868.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE want of a complete, concise, and comprehensive Guide to the more popular watering-places has long been felt. *Black*, *Murray*, *Bradshaw*, &c., are too elaborate for these run-and-read days, whilst the local Hand-books are full of what few care to know anything about. *Punch* therefore feels sure no apology is needed for the following descriptive pages. They will be found remarkably reliable, and must recommend themselves to the intelligent reader.

HINTS TO TRAVELLERS.

1. Always make up your mind where you are going before hiring your cab. This saves much after confusion.

2. Be prepared with a little money in your pocket. You will find it useful.

3. Take as little luggage as possible. A toothbrush and a pair of straps are amply sufficient for a short tour.

4. If you have a name you are proud of, have it legibly written on a label and conspicuously placed upon your luggage. If you are desirous to avoid recognition, it is not a bad plan to have no label at all. In all cases of not sticking a label to your luggage, stick to it yourself.

5. Invariably travel third-class. You will find it come cheapest in the end.

6. When the train moves it is always judicious to observe smilingly, "*Now* we're off!" This simple phrase frequently leads to pleasant conversation and acquaintanceship. Good matches indeed have sprung from the well-timed utterance of this mild but apposite remark. A pleasant little joke about "riding with one's back to the horses" has been very effective in its time. Though now, perhaps, a trifle obsolete, still it is worth trying, and, if received in the spirit in which it is offered, should be followed up with caution, and who knows what may come of it. A slight knowledge of the principal seats the traveller passes, is of incalculable value; and observations upon the crops will be generally found acceptable. Never allude to railway accidents, or blow your nose violently in tunnels.

7. Loudly expressed contempt for the writer of the "City Article" in a leading newspaper, will always carry with it the greatest weight. If you are acquainted—however distantly—with any member of the Peerage, do not conceal the fact. Such a course savours of meanness, and is peculiarly distasteful to the British nature.

8. Insist upon smoking whenever and wherever you choose. This is a land of freedom, where every man may annoy his neighbour in an independent manner. Old prejudices are dying out.

9. If you are seated near a deaf person, insist upon carrying on a conversation with him. By so doing you will not only entertain him but also the rest of your fellow-travellers.

10. If you have a friend with you, read him out long extracts from the newspaper. The result will probably be, that after the next station you will have the carriage to yourselves. Whistling, if pertinaciously persisted in, has been known to produce the same effect.

11. Never give up your seat to a lady, or change sides on any account. The system is a bad one. Set your face against babies, but do not kiss them.

12. Chaff the porters at the small stations. It cheers their dull lives, poor fellows, and they will bless you.

The above dozen rules will be found, if carefully acted upon, to conduce marvellously to the comfort of the holiday-seeker, but there is another *golden* rule which should be invariably obeyed. It is as follows; Most important rule of all—*Never go anywhere without your "Punch."*

(*May be continued. We shall see.*)

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FROM NATURE.

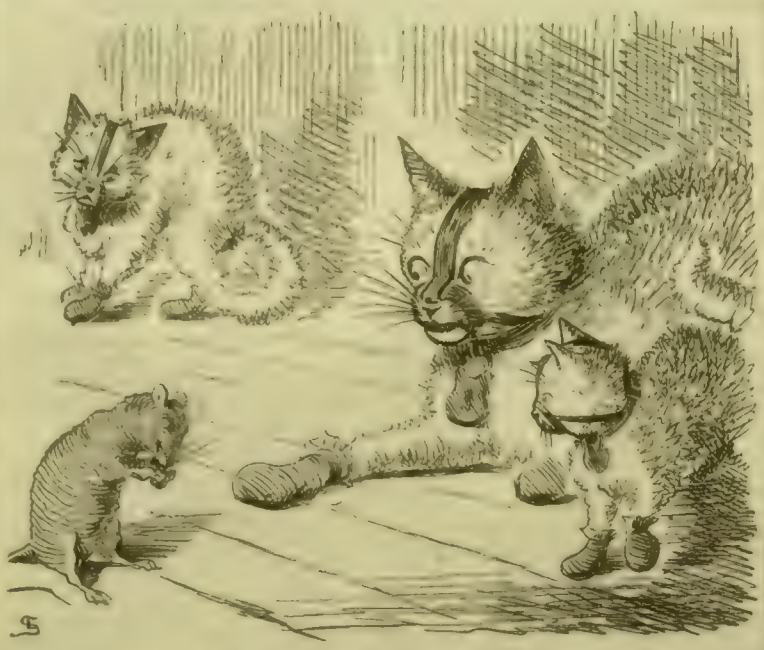
THE NEWEST SEA-SIDE *FISH-T*.

THE ONE THING SOLID.

BY a newspaper paragraph we are informed that MR. DU CANE, having accepted the Governorship of Tasmania, is also "about to receive at the hands of his late constituents in North Essex a solid expression of their estimation of the eleven years' good service he has rendered them in Parliament." We further learn the probability that "the testimonial will assume the form of a portrait." If the portrait is to be a picture, it will be rather a shadowy than a solid expression of feeling. To constitute a solid offering, the testimonial about to be presented to MR. DU CANE rather should "assume the form of a" statue. There would be still greater solidity in a round sum, which may be said to be the very form and substance of solid pudding.

University Intelligence.

GREAT excitement prevails at Oxford amongst the ladies who are not engaged, owing to the expected arrival of a number of "unattached" students after the Long Vacation.



HUMAYNE POLICE REGULATION.

Sir Richard having renewed his absurd anti-dog proclamation, we suppose this will be the next.

A RAILWAY REFORM BILL WANTED.

IN an article about our railway highwaymen, the *Pall Mall Gazette* made the following remarks, which we would recommend electors to lay to heart before they pledge their votes for next election :—

"The present strength of the companies is mainly attributable to two facts—the accidental presence of so many directors in Parliament, and the indifference to railway matters of so many members who are not directors. Neither of these circumstances is beyond the reach of human effort. The elector who travels by rail may resolve never to vote for a director, or he may make it a condition of giving his support to a candidate that he shall help forward whatever legislation is needed to protect the interests of the public."

Are you a Railway director? Yes. Then you shan't have my vote. This should be the way of dealing with a candidate. And this would be the way of insuring against such accidents as the "accidental presence" in our Parliament of so many Railway highwaymen that a reform in railway matters is most difficult to get. Voting for a railway-man is like voting for a robber, which no honest voter surely would intentionally do. Having plundered all their shareholders, the railway-men are bent now upon plundering the public; and as they have a thorough monopoly of transit, there is small chance of the public escaping from their clutches. However, fortunately Parliament can undo what it has done, and possibly the first act of the House elected under the Reform Act will be an "Act for Abolition of Directorships of Railways, and Introduction of more Honest and Efficient means of Management."

TAKEN IN.—Several young gardeners rushed to buy a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, from seeing in its placard articles on "Laurels" and "Buttercups."

THE MODEL FARM.

A PASTORAL.

(*Dedicated to* CANON GIRDLESTONE.)

LOUD cries, upon farmer and squire,
  Of shame them there Norridge chaps raise,
As touchun the labourer's hire;
  Oh, doan't 'ee believe what they says!

'Tis all to rouse up an alarm;
  I'll tell 'ee, now, what you may zee,
A model, my bucks, of a farm,
  If you 'll but gie credut to me.

The lads works in shirt-sleeves instead
  Of smock-frocks, as most others do,
Has on wescuts o' purple and red,
  And breeches o' yaller and blue.

Their legs has plump calves, ankles slim,
  Like flunkeys'; white stockuns so neat.
The lasses as spruce be, and trim,
  Both wears tight thin shoes on their feet.

On tiptoe the men trips about,
  A cartun of straw and manure;
A lesson to larn for a lout
  'Tis an elegant sight, to be sure.

The sower goes forth for to sow,
  Wi' hop skip and jump over plain;
Them too as do rip or do mow,
  Them likewise as thrashes the grain.

The gals as is makun the hay
  In what you call steps do advance,
Or stands in a sart of a way
  As if they was gwian to dance,

Their gay coloured skirts beun shart,
  How tidy they looks 'bout the heels!
No doubt, lads and lasses so smart,
  But what they all has their full meals.

Now that 's the condition and clothes,
  Wherein for our lab'rers to be.
Them there Norridge fellers, I s'pose,
  Sufficient expects us to gie.

But where 's that there farm to be sid
  Wi pezzunts so purty to view?
In a puzzle, a toy for a kid;
  It appairs when the bits is put to.

To dress country gals in fine frocks,
  Gie wages above what they ax
To clodpoles wi' pumps on their hocks,
  And sattuns and silks on their backs?

Your gurt cotton spinners, and sitch,
  Workpeople to pay so may like;
Because they be so precious rich,
  They don't care to wait for a strike.

But we be, we farmers, too poor
  To come down like that wi' the dust;
We can't gie our carters no moor,
  But I 'm feared the day's nigh when we must.

A BENEFACTOR TO THE BRITISH NAVY.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has been a great benefactor to the British Navy. He invented iron gun boats. We should never have had any ironclads but for him. Now he has just made M. NÉLATON, the great French Surgeon, a senator. This is nearly as though the QUEEN should be pleased to confer a peerage on MR. PAGET. Now that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has given a surgeon the equivalent to a seat in the House of Lords, perhaps our Admiralty, and combatant naval officers, will begin to conceive that there may be something not unreasonable in the condition of accepting commissions in the Navy insisted on by educated surgeons, namely, that they shall be recognised as the equals of gentlemen. Then will his Imperial Majesty have done our Navy one more service by having brought about a cessation of that dearth of medical officers which is still severely felt throughout it.

A Great Historian Redivivus.

THE attention of Anthropologists and Spiritualists is drawn to the remarkable announcement that amongst the recent additions to the Zoological Gardens is—"a Gibbon." Note, also, singularly enough, that it was presented by A. GROTE.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR JUDIANA,

HAPPY are those who can escape, like ourselves, my daughter, for a little while from Vanity Fair, and improve their sea-side hours by beautiful exercise both of body and mind! Would that the pen of your mother could stir up some benevolent Peabodys to give all the poor hardly-used women and unjoyful little children of St. Giles's a pic-nic in the bright green fields! Many an immortal shilling's-worth would I write, and I am sure other sisters of the goose-quill also, for this purpose. *Verbum sapienti:* if each of us wrote but a pennyworth, there would be cakes and ale for all the urchins of Seven Dials.

The melancholy reflection that we have come to the fair leaving our poor relations behind, damps my first ardour of enjoyment; but an exhilarating donkey-ride will quite restore me to my wonted cheerfulness. Nothing is so good for the health and spirits as the series of jerks, bounds, and surprises caused by these charming animals, whether saddled or in harness, and I recommend any harassed or jaded person to try it. MR. DISRAELI would forget the trials of the Session under this treatment; MR. GLADSTONE would find himself becoming oblivious of vexatious detractors; and so on. There were two reasons why we should have chosen this quiet little spot on the Eastern coast rather than any more fashionable resort: firstly, the Great Eastern has not heightened its fares; and secondly, we wished to escape the gay world. This, alas! we have not done. I look out from my window and see almost as much fashion as if down in Hyde Park on a June afternoon. The young ladies make half-a-dozen toilettes a-day. The modern fashion of wearing full dress out-of-doors has found its way here. Too impatient to let the sun and fresh air have fair play, the feminine leaders of fashion have brought down the roses of RACHAEL on their cheeks.

Why do ladies scream so much when enjoying the pleasures of a dip? Are they afraid of sharks, or do they like people to come and look at them? I never can make out. It is quite a misfortune to see so many things in daily life that one cannot make out.

I cannot make out either what our sea-side libraries are coming to. It was bad enough in the ultra-sensational period when the heroine of a three-volume novel was sure to murder somebody, to have a second husband somewhere, or to run away with a lover because she did not get on well with her mother-in-law. These pleasant little surprises, with other incidental things of the kind, would so absorb our young people that nothing else seemed interesting in comparison; but if these books were as deleterious to their mental faculties as poisonous sugar-plums to children, what can be said of their successors?

I am not an ascetical hypocrite. I like my daughter to be amused. I enjoy—and my dear *Mr. Punch* also—a good novel as much as anybody; but let any anxious papas and mammas study half-a-dozen fashionable works of fiction, and if that does not make them wonder what we are coming to, I may safely affirm that nothing—not even the Great Eclipse, will.

Oh! shades of JACOB TONSON! Oh! ghost of MR. NEWBERRY! what do you say to the volumes that issue from the printer, and are dispatched by MR. MUDIE'S agency all over the British Islands; when will the *auta da fé* come of these nettles and poisonous weeds that have overgrown the sweet modest flowers of fiction? Does the heroine of those books exist in real life; does the hero? Do they use the choice language put in their mouths? Do they follow the course of action described there? If so, what pen can portray the feelings of their agonised fathers and mothers, poor dears!

Supposing these personages to be fictitious, what have not the authors to answer for in so libelling their country people; but of this subject more another time. Oh! what a relief to turn from the unwholesome excitements of modern fiction, and the living Vanity Fair of the Pier and the Esplanade to the contemplation of a young shrimp.

The cynical may scoff at my enthusiasm, but who that has acted the part of a Reformer, his brains becoming as hopelessly muddled by the spirit of the age, as the yolks of eggs in a cook's whisk—who, I repeat, thus situated, and being thus situated *Mr. Punch* calls him a man and a brother, will not sympathise with my sentiments regarding that interesting creature, the young shrimp?

You, my JUDIANA, are not drawn to the study of nature by the same reasons. You are young and happy; but if you wish to preserve your complexion and your spirits, without resorting to artificial means, beware of despising the shrimp. I do not allude to the shrimp as he appears on our breakfast table, coral red, and savoury, and where he is equally admirable; but I allude to him as we encounter him among myriads of his playfellows on the sea-shore.

Here we come upon a pool of them. I take out my scientific manual and read the following extract:—

"Unfortunately many marine animals are very fond of young shrimps, and a great amount of catching and eating goes on as soon as a fresh batch of shrimps comes into existence."

Now, if this is not an interesting fact, what is? Facts are so scarce nowadays, that it is positively refreshing to be sure of anything; but when we are told that young shrimps are so nice as to be eaten by wholesale, we feel there is no sham in the matter.

Who can wonder at the cries of ecstasy with which young ladies pounce upon any common object of the sea-shore? They know well enough how many shams there are in the world, but a jelly-fish is a jelly-fish, and there is no mistake about it.

I wish writers of scientific manuals would not be so sentimental. For instance, who could deliberately eat a prawn after reading the following piece of information?—

"The prawns when living are most exquisite beings, their partially transparent bodies being diversified with delicate tintings, and their radiant eyes glowing like living opals."

And I must say, my daughter, that writers on Natural History make many unaccountable omissions in describing the shore and its living wonders.

Here are a few species which even I, your mother, have observed in her sea-side experiences.

The Cormorant Hotel-keeper, for instance, a very greedy bird, and like the cormorant in my guide, insatiable in appetite and unparalleled in digestion. And, oh dear, what lots of crabs are left out altogether: there is the Preaching Crab, who will put alarming little books in your way; and there is the Official Crab, who will never give you the information you want at the railway station; there is the Ladylike Crab, who scolds her husband if he lets the children run into the water—and so on.

There is the large family of Snobs: Literary Snobs, Artistic Snobs, Sentimental Snobs, and dozens more,—are we not all Snobs, my JUDIANA?

But I hear the band playing "*Not for Joseph,*" or some such sweet air, and all in a moment, my cynicism vanishes. Let us, for a time, forget the foibles of our sex, and the Eclipse, and everything else depressing in the contemplation of beauty and fashion. Let us forget how we are ourselves eclipsed, and set an example of retiring humility.

Your unpretending Mother,

MRS. PUNCH.

P.S. I have just received a pressing letter of invitation from LADY LOFTY. Her son is going to stand for some place, and your Papa has influence, so I am afraid the Election has something to do with it, otherwise, how gratifying!

Whalley to the Rescue!

"The *Courrier des Alpes* reports a fact of rare occurrence. Enormous quantities of ants, very large, black, and having long wings, have descended on various localities of Savoy."—*Daily News. Friday.*

TO MR. PUNCH,—SIR,

I ENCLOSE you the above slip. You see the explanation, of course. Large, black, long-winged and voracious! Jesuits, evidently. When will Englishmen open their eyes? It is not *our* fault if they *will* be blind.

Yours, faithfully,

G. H. WHALLEY.

Ambiguous.

AMONGST the papers read at the Meeting of the British Association was one "On the Flora of the Isle of Skye." Who was meant? Some specially beautiful FLORA now living and adorning the Isle, *the* Flora—if so, rather personal was it not?—or CHARLES EDWARD'S and SIR WALTER SCOTT'S famous *Flora Macdonald?*

NO POCKET-MONEY. (A HINT.)

Mamma. "WELL, I'M GLAD YOU HAVE HAD A NICE RIDE. BUT WHERE IS YOUR JACKET, TOM?"
Tom. "SOLD IT FOR A BOTTLE OF GINGER-BEER, MOTHER. WE *WERE* SO THIRSTY!"

WHY LORD MAYO?

MR. DISRAELI'S Governor-General for India, the successor to DALHOUSIE, LAWRENCE, and inferior men of that sort, is an Irishman named BOURKE. He was born in 1822, and taught at Trinity College, Dublin. He was politically known as LORD NAAS, was Irish Secretary when the Tories got in, 1850, and 1858, and is Irish Secretary to MR. DISRAELI. Nothing against him in all that? Certainly not. But MR. DISRAELI has set the people of England and of India a Conundrum, and it is this:—

Why should LORD MAYO be made the Governor-General of India, the ruler of Two Hundred Millions of people, and all things considered, the occupant of about the most important position in the world—a seat on a throne not excepted?

This Conundrum baffles everybody. Solutions have been attempted, but they are feeble. One is, Because he is a jolly, good-natured, blundering speaker, rather apt to tumble over his own rhetorical legs. Another is, Because he did not hinder LORD STRATHNAIRN and the Irish constables from putting down the Fenians. A third is Because he is a good sportsman. A fourth is Because his name always recals an extraordinary mess about MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, and the singular way LORD NAAS floundered out of it. A fifth is Because he was Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to LORD HEYTESBURY. But evidently none of these answers can be the right one. We wait a better, and meantime ask another Conundrum., What will India think of such an appointment?

We consider that MR. DISRAELI has once more launched a Great Asian Mystery.

Rem Lacu Non Tetigisti.

WHY did not LORD JOHN MANNERS, when enumerating the various grand achievements, *quorum pars magna fuit*, say that he has cleaned out, new bottomed, and re-filled the Regent's Park Lake? Because then he would have mentioned one thing that would hold water.

THE FRENCHMAN OF THE FUTURE.

FRENCHMEN fond of dancing may in the future be expected to take malt with their hops; at least so it would appear from what a Paris correspondent tells us that he noticed at the Fête of the Fifteenth:—

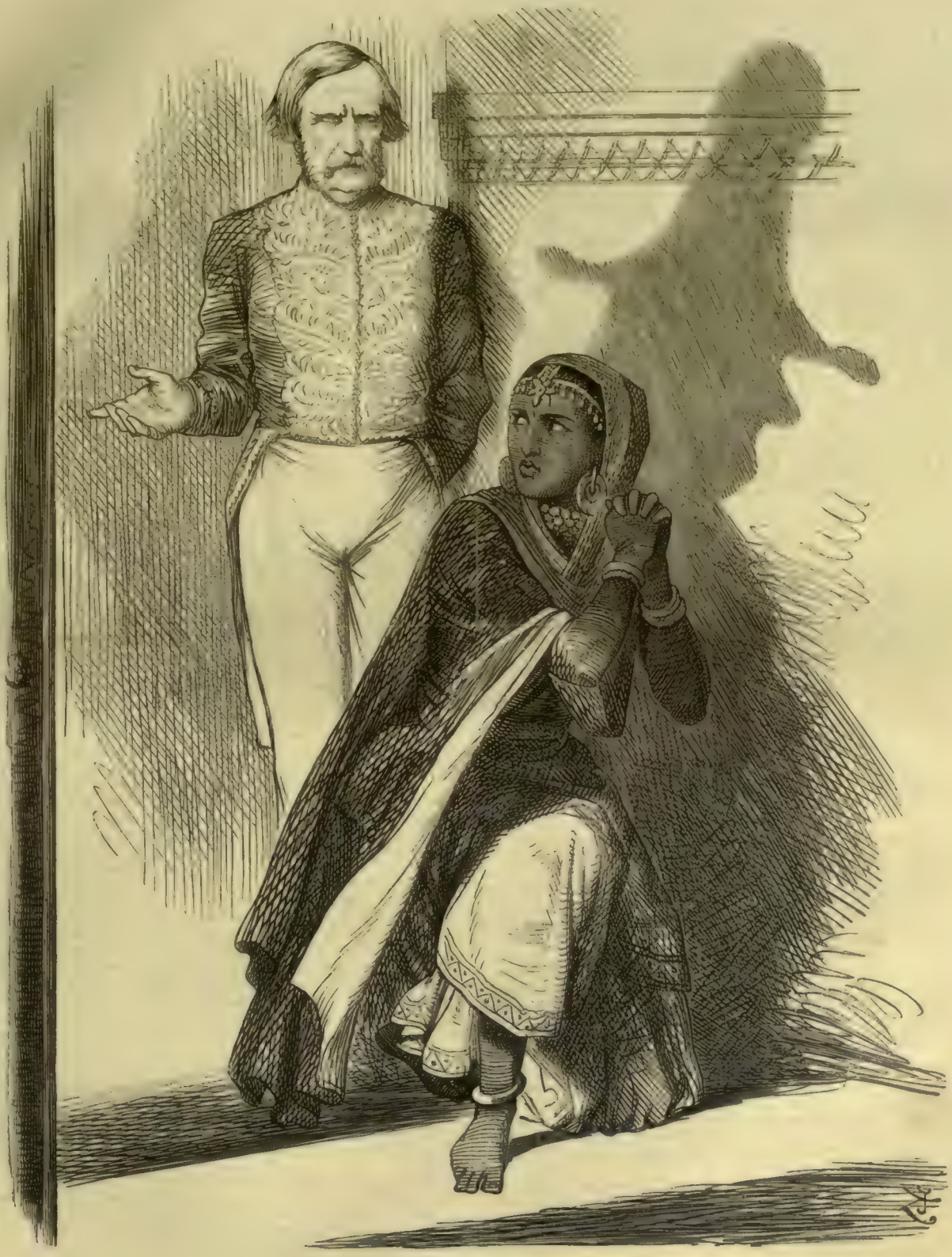
"The chief articles for sale were coloured glass and gingerbread, and the Frenchman of the old school sees with horror the wine-shop succeeded by the beerhouse. Paris is beginning to drink malt to an extent that will soon change the genius of the people."

Many people think that Frenchmen owe their levity to the light wine which they drink, and if this be changed for heavy brain-affecting liquor, it is possible that their lightheartedness, as well as their lightheadedness may, so to say, be ballasted by the beer which they imbibe. Our lively neighbours, as we call them, may in course of time be known as our deadly-lively neighbours; and instead of being a gay city as at present, Paris may become as dull as Birmingham or Bradford, or any other place in England where beer-bibbers abound. No longer frivolous, the French may, by dint of beer, become as phlegmatic as the Germans; and instead of their light *chansons* in praise of their light wine, they may join in heavy chorusses in praise of "heavy wet." It is possible that ere long we may hear a Frenchman warbling a French version of the ballad, "*For I likes a drop of good beer*," and smoking a "Churchwarden" in lieu of cigarettes.

Æneid IV. 1, adapted.

M. GRÉVY, opponent of Imperialism in France, has been returned for the Department of the Jura by a great majority over the Court Candidate. Shades of VIRGIL, and DIDO, and MRS. TODGERS, forgive us; but if it should be whispered that the EMPEROR is indisposed and suffering, we shall wink and say, "*Grévy* saucius curâ."

A POPISH BIRD.—The Missal Thrush.



ANOTHER ECLIPSE FOR INDIA.

Sir J. Lawrence. "IT'S ONLY LORD MAYO!—MY SUCCESSOR, MA'AM."

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EAR WHO PLAYS BY IT.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS—(Continued.)

He doesn't take any hint, this musical relation. I rise from my chair, and say, drowsily, that I must go to bed. He is in the middle (in fact he can't get away from the middle) of that tune "*Love Not*," which he commenced half an hour ago. He *will* play to me. I can't positively tell him that I detest his noise; I can't say "get out of my room" in his own house. I lay my head on my pillow, and think of Bilscombe, who had an ear and hummed, but didn't play by it. Bilscombe to be preferred, of the two.

My long lost Cousin finishes "*Love Not*," and suggests pleasantly to himself—I am out of the question, being in bed—that he'll take a little stuff. As I have before explained, by "stuff" he means liquor. I make no reply, as I had not taken the remark to myself. I gaze listlessly at him, and presently ask him to put the candles out, when he goes. He says he will. He himself is like the candles, which won't go out unless they're put out, or when they're blown out, as my Cousin stands a good chance of being if he expends much more of the vital air upon his cornet.

If I could get him to talk me to sleep, I shouldn't so much mind his presence. I rouse myself and throw out a bait.

"You've seen a good deal of America, haven't you?"

"Been all over it," he answers, working the pistons of his instrument without putting it up to his mouth. He is evidently *fingering* a tune, by way of a slight preparation.

"How did you like the South?" I ask.

"Very much," is his concise answer.

I can't complain of his way of meeting my questions. Perhaps the fault lies with my questions. I want to draw him out, and I want information. He has *got it in him*, as they say, only the difficulty is to get it out of him. He keeps it back in his memory garner, as if there was going to be a dearth of information later in the year, and it would be all the more valuable then.

"I heard a waltz the other day," he says, ruminating, and still fingering the keys, "I can't quite catch it." He thinks and frowns.

"Are they musical, generally speaking, in America?" Now this *did* open up a subject.

"Yes," he answers, and continues, "this is it;" by which he wishes me to understand that he has found another tune. The waltz in question.

Three-four time, it appears, is a difficulty with my Cousin, who has to keep himself strictly within bars by beating the ground with his toe; not with his whole foot, but the toe end of the slipper only, keeping his heel in rest, as if he were a scissor-grinder at work, or was practising the movement for a sewing machine.

He says it is a waltz. Perhaps it was before it got into his cornet. As he can (I find subsequently) hum the tune correctly, it is fair to suppose that it does go in at one end of the instrument in its proper shape; but, oh me! how does it come out at the other! Do I know it again? Can I recognise it?

Of course it must be very trying for any set of notes in a tune to have to go down one pipe, round another, up a third, into a piston, be knocked out of that with such violence as to send them into the open air, and yet to appear in the same order in which they came from the performer's mouth after quitting his inner consciousness.

I have seen a conjuror duly load his magic gun with powder, wad, bullets; and, lo, out there came, when he fired and we all (no, I mean the ladies all; of course *we* didn't, we men, *we* smiled; and that was not a start I gave, but I was just settling myself in my seat, or looking for my pocket-handkerchief,) gave a little jump and a squeak, out there came, I recollect, flowers and bonbons.

My Cousin's was not a pleasant magic cornet. He duly loaded with a beautiful tune—quavers, crotchets and rests all complete—and, poof, poof! out there come bullets, hard, skrieking bullets, of unmusical notes, which hit me in the ear that's uppermost as I lie upon my bed, and sincerely wish that there was some magic about somewhere to whisk him and the cornet into the next county. I should call the trick The Disappearing Boy.

This occurs to me as I lie gazing at him hopelessly, sleeplessly. There he is stumbling about, now with one music-book, now with another, riding his hobby not over rough ground, to which I have likened his previous performance, but trotting over ground undermined by rabbits. He tries a new country: a galop which he has heard played, he says, at Portsmouth by the band of the Forty-third. Splendid band the forty-third have, he says.

He's right there. I've heard 'em myself, directed by Mr. Clarke, their leader, to whose compositions I have listened with the greatest pleasure. That band, thank heaven! does not play by ear. Imagine for one minute a Regimental Band, consisting of performers who played by ear only! Think of the ophicleide, of the trombone, of the hautboy, trying their best at harmonies by ear. It makes your head ache to dwell upon it. It would make their heads ache—including that of Mr. Clarke's, the composer—to hear my Cousin repeating from memory the galop they played.

I know an imitator who takes off popular actors, and is not pleased if you tell him how excellent is his representation of Mr. Buckstone (it always *is* Buckstone) after he has been giving the company Phelps. Friends suggest to him that he should name his man beforehand so as to enhance the pleasure of his audience, and prevent mistakes.

My Cousin says he is going to play the "*Night-bell Galop*;" I know it, and *he* doesn't. Who would recognise it? I don't. Would the composer? would those who have danced to it scores of times? would the military band whose favourite it was? No, not even the small boy who turns over the leaves for the helpless hautboy could recognise it. He tells you that the orchestra sing in the middle of it something about "Ha! ha! ha! fal lal de rar;" and he tells me, after failing horribly in trying to render the effect for my benefit in bed, that I ought to hear the Forty-third do it.

I say, "I *have*," and add bitterly, "it *was* magnificent *then*; but it doesn't do at all *for one instrument* alone." He agrees with me, of course, he says, and tries it again, as if that would make it better. At last he stops, to drink and to smoke. Now then there must be a respite; there is. "This shall not occur again," I think to myself, "You don't come in here to-morrow night."

He doesn't talk. He smokes dreadfully strong tobacco. In a few moments my chamber is like a tap-room, and I get out to open the window, and to catch a cold at the same time. When he takes his pipe out of his mouth to puff, he hums "snatches" before resuming it, and occasionally takes up his cornet to make two or three notes (as it were) of a stray tune among his musical memoranda.

Suddenly (and this is a phenomenon I never observed in anybody else except my long-lost Cousin with an Ear) his pipe falls out of his hand, as his body goes back, and his chin drops on his breast: he is asleep! In a second he is asleep. No drowsiness first, no yawning, no preparation whatever. There is something almost awful in this startling collapse of all his faculties. It must be, I should imagine, a shock to his system—it was to mine, merely to see it.

Now, I say, at all events I can turn and sleep. No, he supplants his cornet by another instrument. He suddenly snores—not a long wearisome heart-drawn sigh of a snore, but a sharp loud snort of defiance—yes, it defies me to go to sleep.

I suppose I *do* sleep, because it is four o'clock, when, amid an unwholesome stench of guttering spitting candles (of course he didn't put out the lights before he slept; how could he? and I didn't foresee the consequence), I am awoke by a blast on the cornopean, with which, as it appears to me, my Cousin has roused himself.

He asks me if I remember that sweet thing, "*Good night, my Love!*" Yes, I do. "Well, then," he asks, "how does it go?" I tell him, surlily, that it goes like himself, slowly, to bed. He says I must tell him to-morrow. To-morrow, be it—good night—good night.

The torture is over at last. It begins again three hours after at seven, when it appears my Cousin rises to practise his cornet, "because no one is up then," he says, considerately.

"No," I return, "but you seem to forget they're in bed."

"Then," he retorts, "it's time for them to get up. Besides, how can I"—he thinks he's clenching the argument now. "How can I play to you in the evening, if I don't practise in the morning?"

This is unanswerable, at least, civilly; so I hold my tongue. If I wander by the stream, he comes out with his cornet to amuse me while I'm fishing. If I go to the farm, he follows me with his infernal instrument, "to," as he jocularly says, "please the pigs."

My invalid relative sends for him into his sanctum. They are together for a long time. The interview ends satisfactorily to the long lost Cousin—unsatisfactorily to *me*, having been quiet for nearly an hour—as appears from his radiant face, and his immediately playing what *he* thinks is "*See the Conquering Hero Comes*" on the lawn in front of the house.

Hearing from him, that, as I am here, he will stop till I leave, I feign important business, which is to take me away at once.

My invalid relative is sorry to lose me, as he had just discovered a new pain in his right side, which beats anything that *I* have ever felt. Before I go I say, "Ask Frederick to play '*Love Not*' and '*The Last Rose*' to you." He will. What a pleasant treat is in store for him!

Now he'll know what a sleepless night is.

So I leave my second species of the genus, and come to The Man without a Head on his Shoulders.

Similia Similibus.

A cruel young cad, of Wandsworth, has been sent to gaol, with hard labour for a fortnight, for brutality to a poor cat. We are very glad, but if the excellent Magistrate had ordered him another kind of cat—a cut for each of his victim's legs, one for each of her ears, one for her tail, and a couple for luck, to make up the supposed number of her lives—the *memoria technica* would have been better.

"CLOVER!"

Landlady (to old Gustleton, who has come down to that nice quiet place, Wobblewick, for the sea-air). "GOOD CLARET, SIR? OH, YES, SIR, WE'VE EXCELLENT CLARET, SIR, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FROM 'VANG ORDINAIRE,' SIR, AT NINE SHILLINGS THE DOZEN, TO SHATTERLERFEET,* AT EIGHTEENPENCE A BOTTLE, SIR!!!"

* Ha! ha! Very good. Very good. But port wine is the real Shatter ler Feet.—*A Casual but Gouty Contributor.*

LIMITED LIABILITY OF HOUSEHOLDERS.

A MASSACHUSETTS newspaper relates that, in a recent trial at Boston, the jury for a long time not being able to agree on their verdict, at length, on their foreman, a "minister," praying that they might, returned one *instanter*. There is a secular aspect to this incident. It is a pity that clergymen of all denominations are exempt from service on juries, with the exception only of dissenting preachers in business. This arrangement practically excludes from the jury-box all ministers but those who are also small tradesmen. So much the worse, this exception, for persons sued for refusing to pay for articles which they have been cheated in, or which unauthorised servants, wives, or children, have ordered in their names.

Respectable parsons of any variety would be very serviceable on juries if they were liable to serve; but there is one consideration which has probably procured their exemption from liability. The likelihood of their having to attend to sick calls, of course? Not at all, innocent friend. The Chaplain of Little Bethel, likewise little tailor, has clearly as much right to be excused on that ground as his fellow-Protestant divine, Rector and Ritualist. A correspondent of the *Times* lately proposed that briefless barristers should be empanelled as jurors, instead of sitting in court and doing nothing. They have no professional calls; yet they are exempt from a task which they are specially qualified to perform. Clergymen, pure and simple, have been exempted, doubtless, because considered *ex officio* swells, as not having to labour in a vocation wherein their daily labour is their bread. The little preaching tailor, who lives principally by tailoring, must serve—and suffer loss. So must the artist, author, and others who subsist by their own personal, cerebral, or manual work. The otiose and sumptuous classes are practically free from an obligation which might afford them amusement, and would exonerate many a busy worker from grievous hardship, if it were altogether imposed upon reverend and other gentlemen who have nothing material to do.

OMINOUS NAME FOR A RACE-COURSE.—"Knavesmire."

ECLIPSE IN INDIA.

To note the same eclipse full fain,
Which native minds is shocking,
To Ganges' banks and Deccan's plain
Astronomers are flocking;
To see Sol out and in again,
Their saucy Cameras cocking!

While DE LA RUE each change of hue
Tracks with those lynx-eyed lenses,
And Spectrum-analysts pursue
His Light through all defences,
Phœbus may well look black and blue,
Mobbed out of his seven senses!

Poor Sun, that once in worship prone,
(As Morn's bright chariot bore him
Each day to take his radiant throne)
Saw Faith and Fear adore him;
While, when he hid his face, a groan
Earth gave, and bowed before him!

Now, a vile drudge and hireling, let
By hour, for meanest chares;
For chemists, gardeners, to fret
And fag on their affairs,
Nay worse—doomed to the *carte*, and set
To draw us, and our airs!

No wonder thou should'st hide thy face,
Poor slave, and turn away
From those who doom to such disgrace
The fallen King of Day:
But why on Eastern realm and race
Thy blackest looks dost lay?

'Tis but the savage now gives heed
Unto thy darkened brow;
Still type, in the crude native creed,
Of Good and Power art thou.
For us, the civilised, what need
To these, or thee, to bow?

But see the dark has passed from day,
Thy brow is bright once more;
The chemicals are packed away;
Analysis is o'er:
And wisdom, on its homeward way,
Feels wiser than before.

Why is poor India crouching still?
Her light and limber form,
With terror's quivering throb and thrill,
Bowed, like a birch, by storm;
To LAWRENCE, strong of frame and will,
Close cowering—oak and worm!

She shrinks, she shrieks, as darkening falls
Across her white *saree*,
A shadow, that her soul appals,
How cast, she cannot see!
Nearer it comes, and wild she calls,
"Sahib, what can it be!

"The veil is drawn that hid with black
Great Indra's shining face;
You told us it would not come back,
To terrify our race!
Lo now, across his radiant track,
What shadow fills the place!"

The strong man, gentle in his might,
Lays on her head his hand,
Strokes the long tresses, black and bright,
And calms to his command
The frame, that 'neath its robe of white,
Shakes like an aspen-wand.

"Control the fear that thrills thy frame,
And bloodless leaves thy lips;
Think not on Indra's eyes of flame
Again the shadow dips.
The light in Heaven is still the same,
And yet there *is* eclipse.

"'Tis my successor's shade that falls
On thee, thus lowly knelt,
And shrouds the floor, and veils the walls,
With broad'ning, black'ning, belt:
Within thy hamlets and thy halls,
A darkness to be felt!"

India! As Indra's shining face,
To Indra's shrouded brow,
Is he who goes to take that place
To him who holds it now.
Not his—his master's—the disgrace;
The sufferer by it, thou!

A JOLLY WELSH POET.

ALL that *Mr. Punch* has ever said about the Eisstteddffodd (he hopes he has given all the consonants) he hereby retracts absolutely and, with one small reservation, unconditionally. The object of the meeting was, as explained to him, to encourage Welsh Poets. He did not think that the encouragement had produced a very satisfactory result. But he has changed his mind. The operation of the process of bringing the Cambrian violets from under the leaves has been slow, but it has been triumphant.

"Diu parturit leæna catulum—sed Leonem."

A Welsh Poet has been fostered, and he writes in English. *Mr. Punch* rejoices to vindicate his own conversion by showing how it has been effected.

SIR IVOR GUEST, having recently wedded, brought home his bride to his native place, Dowlais. Rejoicings greeted the happy couple, to whom *Mr. Punch* also wishes all happiness. But nothing could have given the bride and bridegroom so much delight as a poem that was addressed to them by the REVEREND THOMAS D. MATTHIAS, Baptist Minister, 6, Lower Thomas Street, Merthyr Tydfil (we'll have a memorial slab on that house one of these days) who poured out his joy in stanzas of which we subjoin a specimen.

"Welcome to Cambria, 'ladye faire,'
And to Glamorganshire,
Where, midst our hills, the Taff and Dare
Flow down through vales of fire.
With joy the festive board we spread,
And deck our spacious hall,
That the worthy may be honoured
By a grand and splendid ball."

Now we like this Baptist Minister. He does not take a fanatic view of things, and like the *Record*, denounce a harmless and inspiriting dance as a Satanic orgy. He knows that young folks, not to say old ones, may go through the *Lancers* and *Sir Roger de Coverley*, and yet not be utterly depraved and lost, and if it had been necessary to bespeak our good nature for his straightforward and simple strain, this line would have assured it. He proceeds to say something about Cambria's harp—changing his metre, as a facile bard can do if he likes.

"Now that harp of mighty mem'ries—
Cambria's harp of silvery strain—
Cambria's harp that hath, for ages,
Held her peerless sovereign reign,
Hither greets the courtly chieftain,
Good SIR IVOR, to his home,
To the land of flood and mountain,
To his loved ancestral dome."

But now we get jollier than ever, and our jovial Baptist Minister declares that we shall make a night of it. We dare say that we have often done so with duller fellows.

"Fill the bowl with spic'd metheglin—
Wreath a garland fresh and fair—
Sing of IVOR HAEL and ELAINE—
'Till the morn we'll banish care;
Rose and lily, pansy, pink,
Violet, primrose, pimpernel,
From forest, field, and river's brink,
From lofty mount and lowly dell,

Cull them." "In a chaplet." We have not the least objection to their being culled, but somebody else must go after them. We prefer stopping to drink metheglin (or, if we might put a name to our own choice, rum-and-water) with our glad bard, MR. MATTHIAS. We thought he would not miss his little joke about GUEST, and why should he?

"Cull them—a chaplet bright to weave
For our bonny bridal pair,
No honours too high to 'a Guest' can we give—
To a bridegroom so bright—and a bride so fair.
God speed, we wish you, and length of years,
And household gifts, both rich and rare,
And the King of Heaven in yonder spheres
At last receive you to reign with him there."

This conclusion, put into a still longer metre, shows that the REVEREND MR. MATTHIAS, spite of ball and metheglin, and not going home till morning, is mindful of his sacerdotal character. We believe him to be a very good fellow, and very likely he is a capital and devoted minister, and we hope that he has liberal deacons, who do not take the liberty of lecturing him. We hinted at a condition. We will never say anything more against the Eisteddfod, if it will annually turn out as jolly a poem as MATTHIAS's welcome to SIR IVOR and LADY GUEST. It has never done so yet.

OUR FISH, FLESH, FOWL, AND NATURAL HISTORY COLUMN.

SIR,—I am interested in fishing. Did you ever see the Scotch Salmon Act, 1868.

Yours, MAC-KEEL.

[What do they act, eh? *Macbeth?* Nonsense, dogs can be taught, perhaps, but not salmon. Don't try that on Londoners. Go back agen.—*Ed.*]

SIR,—I have just arrived from Africa and can corroborate all MONSIEUR DU CHAILLU'S stories. I have brought over a Gorilla. He is six feet high, covered with hair, and with the strength of twenty men. He is not a bit afraid of a gun, nor indeed will any but a peculiar bullet, made for the purpose, pierce his horny hide. They *say* (at least the natives do, who were glad enough to get rid of him, calling him Gerangdar-squasheeboo, or the Marauding Murderer) that he *can* be tamed. If so *you* are the man for the task. He will shake down the strongest door, climb to any height, and is most uncertain-tempered, the difficulty being to know when he is in play. Hoping you will succeed with him, I am,

Yours ever, BOUNCER, R.M.

[We've just got the above letter, and regret to say that we shall not be at home to receive the specimen, which must indeed be valuable: so valuable, indeed, that we wouldn't deprive you of it for the world. We are going out of town for some days, and as the Clerk asked, we couldn't refuse him a holiday.—*Ed.*]

*** The packets, parcels, and hampers of fleas, mosquitoes, scorpions, hornets (an entire nest, opened out of curiosity by the shop-boy, who is rather a curiosity himself in consequence), frogs, lizards, toads, beetles, snakes, hedgehogs, rats, mice, and Angola cats have been received, and all turned into the Junior Clerk's room; they will be duly attended to when he has opened them all, as he is bound to do by the terms of his agreement.

REVERENDUS says he knows it isn't correct for a Parson to hunt; but surely there would be no harm in a clergyman having a run with a pack of Beadles?

[Beagles, you—oh, you—— !—*Ed.*]

We shall not answer such questions (in unpaid letters) as "Do Cock-Salmon crow?" "Is doing eggs in a fryingpan, or saucepan, poaching?"

"Isn't it," asks A TRUE SPORTSMAN, "the safest way to load with small shot *and* a bullet? Something *must* be killed, because if you miss with the first you'll hit with the second, and *vice versâ*."

[TRUE SPORTSMAN's a fool.—*Ed.*]

From the Moors.—We have heard no reports from the Moors, owing either to the reports not being sufficiently loud, or to our being still in London, which is some considerable distance from Scotland.—*August 20th.*

The Moors, August 22nd.—Unfavourable accounts received. CAPTAIN SCHOTTISCHE writes to say that he is sorry he can't send us any game this year, having promised it all.

The MARQUIS OF SHUTE begs to inform us, in answer to ours of the 17th, requesting a hamper of grouse, that he doesn't intend *giving* any away this year, as, being rather hard up, he finds the London and provincial-town markets infinitely more profitable.

[All right. Wait till you make a speech in the House. We'll grouse you.—*Sp. Ed.*]

The HON. AUGUSTUS WADD is glad to say that his moor is most prolific, but he is going to keep all himself, either for sale (which is the fashion now, and a very good one, too), or for friends among the influential portion of his constituency. None for you.

[You will find, MR. WADD, that *we* are among the most influential portion of any constituency. Better to dare the terrible Polypus in his shell (probably you don't know anything about the Polypus, or of your *Horace*, either) than us in our sanctum by not sending grouse.—*Sp. Ed.*]

A SATISFACTORY CHARACTER.

Mrs. Brisket (about the Squire's new Bride). "OH, YES, MUM, SHE COME IN 'ERE YESTERDAY, MUM. BLESS YER! A PUFFECT LADY, MUM! DON'T KNOW ONE J'INT O' MEAT FROM ANOTHER, MUM!!"

HANDY-VOLUME LAW-BOOKS.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,

I AM a young man and a younger son, and as he has no chance of getting for me a living in the Church, my father put me in the law to work for my own living. But though I am in the law, the law is not in me at present; and I fancy that, unless I read, the law will go on keeping out of me.

Now, reading is to my mind invariably a bore, and at this time of the year it is a bigger bore than ever. In the first place I may say with *Falstaff*, slightly altered,

"Why, 'tis my vacation, *Hal*; 'tis a sin for a man to labour in his vacation!"

Besides which, what a bore it is when travelling about, as of course one is obliged to do when everybody does so, to have to lug about a lot of bulky law-books with one's own luggage! I declare I'm often forced to leave my books at home, because I cannot possibly find room in my portmanteau for them. Moreover, if a law-book were as portable as *Punch*, not to say as pleasant also, one might often find a spare half-hour, when one is out of town, to give to it. But really in one's holidays one cannot sentence oneself daily to the hard labour of holding up a ponderous big law-book, or else of stooping to pore over it until one's backbone feels as bent as if were a boomerang, and one fancies that one's brains must all have sunk into one's boots. And fancy what the horror of your friend's young wife would be, if she found a dirty dog's-eared smoky ponderous old *Blackstone* left among the gilt-edged gift-books on the table in her drawing-room!

I would suggest, then, that some publisher should make a speedy future by publishing a series of Handy Volume Lawbooks. As for saying that great works cannot be printed in small compass, the *Handy Volume Shakspeare* quite refutes that false assertion. The weightiest of law works might in this manner be added to our volumes of light literature, and might still prove to the student extremely heavy reading. The *Handy Volume Blackstone* might fitly start the series, and a diminutive edition of the Statutes at Large might be feasibly adapted to the tourist's waistcoat pocket.

As it is, the Handy Volume Series of plays, novels and the like, is both for comfort and contents so tempting to a man when he is packing for a holiday, that I for one shall certainly content myself this autumn with reading the GORDIAN KNOT, SHENSTONE, DOCTOR JACOB, and HAPPY THOUGHTS, while my BLACKSTONE, BROOM and DANIEL, and other bulky friends, rest quietly among the books I leave behind me.

So believe me, my bo-o-oy, yours trippingly,

A. LIGHTWEIGHT.

AN IRISH DIAMOND.

NOT much fun yet out of the Election Addresses, but here is one which looks promising. We should like to hear again from MR. PATRICK M'DONALD, who thus addresses the Queen's County:—

"I have only to say I shall lead Two Thousand Voters to the poll at the forthcoming General Election in the Queen's County. Be firm when we advance to the combat. Fifty Thousand Non-Electors will give us their hearts and hands. O'CONNELL, thou art mighty yet; thy spirit doth walk abroad; your memory is before us."

"Your memory is Before us." Noble! And our Future is behind us. Go and prosper, dear M'DONALD, and more power to your pronouns. Thy ancestors will be proud of ye, and the shades of your posterity smile down upon thee.

Up in Biography.

Examiner. Give some account of GALILEO.

Candidate. He was an astronomer who was persecuted by the Inquisition.

Examiner. Well, Sir?

Candidate. GALILEO cared for none of these things.

CHANGE OF TOPIC.—In conversation the weather was first favourite, but now it is the harvest that continually crops up.

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DINING-ROOM SCENE.

Aunt (who, as a rule, can't bear tobacco). "YOU KNOW, HARRY, I DON'T LIKE SMOKING IN THE DINING-ROOM; BUT AS YOU ENJOY A PIPE, I HAVE HAD A CHAIR PUT FOR YOU IN THE CONSERVATORY."

CONSERVATORY SCENE.

HARRY HAS A NAP AFTER THE SECOND PIPE, AND IS TREATED TO AN EXPIRING SHOWER OF THE OLD LADY'S ENEMIES.

THE COLOSSEUM.

"Sic transit gloria!"

TROJA FUIT!

The Colosseum in the Regent's Park, one of the seven wonders of the world, and so called from being at one time the residence of the Colossus of Rhodes, has been dismantled, and all its properties have been brought to the hammer, for the use of anyone who would pay on the nail.

I remember, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
How I came home in December
My fond parents to annoy.
But my pretty maiden Aunty
Was kind and gave to me
A sort of show galanty,
A funny thing to see.

I remember I was taken
By my aunt's peculiar cabby,
For to hear the rafters shaken
By the Choir in the Abbey.
Nor the service, nor Te Deum,
Nor the sights of Christmas time,
Could approach the Colosseum,
Save, perhaps, the Pantomime.

I remember, I remember,
All those Ruins in the grounds,
And the classic broken pillars
(Sold for something like three pounds.)
And the statues! One of Jason
Was a noble work of art;
They were knocked down to a mason,
Who removed them in his cart.

At the Panorama great I 'm
Looking back with sad delight,
It was London Seen by Day-time,
It was London Seen by Night.
But it suited no one's coffers
On the selling afternoon,
And I heard of no great offers,
For old MISTER BRADWELL'S "Moon."

A statue of KING WIL-LI-AM
THE FOURTH was then knocked down,
I weep—perhaps I silly am—
The bid was half-a-crown.
The auctioneer declined to let
It go for next to nix,
But took the highest he could get—
It fetched just one-pound-six.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, ten feet in height,
From pedestal to nob,
'Twas stone or marble, purely white,
It fetched—ah, me!—ten bob.
The end—five pounds or under
Bought a lot which all ears dinned,
"Three Rain Barrels and One Thunder,"
"Then Two Crashes and One Wind."

Fit ending, awful, fright'ning!
For the place now gone to smash,
Stricken down by resin-lightning,
And the iron thunder-crash.
But sunk in thunder-crashes
It lies on Regent's plain;
Like a Phœnix from its ashes,
Shall it ever rise again?

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MARGATE AND THE ISLE OF THANET.

E paraphrase (and we rather fancy improve upon) the Laureate's well-known line—

"In the Spring the Cockney's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Thanet."

"Thoughts of Thanet" we consider not only alliterative, but euphonious in the extreme. It is not, however, until the summer that the thoughts blossom into deeds. To the metropolitan mind Margate is not "in good cut" until the warm weather has thoroughly set in, until the steamer has commenced for the season, until the asphalte on the jetty has reached boiling *pitch*, and SIR RICHARD MAYNE in his deep desire to add to the comfort of the brute creation has issued an order for the dogs to adopt a summer muzzlin'.

Margate is mentioned by Venerable BEDE, who says that Thanet was really an island, being separated from the continent of East Kent by the river Wantsume. This stream, however, took an early opportunity of drying up, and the Isle of Thanet is now no more of an island than Salisbury Plain. The inhabitants, however, still fondly persist in terming it one, and perhaps it is as well not to contradict them, but permit them to indulge in their island fling. A writer of more than a hundred years back says, "The English spoken here is very good, only the natives in common with the other inhabitants of this part of Kent, are used to pronounce the *th* as *d*." So wrote the author of "*The History and Antiquities of the Isle of Tenet*," but the more modern historian would probably write as follows, "The English spoken here (during the season) is very bad. The visitors, in common with the other inhabitants of certain quarters of London, are used to pronounce the *H* as soft when it should be aspirated, and *vice versâ*."

According to a respectable authority the word Margate took its origin from Mere-gate, a small mere running through a gate there into the sea. This, however, is mere assertion, and the popular pronunciation of modern visitors is "Margitt," with the accent laid well on the "gitt." The same rule applies to the word Ramsgate. But the strangest alteration occurs in Broadstairs, which is very frequently pronounced Dull. There are two ways of getting to the Isle of Thanet—by rail or boat. The patronisers of the latter means of transit despise the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Lines, whilst the railway travellers in their turn declare the voyage to be a sure provocative of sea-sickness. This we consider to be basin sinuation. The late boat on Saturdays is termed the "Husbands' Boat," and those *Benedicks* who can brave the satire of the assembled visitors during the walk down the long jetty escape comparatively unscathed. But woe betide the luckless husband who retaliates. The career of the Derby dog is a delight compared to his quarter of a mile of misery. There is no such behaviour at Ramsgate. There the "rowdy" element is confined to the neighbourhood of the smaller concert rooms in the evening, where every variety of music-hall monstrosity may be heard through the open windows from the eccentric history of "*Captain Jinks*," down to the more momentous chronicle of the doings of a certain "*Tommy Dodd*," whilst on the old principle inculcated by the proprietors of the shows at Greenwich Fair, that the best of the fun was to be seen outside, the managers of the concert-rooms obligingly permit the visitors to hear the choice ditties in the open, which is a cool and economical arrangement for which one can scarcely be sufficiently grateful.

The first object of interest which catches the eye of the visitor at Margate is

The Pier.—The charge for walking on it is a penny. Stingy people consequently consider it an imposing edifice. A band plays there at stated periods, and it is appropriately composed of wind instruments. The pier cost a hundred thousand pounds; and when it nearly broke down for want of proper support, MR. COBB gave it a hand, and helped it out of low water. Kent, as all know, was ever famous for its Cobbs. It was here that the *Saturday Reviewer* hit upon the subject of his famous article, "The Girl of the Pier-head."

The Jetty.—Unlike its more exclusive neighbour, this popular promenade is free. Very. In Cecil Square those who may desire to communicate with their friends, will find

The Post-Office.—A very good plan for discovering the hours at which the box closes, times of delivery, &c., is to read the paper in the window. Opposite this useful, but candour compels us to add, somewhat unobtrusive building, stand

The Assembly Rooms.—Here there is a concert nightly, after which the visitors devoid of any absurd pride do not stand on forms, but have them removed for dancing. Be it understood, too, that dancing at Margate *means* dancing. What is termed "metropolitan talent" is engaged here during the season, and until recently this handsome room had it all its own way, but a formidable opponent sprung into existence, a season or two ago, entitled

The Hall by the Sea.—Between these two rival establishments there exists about the same difference as that between *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*. As a gentleman in a black velvet jacket and hounds in full cry down his shirt front, observed to us, "The Rile is regler old-fashioned Henglish style, whilst the Yall is more foreign like." There is no doubt, however, that in all matters of amusement Margate supersedes its more aristocratic neighbour, Ramsgate, for it also possesses a

Theatre.—This temple of the drama is somewhat awkwardly situated. We have heard several plans suggested for its speedy discovery, of which we believe the most effectual is to stand with your back to the ocean, walk straight on and lose yourself. The only drawback to this proceeding is the possibility of your finding yourself, in the course of time, in the neighbourhood of Canterbury. If you do so, you should at once turn back. You will have saved your admission money, and have had a nice walk. The theatre is, we believe (but cannot undertake to assert) in Hawley Square. If you cannot find it, an appropriate ditty, with which to lament the fact, is "*Hawley's lost now.*" We simply throw this out as a suggestion. Skirting the coast, the visitor will perceive those "common objects of the sea-shore,"

The Bathing-Machines.—Tradition states that on more than one occasion, when the rush for rooms has been excessive, these amphibious vehicles have been let out as sleeping apartments. We would recommend the idea to the attention of their owners this sultry weather. As an article of utility, we consider the bathing-machine to be as yet in its infancy. A convenient contrivance which can be at once employed as an assistant towards immersion, a bed-room, and a family coach, is certainly an article worth cultivating. When drawn up on the shore to be let to bachelors on the occasions we speak of, we believe the announcement on the doors ran thus: "Apartments for Shingle Gentlemen."

Visitors should by no means think of leaving Margate without viewing

The Pump, the Gasometer, and the Grotto.—These are all remarkable in their way, and will well repay inspection. Parties can be made to visit the Gasometer, by which the individual expense incurred is rendered very trifling. The Pump is a popular place for pic-nics.

Having tried several of

The Hotels, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them good, and not unreasonable. But there is one peculiarity about them—they seem incapable of providing good breakfasts. Dinners are good, teas are good, attendance very fair, but the Isle of Thanet is decidedly bad at breakfast. Without mentioning names, we throw this out as a gentle hint to the hotels generally, and hope that it will not be wasted upon their proprietors.

THE LAW IN A SCOTCH MIST.

SCOTCHMEN not know how to write plain English! Nonsense! Only see how clearly they express themselves in the hundredth clause of their new Court of Session Act:—

"It shall no longer be competent to direct a Brieve for the Cognition of a Person alleged to be *incompos mentis prodigus et furiosus*, or of a Person alleged to be *incompos mentis fatuus et naturaliter idiota*, to the Judge Ordinary; and the Brieves of Furiosity and Idiotry hitherto in Use are hereby abolished: and in lieu thereof it is enacted, that a Brieve from Chancery, written in the English Language, shall be directed to the Lord President of the Court of Session, directing him to inquire whether the Person sought to be cognosced is insane, who is his nearest Agnate, and whether such Agnate is of lawful Age; and such Person shall be deemed insane, if he be furious or fatuous or labouring under such Unsoundness of Mind as to render him incapable of managing his Affairs; and such Brieves shall be served upon the Persons sought to be cognosced, on Inducise of Fourteen Days."

They, who think the Scotch Reform Bill ought to have included a clause for the reform of Scottish legal phraseology, may see from the above how needless such a measure would have virtually been.

EXPENSIVE FURNITURE.—Seats in the New House.

NICKLEDY NOD.

A few new words to a very old English song, for which Mr. Punch acknowledges his indebtedness and gratitude to our own dear "Notes and Queries."

WHEN shall we be married,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"When I've a thousand a year, child,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Shan't we be married before,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"Would you wed on just three hundred?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Where shall we take a lodging,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"We'll have a house in Belgravia,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Can't we live happy, and cheaper,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"Would you live at Bow, or Islington?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Whom should we ask to see us,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"We'd soon know lords and ladies,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Shouldn't we ask our old friends,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"Would you ask city clerks and tradesfolk?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Where shall we find amusement,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"We'll have two stalls at the Opera,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Something less costly, won't we,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"Would you stew in the pit at Sadler's Wells?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Where shall we go in autumn,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"Trouville, Dieppe, and Baden,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Won't that be very expensive,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"Would you go to Margate, or Gravesend?
I think the young wench is mad."

"When shall you have our thousand,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"Well, when I'm nearly forty,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Couldn't we venture it sooner,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"
"What, wed like our fathers and mothers?
I think the young wench is mad."

Rome and Capetown.

"THE BISHOP OF CAPETOWN," says the *Post*, "has postponed his departure from this country for a month." In the meanwhile, let him reconsider the step which he proposes to take in setting up a Bishop of his own in the diocese of Natal. He has already shown himself a little Pope in his way, but may perhaps see, on reflection, that he will be carrying his imitation of the genuine Roman Pontiff too far by perpetrating an act of Anglican aggression.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

II.—RAMPANTLY RADICAL.

To the Electors of the Mint Villages.

ELECTORS,

IN proposing myself as one of your Members I do not ask you to swallow the usual sweet stuff of election addresses. I shall neither coax nor flatter you, but you will be spared vagueness and deception. You have a right to know my opinions. You shall. I am an advanced Regenerator. If you choose me, it must be as an independent representative, for I am not disposed to join in the game of Follow your Leader. There is no public man who climbs high enough or strides far enough for me: they plod, I want to fly. I deny that Reform is Revolution, but I contend that Conservatism is Collapse. We laugh at our forefathers and reckon ourselves sages: posterity will laugh longer and louder at us, and declare that we were old women. We have only reared the scaffolding, they will take down and rebuild the house; we poultice and plaster, they will employ the cautery and the knife.

I am ashamed to have to state my views on absurdities which should long ago have been as much a thing of the clumsy past as stage coaches and street watchmen.

First on the black list of abuses stands that established insult, the Irish Church. The fall of this dilapidated fabric is certain. Other ecclesiastical edifices will follow.

The House of Lords, as a legislative body, is a dangerous obstruction lying across the path of progress. It must be removed. An hereditary peerage is a standing anachronism. If the Bishops have plenty to do, they should stay in their dioceses and avoid the temptations of the London season; if they have not, they should be suppressed. Parliamentary Reform is only in its perambulator. Everyone who contributes to the expenses of the State should have a share in the management of the State. Women are entitled to the franchise, and to be eligible as Members: whether they should be allowed to speak, as well as to vote in the House, is a matter for serious consideration. The ballot is a certainty. Redistribution of Seats will be one of the first exploits of a sincere Parliament. But a far more important redistribution must follow—that of the soil.

I am discontented with all our Public Departments. In the Army there is incapacity, jobbery, pipe-clay, and either inability or indisposition to keep step with modern times and nations. In the Navy there is waste, extravagance, bad book-keeping, and an expensive new gun every year. The Church is a puzzle, and in pieces. The Administration of the Law is cumbrous, costly, and tedious. Juries and Justices might be admirable inventions in the days of ALFRED and ETHELRED: in the reign of VICTORIA they should disappear. The Game Laws are the last flash of feudalism, and cannot outlive many more seasons and sessions. In our Universities there is bigotry and backwardness. In our Public Schools too much cricket and too little chemistry. I am not attached to our Diplomatic Service, and recommend all the Public Offices being carefully explored. Our taxation is unjust, our expenditure enormous. We compel children to go to gaol; why should we not compel them to go to school? The Corporation of London can hardly feast into another century, and the next generation will probably know the comfort of living in a clean, sweet, and ornamental metropolis, when the last vestryman has died off, and the last statue has been taken down.

I would consign to a Dictionary of obsolete and archaic words such terms as Articles, Church-rate, Convocation, Dean, freeman, Gold Stick, Horse-Guards, Latin verses, Lord Mayor, religious tests, sinecure, turnpike, Usher of the Black Rod, and Vestry. Our glorious Constitution, our time-honoured Institutions, a well-considered measure, a due regard to vested interests, prescriptive rights, Protestant ascendency, the balance of power, the wisdom of our ancestors, and the setting of England's sun for ever, are all highly objectionable phrases, and mean bigotry and cant, subterfuge and job. One pledge I will give. Is a measure brought before the House the object of which is to change or abolish something that is ancient, exclusive, and costly? I will support that measure. There should be no Old Style in politics.

If you want me as your Member, the seat must not cost me a shilling. The usual election expenditure is a poll-tax I am not disposed to pay.

I shall not degrade myself or you by a bowing, hand-shaking canvass. On the hustings I will answer any questions you may like to put to me, from the state of our Foreign Relations to the condition of our London Streets. Such is my platform.

ALGERNON BRADSHAW CROMWELL WILKES.

Mount Washington, Cobbettsville.

Convivial Toast.

(*For a Temperance Fête.*)

FILL high: Drink *L'eau*.

"TALK OF THE ——"

BUT ADOLPHUS AND ANGELINA, AS THEY SAT TOGETHER ON THE BEACH AT BARMOUTH, WERE NOT CONVERSING ABOUT ANYTHING OF THE SORT, AND WERE MUCH STARTLED AT THE APPROACHING SPECTRE. THEY FLED!

THREE WORTHY BEAKS.

EVER happier to praise than blame (though you mightn't think it) *Mr. Punch* is delighted to have a good reason to applaud Three Metropolitan Magistrates for three several demonstrations of sound sense. These beaks are not of the sort who characterise offences as among the worst they have ever known, and then let the offenders off with a trumpery fine. *Mr. Punch* makes

Honourable mention of SIR THOMAS HENRY, for having insisted on such bail for MESSRS. ALLEN and GOSS, who (perhaps) intended to fight on the 31st, as made the battle impossible. Attorney pleaded in vain. SIR THOMAS had considered the whole matter.

Honourable mention of MR. A. A. KNOX, who was about to send a young sinner to a reformatory on his avowal that he was only fifteen, but being prevented by some low fellows in Court who prompted the mother to declare him sixteen, gave him an earnest lecture, and a heavy sentence that would keep him for a long time from "gin and Portland."

Honourable mention of SIR THOMAS GABRIEL, who thus addressed the keeper of a public-house at which a porter who was charged with robbing a publisher's house used to leave his parcels of stolen goods. The publican (*can* a publican be unvirtuous?) denied knowledge that anything was wrong, and SIR THOMAS said—

"'Well, then, I don't believe you, but I believe that it is from the facilities given by such houses as yours that these book robberies are assisted. I dare say that you have gathered from the tenor of my examination that I do not believe you, and *when you come up for a renewal of your licence I shall put some further questions to you.*' The Witness attempted to offer further explanations, but SIR THOMAS GABRIEL said, 'I have nothing more to say but that you will hear of this again.'"

Now these Magistrates have shown that they not only know, but are resolute to carry out one duty for which we know, from the best source, the Magistrate sits, namely, "the punishment of evil-doers," and *Mr. Punch*, the Great Magistrate, hereby performs the other duty, namely, "the praise of them that do well."

AFTER ALL, IT WAS ONLY THE SHADOW OF THIS OLD WELSHWOMAN WITH A HAY-FORK OVER HER SHOULDER!

A Railwayman's Reward.

THE honour of knighthood, conferred on MR. W. E. WATKIN, M.P., Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway, was most appropriate. As there were Knights of the Road, so there are now Knights of the Railroad, only the former were merely nominated by the people, but now one of the latter has been actually dubbed by the Crown.

Some Apology for Lord Mayo.

WHETHER the EARL OF MAYO is clever enough for the office of Viceroy of India time may determine, by permission of MR. GLADSTONE. There is, however, thus much to be said for him, that he is not likely to prove a tyrannical Governor. Although he was once called (by courtesy) a NAAS, there is no reason to fear that he will be found an absolute donkey.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

FRIEND BRIGHT. "H'M! HA! VERILY THESE MINISTERIAL GARMENTS WON'T BE SO UNBECOMING, AFTER ALL!" [*Said, in other words, in his last address.*]

MUSIC REALLY A CIVILISER.

"It is said that the PRINCE IMPERIAL displays an aptitude for Music, but the EMPEROR discourages this inclination in his son."—*Paris Letter.*

DOUBTLESS there are two ways of regarding this fact. Looking at the PRINCE'S future from the EMPEROR'S point of view, the father is perfectly right, as a great musician is seldom a great man, and the chances are about ninety to one that a party who thinks and talks much about music is on other topics a muff. *Mr. Punch* himself is so brilliant an exception to the rule that he may be taken as the representative of the accomplished minority who can be fanatical about MOZART and "*Not for Joseph*," and yet can think. The EMPEROR wants his son to be a statesman and a soldier of the Napoleonic type, and is probably right, therefore, in laughing at him when he sits down to his admirable mother's pianoforte to try over one of THERESA'S airs. But as the Napoleonic type has not been one for the perpetuity whereof Europe has had cause to pray with any great vehemence and fervour, we may venture to wish that the young PRINCE'S musical inclinations could be tolerated and even encouraged. We should much prefer to read that at two-and-twenty "LOO-LOO" had written the divinest opera for the MARCHIONESS DE CAUX, than that he was understood to be persuading the EMPEROR to let him lead an army into Germany. Constituted as are most royalties, it is better for the world that when they lay down the sceptre they should take up, not the sword, but the fiddlestick.

A CANVASS OF THE FUTURE.

SCENE—*Country. A Room in the Cottage of* ANDREW MARVELLSON. *Books, Scientific Instruments, &c.* MARVELLSON *at a desk reading an old folio.*

Enter His Wife.

Mrs. M. Now, ANDY, have you done reading that philosophy?

Mar. I have just finished my BACON, and now I want greens. Come out with me for a walk to Dove's Wood, where I am going to look for them.

Mrs. M. I'll be ready in a minute. I am so fond of botany. [*Exit, dancing.*

Mar. Domus et placens uxor. Particularly *placens.* Shares one's pursuits, and likes taking exercise. Well, I *am* blessed, as the people say; or at least I ought to be.

Servant Maid (*throwing open door*). MR. BORER and MR. DUNMAN.

Enter DUNMAN *and* BORER.

Dun. We have taken the liberty——

Mar. Sit you down.

Bor. We have taken the liberty, Sir, of waiting upon you on the part of the Axborough Electoral Union, to beg you will do us the honour of becoming our representative in Parliament.

Mar. Oh, nonsense, Gentlemen.

Dun. We should really be so glad if you would.

Bor. And so much obliged.

Mar. The thing is out of the question. I couldn't stand it. Besides, I have no inclination that way, and others have. There's SIR BALAAM BRADLEY, for instance. He's ready to spend ten thousand pounds to get into Parliament. That's your man.

Dun. I beg your pardon, Sir, excuse me—but no, that is not our man. SIR BALAAM BRADLEY is a great Railway Director and Chairman. He would represent his Company and not us. You, Sir, would take a higher line.

Bor. Ahem! You see, Sir, those wealthy men who spend any money almost for a seat, want it either to promote their private interests or to gratify their personal vanity. In either case the country and their constituents suffer by the legislation of such Members.

Mar. Oh, you have found that out, have you?

Dun. Now there, Sir, we see you understand the state of the case exactly. Do not refuse us.

Bor. If I may venture to use familiar language, don't say nay.

Mar. Gentlemen, do you know that you are asking me to undertake a most laborious and burdensome office?

Dun. It is so, certainly, Sir, for gentlemen who do their duty.

Bor. But that, Sir, you know, is just what we are so very sure you would do.

Mar. Those long late hours of the House of Commons! Those prolix wordy debates! Talk of sermons! What sermon can be more tiresome than a sermon on a monetary text, in length, compared to a parson's, as six to one? Then just consider the labour of serving on Committees! You know what a bore it is to be forced to serve on a jury. But that is but a week's infliction, whilst the other lasts half the year. Think what a sacrifice of time and health you would have me make! Think of my leaving, for six months at a time, these pleasing pursuits, this quiet home! No, no, Gentlemen, I can't; I can't, really.

Dun. But consider, Sir, the duty you owe your country.

Mar. I should very soon owe something else if I incurred even the necessary expenses of a Member of Parliament. My means are too moderate for the position.

Bor. Oh, if that is all, Sir, the matter is soon settled. Your election shall cost you nothing.

Dun. And we are authorised to say, Sir, that all the cost of your residence in Town, and other incidental expenses, will be defrayed by your constituents.

Mar. But still that would not recompense me for my arduous and irksome labour.

Bor. Sir, we recognise the principle that the labourer is worthy of his hire. We would further guarantee our respected Member a liberal salary.

Mar. But what if the labourer should prove unworthy of his hire? I doubt if I have the ability to earn anything of the sort—honestly.

Dun. Ha, ha! (*laughing*). Pardon me, Sir, but that idea is really ridiculous.

Bor. Really so, Sir. A gentleman of your known attainments in literature, science, politics, indeed the whole circle of human knowledge, pleading incompetence, evinces a modesty that is quite absurd. And then we are so sure of your integrity. Grant our humble petition, then. Consent to be our Member.

Dun. Do, Sir, do; pray Sir, do; please Sir, do, Sir.

Mar. Well, well, there; I suppose if I must, I must.

Bor. Oh, thank you, Sir, thank you! [*Rubs his hands.*

Dun. We shall all be so glad. [*Ditto.*

Bor. Come, DUNMAN, come, let us run back with the good news as fast as ever we can.

Mar. But, I say, Gentlemen, no patronage, no jobs, no subordination of Imperial to Little Pedlington interests.

Dun. Oh, no, Sir, not to be dreamt of.

Mar. No subscriptions to local institutions.

Bor. Not a farthing expected.

Mar. On those terms, then (*sighing*) be it as you will!

Bor. & Dun. Good morning, Sir; bless you, good morning.

Mar. Good morning, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt* DUN. *and* BOR.

Populace (*without*). MARVELLSON for ever! Hip hip hip hip, hooray! [*Peal of village bells.*

Mar. I am in for it! [*Scene closes.*

Intellectuality of the Establishment.

SOMEBODY has accused a Scottish hotel-keeper of charging too much. We have heard that sort of thing before. But what we have not heard before is anything like the reasons which an Irish parson gives for writing to that hotel-keeper to say that he, the parson, was not overcharged, and for wishing the fact published. The reasons are that he is "a Descendent of WALLACE and an Admirer of Scotland." After this—we affectionately put it to the *Standard*—is it worth while holding out for the Irish Church?

Pleasing News from Paraguay.

WE are very glad that Humaita has fallen at last. It has been a sore affliction to the small wits. The word cruelly suggested a joke, but somehow evaded the epigrammatist. "Humanity" was nearest, but wouldn't go on all fours. The fall of the place, which will no longer hinder commercial enterprise, is a gain to Civilisation, but that is a secondary consideration. We congratulate the long-tantalised word-catchers on Brazil having cracked her nut.

EPIGRAM OF ANCIENT GREECE.

THERE was a Centaur, he went mad, which people thus espied—
He put a bit into his mouth, and strove himself to ride.

WHO CARES FOR THE CABMEN?

THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN LEFT IN LONDON, AND THIS IS THE WAY HE GALLANTLY DEFIES THE BADGED CONSPIRATORS.

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

THE advantage of possessing a head is shared, a proverb tells us, by men and pins; a proverb, which, read syllogistically, does, in this manner, equalise men and pins. Were it not the purpose of my present paper to present you with some species of the genus "Man without a Head on his Shoulders," I could use a considerable quantity of ink, and wear one good goose-quill down to its stump in a dissertation upon heads in general, trying to show the superiority of the Pin Tribe over its supposed master, Man. Moreover, there is the Great Pin Mystery, which would involve as much curious philosophical research as the whence and whither of the Human Race. Moreover—but I am *not* going to write the treatise here suggested, I leave it to anyone whose vacation is longer, and whose vocation for such serious psychological studies is more decided than my own. So to my Genus.

My friend MILLER is a Man without a Head on his Shoulders. I didn't find this out for some time after our first introduction. I say, emphatically, our *first* introduction, because we have been introduced several times, and it was only after, I think, the *sixth* time of asking (doubling, you see, the number of banns for certainty's sake) that MILLER addressed me by name, sat next to me after dinner, and, as we cooled ourselves with the generous Bacchus, iced, asked me to dine with him, at Maidenhead. It was in the summer, on a certain day, at a certain time duly named, and so to speak, signed, sealed, and delivered as his act and deed.

He borrowed my pencil to note it down in his pocket-book, both actions being characteristic of this species of the Headless Genus, who always carry either a pencil or a pocket-book, and sometimes both, only in the last case they lose both together after a couple of days, or mislay it for months or years. If the Headless Man has a pencil, he will borrow one of your visiting cards to make a note on the back of it, or an old envelope, or a leaf out of your metallic clasp-book.

MILLER, for instance, is very particular in making me note down all the particulars, and is impressive on the utility of memoranda.

I didn't know then, as I do now, that I was talking to a Headless Man.

In consequence of this invitation I refused two or three other very pleasant parties fixed for the same day, and trusting to MILLER's memory being as good as my own, went down to Maidenhead.

I went to the Inn by the bridge. Smiling, cheerful, and inclined to be most affable to the polite Landlord, courteously jocose with his family at the bar in muslins, and graciously familiar with the temporary waiters, who appear at these out-of-town retreats like the flies, in summer only, and like them attracted by the meats.

I was dressed, like the Wicked Old Gentleman who took that satirical walk, "in my Sunday best," but, of course (if you insist upon pressing the simile upon me to the end of the stanza just alluded to) everything was of sufficiently sober hue and decorous cut, without any departure from the very latest fashion of the day.

It was evening dress in which I did honour to MILLER, and my tie was of the purest white. A bright geranium beamed from my button-hole, the fragrance of Jean-Maria-Farina-and-none-other-Genuine was wafted from my pocket-handkerchief, and within me was a not unpleasant void, where Hope and Faith were calmly awaiting Charity.

"I have come," I explain, "to dine." The Landlord bows, as if all apprehension of my ultimate object being the spoons was now entirely cleared from his mind. I feel that the above statement, though explanatory is not sufficiently so for the occasion; nor does it show a desire to repose confidence in the Landlord. So I say, "I have come to dine with MR. MILLER."

The Landlord inclines his head, not a bow or a nod, but an inclination, and is evidently to be taken to mean that he has no objection to my dining with MR. MILLER, or with anyone else for the matter of that, so long as I *do* dine.

But his movement does not convey the idea to me of his possessing any knowledge of MR. MILLER. With a view to assuring him of the fact, and reassuring myself (for Faith is in a somewhat fainting state from being kept so long), I observe,

"MR. MILLER has ordered dinner here."

I am sure of it. I have it down in my pocket-book. "*Miller. Tuesday, 19th. Dinner. Maidenhead, Six o'clock.*" The Landlord says—he evidently does not want to discourage me—"Very likely, Sir: I dare

say the gentleman ordered it to-day. Was it," he asks, "in a private room?"

Upon my word I really don't know. Because, the Landlord says, he has a list of the private rooms ordered, to which he immediately refers, without finding any mention of MILLER.

"Perhaps he hasn't ordered dinner, Sir, and expects you in the coffee-room."

Perhaps so, I admit: only it's rather taking MILLER down a peg or two; in fact, I don't think, if I'd known I was going to dine only in the coffee-room, I would have bought that geranium for my buttonhole.

Another thought, as I ascend the stairs, having been invited to inspect the coffee-room to see if MILLER is among the visitors there: If a man says, come and dine at Maidenhead, and omits the words "*with me*," does he mean that you are to dine yourself at your own expense? Because if so, I wouldn't have chosen Maidenhead, as it costs a heap of money for a return-ticket, and then the trains are not convenient, and you may catch cold from the damp carriages or the river fog, or the motion of the train may upset you so soon after dinner (I have known this happen to the most abstemious people who didn't remember having taken any wine to disagree with them, or indeed hardly any wine at all); or, finally, I would have accepted the MELVILLES', at Richmond, or the first-rate dinner and company at TOM WHITTAKER'S new Club in Piccadilly, with a garden behind it, rather than come down merely to dine with MILLER alone, and—and—pay for my share of the entertainment.

Another doubt crosses my mind as I slowly enter the coffee-room door: Has MILLER thought the same thing, and given it up? Impossible. Besides, perhaps he is here. If he *is* here, I wonder whether he has expected to come and dine with *me*; so that I have to pay for the entire feast? I decide that it is impossible he can have thought *that*; and yet, I don't know, *I* did, or something very like it.

Let me look at it reasonably. I enter on my notes the statement as above, and from it deduce that I am to dine at MILLER'S expense. Well: if I arrive at this conclusion, why shouldn't MILLER, who has entered in *his* note-book the same memorandum, substituting *my* name for *his*, why should not he, I ask myself, also deduce from it, that *he* is going to dine at *my* expense? If he has so settled, how am I to undeceive him? If we've both arranged in our own minds to dine at one another's expense, then who's to pay? However, that's a question for a third party, the Landlord.

In the meantime I enter and inspect the guests. I am evidently looked upon as an intruder, and can't help thinking of some scene I have read where the detective goes into a Thieves' Kitchen, accompanied by the rascally Landlord, and having seen his man, takes him off in custody, or not finding the vagabond in question, says, "Gentlemen, I don't see anybody I want here. Good night."

I stand undecidedly near the door. Ha! isn't that MILLER there, by the window? Hope suggests it; but no, it isn't. There's FOSBERRY, whom I know; dining with two fellows I don't know, though. I nod, as much as to say, "Yes, I too am coming to dine." If FOSBERRY was alone, I'd join him; but FOSBERRY and party is another pair of shoes.

I go a little farther into the room, and now I suddenly feel that my object is less to see MILLER, than not to see FOSBERRY and his two friends. There they are; dining: yes, dining. Far advanced in dinner, too. By Jove, it is past seven. There's not a table to spare. I should like, but for pride, to take the crumbs which fall from FOSBERRY'S table: so to speak. I mean, I should like to ask humbly, to be allowed to join his table; to get myself out of the way—to rest—to escape those remarks, which are now—I *feel* them passing behind hands placed at right angles to mouths, and delivered in undertones—going round the room, remarks on my personal appearance. I know what I should be saying if I was one of the gay gormandisers, and saw a fellow hovering about the tables.

I nod to FOSBERRY again as I go towards the door, and his friends look up at me as much as to say, "What the deuce are you nodding at *our* FOSBERRY for? He's giving *us* a dinner. Ha! ha!"

The head waiter mistrusts me. The Landlord, however interests himself in my case.

"CHARLES," he asks of a bustling little man who attends on the private rooms. "Didn't a party come in to No. 8, just before half-past six?"

CHARLES thinks. "Yes." Hope brightens up.

"Perhaps your friend is among them," says the Landlord. Perhaps he is—capital idea.

"I know," says CHARLES, "that they're a-waitin' for one or two parties as 'asn't come yet, afore they set down to dinner."

Waiting for me—this is very likely: very. Because not knowing MILLER well, he *would* be polite at first, and wait for me.

Should the waiter ask if any gentleman of the name of—what was my friend's name? Yes, MILLER, Sir, was there?

Yes—no. "Couldn't you just look in, Sir," asks the Landlord, "the door is open."

The door was open. From a party of eight persons arose a buzz of conversation. I stand on the mat and look for MILLER. It's the detective again, only in another scene. An elderly *gourmet*, turning round towards where I am standing, says, "Bring me a glass of sherry and bitters," after which order he resumes his conversation.

I look to see to whom this was addressed; there is no waiter near; so, perhaps, with their proverbial softness and activity, he has descended for the appetising drink, I inspect. There is a man by the farther window, with his back turned, talking to a man with the upper half of his body out of window—both of whom might be MILLER, that is, if the first would turn round, and if the other would draw himself in; if the latter doesn't do this, I can only judge by going below and looking up. When I do go below and look up, he has, perversely gone in, so I have to ascend to the door-mat again.

When I do, the elderly gentleman who wanted sherry and bitters comes to meet me, angrily, "I ordered," says he, undoubtedly to me, "Sherry and bitters."

"Sir!" I return with dignity, "I am not a waiter."

He begged pardon, humm'd and haw'd, and I descending the stairs with hauteur have the pleasure of hearing a roar of laughter in the room above where that old fool has returned to tell "a good thing that has happened to him just now."

Confound MILLER! Hope and Faith have fled from the void, and there is the void, voider than ever. Hang MILLER! When a fellow asks another to dine at Maidenhead——

But stop! can *I* have made a mistake in the day, or the hour, or the place. Not the day, that's booked; nor the hour, booked also. But I have not booked my place; I do not mean Maidenhead, but the name of the Hotel where we are to dine.

I do not like to say to the Landlord that I am going to seek another hostelrie, as I see nothing near at hand but a beer-shop.

MILLER can't have asked me to dine with him at a beer-shop?

I will ask if there is another Hotel. If there is, perhaps I'll find MILLER there. Hope and Faith have returned to the void, both very much shaken.

I take a glass of sherry and a biscuit at the bar; (they can see from this that I have not come after the silver, having my own), and leaving word for "MR. MILLER, *if he comes*," (they don't believe me, and won't take the trouble to ask any one if he's MILLER or not, I'll be sworn) that "I've just gone out for a stroll," (it's half-past seven and more) "and will return immediately," I quit for a time the Hotel by the bridge.

"If," I say to myself, walking fast, "MILLER isn't at the other place I'll——"

I cannot say that I had any distinct idea of what my intentions towards MR. MILLER were *if he wasn't there*. But if he was, I intended to show him no quarter (for *my* being late, mind you, or for *his* not mentioning the name of the Hotel, it didn't matter which), and I made up my mind that, if I *did* find him, I would dine with him, with a vengeful appetite.

Oh! here we are at the other Hotel. A stout man in a light costume is the Landlord.

I come very nearly to the point with a direct question;

"Do you know a gentleman of the name of MILLER?"

The Landlord does. Oh yes, certainly. Gentleman from London. Oh yes, often dines here.

This, then, "is the place," as the song says, "stand still my steed." Now for the next all-important question.

A VERY BAD SHOT.

THERE is a new paper which its contributors probably call the *Broad Harrow*, and it is addressed to "The Services," which most people thought were already pretty well served by certain high-class journals that "speak of what they do know." However, there is room for us all, the *Arrow* and the *Quiver* included. Only, until the gushing and rather green gentlemen who write the *Arrow* shall have established relations with somebody who knows something, it may be well for "the Services" to look into other journals as well. In a special and solemn paragraph of rebuke to the *Times* and all the other papers that had condemned the appointment of LORD MAYO to India, the *Arrow* emphatically assured the world that there never had been the least idea of making such appointment, and that the notion had arisen from some gossip in the *Calcutta Englishman*. Three days later, LORD MAYO himself was informing Cockermouth that he was going out to India as the Eclipse Governor.

Not to be Caught.

MR. WALT WHITMAN, the American bard, has published a Poem here, in which he elegantly likens his own soul to a spider. That is his business. We suppose he knows all about it. But British souls will not be his flies.

A HORSE LEECH.—A Veterinary Surgeon.

"SWEET IS REVENGE—ESPECIALLY TO WOMEN!"

CAPTAIN OGLEBY, WHO ANNOYS THE MISS LANKYSTERS SO MUCH ON THE PROMENADE BY HIS OBTRUSIVE ADMIRATION, IS DISCOVERED EARLY ONE MORNING, BY HIS EXULTANT VICTIMS, IN THE ACT OF HAVING AN "EASY SHAVE" IN THE SOMEWHAT LIMITED PREMISES OF THE VILLAGE FIGARO.

TEMPER, TEMPER!

COME, we say. People are getting a deal too touchy. Are there to be no more cakes and ale, and shall not ginger be hot i' the mouth? There has been a great deal too much botheration over the sham address which MR. LOFTUS PEMBERTON published in the name of Sir JOHN CROFT. We do not say that it was not a "liberty," everything is a liberty when folks are quarrelsome, but the thing was so palpably a hoax that *Mr. Punch*, who reads everything, and therefore read the address, smiled, not at the squib, but at the zeal that could induce the concoctor to pay the high price which the insertion must have cost. To suppose that any elector could be taken in by a document in which a gentleman was made to declare haughtily that his own travelling expenses at the last contest exceeded thirteen and fourpence is to insult even an agricultural constituency. Hang it, Gentlemen, squib and be squibbed, but don't lose your tempers over trifles. Nothing more surely indicates a small mind than an inability to stand chaff. A beadle can't abide it, a vestryman hates it, a college don detests it, a small poet is frightened at it, a ladies' doctor is driven mad by it. But *Punch* and you that have free souls can give and take. Let's have no more of this. And for that real grievance, the indecent comparison of MR. GLADSTONE to Iscariot, let it pair off with the still more indecent comparison made in honour of MR. GLADSTONE, by a relative who was carried away by his affection, and to which we will not more particularly refer. There is a jolly good battle coming on, and we'll all hit hard, but let us have a laugh at breathing times.

TO THE HORSE GUARDS.

WHAT Forts are the best for soldiers? Ordinary Com-forts.

"THE *Earl*'s Scratched." Many to whom this remark was addressed replied, "MAYO"? But it wasn't.

SHAKSPEARIAN HINT.

WHEN Kings, Queens, or Princes travel now-a-days the Mayor and Corporation of every town insist upon presenting their addresses. We do not reprehend their loyalty, but their tediousness. SHAKSPEARE has given us a model both for Mayors and Princes in his *Richard III.*, Act iii., Scene 1, where the *Prince of Wales* having just arrived in London (London, mind, with a Lord Mayor the Mayor of Mayors) enters his chamber with the *Dukes of Buckingham* and *Gloster;*

Gloster. My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the LORD MAYOR *and his train.*

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

That is the extent of his address. Admirably comprehensive. Why say more? To him H.R.H. deigns the following gracious reply:—

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord: and thank you all.

[*Exeunt* Mayor, &c.

The stage direction at the end points the moral. The Bard of Avon was not for an age but for all time, in which is included A.D. 1868.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE GLOBE." Well, of all the stupid answers ever made to a conundrum, yours to "Why LORD MAYO?" is the stupidest. "Because he's Most Plastic." What *do* you mean? Why should a Viceroy of India be plastic? There may be good reasons why *you* should be plastic, dear old Globe, such reasons being the sovereigns that bought you from the Liberals, and turned you into a Tory. But why should LORD MAYO resemble you in plasticity? But perhaps you mean that when MR. BRIGHT is Minister for India, LORD MAYO will be delighted to obey his commands. If you are officially authorised to say this, that's another matter, Organ of Napoleon III.

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THE RIGHT SORT OF LITTLE WIFE.

Rosa (dear George is coming down by the "Husband's boat" in time for tea). "I WANT SOME NICE PRAWNS."

Margate Fishmonger. "AIN'T GOT NO PRAWNS, MUM. CAN LET YOU 'AVE SOME FUST RATE *WINKLES!*"

[*Ah! She thinks for a moment of Brighton, and Pa's house on the Steyne, before she married on £300 a year, and then trips cheerfully back with a bag of the humblest Mollusks.*

REMONSTRANCE WITH RAILWAY DIRECTORS.

WHAT now, are you wroth, dear friends,
Seeing you may not combine
With a view to dividends,
Leagued in concert, line with line?
Do you wish to raise your fares
To their greatest legal height,
Give yourselves vexatious airs,
And the Public try to spite?

Cease, belovèd, cease an aim
So unlovely to pursue;
Play not such a little game,
Lest I have to weep for you!
Think, when Bribery checked at length
By the might of Law we see,
What will yours and Mammon's strength
In the House of Commons be?

Then may an impatient State
Railways, you and all who share,
Force to sell, at such a rate
As itself shall reckon fair.
Why not, if the general weal
Sacrifice of you demand,
Sweet ones, since you did not steal
When you forced the sale of land?

Law, for you, did lord and 'squire,
At a price within set bounds,
Hideous cuts to yield require
Through their old ancestral grounds.
Everywhere your eyesores stand,
Shaming hill, and dale, and wood.
Oh, how you have marred the land,
Doubtless for the public good!

Apple is not sauce for goose
If not sauce for gander too:
Legal tenure should, as loose
As for others, be for you.
Oh then, brethren! I entreat,
Be content with moderate gain,
Of what measure you did mete
Lest yourselves have to complain.

Musical Note.

A LOYAL Composer has brought out a song called "God bless the Princess Too." May *Punch* suggest another, "God bless the Princess TECK."

HOW TO SAVE OUR INCOME-TAX.

ADMIRAL PUNCH presents his compliments to the present Board of Admiralty, and begs to call their notice to the following remarks, occurring in a letter sent by CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN to the *Times*:—

"After having given much consideration to the subject of public expenditure on the Navy, I avow that there should be now little difficulty in reducing it by the annual sum of six millions, or a sum equal, say, to our Income-Tax of *5d.* in the pound sterling, and that without impairing the real fighting power of the State. . . Whether in effete admirals, unserviceable half-pay officers of all grades, huge dockyard establishments, crazy ships, gangs of loafers receiving pay as combatants who have sworn to themselves never again to see blue water, and reserves which are only so in name, I maintain that there never was a time in the history of our Navy when unsparing retrenchment could be more advantageously carried out, both in the interest of the State and of our service."

ADMIRAL PUNCH not being exempted by his virtues from liability to Income-Tax, would thank his brother Admirals to give up wasting money which he, and hundreds like him, can but ill afford to spare. Let the loafers in the Navy, who now eat the bread of idleness, be sent about their business with a big flea in their ears. Let the obsolete old wooden hulks now rotting in our harbours be broken up for firewood, rather than continue to cost us thousands yearly for keeping them afloat. Let a serviceable fleet of turret-ships be built, and no more millions be wasted upon men-of-war monstrosities—big, rolling, broadside ironclads, whence, it seems, in roughish weather not a broadside can be fired. Let promotion depend less on patronage than merit, and let brains not always be overcome by birth. Let expensive dockyard jobbery no more be winked at by extravagant and indolent officials, who only keep their eyes open to their own advantage. Let the Navy be no longer preyed on by the knavish. And, with a view to these amendments, let electors recollect that they may save their Income-Tax, if needless waste of money be prevented in the service; and let them, therefore, firmly refuse to vote for candidates who will not pledge themselves to vote for thorough Admiralty reform.

THE HAIR AND A FEW FAIR FRIENDS.

WE wonder if young Gentlemen now ever ask young Ladies for a lock of their hair. One would fancy men of sense would think twice ere they did so, after laying to their hearts such intelligence as this:—

"Long hair now costs as much as 110 f. a pound; short hair ranges between 18 f. and 35 f. One of the principal dealers in human tresses occupies a house five storeys high entirely to himself, and last year he did business to the extent of 1,233,000 f. The capillary *razzias* executed among the peasantry no longer suffice to meet the enormous demand. The hair of dead persons, cut off the corpses in the hospitals, is a great help, but still insufficient."

Fancy begging for a love-lock and being probably presented with some hair cut in a hospital, and purchased by pound-weight! And fancy women fancying that a lump of purchased hair in any way can add to their capillary attractions! Venus Calva, the bald Venus, was worshipped in old Rome, and we should not wonder much if baldness be ere long regarded as a beauty. A man of any sense would surely much prefer to marry a woman without hair than one who wore a chignon transplanted from a hospital. Instead of being attracted by copious hirsuteness, a man will find that "beauty draws him with a single hair;" or he at any rate will think that the fewer hairs a lady has upon her head, the greater chance there is that she is wearing what belongs to her by nature, not by purchase.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

LET those who have had enough of the noise of Margate, and who have "done" their sands at Ramsgate until the clatter of the "bones" and the "tra la la" of the shrill-voiced foreign vocalist, sounds more distracting than the tax-man's knock or the ceaseless whine of the "dog next door," take a fly to

BROADSTAIRS,

Though such a proceeding is suggestive somewhat of the "Coals to Newcastle" adage, for there are assuredly more than sufficient flies there already.

Everything at Broadstairs is on the pocket principle—small, compact, and cozy. There is a little bay, a little pier, some small hotels, and under-sized shops. The inhabitants are a civil, simple, race, and the boatmen are primitive in their notions. They have not yet arrived at that advanced state of civilisation when it is considered only proper to bully you into hiring a boat, and growl at your illiberality when you get out of it. *Punch* has unfeigned pleasure in patting the Broadstairs boatman on the back, and he by no means begrudges him an extra sixpence when he remembers how hard life must be to these brown-faced blue-jacketed fellows in the long winter, when there are no visitors, and only an occasional wreck. These latter casualties bring them in money, and doubtless suggested the familiar phrase "*Wrecks pecuniarum.*" The only object of interest here is

The Goodwin Sands.—They are perfectly tame, and will allow the visitor to approach them. They are, however, not good things to be wrecked upon, and we should advise the hardy navigator not to try it. The perpetual contemplation of the Goodwin Sands and nothing else, is apt after the first month or so to render the visitor's existence a trifle monotonous; but he must console himself with the recollection that he is not at "vulgar" Margate, or "snobbish" Ramsgate, that if he is driven well nigh to the verge of lunacy, that at least he is at a highly "genteel" resort, and that it will be all the same a hundred years hence. There is, however, one course always open to him, and after twenty-four hours of Broadstairs we should advise him to adopt it—he can go somewhere else. Excursions should be made to

Richborough—so called from the wealth of the inhabitants; to Birchington (famous for its boarding-schools); to Peg-well—thus named in consequence of the appetite its air induces; and to Dover, which still maintains pre-eminence for its wonderful "powders."

DOVER AND THE CINQUE PORTS.

It is generally supposed that Dover was originally much frequented by that rare bird, the crane. Geologists, naturalists, and savans of all sorts consider this most probable, and indeed traces of the former frequenters of the town are continually cropping up in the shape of very long bills, which every now and then catch the eye of the casual visitor. The author of *Don Juan* refers to the expense attending a visit to Dover thus—

> "Thy cliffs *dear* Dover! harbour and hotel,"

and certainly it used to be anything but a harbour of refuge for the destitute.

However, thanks to a growing taste for light wines, the days of dear ports are over, and landlords and landladies are beginning to see that their lodgings, like guns, don't go off when the charges are too heavy, a blow up being more frequently the result; so that the visitor may now seek what MATT PARIS termed the "lock and key of England" without immediately meditating a bolt. In fact, we can safely recommend Dover to the attention of the holiday seeker. It is bracing, breezy, and briny, and possesses a remarkably strong attraction in

The Castle.—There is only one instance of an escape from this great stronghold. This was many years ago, when it was full of prisoners, and a serious illness broke out. Steps were afterwards taken to prevent the repetition of the deed, and with every success. The Castle is of a very affectionate disposition, and is much attached to its native soil. This pleasing trait is evinced by its embracing thirty-five acres. It has several watch-towers (not to be confounded with clock-towers remember), and on the north-side may be noticed the arms of the quondam constable, LORD GREY, of Cod-nor, who was famous for his fondness for fish. Visitors should particularly notice

The Keep.—The summit of the Keep is four hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and it is quite worth while going in for what is certainly a good "spin" in order to enjoy the view from the top. An interesting experiment is to take your *Punch* up with you. You will then see how far good jokes can be carried. The French coast is visible when you can see it. At other times it is only waste of time looking for it. Always have your telescope with you, as in case of faintness after the journey up, nothing is so reviving as a good glass. Invigorated by the breeze, you can advantageously descant upon the superiority of the Briton generally, and over the French in particular; you may also with much effect enlarge upon the feeble efforts of the Spaniards to take England with the Armada. Your guide will obligingly point out the exact spot where the fleet in question did *not* do what it intended; and if you like to drop a tear to the memory of DRAKE, FROBISHER, HOWARD and HAWKINS, there is no reason why you should repress a national and an honourable emotion. You must not fail to observe the famous cannon termed "Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol," on which was written the well-known couplet by a Covent Garden poet—

> "Load me well and keep me clean,
> And I'll carry a ball to PADDY GREEN."

Irreverent historians have occasionally substituted the word *Calais* for the patriarch of EVANS'S, but our version is the correct one. The visitor should by no means miss

Shakspeare's Cliff, which the inhabitants, by the way, are somewhat likely to do in the course of years, as it is gradually "caving in," as the Yankees say; but it will last many centuries yet, and as this chalky promontory stands three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, it must be always looked upon as the grandest milk walk in the kingdom.

The Harbour was commenced by good QUEEN BESS and continued by JAMES, and the sea walls are conveniently constructed for promenaders to slip off.

Dover was always famous for its pilots, who abound here in great numbers, in fact there are pi-lots. The first submarine telegraph-cable was laid down from here to Cape Grisnez. According to a received authority, it broke in consequence "of fretting on a ridge of rocks under the Cape." The fretting culminated in such an attack of depression that the cable eventually sunk under it. It is generally supposed that the two opposite countries were originally united by an isthmus, but the sea being up to its "Isthmian games," the Continents were by the "water parted," DESMAREST attributing the rupture to the violent current from the north, so that they may be said to have divided on the current-sea question.

The Bathing is considered dangerous in consequence of the sudden shelving of the beach. Bathers must be careful and mind their-shelves.

The Cinque Ports consisted of Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich, to which were added Rye and Winchelsea. There is a strong family likeness between these sea-port places. Indeed we have frequently come across a Sandwich at the railway refreshment-rooms, and taken it for Deal. They were compelled to furnish the King (HENRY THE THIRD) with seventy-two ships, and the Cinque Port Fleet was something to look at.

The Lord Warden was the great man, but the freemen were termed barons, could trade everywhere toll free, could only be tried by their

peers, before the Lord Warden, or the King; were not obliged to serve as soldiers, and in fact had rather a good time of it; but the Municipal Corporations Reform Act has altered all that, and now Hastings, Romney, and Hythe have dried up, and have no important manufacture; but Sandwich is still intimately associated with ham and beef, and everybody has heard of Rye mugs.

THE ENFRANCHISED WASHERWOMAN.

I'D's bobs this, I declare, is a surprise now, faith and truth,
I never no more dreamt of than of cuttin' a new tooth!
My name, as sure as Fate, down in the register is wrote,
And them as 'ort to know says I'm entitled to a wote.

And why the dickins shouldn't every 'ooman sitch as me,
What pays her parish rates, besides a tax upon her tea,
The birthright of a Brittin be allowed for to enjoy?
As if no right by birth come but through bein' born a boy!

'Cause I ain't no great scollard, that can't now be held no rule,
For why, the franchise is all one, for wise man and for fool,
Electors now don't need to have no wit—a will alone—
And don't I 'ope to let you see I've got one of my own!

Hand which I takes in warshin', and a mangle which I keeps,
I reckon my opinion is, as sweeps goes, wuth a sweep's;
My woice as wuth an 'earing as most men's wot lives by means
Of drivin' of a donkey-cart about, and cryin' greens.

Ah, drat all plaguy ribbles that their cloven 'ooves has shown,
And set their 'orns and tails agin the Halter and the Throne!
I'll show 'em what I thinks about the tintacks they pursue,
The traitors, prostrates! O the nasty good-for-nothin' crew!

I'll never wote for nobody as traffics with the Pope.
He never can't, I'm sartin, as took off the tax on soap.
Which, and whoever have a mind my sufferidge for to win,
Must pledge hisself for to reduce the duty upon gin.

I'll make him promise to purtect the property of wives
From lazy, idle, drunken sots, the burden of their lives,
From roughs as beats poor women, yah! I can't abear sitch brutes.
That them as they should cherish stamps beneath their 'obnailed boots.

Look out for tickletoby, all you miserable sinners,
Now women of their rightful doos is like to be the winners.
Get out, both Whigs and Tories! Let each 'ooman choose her Member,
And we shall be about your House, perhaps this next December.

You'll 'ear upon the 'ustins a woice risin from the Tub,
"Reform, not Revolugion, but an out-and-out good scrub."
For Purity of Election we shall go with 'art and soul,
A cryin' "Suds and Soda!," as we rushes to the poll.

The words of the Reform Act which we thinks for to come hunder,
Was meant by BEN DISRAELI; all my eye about a blunder.
A duck, he'd made his mind up for to grant our sect admission;
And honly wished to do it so as for to shun suspicion.

Which bless 'is 'art, I say, and bless the overseers likewise.
Drat the rewisin' barristers if they our claim denies!
Agin their imperence we'll appeal, in case they so decrees,
Suppose the Court confirms it—drat the Court of Common Pleas!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Formosa has won the St. Leger, to the satisfaction of her admirers and backers, who were right in saying, "*Beautiful* for ever!"

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

III.—CHARMINGLY CANDID.

To the Electors of Closeborough.

ELECTORS,

I CANNOT address you as "Gentlemen," because the majority of you are no more gentlemen than you are geniuses, and I cannot call you "worthy and independent," because I know from Election petitions that those of you who are LORD LOSTWITHIEL's tenants will vote as LORD LOSTWITHIEL pleases, and that those of you who are not will expect bank-notes, beer, and places for your sons, all which necessaries of election life, as you deem them, I caution you it is now dangerous for candidates to provide and constituents to consume.

At the last election for Closeborough there were two hundred and seventy-five voters to canvass and cajole, but as LORD LOSTWITHIEL owned most of you, I bore with your small houses, back lanes, and dirty hands, and for three days was all smiles and suavity; but now WEEDLES AND WINKINS, mine and LORD LOSTWITHIEL's agents, inform me that your number is doubled by the Republican Reform Bill, and that I am not to walk over the course, but must lose at least a fortnight's partridge-shooting in begging you to prefer me to RUMFORD HALES, the Radical brewer, who distances me by many lengths in brains, and purse, and public-houses, and would make you a capital Member, but is the son of a butterman, and though aspiring not aspirating; whilst I was at Eton, am a member of the Jockey Club, and LORD LOSTWITHIEL's brother in-law.

I suppose I must repeat my political Creed, although I don't believe in it, and you won't understand it. No Election Address is considered complete without the Irish Church—the horse with which every candidate declares to win. You know little and care less about disendowment and dis-establishment, and would infinitely prefer the abolition of your Local Improvement Rate, or beer a penny a pint cheaper.

As my father's Archdeaconry, and College living, and Cathedral Precentorship, and Prebendal stall are all in England, I have no personal interest in the life of the Irish Church; but so long as LORD LOSTWITHIEL and MR. DISRAELI are of opinion that it should be propped and shored up, I shall come up by the express from Melton to vote for the maintenance of that venerable but costly ruin. Should, however, the keepers of my political conscience think that it will be for the good of the country and themselves to pull this or any other Church down, and so prevent the job from falling into the hands of those grasping contractors, GLADSTONE and BRIGHT, I shall be just as ready to destroy as I am now to defend; and, generally, should my noble relative and my spirited leader consider that the prosperity of the nation and the existence of the Ministry depend upon the adoption of the ballot, or the abolition of the Horse-Guards, or the destruction of our Cathedrals, or the total disregard of Primogeniture, or the repudiation of the National Debt, I shall not take to kicking, but be quiet in harness and obedient to the Whip.

I have never found you excited about Foreign Affairs, but remember well how violent you became when some meddling people who called themselves sanitary reformers suggested that the death-rate in your agreeable little market-town might be materially lowered by better drainage. I should not, therefore, trouble you with my views about the left bank of the Rhine, or the increasing power of Russia in India, or the Paraguayan War—if I had any.

I am not economical myself, as my father and my tradesmen would allow, and having through life enjoyed a handsome allowance and unbounded credit, I am incompetent to sympathise with those who clamour for a reduction of the National Expenditure. Having numerous relations of my own and my wife's in the Army and Navy, in the Church, and at the Bar, in Government Offices, in Diplomatic and Colonial Appointments, and on the foundations of our Universities and Endowed Schools, I would have all Public Establishments which yield pay and place, salaries, outfits, and allowances, fees, perquisites, and pensions, kept up with rigid extravagance.

The Archdeacon disliked the education of the lower orders—so do I, in my heart. On the other hand, I have an hereditary taste for Church Rates and Ecclesiastical Courts.

I am sorry to announce that I shall arrive at Closeborough on Monday next—greatly to my annoyance, having to leave a pleasant shooting party at LORD BARMOUTH'S—to commence my canvass and increase the receipts of your public-houses, and I suppose either I or MR. FREDERICK WEEDLES must address you every evening from the windows of the Saracen's Head—where, happily, the cookery is more than respectable—and confidently declare that we are sure to win and RUMFORD HALES certain to lose.

I shall have the bore of writing out and learning off by heart a short speech for the Nomination Day, and I shall feel particularly obliged if the Non-electors will abstain from throwing decayed vegetable matter at me, as I stand on the hustings and state my views about the Regium Donum. Your anything but obedient Servant,

ROLAND RAYMOND FRESCHEVILLE.

Ollerton Park, September 12.

BASHAN, NEAR BARMOUTH.

THE WORST OF WALES IS, THE WILD BEASTS ARE SO NUMEROUS AND INQUISITIVE.

CAB STRIKE.

Lounger's Diary, Sept. 7, 8, 9.—Awful bore, no Cabs. Thought so at first. Found one must go to the Club. Walked there. Had a tremendous appetite for dinner. Quite awful. They don't charge any more, though, at a Club. Haven't felt better for an age. Shall always walk.

Spend generally about five shillings a day in Cabs. That's £1 15*s.* a year—no, I mean a week. That's about £87 a year. Always wondered where the money went to. Now I know. Keep it for very wet weather. Hang the Cabs!

Government Clerk's Note.—No Cabs. Don't like to be seen outside a 'bus. Go inside. Met several other fellows all there for the same reason. Got to the office as soon as usual. Try the knife-board to-morrow morning.

8*th.*—Have tried. Very pleasant. Wish they'd stop *quite still* while one gets up and down. Nasty knack they have of going on before you're seated. Soon get accustomed to this. And what a saving!

By an Invalid.—No Cabs. Oh, dear—so ill! Must go and see my doctor. I generally go to him, for a consultation, in a Cab. Saves his coming to me. S'pose I must walk, but I never *do* walk. Besides, where is there one can walk in London? Can't send the servant—the other lodgers want her.

Next day.—Odd it is! I have walked. When I got to the doctor's door I felt so well that I was sure a guinea would be wasted, and prescriptions would be throwing money away.

All I wanted was a walk—a good, rattling, blood-circulating walk. And as to fresh air, I don't know when I've enjoyed anything more than crossing Kensington Gardens and the Park to get down to Saville Row. Shall do it regularly. I am very much obliged to the Cabs for striking.

Little Wife.—FRED took me out for a walk to-day, and we walked to the theatre together. FRED said he enjoyed it immensely. So did I, I'm sure; because I don't like going to the theatre generally with him, it is such an expense (he says, and so it is) on *my* account. We must have a Cab there and back. But as there were no Cabs, it was a capital excuse, if any one met us *not* in evening dress; and FRED is so particular—on *my* account. I wish there were *no more* Cabs *ever again*, until we can afford it; and then, perhaps, we'll have our own carriage.

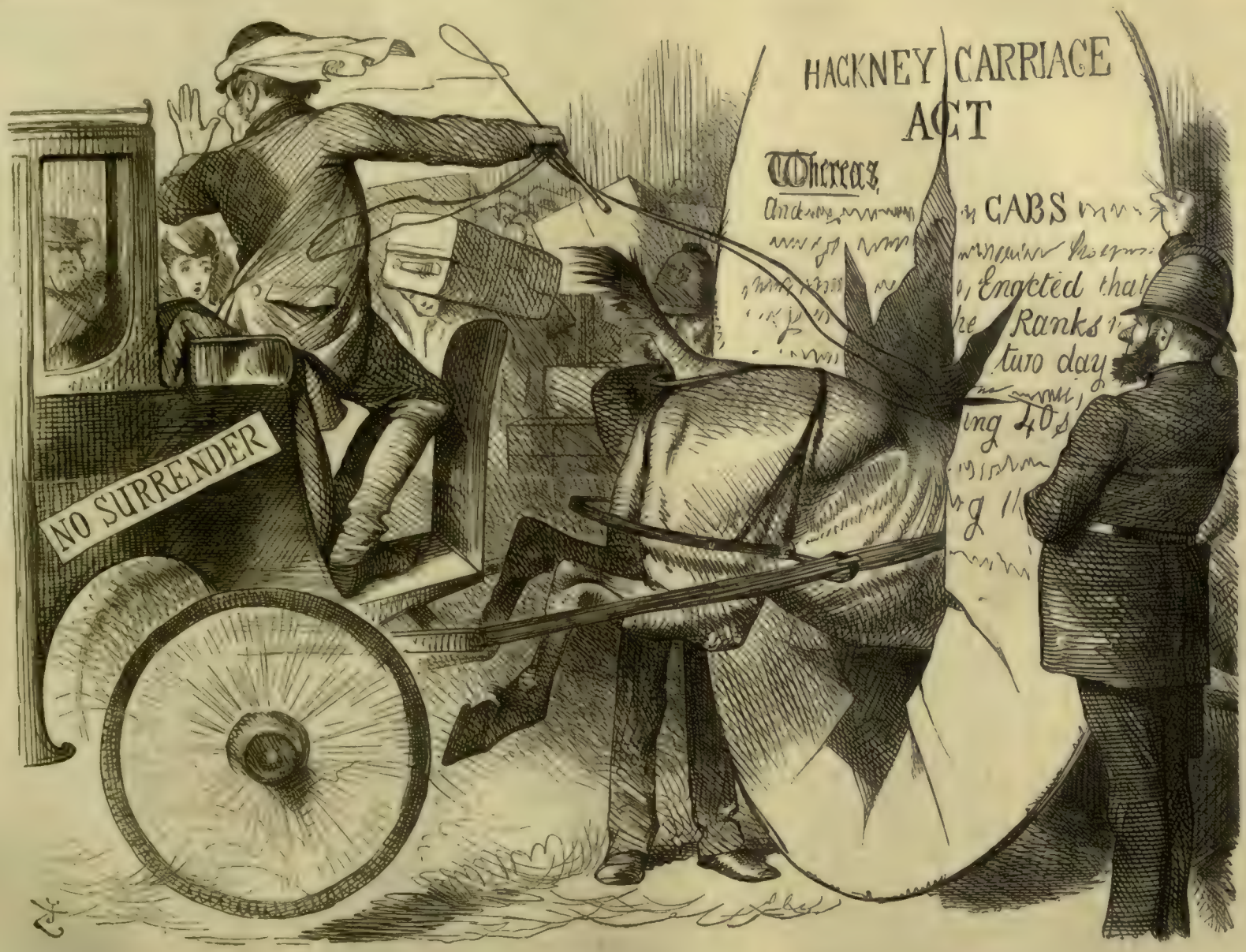
An Old Stager.—Wonderful! The first three days in my life I've ever passed, consecutively, without a row with a cabman. Don't miss them a bit. Mere matter of habit. I find (I didn't know this before, cabbing having become a routine with me) that I can go everywhere where I want to go with a very short walk and plenty of underground railway.

Templar.—Cabs! Bah, Sir! the Penny Steamboats are the thing, Sir. Plenty of air and exercise. If you want a stroll, try the Embankment. Who wants a vacation? I do; and if I only save up the money I used to spend in Cabs, I shall have a first-rate trip for next year. That's my moral out of the recent Cab Strike.

HIS HOLIDAY TASK.

LORD MAYO is spending his vacation in strict seclusion, educating himself for the Indian Viceroyalty. He has nearly finished *Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings*, and will shortly commence reading an abridgment of *Mill's History of British India*. His Lordship takes lessons every day in the Geography of the extensive Empire he is about, by the kind permission of MR. DISRAELI, to govern, and can already find the three Presidencies on the Globe: he is also, with the help of a Memoria Technica, making himself acquainted with the leading events of Indian history. At the dinner-table the conversation chiefly turns on the *Works of Sir William Jones*, and the baneful effects of Caste, and the younger members of the family are allowed to speak nothing but Tamil in the school-room, and out walking. The Viceroy Elect's constituents at Cockermouth are subscribing to present him with a Hindustani Grammar and Vocabulary.

RETREAT FOR COCKNEY IDLERS.—Earn nil.



DRIVING THROUGH AN ACT.

NOT AGAINST THOSE FOOLISH CABMEN, WHOSE REBELLION PROMPTLY COLLAPSED, BUT AGAINST THOSE WISE PARLIAMENT MEN, WHOSE LEGISLATION PROVED RUBBISH, IS THIS SATIRE LAUNCHED. MORAL. DIDN'T WE NEED REFORM?

MOAN, HEARD ON A RAMSGATE BOAT.

"WHY DIDN'T WE GO BY RAIL?"

NO ADO ABOUT ANYTHING.

WHEN the deputation from the Cabmen who struck against the public, to put pressure through it on the railway directors, waited on SIR RICHARD MAYNE at Scotland Yard, and suggested to him that he had the power of making the railway-stands public if he chose, they were asked by our active and efficient Chief Commissioner of Police the following remarkable question:—

"How could the Association expect him to put a law into force against the railway authorities when he had abstained from putting it into force against the Association, for not sending their cabs for hire in the proper way?"

This beats SHAKSPEARE. The doctrine of constabulary non-intervention is not better illustrated in *Much Ado About Nothing*. No ado about anything seems to be SIR RICHARD MAYNE'S way of dealing with emergencies affecting the public, particularly when he knows that an Act of Parliament has been driven through. Having owned that he had abstained from enforcing the law against persons who had acted illegally, he went on to tell those same persons that he very much applauded what they had done:—

"There was, however, one thing which gave him great satisfaction. On all sides he had heard it stated that the conduct of the men on strike had been admirable and satisfactory. *He trusted this would continue*, and that they would on no account disturb the public peace. He felt pleasure in saying thus much, because it reflected great credit on the men."

Law-breakers get credit from SIR RICHARD MAYNE for having been so kind and forbearing as to refrain from aggravating the breach of law by violence, and injury to person or property. Perhaps he will next praise a pickpocket because he was not a garotter. SIR RICHARD is out of his proper sphere. In France he would be appreciated. If he were Prefect of the Parisian Police, and in that capacity had made the remarks above-quoted, no doubt LOUIS NAPOLEON would have quickly decorated him with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

A "STAGE WISPER."—The man who puts the straw in the omnibus.

A BUZZ BY A TRUE BLUEBOTTLE.

(*In the Ear of* ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.)

I STILL remain a Protestant, I 'm not ashamed to say,
And "No Surrender" is my cry; or, if you like, my bray.
While yet the POPE 's a Power abroad, the POPE 's a foe at home;
And I shall cry "No Popery" until the French quit Rome.

I doubt, though, of the Irish Church, and if you let it go,
Whether you 'll yield a bulwark to the enemy or no,
Whether indeed he do not, while against him you maintain
The Syllabus in spirit, the advantage rather gain.

But O mine Irish Bishop, O my Parson, O my Friend!
Beware with what munitions you your citadel defend.
Raise mounds, plant stakes, and with *chevaux de frise* your ramparts crown,
But don't you set up skittles to be instantly bowled down.

O reverend rhetoricians, can you possibly suppose
Because you call a Church "Her," that your Church has eyes and nose,
And is a living Person, as that word 's by MILL applied,
With rights, as such, of property, that must intact abide?

Your Church is an Abstraction, without either crown or sole,
Can neither wear *chaussure* on foot, nor *chignon* upon poll;
Your vested rights are all the rights whereof she stands possessed:
Whilst your life-property is spared, the State can claim the rest.

Then take your loaves and fishes, and enjoy your several shares,
No Corporation has a right of leaving wealth to heirs;
Save only what the nation grants, which if you 'd have it do;
Show your successors like to be more worth their salt than you.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.—A French Bread Bludgeon.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

THE *Indépendance Belge* the other day published a statement that the PRINCE IMPERIAL had lately said, "When I shall be Emperor I shall not allow any one to be without religion." To this has been given an official denial, thus concluding:—

"These words were never made use of by the PRINCE IMPERIAL, who, at his present age, would not think of interfering with political matters."

No. Not with matters simply political. But might he not possibly think of interfering with politico-religious matters? Perhaps the priests, by whom he is partly brought up, have forgotten to teach him not to think of any such thing. Such a speech as that which little NAP is reported to have made, any child might have naturally made under peculiar circumstances. Born with an organisation partly Spanish, a boy would very likely feel predisposed to acts of faith. Even if he did not say that he would perform them one of these days, he might be expected to think he would. France may, nevertheless, hope that when MASTER LOUIS comes to be a man he will think better of it, so that, notwithstanding the Syllabus he may have been taught to think by at first, his second thought will be toleration.

A Cosmopolitan Idea.

THE Extradition Committee have just published their Report. They recommend that, on stipulated conditions, the extradition of criminals should be facilitated. It is well that we and foreigners should agree to give up each other's rogues, but how much better it would be if we could also get our foreign friends to give up their rogueries!

FROM GLOUCESTER.

Unmoveable Feast or a Stationary Festival.—The Festival of the Three Quires. The performers, it is stated, went to bed in Eighty-two sheets.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—*Not* LORD MAYO.

SUBTRACTION.

Pat. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WID YE, ANDREW?"

Andrew. "E...EH! A'VE HAD SIC A FA'! TOOM'LE'D DOON AFF A LADDER, MUN, SEEVEN OR EIGH-HT FEET!"

Pat. "BE JABERS! THAT WASN'T FAR FOR YE TO FALL. SHURE AND YOU'RE SIX FEET HIGH YOURSELF!!"

GOOD WOMEN AND GOOD WORK.

LIKE every other gentleman, *Mr. Punch* is always happy when he can help a lady, and he doubts not but that many other gentlemen will thank him for informing them how they may go and do so. Well, then, let them call a hansom, and drive forthwith to 8, Pont Street, near to Belgrave Square, and ask to see MISS GRIFFITHS, the Secretary of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, whose offices are there. This lady is at present very much in need of help, not for herself, please mind, but for the poor people for whom she yearly pleads. Pull out your purses therefore, Gentlemen, and help her to assist them, and be grateful to your *Punch* for telling you how you may aid a lady to help those who sadly need your aid.

Not in London merely, but throughout the kingdom, these sanitary ladies are doing much good work. They wage fierce war with dirt, as tending to disease, and give good advice on cleanliness as helping to good health. More substantial than advice, a gift of soap and brushes is often added to it, and a coat or two of whitewash accompanies the present, and makes a filthy ceiling a thing purely of the past. But food as well as cleanliness is needful to good health, and so these sanitary ladies serve out soup as well as soap. Last year, in Chelsea only, they gave well nigh five thousand dinners to poor half-starving children, and next year they will be happy to give fifty thousand more, if they can only get the funds to pay the bill of fare. Besides these ragged dinner-parties, they have also ragged park-parties, and give a breath of fresh air yearly to some forty thousand pent-up and half-stifled little lungs.

So, ye Gentlemen of England, who go yachting on the seas, or are otherwise enjoying your vacation and your ease, assist these useful sanitary ladies, if you please, and send them many sovereigns, or, better still, guin-*eas*.

Annexation of Useful Knowledge.

AT Guildhall, the other day, one HENRY R. HERBERT, a porter, was brought before ALDERMAN HALE, charged with stealing from the shop of MESSRS. HAMILTON & Co., of Paternoster Row, two books, value 58*s*. Former convictions were proved against the prisoner. The books which he was accused of having stolen were "two volumes of a magisterial synopsis." A useful work, one would think, for a gentleman liable to be often brought by his vocation into contact with the Bench.

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

(CONTINUED.)

THE next question was,

"Is MR. MILLER here?"

"No, Sir, he is not," the Landlord answers; "and I don't think he will be; for 'tain't often as he dines two days together here in the season."

Two days together! Oh, then he came—that is he dined here——

"Yesterday. Sir. Yes: don't 'spect him to-day. No, Sir. Are you waiting for any one, Sir?"

Yes, for a Headless Man, who was here yesterday. Knowing more of him after this (when I am bound to say he amply made up for his headlessness on this occasion; but even then it was only by my sticking close to him), I found that though he entered all his engagements most scrupulously in a book, he was sure to mislay or entirely lose it.

The Headless Man is an admirable systematiser. To hear him arrange the hours of his day, or of his week, and to see it all on paper impresses you immensely: at first.

I stayed at MILLER's house in the country. If MILLER had invited me by letter, and given me to understand that he expected me on such and such a day, I should have gone, and in all probability he would either have got his house full, or been absent from home; but, luckily, meeting me in Town he said, "Pack up, and come along." So the day being lovely, and the prospect agreeable, I packed up and came along.

The first thing to strike me was his utter ignorance of the railway arrangements on his own line, by which he must have travelled hundreds of times, as well as of his own locality, when he got there.

"I don't know exactly," he says, "when the train starts. I've got a card somewhere." Here he rummages all his pockets, one after the other, and makes a discovery which entirely changes the current of his thoughts.

"By Jove!" says he, "I've lost my handkerchief!"

Could he have left it in his great coat? No, he hadn't had his great coat on that morning, at least he thinks not. Yet, on consideration, didn't he, he asks me, put it on to come to Town in?

"How can *I* know?" I ask him. He pauses over this poser, and answers himself to the effect that if he did put it on it must be at the Railway Station at Blatchford. "Talking of Blatchford," he suddenly exclaims, "I wonder where the deuce I put my ticket?" Here follows another rummage which ends in the discovery of a hole in the lining of his right-hand coat pocket, through which no doubt the ticket would have slipped easily, only that (after enlarging the hole to the size of his fist and finding his latch-key, which he had lost months ago) it occurs to him that he hadn't taken a return ticket that morning, and so, of course, couldn't have lost it.

"I think," says he—he never gets beyond the expression of a probability—"that there's a train at two-thirty." He appeals to me for the time, as he finds that he had forgotten to wind up his watch last night. This reminds him (before I can tell him what he wants to know) that he has to call and get a new watch-key. Will I come? or shall he go and then return for me. No, I will accompany him. I know well enough if he is once out of my sight farewell to my chance of going down to Blatchford with any likelihood of seeing *him* there.

Off we start together. The sight of a stationer's shop causes him to stop abruptly. Isn't he well? No, he only wishes me to be quiet one moment while he thinks. Another rummage in his pockets. An appeal to me: didn't I see him take out his pocket-book just now? I did. "In your room." Yes. "Then," he returns positively, "I must have left it there."

This, however, is no reason why he shouldn't buy another. "You can't," he argues, "have too many memorandum books—always useful." We enter the shop: he addresses the man at the counter.

"Ahem! I want to see-a—see-a—" he has utterly forgotten what it was he came in for. The shopman looks at him inquiringly, ready to suggest everything, and he at the shopman in utter helplessness. I come to the rescue (being anxious about the trains and Blatchford) with "Pocket-book."

In a minute a large assortment is before him. His eye vaguely wanders from red to green, from green to blue, from some with metallic clasps and pencil, to others with pencils and no metallic clasps, or with metallic clasps and no pencils, or with neither one nor the other. 'Tis an embarrassment of Pocket-books. 'Tis the donkey between two bundles of—pocket-books.

A large green ledger, ornamented with red and yellow, catches his eye. "Wouldn't that be the very thing," he exclaims, as if struck by a brilliant idea.

"What!" I ask, "for a Pocket-book?"

"No," he explains, "of course not. For keeping garden accounts or general expenses. *Pro* and *cos*, what do you call it, so much on one side and *per contra* on the other."

The shopman smiles, and acknowledges that it would be useful.

"That reminds him" (*What* does in Heaven's name?) "that he has promised to see about a canary for his cousin." Does the shopman, he inquires politely, know where there is a good bird-fancier near at hand?

The poor man sees the chance of a purchase becoming fainter and fainter, and is inclined to be sulky. I don't wonder at it, and in pity recall the Headless MILLER to the object for which he entered the stationer's.

"Ah, yes," he says, and suddenly pounces upon the very smallest and commonest note-book on the counter, price sixpence.

"That is all to-day," is his answer to the man, and is about to walk out, when I jocularly allude to the ceremony of paying, which he has overlooked. This involves a search for his money.

He says he *thought* he had some silver: very odd. No: no silver. Then, as there is no silver, it is evident, he concludes, that he must have given a sovereign for a shilling to that cabman who grumbled.

"I thought they were all shillings," he continues, still fumbling, first in his waistcoat, then in his trousers' pocket, "I took his number, too, but I don't know where it is."

I lend him sixpence, and say, "Now for the watch-key." He has utterly forgotten it.

"What watch-key?" he asks. On it being brought to his recollection, he says, "Oh yes, of course; but I dare say yours will fit my watch, and then we can be off at once and catch the train." We try, and it doesn't fit. Has the shopman got one, he wants to know. I point out to him that this will not be of any use to him even if he has, as the shopman is not coming down into the country with us.

I should have got him out there and then if his attention (his attention!) hadn't been arrested by a curious machine called an Egg-tester. The Headless MILLER, who will never think of it again, must needs ask all about this invention. A perfect Inquisitive Catechism concerning who made it? Then How does it act? The unfortunate man at the counter explains that it is for testing eggs. MILLER asks him to show him a bad egg. The stationer hasn't got one; MILLER is exacting; he wants him "to send out for a bad egg." I come to the rescue, and force him to walk as far as the watchmaker's, where, by acting for him entirely, I purchase a key and fit it to his watch.

"Now," I say, "for the station."

"No," he stops me, "not yet." He *will* stand on the pavement ruminating upon what he thinks he has forgotten—something he came up on purpose to do. He has lost his note-book; the memorandum *was* in it, but what the deuce it was he can't remember. We get in such plenty of time for his train as to miss one by five minutes and have to wait an hour for the next. Suddenly it occurs to him that he must have his hair cut. That, it appears, is what he has come up to town for, and he has forgotten it till now.

Luckily, the advent of the evening papers divert him from his intention, and I keep him by my side until the train departs, and we nearly miss it because he forgets that he has not taken his ticket.

We go down to Blatchford, and meet the Headless Man at home.

A PIECE OF LOCAL PATHOS.

HERE is a good six-pennyworth from the *Surrey Advertiser and County Times*. It is very nearly seven lines, each one of them cheap at its cost price. The lad to whom it refers was an orphan, aged fourteen, employed in hop-picking, and his history, which "our informant, a lady," says the provincial journalist, "elicited from the boy," is too sad for these pages. Suffice it to mention that he was the son of a butcher, and that, having been thrown, friendless, upon his own resources, "the youthful hop-picker, clad in butcher's smock, was then left to fight his way in the world." Our journalist proceeds:—

"As the poor boy unfolded his tale of woe, bitter tears rolled rapidly down his sunburnt cheeks, and, later in the day, tears of gratitude bespoke his thankfulness for the assistance rendered by the lady, who on leaving his 'frame' placed a shilling in his hand. The gratuity was accompanied by words of counsel, which the youth promised to remember in his season of trial."

There will be recognised, in the foregoing, a quite peculiar combination of airiness and pathos, sobered with a grave tint or serious shade, and set off with a touch of humour. How manifest is the latter in the idea of "the youthful hop-picker, clad in butcher's smock," and the former in the statement that "the gratuity," ordinarily called present, and vulgarly tip "was accompanied by words of counsel," that is to say, religious advice, "which the youth promised to remember in his season of trial," or, in common language, whenever he was in trouble! By the way, trial and trouble are too often convertible terms, especially when trial is followed by conviction, and conviction by imprisonment and hard labour, which words of counsel (in wig and gown), have failed to avert.

Had our journalist been contented with saying that the boy cried bitterly, he would have evinced a want of that vivacity of sentiment which bespeaks itself in the more flowing relation that "bitter tears rolled down his sunburnt cheeks." The epithets "bitter" and "sunburnt" applied to the cheeks and the tears, and the representation of the latter as rolling down the former, constitute the boy "clad in butcher's smock" a picturesque and interesting object, somewhat more than a mere object of simple prosaic compassion. In this point of view we feel his effectiveness much enhanced by the further information, that again, "later in the day, tears of gratitude bespoke his thankfulness for the assistance rendered by the lady."

The assistance amounted to the not very enormous sum of one shilling, which she gave the boy, or, as our local contemporary more graphically puts it, "placed in his hand." For this relief much thanks were doubtless received, but its vastness was perhaps not so overpowering as to make the recipient absolutely cry with gratitude. A little embellishment, however, is allowable in the poetical paragraph. The plain fact, probably, was that the boy, when the lady gave him the shilling, just said, "Thank yer, M'm," and then went and told his companions that "a jolly old gal had forked him out a bob;" but if plain fact only were usually reported in the country papers, their habitual subscribers would miss the accustomed gratification derived from those affecting narratives by which their occasional readers are amused.

Donkey Race at Doncaster.

AT Doncaster Races, among the quadrupeds that ran for the Badminton Handicap one was named *Ritualist*. The owner of this beast was a MR. PRIOR. Supposing that the Doncaster Races are horse races, some people may wonder that a Prior should have given the name of Ritualist to a noble animal. A regular Prior would of course never have done any such thing, and we are driven to the supposition that the Badminton Handicap is a race in which the winner comes in hindmost.

BOXIANA AND ROGUES.

THE Magistrates exhibit a laudable firmness in dealing with Prize-fighters. It is particularly to be hoped that they will enforce the law with rigour against all those dishonest small tradesmen who employ Light Weights.

MOTTO FOR CONFECTIONER'S PIES.

"WHAT I-ces I sticks to!"

A GREAT PATRON OF THE TURF.—Old Scratch.

INSIDE OUR BATHING-MACHINE.

OWING TO THE HOLES IN THE ROOF, WE TAKE SOME TIME TO DRESS ON A WET MORNING.

THEATRICAL.

I HAVE seen many Theatrical advertisements which read strangely to us "the kind friends in front," but are not the following especially mysterious?—

THEATRE, KENDAL.

WANTED, to Open, on the 7th of September, a GENT, for Second, to Heavies, and Ladies and Gentlemen for Responsible. Address, &c.

"A Gent," not a gentleman. But this distinction is explicable if we read on, and find that "Gentlemen" are engaged to be "responsible." *Ergo*, the Gent is to be Irresponsible. In that case, who'll have any command over him? On the stage he'll just say and do what he pleases. I should like to see "*Hamlet* by an Irresponsible Gent."

The next seems to me a little hard upon the Leading Man and Leading Lady:—

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENTRY.

WANTED (in consequence of a breach of faith), a LEADING MAN and a Leading Lady. Must dress well on and off the Stage.

On the stage to dress well is necessary; but "*off it*," who is to regulate the cut or pattern of the Leading Gentleman's trowsers, or the style of the Lady's morning and evening costume?

I shall not be accused of a wish to puff an institution of which I know nothing at all, if I draw attention to the fact, that we may now learn what has become of the tried friend and companion of MESSRS. PICKWICK, TUPMAN and WINKLE:—

LIVERPOOL.—QUEEN'S HALL, BOLD STREET—(W. SNODGRASS, Sole Proprietor and Lessee.)

The name is so uncommon, it must be the identical gentleman.

Partridges and Sparrows.

BIRDS are scarce this year. Shooting is very bad. A battue is hardly to be thought of anywhere, except by bat-fowlers, whose sport is as good as usual, and much better than that of shooting half-domesticated game.

LETTER FROM A THIEF.

SIR, MR. PUNCH,

IF as I have heerd proputy have Its rites, it stans to Reasin them wich wish to Get proputy has theres likewise, and I have heerd that you Stick up for fair Play all round, wich therefore I adress you these few lines, and hope you will make a Stand agin the harbitray Plan to put down Jewries. Sir, is a pore Thief wich I allow I am tho not worse nor some as would Punch eds if so turmed to Have no chance wich you and all Noble Spotsmen give a beest of Pray. Sir, the Jewry wich I allow is a Stupid ass mostly is our only chance, now the Chaplings is growed cut and aint to be Done by a pore mouth and a im. We can hire that truly Noble gent a crimal barister and if he Can bother the Jewry we have one Chance more, wich ought not to be took away. If a Gudge had to try us out of his own ed not a pore Thief would get off and it is as good as a Play better than most to see the Gudge skowling at the Stupid Jewry wen they wont see what is as Plain to my lord as it is to me wot Done it that I am guilty and heer him say Despising them like, that I have had a Lucky escape. Wich ought to be aloud us and believe if you looked in the Crownation hoath you would find it there along of the Hirish churches. Stick up for the Thief's honly Friend the stupid British Jewry Sir and oblidge

Yours truly,

Tiger Bay. TOBY CRACKER.

A High Affair of Honour.

THE French code of honour obliges any gentleman insulted by another to challenge him, and allows that other the choice of weapons. It should also allow him the choice of place. Then a funambulist, though less skilled than M. BLONDIN, would be enabled to assassinate anybody he pleased, by extorting a challenge from him, and then obliging him to fight upon the tight-rope.

ADVICE TO IDLE VAGABONDS.—Put your shoulder to the wheel—or put your feet.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, September 19, 1868.

RITUALISTIC. (A FACT.)

Cousin Emily. "YES, CHARLIE, THE HEATHEN SAY THEIR PRAYERS TO IDOLS LIKE THAT."

Little Protestant (shocked). "OH, DEAR, THEY MUST BE VERY, *VERY* HIGH CHURCH TO DO THAT!"

HOMAGE TO LORD BUTE.

(In whose honour a parody on the National Anthem was sung at Cardiff.)

HOORAY for young LORD BUTE,
Good luck to rich LORD BUTE,
Long live LORD BUTE.
Not like inglorious
Nobles, notorious,
Safe from censorious
Tongue be LORD BUTE.

May he turn out more wise
Than some that prey, like flies,
To spiders fall;
Choose work or politics,
Flee turfites' knavish tricks,
Free from the mud that sticks
To such men all.

Sound common sense in store
Keep him, for evermore,
From yielding loot
To knaves with hungry maws,
Deep heads, and stealthy paws,
Mayst thou escape their claws,
MARQUIS OF BUTE.

PENANCE FOR THE FRENCH PRESS.

OWING to a printers' strike, the journals of Marseilles were reduced the other day to publish nothing but blank sheets. What a precedent to be followed by the rest of the French press! Considering how very little news or useful information they are suffered to impart, it would be surely all the better if French newspapers in general were, ninety-nine days in a hundred, to appear *en blanc*, instead of coming out in their now usual black and white. *Faute de news*, their corners not uncommonly are filled with such indecencies as certainly no English editor would suffer to appear. These would clearly be prevented by the course which the Marseilles journals have recently pursued. For their delinquencies in this way, the majority of Paris papers should do penance once a week, to say the least, in a white sheet. Really a French journal would be readable throughout, if there were nothing to be read in it excepting just the title and the date of publication. Gagged as their Press is, our "lively neighbours" now-a-days produce the dullest newspapers; and to make their journals fit to lie on English tables, nine in ten of them at least should be issued in blank sheets.

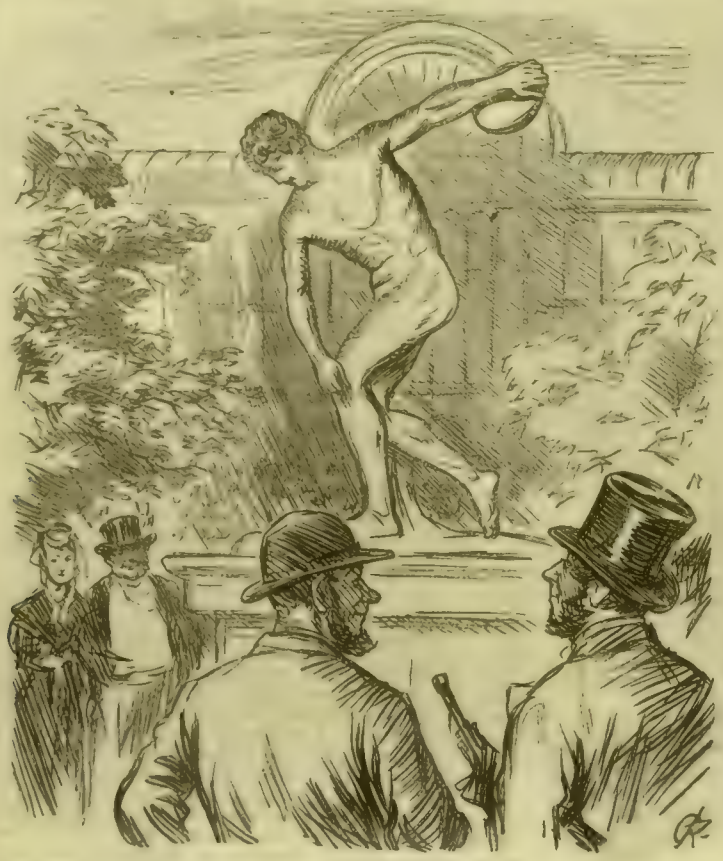
A NEED IN THE NURSERY.

WANTED by the generality of ladies, being mothers of families, and ranking amongst the richer classes, a nursery directress, who would "undertake the supervision of the baby, or babies it may be, to see that their tiny clothing be well aired, kept in repair, even replenished by the help of her fingers, to arrange that they have their proper hours of rest, airing, suitable amusements to prevent fretful weariness—in short, to perform all the duties actually above a low menial's work." The words above quoted are taken from a letter in the *Times* signed "MARY HEATH, Lady Superintendent, Home and Foreign Governesses' Institution, 148, Brompton Road." This lady says that there are hundreds of women, who, "though hardly fitted for teaching," "would yet be treasures in the house" if engaged to attend to the needs of babies, such as she specifies. "With such a person," she observes, "the mother might depend on having in the nursery one who would not, as is too often the case, be giving mere eye-service, and whose own superior position would be sufficient security to her employers, that in their absence there would be no lengthy flirtations with the butler or coachman, no lounging for hours in the kitchen to the neglect and often pain of the poor little helpless ones in the nursery above." The nursery directress, in short, is wanted in the place of a parent, and in the stead of a servant-gal. Mothers who have duties to do in the drawing-room cannot perform them in the nursery, and the question is whether, in their absence, their children shall have the benefit of "lady-like manners and gentle firmness" on the part of their attendant, or be at the mercy of "vulgar coarseness and want of judgment in an ill-trained mind." Of these two alternatives the latter is the case at present in the great majority of instances. And it is not a case of HOBSON'S choice.

What is the difficulty that can possibly deter children from being ruled and guided with ladylike manners and gentle firmness? Financial? Not so. "A home and small salary," we are told, would be a consideration sufficient to secure those advantages. The one thing needful is not pecuniary. "The position of nursery-directress would be a boon" to the numerous ladies qualified to take it, "could they but accept such without lowering themselves as ladies." That is all. "This could be arranged by mothers placing such a member of their household in so relative a position to themselves that none of good birth and gentle breeding need hesitate to accept." There is nothing to prevent this on the part of mothers but that stuckupishness in which there is really as much vulgar coarseness and want of judgment as any that the commonest nursemaid exhibits in her way. It is, indeed, as much servantgalism in a mistress, as the corresponding disposition in a master is flunkeyism. Courtesy costs nothing; and it is for ladies to consider whether that is too great a price to pay for a nursery-directress. If they will not choose to afford it, they must be content to leave their children in the hands of a sort of person who is called a *bonne*, but would more correctly be termed a *mauvaise*.

Queer Taste.

WHAT strange ways foreigners have! A Congress (the latest variety) has just been held at Amsterdam, of "LOW GERMAN authors"! Only one writer is mentioned by name as having had the *Conscience* to be present.



POPULAR MYTHOLOGY.

"Free and Enlightened," &c. "THAT'S 'ERCULES, HE'S 'AD A ROW WITH HIS MISSUS, AN'S A SHYIN' THE CROCKERY ABOUT!!"

OYSTERS.

OH no, we never lunch on 'em,
Their name is never heard;
Those natives we don't munch: on 'em
Remains untrimm'd the beard.

We hear their price is going down
Again to one-and-two;
Except for CRŒSUS half-a-crown
A dozen will not do.

"Tenpence a dozen" caught my eye,
And so I went and had one,
The first was good: the next, oh my!
Was such a jolly bad one.

To me the oyster man replied,
When I had called him Caitiff,
Under two shillings he defied
Me, now, to get a native.

And so, until the price goes down
To what it used to be,
On Oysters I 'll not lunch in Town,
They won't go down with me.

THE TWELVE AT ROME.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Rome:—

"A subscription has been commenced by the Roman Legitimists to present the POPE with twelve four-pounder rifled cannon. The next Consistory will be held on the 27th inst."

Taken in the foregoing connection, His Holiness's Consistory might really be supposed to be a court for the administration of cannon-law and no mistake, and no pun. Perhaps a mystical significance was intended by the Roman Legitimists in the number of the guns which they presented to the occupant of the Apostolic See. The POPE will, possibly, evince his recognition of it by calling his twelve new rifled cannon the Twelve Apostles.

AD IMPERATOREM.—What the French Government ought to do with *La Lanterne?* Make light of it.

OUR FISH, FLESH, FOWL, AND NATURAL HISTORY COLUMN.

"DEAR SIR," writes MAJOR BULLYTIN—"I've only got very light bags, and one brace on Tuesday. Upon my word, it's hardly any use going out."

[No use going out! Of course not, if you've only got light bags. Besides, one brace is not enough for any bags. A pair of braces, Major, would be more comfortable and correct. But you ought to know better. You've been to the North before, and must know how cold it is there. Get warmer bags, with proper braces (try elastic), and then go out. Send us all the best birds you get, for our advice.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Grandtully.—To His Highness the Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH. May your Highness's shadow never be less! Salaam. Hear, Massa Highness, you bagged 110 brace of grouse in one day. Oh, golly! golly! Also, one snipe, a hare, and two plovers. If this meets your Highness's eye, it is to give notice that we can't believe it unless we have ten brace as specimens. They will receive the closest attention at our office. Do not let us have to address one of the birds, though (as we do you), as your Highness.

SIR,—Wouldn't it be a good notion to start a periodical to be devoted entirely to shooting matters, and call it the *Powder Magazine?*

Yours, A. GUNNY.

[Yes. Capital. BRAVO GROUSE! I'm the Editor for you at a merely nominal remuneration of two thousand a year.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Croquet.—In answer to MRS. CHILI we cannot say that playing croquet on damp grass is dangerous, inasmuch as it may produce hooping cough.

Flirt.—Yes. Spooning is not allowed, except with a very nice person.

Racing.—We are glad to learn that the EMPEROR has bestowed the Legion of Honour on several French turfites. Not much riband would be required in England for the turfites who might be named as worthy of the Legion of Honour.

Couldn't we institute an Order of Industry, and decorate the Welshers (during an Eisteddfod) as Chevaliers of that ancient title?

Hibernicus.—I am addicted to fishing, Sorr. Also, Sorr, I am not the boy to be taken in by any deludher. A fay-seeshus gintleman advoised me to try the Tay and its Thributaries: shure, Sorr, that's nothin' bot the Tay itself and the milk, crame, and shugar. Amn't I right?

[Of course.—*Sp. Ed.*]

SIR,—Will a large fish take a fly? Yours, HOOK.

[It depends on the weather. If raining cats and dogs we have known some queer fishes take a cab, or even an omnibus.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Isn't there a fish called the Rudd? IGNORAMUS.

[Yes, there is; and when he gets bigger, he's caught in a boat, and called a Rudder. Quite true.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Arrivals at our Office.—Contributors have sent the following articles, living, extinct, and un-exstinkuished species:—

Three Newts (in a very advanced state); Four Scorpions (alive, and somewhere in the room); a Wasp's Nest, and several Tails of Dead Wasps (sting still in 'em: ought to be more careful); an Egyptian Donkey (alive and kicking); Box of Mosquitoes (not quite dead); a Six-Horned Antelope (quite unapproachable: butts in every direction at once); a Nootka Goose (very like the Egyptian Donkey—only fiercer); a Vulpine Philanger and American Opossum (fighting, thank goodness!); an Orang-Utan (now tearing up and eating all our MSS.; we can see him through the window); a Domesticated Chimpanzee (the fiercest beast we ever saw).

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has sent to say that we must muzzle the Chimpanzee, the Orang-Utan, tie the donkey's hind-legs, and also muzzle the Vulpine Philanger and Opossum. If he wants it, SIR RICHARD may come and do it himself. We can't.

[By the way, SIR RICHARD, oysters are getting on well. How do your muzzles look? Eh?—Yours, *Sp. Ed.*]

DOGBERRY AND THE DOGS.

R. PUNCH,—A policeman appeared as a witness the other day before one of the Magistrates, covered, as to both his hands, with black scars, the marks of dog-bites, cauterised. He had received these injuries in carrying out the orders of SIR RICHARD MAYNE to "comprehend all vagrom" dogs, unmuzzled.

MR. HOLMES COOTE, the eminent surgeon, writes to the *Times*, and says that, during an experience of above thirty years at St. Bartholomew's, he has only seen two cases of hydrophobia. It is, he adds, everywhere, a very uncommon disease.

There is no class of public servants more valuable than the police. They are worth quite as much as soldiers, to say the least; as useful at all times as soldiers are in war-time. In fact, they are soldiers who fight our daily battles with our native blackguards. Now that the hand which was intended to grasp the collar of a garotter, or enforce the advancement of the populace with the ashen staff, should be liable to be disabled from performing those inestimable services by the fangs of curs, is a thing "most tolerable and not to be endured.' If hydrophobia were really likely to be contracted from dog-bites, we should tremble for the safety of our protectors, and that of our own persons and property, which depends upon the efficiency of their hands. No less than as many as 12,000 dogs have been apprehended by the police. How many of the gallant fellows must have been bitten! Under these circumstances, MR. COOTE's statement of the infrequency of hydrophobia is reassuring.

Thus much, however, we know, that, so long as policemen are employed in taking up dogs, they will, very many of them, be bitten at any rate. That is certain; whereas we are not sure that anybody would be bitten if the dogs were left alone. The only effect which SIR RICHARD MAYNE's ukase can possibly have is, that a certain number of policemen must necessarily be bitten, and so many must consequently incur whatever chance there is of hydrophobia.

With a view, therefore, to the prevention of hydrophobia, as well as to the protection of the public from thieves and ruffians, SIR RICHARD MAYNE will, perhaps, be pleased to recognise, if he can recognise anything, the expediency of directing the police to let dogs be, and devote their attention rather to interfering with street robberies.

Believe me

NO MAIN-IAC.

NEW NAMES FOR THE NAVY.

IT seems generally admitted that the monstrous ships which lately have been added to the Navy are by no means worth the monstrous sums of money we have paid for them. Our big men-of-war in armour, which cost half-a-million each, are said to be as useless and unhandy in a sea-way as the obsolete old men-in-armour who adorn a Lord Mayor's Show. Yet still we go on building them, and naming them the *Hercules*, the *Irresistible*, and so forth; as if the use of strong words for their christening would suffice to prove their strength. Would it not be wiser to call a spade a spade, and to name our naval failures in a way that at a glance should designate their worth? When we launch the broadside iron-clads which now are in construction, instead of calling them by names such as the *Powerful*, the *Valiant*, the *Dauntless*, or the *Thunderer*, let us christen them the *Wasteful*, the *Extravagant*, the *Useless*, or the *Blunderer*. There is small doubt that the Navy will be always dear to England; but that, pecuniarily speaking, it is dearer than it ought to be, the doubt is smaller still. Names such as we suggest might possibly awaken public notice to this fact, and by calling ships the *Costly*, the *Gander*, or the *Jackass*, we should identify them faithfully with blundering authorities, who sanction their construction, and leave us to pay their cost.

HEYDAY! HAYDOCK!—The Papists have long taunted us, quite unjustly, with a Nag's Head Consecration. But we fear we can't refute the taunt against a Pig's Head Ritualism. Was it a tithe-pig?

THE RAILWAY ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

WHEN clouds be white and skies be blue,
And fields both dry and browne,
It 's merry riding in the railway-train
Going South out of Towne.

The Railways did their fares increase
Upon a certain daye;
Itt was a fytte of ROBIN HOOD
To make the public pay.

"Now, by my faye," said angry ROBIN,
"I owe the worlde a spite;
Ye Lordes have bearded ye Railwaymen:
We 'll see who best can fight.

"The Bill of leave in league to bind
Our bandes, out they did throw:
If I be ROBIN alive, they 'll be LAING'D;
I 'll be wroken on them, though!"

"Foul fall the Peers!" sayd LYTTLE JOHN,
"For throwing out that Bill,
But though men be cock-a-whoop to-night,
To-morrow they may fare ill."

"Now, there thou sayest," quoth ROBIN HOOD,
"Therein the truth dost speak;
And, by my troth, they shall fare so
In fares that we wyll take."

As rogues for true men breeden bale,
Soe counsel ROBIN and JOHN
Did take how folk, that go by rail,
They best mote put upon.

And soe on all that went by rail,
Whereon a holde they had,
The fares were raised by those two fellows:
Men swore itt was too bad.

And many took to going a-foote,
Far over stock and stone;
They had liefer that than that Railwaymen
Soe moche sholde stick it on.

A bad shoote ROBIN shote, and JOHN,
With waste of might and mayne:
Men first-class carriages gave up fast,
And third to take were fayne.

Those shooters with their long bend-bowe
Their marke did overshoote;
Their gains do so fall off that now
They find they have missed their loote.

Woe worth, woe worth, the knaves who would
Fleece true men in such a degree,
And may they ever find all bale
That boote they hoped wold bee.

The A. P. U. C.

THE REV. F. G. LEE, who was once a most energetic advocate for the celibacy of the Anglican Clergy, but has some time since dropped the subject as one of minor importance (perhaps he will drop everything gradually for the same reason), gives a slap at the Haydock Ecclesiastics, and then gets up a ceremonial in his own Church on the anniversary of the A. P. U. C. Do these letters mean the Association for Promoting Useless Ceremonies?

NOT THIS TIME.

TRIMINGHAM, the great Army Reformer, seeing an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with the heading "Military Messes," was greatly disappointed at finding it was not an exposure of more Horse Guards Muddles.

WHERE TO GO FOR YOUR HOLIDAY.—*Idle*berg.

NONSENSE VERSES.

Laura (who has been reading aloud from Tupper's last for an hour). "WHY, I'D NO IDEA YOU LIKED POETRY!"
George. "YA—YAAS, I USED TO WITE A GOOD DEAL MYSELF WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL!"

HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

HAMLET (*on the present occasion and by desire of several persons of quality*) . . . . . A REVISING BARRISTER.
OPHELIA (*by her own desire*) . . LADY CLAIMANT.

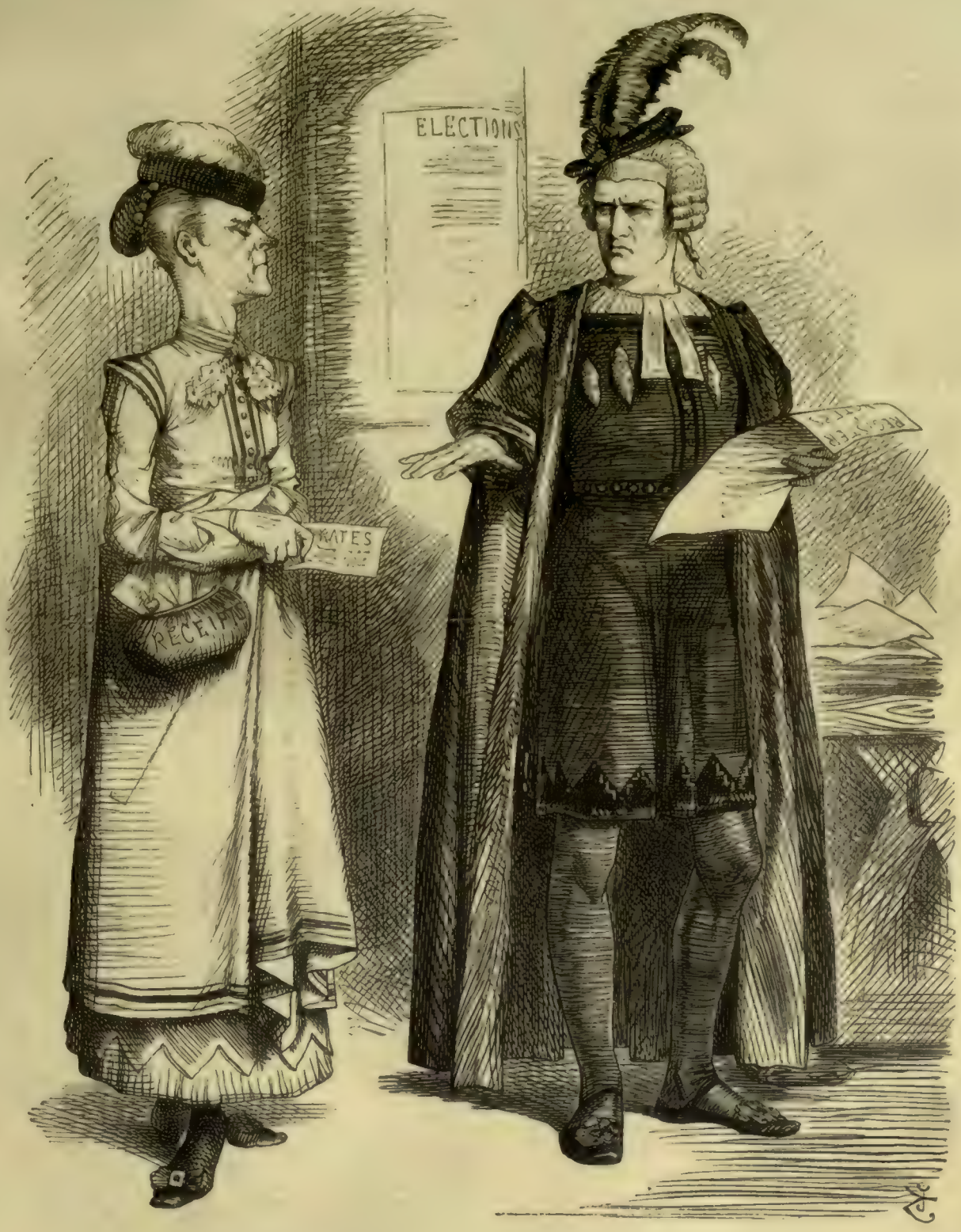
Ophelia. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?
Hamlet. I humbly thank you, well. But, good my lady,
Lord me no lords, at least this many a day.
What is your will with me? You have a will.
All women have their will, as I have heard.
Ophelia. My lord——
Hamlet. Again I tell you I'm no lord,
Nor shall be one till I be made a judge,
A thing that may or may not come to pass.
But women never comprehend a case.
Ophelia. I am very sorry you should say that thing.
For I've a case in which you must be judge.
Hamlet. I guess it well. You come to claim a vote;
A vote which you would give at an election?
Ophelia. Nay, who's in error now? My vote *is* claimed,
And in your hand the claim. I come to hear
That you retain me on the register.
Hamlet. Register stoves and kitchen ranges, Miss,
And all things culinary appertaining,
Were more in what I beg to call your line.
Ophelia. That's your opinion. I stand here for law.
Hamlet. Ha, ha! are you honest?
Ophelia. My lord—I mean, Sir!
Hamlet. Are you fair?
Ophelia. What means your—Impudence?
Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, you have no business in a contested election, where there is neither honesty nor fairness.
Ophelia. Women will introduce both.
Hamlet. Bosh! Get thee to a Nursery. Why would'st thou be a meddler in politics? I am myself indifferent honest——
Ophelia. I doubt not the indifferency. Advocacy, regardless of right or wrong, perverts the heart and corrupts the understanding.
Hamlet. Get thee to a Nursery, I say. I am, I repeat, indifferent honest, yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better I had never eaten my terms. I am loquacious, reckless, hard-mouthed, and there is nothing I would not do for a Solicitor-Generalship. What do you want in a corrupt atmosphere? We are arrant knaves all. Keep away from us. Go thy ways to a Nursery. Where's your father?
Ophelia. At home, Sir.
Hamlet. Does he know that you are out?
Ophelia. Ay, my—your Impudence.
Hamlet. Go home and tell him to lock you up with the Cookery-book, that you may play the goose nowhere but in his own house. Get thee to a Nursery—Go! Farewell.
Ophelia. See if I don't tell MISS BECKER. [*Exit.*

Humming Bird without Hum.

THE *Leamington Chronicle* is informed by a lady "that she has recently seen the humming-bird in Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Warwickshire. The plumage was a reddish-brown, speckled on the back with white." Very likely. Few things are more probable. Among those few, however, may be mentioned tigers, and also the wombat; a creature which, there is reason to suppose, will perhaps be developed in the Midland Counties and some others, by natural selection, some fine day in the dead season.

HAYDOCK AND HARVEST.

THE Ritualists are to have special Harvest services, and a new edition of the *Directorium Anglicanum* will probably contain a special chapter on Harvests and Har-vestments.



REVISED—AND CORRECTED.

Revising Barrister (*Hamlet.*) "GET THEE TO A—*NURSERY*, GO! FAREWELL!"

[Shakspeare (*slightly altered*).

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTELMSTONE was originally a fishing village, and inhabited by fishermen, who were termed Jugs. These Jugs were getting on very comfortably, when some Flemish folk cast a longing eye at the natural advantages held out to followers of the gentle craft, and they came over and attempted to share in the silver plunder. The Jugs, however, soon found they couldn't get on very well with these Flanders bricks, and got very much broken up, as must inevitably be the case with crockery under such circumstances. French vessels, too, were continually hovering around, and trying to trade with the Brightelmstone natives, who, however, invariably rejected French-ship's offering. The sea, too, in the seventeenth century began to make itself exceedingly unpleasant, and used to appear at awkward hours in the bed rooms of the inhabitants, which was hard lines for the Jugs, whom it would not perhaps be out of place to term Brightelmstony-uns.

By the advice, however, of DR. RUSSELL, the fashionable world commenced visiting the quondam fishing village for bathing, and one lucky day for Brighton the PRINCE OF WALES determined to settle there, and commenced the Pavilion, which in 1817 was very much altered, and eventually converted into that magnificent architectural nightmare which looks very like what a gigantic Vauxhall Firework Temple would do after spending the best years of its life in Wardour Street. The Pier was built, houses covered the downs (and the ups), and the railway direct to London ensures an inexhaustible supply of newspapers, fruit, fish, flowers, poultry and stockbrokers.

The Pavilion claims (and indeed secures) notice from the fact of its being the very ugliest building in the world. The contemptible meanness of the pepper-boxes in Trafalgar Square, the determined hideousness of King's Cross Railway Station, the sullen solidity of Newgate, all pale their ineffectual frightfulness before the Brighton Pavilion. NASH was supposed to be the architect (he should have built the Nash-ional Gallery too), but the real conceiver of the edifice was a Royal Prince. Architecture might have been his weakness, it certainly was not his strength.

The Chain Pier should not be missed by the visitor, as it would inevitably result in an immersion. This, with the West Pier and the Esplanade monopolises the fashionable promenaders of Brighton, not forgetting, however,

Kemp Town, built by THOMAS KEMP, concerning whom the absurd story that his relations, proud of their family name and his achievement, exclaimed, "THOMAS a KEMP is," may be considered a fiction.

It contains a magnificent square and crescent, to say nothing of a tunnel leading to a private esplanade. Behind it stands the Sussex County Hospital and St. Mary's Hall, where clergymen's orphan daughters are brought up economically as governesses, poor dears, and Brighton College, which, having a back and front entrance, establishes its claim to be considered a good specimen of Two-door architecture. The visitor should patronise the British Drama at the Theatre, drink every variety of mineral water at the Royal German Spa, walk himself out of breath on the Downs, and by no means fail to take a bath at BRILL's and a bun at MUTTON's.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.

That this delightful town takes its name from HASTEN (who eventually found what he was looking for we trust, the early chroniclers declaring he was always a sea-king) is proved to have been a mistake. The *ing* marks it as an early Saxon settlement. Early Saxon settlements, by the way, we hear the tradesmen of the period found exceedingly rare. The word takes its rise from the *Hæstingas*. Their descendants, in the shape of Male Mosquitoes, have visited the coast this summer. It had at the time of the Confessor many ships and sailors—the latter being appropriately termed *but-se-Karls*. The town sunk to a mere fishing village, however, in the course of years, but DR. BAILLIE (what do the inhabitants, to say nothing of the patients, owe these doctors!) recommended it to invalids, who came in such quantities that MR. BURTON, the architect, and his son DECIMUS, commenced another town, and now two miles of terrace stretch out to the London and Brighton Railway Station, and will eventually, no doubt, catch the train. From the East Cliff the visitor can see the old town "at a glance," and on a fine day he can descry Picardy; if, however, it isn't clear weather, it isn't clear whether it is the coast of France or not, but tradition states that in the summer of 1797, by a curious atmospherical phenomenon, the people on the opposite coasts could almost distinguish each other, though one short-sighted Irishman declared he found it "by no means hazy." A strong sea-wall once ran from Castle Hill to East Cliff, but the effort was too much for it, and it completely broke down.

There is an interesting remnant of the old Castle to be seen, and—well, that's about all. To speak the truth, Hastings and St. Leonards are in themselves dreadfully dull. LORD BYRON found it dull here, CAMPBELL found it dull, CHARLES LAMB found it *very* dull, and longed for smugglers. The only person, in fact, who ever found it lively was WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

But though the town itself is uninteresting, we can highly recommend

The Neighbourhood, which is rich in rare spots of beauty. A ramble to Ecclesbourne, returning by the shore when the sea is out, may be considered a very tidey walk, whilst Fairlight Glen and the Lover's Seat present peculiar attractions—the latter especially to any one who is tired. The legend states that the Captain of a revenue-cutter selected this somewhat exposed, and certainly slightly uncomfortable position, for stolen interviews with his ladye love, the only person to whom he cared to pay his duty. It was certainly a dangerous choice, as in the event of the Sussex maiden feeling disposed to throw him over, the gallant Captain could never have recovered himself. Near here is a famous waterfall, called *Old Roar*. This, however, is perhaps the dryest waterfall out, in consequence of the continual absence of the roar material in the shape of water. In fact, so silent is this venerable swindle, that it may be said to suggest far less the liquid than the mute.

TERMINUS MORALS.

SCENE—*A Railway Terminus.* MR. *and* MRS. WRANGELTOP *have returned, tired and cross, after a long tour, and desire nothing so much as getting home, and losing the sound of each other's tongue. But all the Cabs are gone.*

Mrs. Wrangeltop. Of course you have let the last cab go. You are as helpless as a child.

Mr. Wrangeltop. My fault, of course.

Mrs. W. Who's else's? Is a woman to put luggage on a cab?

Mr. W. You would have been half way to Brompton by this time, if you had let me manage my own way.

Mrs. W. What, bribe a porter to do the work he is paid to do? I oppose it upon a principle.

Mr. W. And so have to sit upon a box. Ha, ha! You had better have sat upon the principle, and got to Brompton in good time.

Mrs. W. Wretched joking! But it is easier to make bad jokes at your wife than to exert yourself like a man for her comfort. I recollect when we came up with MAJOR BOUNCE, we had no such trouble. He commanded a cab, and was instantly obeyed. No porter dared slink away from *him*.

Mr. W. He is a great man, no doubt.

Mrs. W. He is the sort of man a woman likes when she is in need. He does not fawn on a servant, and beg him, if he pleases, to get a cab, but orders him to do his duty.

Mr. W. With a wink of his eye, and a shilling between his fingers.

Mrs. W. I don't believe it. MAJOR BOUNCE knows how to get on in the world. Are we to sit here all night?

Mr. W. (*doggedly*). The porters say we shall get no more cabs.

Mrs. B. Then I shall walk to Brompton, and you may see to the luggage at your leisure.

[*Walks. So soon as she turns her back,* MR. W. *speaks in his own way to a porter, and that intelligent being suddenly sees a Cab going by. In a few minutes they are riding home as comfortably as is consistent with a renewal of the quarrel. The moral is—Tip the porter, and don't let your wife see you do it.*

La Lanterne.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT is obliged to fly from France to Prussia, Prussia to Amsterdam, Amsterdam to Geneva, and many other places before the number appears, dodging about like a *Feu Follet*, or as we should call it in English, a Jack o' Lantern.

THE MINIMUM OF INDUSTRY.

LOLLIUS is not the idle fellow his enemies and tradespeople assert. The other day his "features worked."

LITTLE ACCIDENT IN A HIGH WIND.

Shrimp Girl. "MY GOODNESS! IF THAT LADY'S 'EAD AIN'T BLOWED CLEAN HOFF!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

(CONTINUED.)

WE arrive at Blatchford—the Headless Man and I.

That he has lost his ticket *cela va sans dire:* that, while looking for his purse, to pay his fare over again, he finds it, is also a matter of course.

A season-ticket is too great a responsibility for a Headless Man. He tells me that the possession of one of these billets had gone near to bring on a violent fever.

"Sometimes," says he, "they ask for it, sometimes they don't. If they don't, you are afraid they are going to, and you search for it in every pocket, you prepare an explanation to account for its loss, but the Guard appears, and knowing you, says, 'All right, Sir,' and passes on, when you have the satisfaction of explaining to a fellow-traveller, that it was lucky he didn't ask to see it, as you hadn't got it. If there comes an official who knows not JOSEPH, then JOSEPH has to show his ticket, and if he can't, he has to accompany the Guard (which looks as if you'd been picking pockets in the carriage, or card-sharping) to the Inspector's office, and then you have to take your oath, and sign a paper, and write to a secretary, and promise you'll never do it again, and be good in future on pain of various penalties, when you are dismissed. Perhaps, on your return home you can't find the season-ticket after all your affidavits, or you *do* find it, and forget to put it in your pocket on the very next day, when the same ceremonies will take place, unless a gratuity for secret service is bestowed upon the Guard; but this, if repeated often, when added to the original cost of your season-ticket comes to a considerable sum in the end, not that I ever *did* add it up," says my Headless Man, who I find is not happy at figures, though he prides himself upon being most exact and correct in his accounts *when he keeps them*, "but of course it *would* mount up, you know."

MILLER (odd that his name should be JOSEPH, as may be seen from the foregoing paragraph) tells me this at the station while the porter is getting our luggage.

I ask him how far it is to his house.

"By Jove!" exclaims the Headless Man, smacking his hands together sharply.

The thought strikes me that his house is full and no bed for me, or his wife is ill, or no one at home, or the painters and plumbers there, or any other little pleasantry which would render my visit abortive.

"What is it?" I ask, anxiously.

"I've forgotten," he says, "to tell the trap to come for us."

"Is that all?" I return. "We can walk, and send for the luggage."

He had never thought of this. "Of course we can," says he, "and I know a short cut."

I am delighted to hear this, as a short cut across the fields on a fine day, in the midst of a lovely country, is a real treat to a Londoner.

But as I knew my friend by this time (this is an after-consideration as I write) why did I trust his head for remembering a short cut, even when that short cut was to take him to his own home? Because I did not know enough of my headless friend—but this is a warning to all who have headless men, or women, among their acquaintance.

[I have just said Headless Women. I do not intend to say a word on that subject. Let me merely observe that it would be too painful; for of all the irritating, obstinate, wearying, perverse—— Woa! I have got into a *cul-de-sac* of a parenthesis, so gently round, PEGGY, (familiar for Pegasus: gender not so much an object as absurdity), and back again into the main road.]

We leave the Station.

"The house is about three-quarters of a mile from here," he informs me.

"Nothing," I answer, with the true air of a Londoner when he first arrives in the country, ready to do everything and anything athletically.

"Let me see," says he, pausing to consider. "Is it this stile, or the next?"

I cannot help him over either stile. He decides upon its being this, not the next.

This decision, be it remembered, is that of a Headless Man: he fixes upon what is before him: it is easiest of settlement: it is to hand: and, above all, it makes him congratulate himself upon not being a fellow who shilly-shallies.

So we climb over the stile, and take the field.

"I thought so," he exclaims; "here's a path." He is delighted with his own sagacity.

How came it that I didn't notice this extraordinary pleasure at what was, evidently, a discovery? No, I didn't. If I had, I should have insisted upon going by the highway.

I ask him what those distant hills are.

"Those hills are—dear me—they're—um—I forget the name." I don't believe he had ever noticed them before.

"What county is that, then, eh?" is my next question.

"Eh? County? Eh? Oh, that"—— He hesitates. Up to this moment the fact of there being a county near at hand never seems to have struck him.

"I suppose," I say, "it's Hertfordshire."

He appears relieved by this supposition, and dismisses the matter.

We cross another field. The path in this commences fairly enough, but gradually loses itself in the grass.

"We must bear to the right," observes the Headless MILLER. At that moment I began to distrust, slightly, his topographical knowledge. I know no such vague direction as being advised to bear to the right: it gives you a bias like that of a ball at Bowls, and you don't walk comfortably.

However, we bear to the right, which is fast bringing us up against an impenetrable hedge, when I perceive a gate on the left.

"Ah! yes," says MILLER, "that's it: I'd forgotten it for a moment: we bear to the right *after* the gate." There is no sign of a pathway in the next field, so I ask him if he is sure we are going in the right direction for his house.

"Oh, yes," he replies, "my house *ought* to lie out there"——he points to the north, and then corrects himself by directing his finger to the north-east—"No, *there*. So, if we walk on, we must come to it at last."

"But," I remind him, "you said it was only three-quarters of a mile by road, and we've been nearly that distance already."

"It is three-quarters by the road," he returns. "I've often walked it; *but this is the short cut*."

"Well, then," I object; "it oughtn't to be more than half a mile this way."

"No more it is," he says, "if you know the way. But," he adds, slowly, looking about, "*I'm not quite sure of it*."

Suddenly joy beams from his countenance.

"There it is!" he exclaims; "there's my house!" I see in the south-west direction a roof rising above the trees: more than a mile off, certainly. However, there it is, and we make for it, until we come to a field where there are two flocks of sheep, two sheep-dogs, and no shepherds. We sit on the gate: both dogs dash towards us; and we are back again, with the bars between us and the two fierce beasts, in no time.

We have to make a *détour*, and, while skirting the field, we catch sight of a road at the end of the turnip-field.

Partridges get up.

"We'd better get out of this as quickly as possible," says MILLER, taking to his heels. I protest I can't run in this hot September, but fancying I hear a shout behind me, I do. In fact, as MILLER is running, it would be unsociable in me not to join him. We are in the road.

"Now," says the Headless Man, looking round and about him, "hang me if I can see my house anywhere."

"But you know where you are," I say to him. No, he doesn't—not a bit. But where does this lane go to? He hasn't the slightest idea.

But that was his house of which we saw the roof just now? "Oh, yes," he answers, heartily—"Oh, yes; at least *I think so: it was very like it*."

This situation is most trying.

"We shall never get to your house by stopping here," I remark, axiomatically.

"No," he answers, "but—*which way shall we go?*"

Now, on my word and honour, this is too absurd. A man takes me down "to spend," as the advertisements say of Rosherville, "a happy day" at his own house, in his own place, and he doesn't know where he lives, or if he does, as he says he does, "*when* he gets there," hasn't the slightest idea how to get there. Upon my word, I really haven't patience with a——

"Stop!" I say to myself, "remember it is your own fault; you chose as your companion a Headless Man."

We reach his house after a hot, dusty walk. It isn't the one we saw through the trees: nothing like it, and in quite a different direction.

MRS. MILLER is there, and MRS. MILLER *has* got a head on her shoulders. Our luggage is sent for at once, my room is ready for me immediately, and the *petits désagrémens* of getting there are quickly forgotten.

The Headless Man in his household is (theoretically) most strict and punctual. He will tell you that everything in his house is done by beat of drum. Breakfast is to the minute, he warns you. A short experience will teach you that you won't see him at table for half-an-hour after the commencement of the meal, if then.

He has no excuse, except business: the Headless Man is always busy, and every piece of business, whatever it is, interferes with every other piece of business, and there are no results.

He is great, as I have before hinted, on the subject of keeping accounts. Although he puts them down occasionally, he can never be said to *keep* them, as he loses account-book after account-book; or, if he does retain one in use for a longer time than usual, he will turn it upside down, and commence funny sketches for the garden at the other end, or scratch unfinished portraits of nobodies, or he will put a fresh marker in the very centre of the book, and then commence a diary, with a vast amount of flourish as to particulars of time, date, and place. I would dismiss the Headless Man at once, were it not for his pocket-books, which, during my stay, we found in rummaging and clearing out his room. These will be found worthy of the reader's examination in a separate chapter; and, before I come to this end of the present one, let me note this down for the general benefit: Never have any pecuniary dealings with Headless Men.

Better to lend a large than a small sum to a Headless Man.

The Headless Man never possesses stamps (*Headless*, you see, in this sense, some one will say—only I've said it now—Ah!) for his letters. It is wonderful to what an extent a Headless Man may mulct his friends in this small way.

He never has any coppers. This reminds me that my Headless Man is, above all men, most charitable. He cannot pass a beggar in the street, specially a child beggar, a snivelling Arab, without putting his hand in his pocket, and, not finding anything there, getting his companion to give it for him.

He will cross Waterloo Bridge, and any other where payment is demanded, at his friend's expense. If a smoker, he never has cigars nor lights. He is not stingy: not a bit: he is simply Headless. Take him into a shop instead of giving him a cigar, and make him buy one, or force him to get change for his shilling, sovereign, or whatever it may be, and you'll do him a real service.

The Headless Man's pocket-books are such curiosities that I must let you see them, and then dismiss our species to the limbo of the other genera of Odd Men Out.

FRENCH SOLDIERS AND SIRLOINS.

TREMBLE, JOHN BULL, if you ever did or ever will. The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH feeds his army upon beef. Four hundred thousand soldiers of France consume 108,405 oxen a-year. Their ordinary ration of beef is two pounds a-day. These figures are quoted by the *Gazette de France* with reference to a meeting "lately held" by the butchers of Paris, "to consider the dearness of meat"—and how to maintain it? No, BLUEGOWN and STEEL, *dear* friends—to "devise means of remedying that evil." The dearness of beef, they found, was caused by the enormous consumption of the French Army. What shall we do now that beef has come to be the diet of the French soldier? Will it be any longer possible, as the rule, for one Englishman of the average type to beat three Frenchmen? During the great war with BONAPARTE the Good and True, an anonymous British bard put into the mouth of a Mounseer, as our predecessors used to call a Frenchman, a song wherein he is made to tell MR. BULL:—

> "You say dat your beef make you not fear de gun;
> But remember, Shon Engleesh, we make you to run
> After us at Busaco and Barossa battle,
> Where de guns zey did rorar and se cannons did rattle."

There will be no more singing in this strain, we shall have to sing small. Beef, now that French soldiers are kept upon it, will make them not fear the gun, albeit the Armstrong gun or the Whitworth. "Give them great meals of beef" and "they will eat like wolves," too, and doubtless also "fight like devils." Who knows but what we shall make them run after us, if ever, unhappily, we have to cross bayonets with them? But there is probably an end of hand-to-hand fighting. The battles of the future will most likely be fought out with artillery and breech-loaders. Our neighbours will pot their adversaries with Chassepots, and we shall pepper ours with Sniders. It will not much matter on what meat men are bred to make food for powder. This consideration may somewhat console the patriots who lament that the British Grenadier must cease to be incomparable when the gallant heroes across the Channel, nurtured upon beef, shall have acquired their due proportions. Perhaps, if "*O, the Roast Beef of Old England!*" were ever sung now, it would soon require to be sung in a minor with a rueful emphasis on the interjection. O, the old English Roast Beef, indeed! It is in danger of being put out of joint by the Roast Beef of La France. That must not happen; and the business of the War Office now will be to take care that our Army shall be provided with the very best of beef, and, whilst at least as well armed as that of France, shall be so fed as to excel it in one thing, and maintain the ancient superiority of British troops over French in that at any rate.

"OH, I DARE SAY!"

Helen (19). "OH, I SAY, COUSIN GEORGE, IF IT WASN'T FOR 'MA SITTING THERE, WOULDN'T THIS BE LIKE THAT BEAUTIFUL CAVE IN CHARLES READE'S '*FOUL PLAY*,' WHERE YOU KNOW——"

[*Cousin George (ditto) was just going to say that the same idea had struck him, &c., when 'Ma rose, and called out it was time to go home to tea!*

A SLANG CATECHISM.

Q. WHAT is an Aristocrat?

A. A Swell, a Nob.

Q. Is there a distinction between a Swell and a Nob?

A. Rayther so. All Nobs are Swells, but a Swell ain't necessarily a Nob.

Q. Give an example.

A. The MARKIS o' ASTINGS, he's a Nob and he's a Swell; MR. AUGUSTUS SMITH, in some Government hoffice or other, as goes about with Markisses and dresses no end—he's a Swell, but he ain't a Nob.

Q. Whence do you derive the appellation Nob?

A. From a door-handle. As there's always a'most a knob to a handle, so in society it's the handle to the name as makes the Nob.

Q. Into what classes do you divide Society?

A. Into Nobs, which includes regular Nobs: Swells, which includes Tiptoppers, Regular Swells, Cheap Swells, Gents, Snobs, and Cockywaxes.

Q. What is a Regular Nob?

A. As aforesaid. Handle to name, tin, togs, and all complete.

Q. What is a Tip-top Swell?

A. Mostly Coves in four-in-'ands. From twenty to thirty-five.

Q. A Regular Swell?

A. He is a older cove—from thirty-five to fifty. He rayther runs to fat, but there ain't a speck on him anywhere, and his boots and tile are out-and-out.

Q. The terms Cheap Swell, Gent, and Snob require no explanation. What, then, is a Cockywax?

A. It's a term of endearment, and may include any of the above, or may be a class by itself, without a swell or nob in it. Cockywaxes are any age. If addressing a Cockywax you qualify it by prefixing "old" or "young."

Q. You mention Togs, whence is this word derived?

A. Undoubtedly from the Latin *Toga*. "Togs" means dress.

Q. When was the word *Cove* first used?

A. It was imported by the Romans, and was first used in an abbreviated form by the British whenever they saw a *Covinarius*, i.e., *a soldier in a war-chariot.*

Q. Explain and give derivations of the words *Trump, Brick, Chap, Guffin*, and *Bloke*. Also in each case give your reference.

A. I will. *Walker!* [*Exit Answerer.*

N.B. AND M.B.

THE *Dispatch* announces that:—

"The curate of a Ritualistic church in the neighbourhood of Warwick, with the vicar's two daughters, have just gone over to Rome."

So this is the way that Ritualistic curates now elope with their masters' daughters! The misfortune of the vicar in the neighbourhood of Warwick should be a caution to clergymen and fathers. In the old time, when curates ran away with vicars' daughters, they went over to Gretna Green merely, and that with only one. Now the Ritualist abducer is off to Rome with two at a time. In advertising for a curate, beneficed clergymen may as well in future append to their announcements:—"N.B. No wearer of an M.B. waistcoat need apply."

Wanted.

WHO'S to be the new Secretary for Ireland in the room of LORD MAYO? MR. DISRAELI, with his usual conscientious desire to get the very best man he can for an important appointment, and the one who above all others has proved himself most fitted for its duties, is understood to have his eye on the Master of the Buckhounds, and to be also favourable to the pretensions of the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

ROUNDS—OF APPLAUSE.

Blow for Blow, at the Holborn Theatre, ought to be a great hit. But why was it not reserved for Boxing Night?

Printed by Joseph Smith, of 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, September 26, 1868.

"DISTANCE LENDS (NO) ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

Edwin arranges to Meet his Angelina at the Pier-head. He arrives at the South End, she at the North. It is Three Miles round to *her!*

THE FISHERMAN A FREEMASON.

At Rome, if the *Post* we can place on
Reliance, with no fib its face on,
A tale is related,
Wherein it is stated
The Pope once was made a Freemason.

'Twas when, a young gallant and gay man,
No priest he was yet, but a layman,
And so far no meeter
To sit for St. Peter,
Than Barclay and Perkins's Drayman.

A lodge-book, so goes the narration,
Has turned up, his initiation
Within it recorded,
The Church him awarded
Of course, then, excommunication!

It may all my eye be, and Betty
Martino, but there down he 's set, he
Himself and no other,
Admitted as Brother,
Giovanni Mastai Ferretti.

As Pius appeared when they made him
A Freemason, Art has portrayed him
An apron as wearing;
Insignia bearing;
That trick has Photography played him.

Instead of cross-keys, the old Trump has
Square, trowel, triangle, and compass,
O rare exhibition!
And Rome's Inquisition
About it, of course, makes no rumpus.

His craft he will bring no disgrace on,
His steps if his path he retrace ôn,
And crown the top-storey
Of Italy's glory,
Her free and accepted Pope-Mason.

An Ugly Bargain.—A Cheap Bull-dog.

THE CIVIC BULL-RING AND BEAR-GARDEN.

Mr. Punch,

The Bears of the Stock Exchange have been hitherto supposed to be merely a certain class of stockjobbers, whose game in business consisted in trying, by means more or less rascally, to depreciate stocks and shares; those pursuing an opposite policy being called Bulls.

It now appears—to those who didn't know before—that when a stranger finds his way by chance into the room wherein these Bulls and Bears transact their business, instead of being civilly informed that it is private, and being shown out by an attendant, he is immediately set upon by the society which he has fallen amongst, bonneted, hustled, and forcibly extruded. This is much the sort of way in which anyone would be treated if he were to tumble into a real bear-pit; only that there the bears would tear him to pieces, which the members of the Stock Exchange are of course restrained from doing by the fear of Calcraft. Their maltreatment of strangers evinces a rudeness and ferocity remarkably characteristic indeed of bears, but not of bears only. Bulls, for example, can exhibit just the same qualities; and the Bulls of the Stock Exchange show themselves equally savage with the Bears. It is not, therefore, by the "Bears of the Stock Exchange," in particular, that strangers are attacked, but by both the Bears and Bulls in conjunction; in a word, by the Brutes of the Stock Exchange.

Were you aware, *Mr. Punch*, that the City, of which you are the boast, contains such brutes as those same Bulls of Basan, and Bears? If so, surely, for all your objection to old English sports attended with suffering to animals, you would ere this have diverted the British Public with a little Bull-baiting and Bear-baiting. At least you might have produced a pictorial exhibition of certain Bulls tethered and "pinned," and Bears muzzled and undergoing the punishment of being worried by dogs, or forced to dance, in a shameful and ridiculous manner.

It is not, however, only the Stock Exchange, of all places in the City of London, which is tenanted by ferocious creatures. Brutes equally savage infest the neighbourhood of Lombard Street, where, the other Friday afternoon, they collected in a pack, like wolves or hyænas, howled at, pelted, and otherwise assailed the congregation issuing from the church of St. Edmund the King, wherein they had been listening to a sermon preached by Father Ignatius. They had heard that, in one of his previous discourses delivered there, Ignatius had compared London to Jericho, had called their class worshippers of the golden calf, and money-makers in general thieves. If real hyænas and wolves could understand human speech, no doubt they likewise would have flown, tooth and nail, at anybody whom they understood to have said that they were greedy, bloodthirsty, and cruel.

Father Ignatius, while he was playing the monk, shaved his head. Thereby, perhaps, he did himself good. He has now taken to boots again, is decently clothed, and seems to be in his right mind, at least in as far as he preaches home truths. But even if he continued to preach Popery, mock or real, to beset, and fall upon, and pitch into him and his adherents, is to behave not only like the wolf and the hyæna, but also, saving the impatience which such violence betrays, like the jackass. It promotes a laughing-stock to the dignity of a confessor; and increases his following. Besides—and this is what the cudgel in your hands might beat into the heads of Protestant multitudes—it reduces them to a level with those frantic Papists who show what they think of the damage which Murphy's abuse of their religion does it, by rioting, and, in its defence against words, resorting to blows.

A short time since, a very good band was accustomed to perform in the open space west of the Mansion House every Saturday. This was a good institution for the City. "Music hath charms," &c. I suppose that Orpheus did really soothe the savage breast, and got credit for soothing the savage beast. Shouldn't you like to see what effect Joachim would produce by walking into the Stock Exchange, and playing the fiddle? He might safely do it in Lombard Street, at any rate; and then Father Ignatius would be left alone—the best thing that could happen. Wanted a Peabody to remunerate the musician—I had nearly made the mistake of saying, pay the piper. Who is the successor to Van Amburgh? Some Brute Tamer, anyhow, is sadly wanted in the City.

Wishing my position enabled me to stir in the matter,

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

Guildhall, Goose Day, 1868. Gog.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

LEAMINGTON.

ONE Mr. Benjamin Satchwell, a shoemaker, in the year 1784, who, not content with improving the soles of his fellow men, was desirous of renovating their bodies also, discovered a very remarkable saline spring. He was probably an ancestor of the more modern follower of the same craft who invented side-springs. A friend of Satchwell's, one William Abbots, a worthy licensed victualler, and landlord of "The Dog," established some baths, and Leamington is really indebted for its present popularity to these enterprising bath chaps. The young watering-place was also "written up" by the *Morning Chronicle*, who proved a friend to its parent, for it published flattering articles on the infant's spa. Dr. Lambe, of Warwick, wrote a treatise on the waters, which was very clever of him, and several other springs were discovered, culminating in one great spring into popularity, which flowed on successfully until the present time, and will no doubt continue to do so whilst there are so many who believe in its

Mineral Waters.—These are twelve in number, and of the usual sort—Chalybeate, involuntarily recalling Weller Junior's "warm flat-iron" comparison; sulphureous, suggestive of a decoction of lucifer-matches, and saline, which are simply nasty. It is as well, they say, to consult one of the resident medical men (who by long habit have almost induced themselves to believe that the waters have some effect on their patients) before indulging to any great extent in this most unpleasant beverage. People who have chronic biliousness through ceaseless spirit-imbibing will derive benefit from occasional draughts of the Leamington water. It is in two senses salutory for "hard livers." It is said that the proper period wherein to test the efficacy of the waters is a month. Lodging-house keepers say two, but we mistrust their motives. Lazy people should jump at them, and they should be, if possible, drunk at the spring. This, however, requires practice. More than two good-sized pailfuls at a draught would be injudicious on a first attempt. The dose, however, may be increased, and if the patient lives he should go in for

Bathing.—This is a healthful pursuit at all times, and even at home, in connection with soap and a rough towel, may be safely indulged in by the most timid. Shower, tepid, sulphureous, vapour, and cold baths may be all obtained in perfection at Leamington. More than three of each sort daily are not recommended to nervous patients *at first*. They are not expensive, and stout people will find that in the case of hot baths there is "a considerable reduction in taking a quantity." Should they make the patient ill, he may rely upon it they disagree with him.

Analysis of the Waters.—Without descending to decimal fractions, we are given to understand that an imperial pint contains as follows:—

Sulphate of Somethingorother	35 grains.
Chloride of Whatd'yecallit	30 „
Bicarbonate of Kafoozleum	2 „

We confess at this juncture to having lost the paper on which this highly interesting analysis was elaborately given. We believe we dropped it somewhere between Brunswick Street and Lillington Place; or on second thoughts, it may have been in Jephson's Gardens, or possibly on the Rugby Road. The visitor should not miss the Royal Assembly Rooms or the Royal Music Hall, the Jephson Gardens, or the Tennis Court (of which place a poor demented player once remarked, that for one ball missed, *ten is caught*, but he was at once seen to by his friends); and last, but not least, in all seriousness,

The Warneford Hospital, called after the worthy rector of Burton-on-the-Hill, Gloucestershire. This supplies baths and medicines to the poor. *Verb. Sap.* "The smallest donations thankfully received."

SCARBOROUGH.

Nobody knows anything about its foundation, but as it has stood so many years, there can be no doubt that the foundation is pretty strong. The name is Saxon, and was originally Skardaborgar, and a very pretty name too. Harold Hardrada, who ought to have known better, destroyed it in 1066; and though accustomed to stormy gales, the town was some time in recovering from this tremendous blow. This is scarcely to be wondered at, after being utterly demolished it *does* take some little time to recover oneself. We have all felt that, and why shouldn't Scarborough.

It has frequently been sieged. Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, fled here, but was forced to surrender. Other Piers have given way at watering-places since his time. In 1536 Robert Aske, leader of the Pilgrims of Grace (*grace*, indeed!) tried to take the Castle, but he failed, and in his case it was by no means a case of "aske and have." Some chroniclers state that the Castle was taken once by a son of Lord Stafford. Other historians, however, say it was taken by Stratagem. Our time is too valuable to waste any of it in deciding which was in the right. The Castle was besieged twice by the Parliamentarians, and the garrison held out for twelve months on the first occasion, until at starvation point, then having no more provisions to give out, it was naturally obliged to give in.

The Spa.—The reputation of Scarborough resembles a gig, and mainly rests upon two springs. They were found out by a lady, who discovered perpetual spring, if she didn't everlasting youth. A slight earthquake, in 1737, buried the springs, but a hardy and adventurous person nerved himself to the task, and after looking about for some days, eventually found them hiding artfully in a corner. The visitor should by no means miss the

Spa Saloon.—A Spa-cious building, in which entertainments of all kinds are given. The term "given" must not of course be taken in its literal sense; a sum is charged for admission. Music from the soul-stirring strains of a Mozart, down to the modern effusions of a Mackney, may be heard during the season at this popular establishment. Gentlemen who dive under desks, and re-appear with another name and another wig, sombre minstrels of the plantation, with a tendency to harmonise everything they sing, and always possessing one big black fellow with a maddening falsetto, ladies from La Scala, and gentlemen from the Royal Ritolderol Music Hall with an overwhelming weakness for unlimited Chorus, conjurors, lecturers, concert parties and Shakspearian readers, all patronise the Spa Saloon, and its influence is therefore antagonistic to

The Theatre, which is a very well-conducted little place, and where you may often see London Stars in a popular Comety.

How to Take the Waters.—One reliable authority states, "those who are in health may drink the water *ad libitum*." *Punch's* advice is, "add something else."

A PLEA FOR THE PILLORY.

The good old times! The rare old times! One cannot well help sighing for them when one reads a bit like this:—

"In 1311 a baker was imprisoned for offering putrid bread for sale; and in 1316 two bakers were drawn on hurdles through the streets of the metropolis and pilloried for using false weights. In 1319 William Spelyng was fixed in the pillory, whilst the putrid carcasses of two bullocks found in his shop were burnt under his nose; and in 1348 two similar punishments for similar crimes are recorded against delinquent butchers."

Cruel? Well, yes, possibly. But are not bakers cruel, when they cheat poor half-fed people by giving them short weight? Small tradesmen often are big rogues: of this at every Sessions there is offered ample proof; and the worst are they who cheat the poor in food and drink. These small tradesmen make large profits, and can easily afford to snap their fingers at the fines, which are nowadays imposed on them for swindling in their shops. It would be a fine thing for the poor if fines were no more suffered, and a fine sight it would be to see a baker in the pillory, or whipped at his shop door for having sold short weight. Cheating such as this is virtually stealing, and deserves a harsher punishment than payment of a fine, an item which is simply classed among the trade expenses, and paid out of the profits of the next half-score of thefts. If we merely fine a shop-keeper for robbing by false weights, we ought merely to fine a burglar or a pickpocket, and we ought to shut our prisons against every sort of thief.

THE JUDGE'S DREAM.

The Court in which I did preside
Was close, and I myself was tried
By heat, and want of air,
Whence ventilation's needful gale
Cleared not the fumes which crowds exhale,
In courts of justice that prevail,
And soap and water spare.

The case was like to last a week.
Night came; I smoked cigars: to seek
My pillow then was fain.
And, as I lay reclined in bed,
I had a vision of the head,
It may be of tobacco bred;
I was in Court again.

Methought that on their verdict, late,
The Jury, to deliberate,
Had, for some hours, retired;
And there I sat upon the Bench,
And tried, with gin-and-watery drench,
In vain the raging thirst to quench
Wherewith my throat was fired.

The Foreman entered, and, said he,
"My Lord, the jury can't agree;
No chance they will to-night."
I said, "I 'm sorry, Gentlemen,
For your predicament, but then,
Together, in exclusive pen,
You must await the light.

"The officer, no doubt, to make
You comfortable all, will take
Such measures as he can.
But must, by law ordained of old,
Permit you, shut within that fold,
Communication none to hold
With any other man."

"My Lord," the Sheriff said, "and you
Apart I must imprison too,
Until this trial 's o'er.
In strictest custody confined,
As the new Act—need I remind
Your Lordship?—me perforce both bind."
I cried, "Oh, what a bore!"

Lock up the Judge too! On my word
That locking up is most absurd;
Such hardship might provoke
A very saint to curse and swear,
And stamp, and dance, and rend his hair.
Hang it! 'Tis more than I can bear."
I swore, and I awoke.

But oh, if 'twere a bad time spent
By one alone in durance pent,
How dire would be his case;
All night—it struck me ne'er before—
Styed with eleven persons more,
Who, very likely, always snore,
And wash but hands and face!

Woman and Her Mr.

Miss Becker—for so we must call her, although she is probably ashamed of being obliged to be a woman—the lady who read a paper before the British Association, which bore on the Two Sexes of Man, is doubtlessly highly gratified at the superior rank to which the *Times* has promoted her. That paper, in its account of what passed before the Revising Barrister at Manchester, with excellent irony stated that "Mr. Becker, who, with several other ladies, had been present since the opening of the Court, applied, on behalf of the women claimants in Chorlton-upon-Medlock, for a case of appeal."

SO NICE OF HER.

It was the remark of young Mrs. Dulcimore, on seeing an advertisement headed, "*Household Music*," that she knew none equal to her baby's voice.

Livery of Seizin'.—John Thomas's annual suit.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

IV.—THOROUGHLY TEETOTAL.

To the Electors of Coldstream.

Gentlemen,

You know me as an ardent spirit, as a man with but one idea and aim—the idea that all our national ailments would yield to the water cure, the aim to advocate and extend the power of the Pump. You will, therefore, not be surprised if in this address I am a total abstainer from every topic but Teetotalism. In my eyes Parliamentary Reform is insignificant in comparison with Public-House Reform; in my eyes Compulsory Sobriety is more important than Compulsory Education, and the evils of the Irish Church far less than those of Irish Whiskey. In the minds of many there is alarm lest our Institutions should be overthrown by the men whom they denounce as Republicans: I am bent on defeating a still more dangerous enemy—the Publicans.

Some election addresses are so spirited as to make one suspect that they were written under the influence of alcohol: mine will not be of that character; not extravagant, but temperate, indeed more than temperate—teetotal. Others are so mild as to deserve the term milk-and-water: mine will escape that reproach, for it will be all water.

I have never required pumping about my intentions, should you send me to Parliament as your representative. My ambition is to form a great water-party at Westminster, and deluge every Government with motions, questions, petitions, remonstrances, and objections, all flowing to the same point—National Teetotalism. I expect to have cold water thrown on my projects—cold water will only brace and invigorate me for renewed exertions. To ridicule I am indifferent: I dread applause much more, lest I should be intoxicated by it.

One of the first things I shall do in the House will be to object to that item in the Navy Estimates which deals in rum. I shall move to substitute the word "cocoa," with "chocolate" for the officers. This will expose me to intemperate language: I care not, if I can only save our gallant sailors from being half-seas over. If I stand alone, as I am proud to say I have been able to do through life, I will propose the imposition of the heaviest taxes on wine, spirits, and tobacco; for a pipe of tobacco and a pipe of wine are equally obnoxious to me. I shall broach the subject of the erection of drinking-fountains out of the public (house) money in every inhabited spot in the British dominions. No half-and-half measures will go down with me. Stricter licensing regulations and the closing of public-houses on Sunday may content some: such sipping legislation will not satisfy my thirst. I would close the public-houses altogether: they have been allowed too much licence already. I would prohibit the sale of all intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal purposes, and I hope the time is near when an enlightened profession will label brandy as *eau-de-mort* instead of *eau-de-vie*. The manufacture of beer I would attack with bitter hostility; the cultivation of barley (except for barley-water) should be made a penal offence; I would suffer no more malt-kilns to be built; hop-yards should be converted into strawberry beds, and I would compel the owners of orchards in the cider counties to make a declaration that the fruit had been used solely for cooking purposes and desserts. Why should not our public dinners be conducted on the toast-and-water principle? Why should not wine-parties at our Universities be followed by rustication? Why should not the Legislature set a bright example, by interdicting the sale of all stimulants (including currant and other home-made wines) in their own Refreshment Rooms? I would limit the Clubs to the consumption of the stocks now in their cellars. I would have inspectors of wedding-breakfasts and superintendents of evening parties appointed. I would only permit pic-nics in the grounds attached to temperance hotels; and I would have all convivial songs licensed by the Lord Chamberlain before publication.

I hope to live to see the day when dictionaries will no longer explain Gin as "a trap or snare;" I hope to welcome the hour when only the antiquary and philologist will understand such expressions as rum shrub, old Tom, gin-sling, brandy-cocktail, sherry-cobbler, Kinahan's LL., toddy, XXX, and London stout. Soda I would restrict to washing purposes, and the sober orange should never be contaminated by association with the dissolute bitters.

I know what my opponents are saying of me; that I am suffering from water on the brain, that my speech on the hustings will be a water-spout, that I have not three grains of sense in my head (this by the brewing interest), and that I shall be the butt (this by the wine-merchants) of the House, when I enter it. Let them pour out their long bottled-up rage; I heed it not, provided you take the water-side.

It is almost superfluous to add that mine will be a dry election; those disgraceful scenes of violence in which eyes have more than once been bunged-up will cease to occur, when barrels of beer cease to flow. I will tap nothing but the shoulder. My head-quarters and Committee Room are at the Temperance Hotel, where I hope to address you on Monday next after an early tea.

Your faithful Servant,

Pump Court, Sept. 26, 1868. C. Fountayne Watermore.

"FACILIS AS-CENSUS."

Brown (of the Alpine Club, on his return home from Geneva, buys an Alpenstock). "Kel Nom?! Well, you must know the Names o' your own Mountains better than I do! Put down the Regular Lot, you know—Mong Blong and the rest of 'em!"

A SONG FOR A HARVEST HOME.

Dedicated, without Permission, to the High Churchmen of Haydock.

Now haarvest be over, 'stead o' taakun his glaass,
Let every bold faarmer taake his part in a faarce;
'Stead o' gieun his lab'rers a skinfull o' beer,
Let un spend on bad acting the price o' good cheer.

See, paarson bedizzened in Papishes' clothes,
Paraadun the filds o' bold faarmers he goes:
Wi' lads in their nightgowns a-singun o' psalms,
And a-bearun o' banners and flags in their arms.

Behind un fine ladies and gemmen are seen,
Nigh smothered wi' flowers, like Jacks i' the Green:
Wi' roses and lilies an' larkspurs so blue,
Wi' daylias and daaises an' hollyhocks too.

There be others wi' turmuts an' taturs likewise,
An' carruts an' pumpkins, amaazun in size:
And melons an' peaches, and apples an' pears,
As big as be eaten by Kings an' Lord Mares!

There be Garge an' Giles Scroggins a-blazun in red,
Wi' skull-caps o' scaarlet a top of their head;
Stinkun stuff they call incense they 're flingun about,
Smellun like taller candles when sudden blown out.

By way o' fine-nawly a pig's head be there,
Bedecked wi' pink ribbuns, like maaids at a fair:
But tho' pig's head in ribbons be pretty to see,
Drest nicely for dinner 'twould better please me.

Then arter paraadun the filds as I say,
They all goes to Chutch for to sing an' to pray:
An' if, 'stead o' singun, the boys only hums,
'Tis because their mouths water for th' peaches an' plums.

Now, when haarvest be over, an' crops in, d' ye mind,
For to sing "O be joyful!" I 'se always inclined;
But at Haydock next haarvest you wunt catch me there,
For I dunno' like mixun play-acting an' prayer!

MERRIMAN ON MUMMERY.

(*To the Haydock Ritualists.*)

Reverend Gentlemen,—On the occasion of the late total eclipse of the Sun, according to the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times*:—

"Tuesday was a general holiday, and the natives signalised the swallowing of the sun by a demon by the usual drumming, shrieking, and blowing of shells, with offerings of rice."

Benighted heathen, were they not? Rice is so pagan an offering. There would have been some sense, now, in wheatsheaves, especially with the addition of a basket of eggs, a pat of butter, and a pig's head. Wouldn't there? I think so. But then, I am only, A Clown.

P.S. Have you got a vacancy for a Crucifer? Address, Drury Lane.

"Sham Sample Swindle."

An anonymous writer in a Mask, charges Mr. Charles Reade with receiving stolen Literary Goods, knowing them to be stolen. This Mr. Charles Reade flatly denies, and threatens his accuser with an action. *Pendente Lite*, an unprejudiced observer, can only say that, at all events, Mr. Charles Reade has brought the subject to a direct issue, and has not defended his share in *Foul* Play by a *Poultry* Evasion.

Good "Piece" of Furniture for Theatrical Managers.—A Chest of "Drawers."

Good Knife for Fruit.—"*Le Sabre de mon Pear.*"

VOTE FOR PUNCH.

Mr. Bull. "ECONOMY, INDEED! WHY YOUR ACCOUNT, BENJAMIN, IS THREE MILLIONS MORE THAN WILLIAM'S! AND WHAT AM *I* THE BETTER FOR IT? I SHALL JUST HAND THE WHOLE THING OVER TO MY GOOD FRIEND AND ADVISER HERE, MR. PUNCH."

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

Dear Daughter,—If it is advisable for ladies to think twice before making a speech, my advice to those ladies about to publish a book is—think three times, and then don't do it. Ah! little did I imagine what I was bringing upon myself when, out of the fulness of my maternal affection and patriotic solicitude for the Improvement of the Sex, I committed myself to print in a public journal. For, though I set out on my literary career with the intention of confining myself to domestic politics and Parlour, instead of Political Economy, I am driven, *nolens volens*, which means, hurried, scurried, and flurried, into the current of public affairs, and where I shall be driven to, if indeed I shall ever be driven anywhere, I don't know. For only think of it, my dear Judiana, here in this quiet little Suffolk watering-place, my sins—*i.e.*, my authorship—has found me out. As I walk along in the humblest manner, wearing, as does Her Majesty on her travels, a broad-brimmed straw hat, I hear impertinent little boys cry after me, with rude boyish gestures—"There goes *Mrs. Punch*, who writes letters to her daughter!"

What lady's feelings would not be hurt by such conduct? but that is not the worst. What with the Elections, the speech of Miss Becker at the Social Science Meeting, and other inflammatory matters, the ladies in the country who know very little about the real state of things, are beside themselves with excitement: so what must they do but get up deputations to me, taking it for granted that *Mrs. Punch* would place herself at the head of the female Liberal Party and take by storm, one after the other, every remaining stronghold of Masculine Tyranny. Now, though both *Mr. Punch* and your mother think that too much cannot be done in the way of making women happier and more useful by giving them plenty of education and occupation, and do honour to the wise and temperate crusaders against follies, we are always anxious to check the zeal of the over-hot and inconsiderate.

Having gone out of the way to make this explanation, I will now relate to you what has happened to disturb my mind from its quiet contemplations of Seaside Studies, such as Sand-hoppers, Engaged Couples, Sea-weeds, fast young ladies, and so on.

As I was settling my weekly accounts then, with our good landlady Mrs. Mealymouth, we heard a tramping sound as of a file of soldiers marching. We both gave a little scream, thinking Mr. Beales or the Fenians might have something to do with it, but on looking up, beheld an army of ladies, who drew up round the door, and by the mouth of their spokeswomen clamoured to see *Mrs. Punch*. Oh! what an awful moment was that, and what a lesson for ladies with literary and philanthropic aspirations.

The first deputation consisted of *Girls of the Period*, who, after a good deal of giggling, tittering and whispering, were so far silent as to allow their spokeswoman, Miss Fitz Swell, to deliver the following speech:—

Honoured Madam,—We, the highly misused and agitated *Girls of the Period*, shall be very glad to enrol our names on the voting lists, always provided those mischievous old things, the revising barristers, will let us; but we wish you to consider our difficulty regarding a Candidate, and to advise us, if possible. What we want is a representative under thirty years of age, with a handsome beard and black eyes——

Here the speaker was interrupted by a voice that said,

"Not black eyes, please, Annie; blue is my favourite colour."

The speaker cried out, "For shame, Gracie," and went on——

"He must be the most gentlemanly of beings, and able, both in speaking and writing, to cut up our adversaries and detractors into mincemeat; we mean those horribly critical creatures who find fault with us, and want us to leave off chignons and Sensational novels, and all that sort of thing. Things are coming to such a pass that we are growing quite alarmed, and expect one of these days to be pounced upon by the Social Science people, and carried off to some elegant reformatory for so many months—not of penal servitude—but of mental improvement. We should not so much object to go to Cambridge, as a Lady proposed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and study in the house of an M.A., provided some nice young men would help us to learn our lessons: but we object on principle to having our minds improved.

Now, *Mrs. Punch*, if you can recommend us a Candidate who will fulfil the following qualifications, we will give him our support, and persuade Papa to do the same:—

He must be handsome, and at least five feet ten inches in height.

He must waltz to perfection, and be able to read poetry aloud.

He must be of High Church principles, and amiable disposition.

He must strictly oppose all the tendencies of the age towards improving Ladies' minds, and be ready to fight a duel with any one impertinent enough to hint that they need it.

He must not be over-clever or fond of politics, except as they immediately concern the welfare of the *Girls of the Period*.

I said that I would see what could be done for them, and the Deputation then retired. One young lady ran back two minutes afterwards to say, "Florence sent her love, and forgot to say that she thought they could do more with a Curate than anybody, if *Mrs. Punch* would be so good as to recommend one."

The next Deputation consisted of ladies who had formed themselves into a body called *The Anti-Domestic-Liberty-League*. Some members of the Deputation were single or widows, and all householders, thus fulfilling the qualification for the franchise. The speaker, Mrs. Rev. Driver, laid down their grievances as follows:—

The spirit of independence among domestic servants was growing so intolerable, that nothing but parliamentary measures of the severest kind could put a curb upon it. The undersigned ladies were prepared to support any Candidate for their Borough who should pledge himself to introduce the following Bills:—

1st. A Bill to make it illegal and punishable, by fine, for any young woman in domestic service to wear chignons, curls, crinolines, or dresses of any kind, except such as meet the sanction of her mistress.

2nd. A Bill to make sound Church principles compulsory on all servants whatever, and the offence of attending a Methodist Chapel amenable to the law.

3rd. A Bill to put a stop to sweethearts, valentines, love-letters and light literature, restricting the kitchen library to tracts and works of an improving nature.

4. A Bill to render warnings invalid, except on the side of the mistress.

Puzzled as I had been by the first Deputation, I felt still more turned mentally topsy-turvy by this, and the Ladies' severe looks only added to my agitation. I contrived to say that I was much obliged to them, or that they were very welcome, or something equally incoherent, when the Speaker of the Third Deputation began:—

Respected *Mrs. Punch*,—We, the undersigned, Members of the *Aggrieved-Authors,-Artist,-and-Philanthropic-League*, all entitled to vote, either as householders or lodgers, beg to offer our support to any Member who will bring our case before Parliament.

We say it with all modesty, we are proper aspirants for the emoluments of the Civil List, and our ungrateful country refuses to acknowledge our claims. One of us, for the present we omit names out of delicacy, worked like a slave in the cause of the Emancipation of the Shoshones Squaws; another sent out a mission to establish the Legal Equality of the Sexes amongst the Cannibal Tribes on the Gold Coast; a third wrote a book proving that all men are monsters; a fourth established a Convalescent Home for Cats; a fifth established Classes for instructing Destitute Children in Æsthetics and the Love of the Beautiful, gratis; a sixth offered a Prize of Fifty Pounds to the lady who should write the best treatise on the "Connection of Transcendental Mathematics, Lucifer Matches, and the Political Position of Women," which Prize has not yet been drawn. We would humbly suggest our claims to any gentleman desirous of our support, and beg to add that tea and such humble hospitalities will be offered to his canvassers—provided he possesses the most unmitigatedly liberal opinions.

The ladies then withdrew.

Oh! my Judiana, imagine the feelings, and sympathise with the embarrassment of your perplexed, and would-be Un-political, Mother,

Mrs. Punch.

A Cynic on the Supplement to the Times.

The Births I don't regard a jot;
The Marriages concern me not;
The Deaths I need no longer see:
I shall have nothing more left me.

Turned off from the Mayne.—A Discharged Policeman.

POOR CREATURE!

Nurse. "Well, Mr. Charles, how do *you* get on in the Country?"

Mr. Charles. "Why, Hemma, I shan't be Sorry when we Returns to Town. I ain't a Sportin' Man, you know; and there's no Society here but Fishin' and Shootin'!"

CONVERSION SOCIETIES.

(*Suggested by* "Vigilans.")

There are lots of benevolent Societies,
And some sort of good they have done,
Of objects they've endless varieties,
And the main object is Number One.

They've thousands of Christian subscribers
Whose money's to Christianise Jews;
But their Missioners can't be good bribers
As the Jews prefer staying He*brews*.

They've tracts upon tracts against Popery,
Abusing the incense and cope;
But in spite of hard words or soft soapery,
They don't gain a soul from the Pope.

Subscribers to every Society,
Not grudging the largest amount,
Begin not to question their piety,
But to call for the strictest account.

We have crowds of poor naked and starving,
There is plenty for money to do;
We'd relieve a few hundreds by halving
The price of converting one Jew.

Political Persuasion and Force.

It is said that intimidation is the besetting sin of the Conservatives, and bribery of the Liberals. Perhaps that is the case. Then the Conservative wallops, so to speak, or threatens to wallop the British Elector, and the Liberal gives him oats, as it were, and cries gee wo!

A POSE FOR A PICTURE.

Does any artist, desirous of distinguishing himself, want a subject of which he may make a picture for the next Exhibition of the Royal Academy? Then here is one for him, in an extract from the *Moniteur* relative to the Spanish Insurrection:—

"The frigate *Victoria*, which had appeared before Corunna, retired in consequence of the attitude assumed by the Captain-General."

What scope this announcement affords for the conception of a grand historical picture! In the whole range of profane history there is only one instance at all nearly parallel to the wonderful fact which it proclaims. That occurred at the last siege of Acre, where the garrison immediately laid down their arms on the appearance of Admiral Sir Charles Napier in the breach, when he raised his walking-stick. This, however, was too simple a gesture to be suitable for pictorial illustration. But if there is any British Artist sufficiently endowed with that sense of grandeur which is characteristic of Continental genius, he can embody it in a portrait of the Captain-General of Corunna, as he appeared in the attitude in consequence of which the *Victoria* retired.

Tried and Trusted.

The *Post* announces the—

"Marriage of Risk Allah Bey.—On Saturday this gentleman, so well known through the recent trials in London, was married at the Greek Eastern Church, London Wall, to Mrs. Wosau, of Great Malvern."

Let us hope that now, at last, Mr. Risk Allah Bey has seen the end of his trials.

How to Ensure your Son's Success in the Race for Knowledge.—When he's going to School, give him a good "tip."

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

(Continued.)

No one but a Headless Man would put an ordinary friend in possession of his pocket-books, note-books, and diaries for many years past. But a Headless Man foresees nothing, and has no memory unless suddenly jogged, when it shoots up brilliantly for a few seconds, and then, just as you think it is about to illumine the darkness for some time to come, it sputters, gutters, and goes out, on that particular subject at least. Did you ever burn red fire during the representation of the *Miller and his Men* (Skelt's scenes and characters, so much plain and so much more coloured) on the stage of your nursery theatre? If so, you will remember sprinkling an extra pinch of the powder on the expiring sparks still twinkling in the pan; up it flamed, bright and red as ever, and then down again, leaving nothing behind except a hot pan which burnt your fingers, and disappointment, which ended in a difference with your nurse on the subject of bed-time. So with my Headless Man's memory: it flares up, and throws a warm light upon the past: suddenly it is almost extinguished: scatter a few grains of memoranda over it, and it is again enlivened for a short time, and there's an end.

It was while I was staying with Miller (not the one with "the men" just alluded to, but the Headless Miller, my friend of former chapters), that it suddenly occurred to him to tidy his room.

This is a peculiarity of Headless Men: they pride themselves on extreme neatness.

Miller says to me, "My dear fellow, I know where every book, every pipe, everything, anything, is in my room. I can put my hand upon it as well in the dark as in the light."

This assertion I find is literally true: he *can* put his hand upon it, whatever it is, equally as well in the dark as in the light, and a nice mess he makes of the attempt at any time.

"Here," he says, indicating a small drawer, "I keep my gloves. Say I want my riding gloves: well, I open this drawer, and——"

He opens it, and we find packets of new paper, envelopes, and pens.

"By Jove!" he exclaims, forgetting all about his gloves and his admirable arrangements, "I've been looking for these things for the last three weeks. Now that's very odd."

I remind him that he had expected his gloves to be there.

"Gloves," he says, slowly considering the subject, and eyeing the papers and envelopes with the pleasure of a true discoverer. "Yes—gloves. Yes, yes. Gloves *ought* to be here. But," he continues, cheerfully turning to me, and extracting as it were a moral of praise for his own carefulness, "You see this just bears me out. I knew I'd put these packets away carefully—because I always have a drawer for everything—and," he adds, triumphantly, "here they are."

He is quite satisfied with this proof of his forethought and care: "here they are." He shuts the drawer up, and on my asking where then he keeps his gloves, he dismisses the subject as one of not the slightest importance in comparison with having found these papers. "Oh," he says, "the gloves are down-stairs, in the hall somewhere. It's all right. I know where to find them when I want 'em," from which I may infer that, as he doesn't want them at that moment, he doesn't at that moment know where to find them. In fact, he takes very much the sort of devil-may-care view of the matter which the adviser of Little Bopeep did when counselling her to leave her sheep to their own devices, as the probability was that they'd return, following their noses.

Now this is how we came to "tidy" his room.

After the episode of the gloves and the papers, he sits at his writing-table and observes, thoughtfully, "What have I got to do to-day—let me see?"

In order to let him see clearly, I go on with the perusal of my newspaper, and say nothing; but I watch him.

He searches for a pen everywhere, then he rings the bell, then he walks to the window and looks out. The servant answers the bell. "Did you ring, Sir?" asks the maiden.

"Yes," Miller replies slowly, looking first at Mary and then at me, as if I had had something to do with it (which is objectionable in a strange house, where you can imagine the servants saying, "What's *he* want here, coming ringing the bells, and a-giving us hextra trouble?" because they don't know what they're going to get when you leave).

"Yes," says he, deliberately, "I rang."

This, though a plain answer to a plain question, is of course not enough, because no man in his senses would ring a bell merely for the sake of telling the servant who came up that he had rung. I suggest, seeing Mary uncomfortable, that he wanted something.

"Yes, I did," he returns, as if choosing out of a number of things one that he really *did* require.

"You wanted a pen? didn't you?" I ask, diffidently, being somewhat afraid of offending him.

Offend him! not in the least. He is delighted. Yes, that's it—a pen: will Mary get him some pens?

She will; and instead of stepping out of the room, steps into it, and from a basket, on Miller's writing-table, under Miller's nose, produces a bundle.

I think the Headless Miller is a little ashamed of himself for a second or so.

"I never saw that," he says to me, apologetically. Mary smiles, and wants to know if there is anything more he wants.

"No," he answers, promptly; then, as she is closing the door, he repeats hesitatingly,

"No: I—I think not." She is gone.

"There *was* something else," I hear him saying to himself when she has left; "but I can't remember what it was."

Then follows a search for writing-paper, then for a blotting-pad, which he says he only bought the other day, and where the servants put these things he tells me, puzzles him. I stop him from ringing the bell, and easily find everything he wants for him. Indeed, they are all before him, which circumstance he points out to me, as I find them, in proof of his own care and arrangement.

An hour goes in this way, before he sits down fairly to consider his plans for the day.

The Headless Man's formula of expression invariably implies the result of a sudden discovery of a line of duty, commencing generally with an adjuration addressed either to Jove, or to that deity of modern mythology, Jingo.

The formula is, "By Jove! I ought"——to whatever it may be. On this present occasion he commences saying in a quiet manner, which is even more startling than his other way of rapping out his discoveries,

"By Jingo! I ought to see about those taxes to-day."

Taxes are an endless trouble to a Headless Man. He never will attend to them, or rates either, under the last penalties of an execution in the house, when he writes an indignant letter and most probably forgets to inclose the cheque.

"Yes," he continues, "I must see about those taxes." Here he notes down on a slip of paper, "taxes." "And then I ought to write to that man about the drains, and the wine," notes down "drains," "wine." "I ought to go and see about the hedges being mended in that field; and, ah! I know I've got some letters to answer," notes down "answer letters." "I wonder where the deuce"—here follows a rummaging for the letters he has got to answer, an accumulation of, it is impossible to say, how many weeks, including some unopened, which we find are *not* bills, as he had supposed, but on matters of more or less importance, generally in a social way.

At this moment a knock at the door interrupts his search. It is Mrs. Miller, who wants to know whether he called at the Glass Warehouse yesterday in town, and also whether he brought down the oil and vinegar from the Italian shop in the Haymarket, and ordered the fish and ice at the fishmonger's by the Station.

"You know, Joseph," she says, with an air of sorrowful reproach, "I wrote them all down for you."

"By Jove!" exclaims the unfortunate Miller, "so you did." And here he commences patting his chest and sides, which is his way of feeling his pockets, when he suddenly remembers that this wasn't the coat he had on yesterday.

"But," remonstrates Mrs. Miller, sensibly, "you haven't got the oil and the things in that."

No, of course he hasn't, but he wants to assure himself of having the list still about him.

"Yes," she continues pertinaciously; "but did you do what I wanted you?"

No, he is obliged to own he had not: but, if he hadn't the list with him, it will be clearly shown *why* he didn't. The list, however, is found in his breast-pocket, carefully folded up, and enclosed in an undirected envelope. "I knew I'd taken great care of it," he says, and is almost as much pleased as if he had executed all the orders.

Mrs. Miller is annoyed. Miller is ready for the emergency. "Telegraph," says he. Mrs. Miller objects that this costs money, and that as he really had nothing to think of in town yesterday except what she had given him to do, he might have attended to her commissions.

So the scene ends.

(*To be Continued.*)

Nothing New Under the Sun.

The Blue-coat Boy must have been in existence in Cicero's time, for of whom else can he be speaking when he says, "*Nullo imbre, nullo frigore adduci ut capite operto sit*"?

THE NEW CHIEF SECRETARY.

Ireland has had many clogs upon her; but now, for an agreeable change, she has got a Patten, and one very likely to fit her.

A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER.

Paterfamilias (with a sigh: his family have been to Boulogne for the holidays). "It's all up!"
Bachelor Friend (who has enjoyed these little Dinners). "What's the Matter?"
Paterfamilias. "Telegram! She says they've Arrived safe at Folkestone, and will be Home about 10·30!"

THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY MONITOR.

If you want to go from the City to Hammersmith, and are near the Moorgate Station, whence the trains start regularly every twenty minutes, go by rail. Otherwise, get into a 'bus. It is practically the quicker way. Unless you carry a time-table in your head, and know exactly when your train is due, you may be a little too late, and have to wait for the next. If you don't keep a sharp look-out, you will miss that.

When you do travel by the Metropolitan Railway, mind these directions. Take a third-class ticket. Anyhow, never take a first. The second and third class carriages are obvious; the first you may have to run up or down for. At intermediate stations the train sometimes stops only a few seconds; and, if you don't jump in at once, will be off without you.

As you will find no one on the platform who can or will give you any information, always get into the first train that arrives. Hold the carriage door open until the Guard comes to shut it, and then shout out your destination. If you are right for it, he will most likely tell you; if you are not, you can get out again.

In like manner, if you are bound for any other station than the terminus, open the door at every one you come to, and ask which it is. You will thus probably succeed in getting an answer.

Unless you are so familiar with the line as to be able to recognise every station at a glance, you will scarcely ever know which is which. The porters still continue to shout "Oosh! Oosh!" for Shepherd's Bush, and "Nil! Nil!" (which of course is nothing) for Notting Hill; never articulating the name of any station. The *Gaulois*, the other day, stated that the town of Gerond had made a *pronunciamento*. Unhappily, that is never done by the attendants of the Metropolitan Railway.

This indistinctness is all the more remarkable from its contrast with the particularly clear voices of the newsboys. "*Times, Pall Mall Gazette, Daily Telegraph, Standard, Star, Punch!*" you hear these youths sing out as loud and plain as any cathedral canon could possibly intone the service. Of course. They are paid to sell the papers. They are interested in making themselves heard.

As you can seldom hear, so neither can you hardly ever see, on the Metropolitan line, the name of the station which your train has stopped at. It is posted up on a single board, so that the chances against your catching a sight of it are numerous.

Once, again, then, take care to open the door every time your train stops, and keep bawling, "Hoy! What station is this?" till you are told.

However, the Metropolitan Railway is, as *Iago* says of wine, "A good familiar creature, if it be well used." At any rate, it is an institution commendable in one respect, as being eminently calculated to foster habits of vigilance, activity, and self-help.

Our Old Friend.

Mrs. Malaprop is full of the Elections. Her opinions, she says, with some confusion in her mind between plums and politics, are Preservative, and she is for the Irish Church, having a cousin who is an Archdeacon's Apparition. She is certain something dreadful will happen to that Gladstone, who, she hears, has crossed the Rubicund, and is perspiring with Bright and the Radicals. She has no patience with women wanting to have votes, and is delighted that the Reviving Banisters refused them the Frances. Mrs. M. reads the foreign news, as you may be sure when you hear that she talks about the Bonbons being driven out of Spain.

"Land Rats and Water Rats."

Boy in the Surrey Gallery. "*I'll* have your rats!"

Glasses Round.—Those worn in the eye.

A Firm Conviction.—Transportation for Life.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride City of London.—Saturday, October 3, 1868.

"EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY."

Mistress (who will be constantly in the kitchen). "Why, Cook, I've looked everywhere for you Downstairs. How *dare* you be Sitting there?"

Cook. "Well, you see, Mum, as you prefers a taking my Place in the Kitchen, I've taken yours 'ere."

TOO MUCH CLARET.

Concerning the poor ex-Queen of Spain, the *Times* truly remarks:—

"She is a fugitive in a country where one of her own subjects reigns: one whom a fortnight ago she might have met on equal terms."

Yes. The sometime subject of Isabella the Second does reign. Does she not also govern? Is that not the reason why French troops occupy Rome? Would the Elect of the French People prevent the Roman People from electing their own Sovereign if he were not himself under petticoat government? In a sense, to be sure, it may be denied that he is under the government so called. We know what garments Isabella, the other day, expressed a wish to wear. It may be said that Isabella's subject, that was, has renounced crinoline, and actually does wear the garments which Isabella named. Do we not know that she has set ladies the fashion of wearing Hessian boots? Considering boots as Hessian boots, one naturally associates boots with nether garments other than petticoats. When the wife wears those other garments, of course the husband is not under petticoat government. No: he is under a government which ought to be petticoat, but isn't. What, however, if in that case, she herself is under a government of petticoats, that is to say, a government of priests? What if a great nation is governed by its Elect, and he is governed by his consort, and she by the Jesuits and Ultramontane clergy? This, perhaps. Isabella the Second is now an awful example to Continental Sovereigns. She is suffering from the consequences of too much Claret. The same kind of excess—not in Lafitte, look you, or Château Margaux—in France may affect another in the same way. There is a lady, once Isabella's subject, whom, as the *Times* says, a fortnight ago she might have met on equal terms. If French policy continues to be swayed by Ultramontane dictation, who knows but that Ex-Queen Isabella and that other lady with her husband, may very shortly meet on equal terms once more?

TEMPESTUOUS.

A short time ago the papers had articles about "Spain and the Tornado." Such a heading would be particularly appropriate now when the storm has burst.

THE MAIDSERVANT'S NIGHTMARE.

O, Mary, I've 'ad sitch a dream,
I feel I don't know 'ow.
I'm sure you must 'ave 'eard me scream
Wen I awoke just now.
I dreamt I married that young man
Wot comes 'ere arter me.
And sure as hever my name's Ann
A wision 'twas I see.

I thought we 'ad a little flat,
'Twas in a new-built 'ouse;
No room, scarce, for to swing a cat,
Or her to catch a mouse.
With bed, the furnitur was all
A table and a chair,
One small framed print upon the wall;
The floor was 'oly bare.

There lay'd a baby on that bed,
Like them tramps takes and begs,
Thing like a frog, with great big 'ead,
And little arms and legs.
And this was in a subbub, which
Who lives in leads short lives,
Wherein the pawnbroker grows rich,
And undertakers thrives.

There little funerals is a sight
As every day you meet,
With palls and 'atbands black and white,
Afoot, along the street.
Cheap shoe-and-boot-shops strikes the eye,
Small grocers, and low tea;
And every third 'ouse, pretty nigh,
A public seems to be.

A mendin' of my 'usband's clothes
It seem as I had bin.
The door flew open, and, I s'pose,
I sor 'im stagger in.
Down on the bed his self he flung,
As surly as a bear,
I spoke, wen he cried, "Hold yer tongue!"
Then 'gan to cuss and swear.

Quite like a madman he be'aved:
I 'low'd 'im to go on,
Sat quiet wile 'e stormed and raved,
And waited till 'e 'd done.
And then I, tryin' to appear
As pleasant as I might,
Said, "William, where 's the wages, dear,'
As you was paid to-night.

And then he up—and oh, of all
The looks I ever see!
That face—I don't know what to call—
Them eyes as glared on me!
He clinched his fist, his hand he raised,
And down as come the blow,
Good gracious Evins, which be praised,
I woke a cryin' "Oh!"

'Ot suppers, possible, it may
'Ave bin, disturbed my rest.
Rump steaks and inions sometimes lay
Too 'evvy on the chest.
However, from my dream I 'll take
A warnin' all the same;
And, only for a 'usband's sake,
Mind 'ow I change my name.

Catch me, now seein' wot 's the case
Wen want with marriage comes,
Leavin' a comfortable place
For lodgins in the slums!
Well settled in well-paid employ,
Or in a bisnis way,
Get first; till then no, no, my boy:
Where I 'm well off I 'll stay.

How to Prevent a Conspiracy from Leaking out.—Let the plot thicken.

A CASE FOR SIR RICHARD.

Intellectual Creature. "No, it's uiterly impossible for a Fellah to stand this disgusting Weather. I feel as if all my Bwains were going to the Dogs."

Lady. "Dear, dear! *Poor Dogs!*"

NEW AND OLD.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing from Rome, says, speaking of two new Cardinals, "To-morrow their Eminences will receive the hat in a public consistory, which will be succeeded by a secret one, for the performance of the ceremony of opening and shutting the mouth." How is this to be understood? If by "opening the mouth" is meant being allowed to say what you really think, the ceremony—if it is anything more than a ceremony—must be as agreeable as it is unusual at Rome, and perhaps it is as well for the Papal power that it is a secret one: "shutting the mouth" in Rome, as in all other capitals where men's lips are sealed, must be rather too much of an open and constant reality to be treated as a secret and occasional ceremony.

The Puppies of the Church.

Considering how dandified they are in the matter of their vestments, the Ritualists may be regarded as the puppies of the Church-fold, rather than the sheep-dogs. Certainly as safeguards against the Romish wolves, they are hardly to be trusted; and if we may not call out "*Cave Canem*" in regard to them, we at least may give the caution "*Cave Directorium Angli-canum!*"

POETRY AND PROSE.

Frederick and Amy were watching the effect of the setting sun upon the spire of Shanklin Church. "How beautiful," was the fair girl's remark, "to see it tipped with gold!" "Yes, darling," said Frederick, "like a gamekeeper."

Converted Muskets.

The Roman Correspondent of the *Post* says that the Papal infantry is badly armed, some of the Pope's men having "old muskets transformed at the Vatican arsenal into breech-loaders." Converted muskets, then, are among the converts to Popery. Did St. Peter ever contemplate this kind of conversions?

NO HOLIDAYS FOR HIM.

"The Prime Minister has declined invitations to the dinners of the Buckinghamshire Agricultural Associations this year, and has intimated that it is not his intention to take part in any public demonstrations for the present. The Right Hon. Gentleman has not yet issued any address to his constituents."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The victorious Buckinghamshire grazier, whose mind is always dwelling on the beauties of the Irish Church; the deserving farm labourer who in his daily walk of eight miles weighs the arguments for and against the endowment of Maynooth; the Constitutional Squire, in whose eyes Mr. Bright is almost as bad as a vulpicide; and the stately Rector who "responds" for the Bishop and Clergy of the diocese, with a full belief in their perpetuity, may be downcast, but cannot be surprised at the absence of Mr. Disraeli from the Agricultural Dinners and Harvest Homes of his county, if they think of a few of the things he has to do during the holidays.

He has to give private instruction to his Class (not expected to be so large as before when it re-assembles after the vacation), that the pupils may be tolerably perfect in their lesson, when the time comes for declaring that they and their Tutor have from the first been convinced that the Irish Church is immoral, impolitic, and imbecile, and must be disendowed, disestablished, and Disraelised. He has to study that gloomy column of political disasters in the daily papers headed Election Intelligence, and to note how often candidates are ready to take what may almost be called the Oath of Allegiance to King William Gladstone. He has to coach Lord Mayo in the politics and policy of India, and to train him in three months to be the competent successor of Dalhousie, Canning, Elgin, and Lawrence. He has to give Colonel Wilson Patten a few hints, on his transfer from the soft cushion of the Duchy of Lancaster to the thorny seat of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. He has to find some industrious supporter willing to undertake the heavy duties of the deserted Duchy. He has to decide which of a hundred candidates shall preside over the diocese of Peterborough and Mr. Whalley; and (no wonder he has not time to make speeches to ploughboys and shepherds), he has had to prepare that specious and subtle Election Address to the County of Bucks and the Country of England, which his vassals expect will compel Bright to emigrate, and determine Gladstone to retire into private life.

AGRICULTURAL ECONOMY.

The sages of the British Association for the Advancement of Science appear to have overlooked a subject which they may have been expected to discuss. In the Economical Science Section no lecture was delivered by anyone on skinning a flint. Yet the assembly that might have listened to such an address perhaps comprised a good many Poor Law Guardians. It doubtless did contain numerous 'squires and farmers who were enraged by Canon Girdlestone's exposure of the condition of the agricultural labourer. Both they and the Bumbles would have taken much interest in a discourse on divesting silex of integument, although they may little need any instruction in that process.

Adulation Rewarded.

"Peace will be lasting, because Europe needs it, and the Emperor desires it." These words of M. Magne, the Minister of Finance, spoken the other day at Dordogne, are said to have received a suitable recognition. We are told that M. Magne lately appeared at a State ball, dancing earnestly in a costume which included a brilliant sky-blue coat with a yellow *nœud d'épaule*, and *culotte* of thunder and lightning, with continuations of white silk, and shining buckled shoes. These decorations are understood to be the reward of enthusiastic devotion in the Imperial service. France now sees what Magne has got by magnifying his master.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Effie (our Parson's little daughter: her first experience of "Church." Aloud—with intense surprise). "'Pa and all the dear little Boys, in their Nightgowns, going to Bye-Bye!!"

THE PRICE OF AN M.P.

It is calculated that the expense of the next General Election will fall very little short of Three Millions of Pounds sterling. So the privilege of adding M.P. to their names will cost Members on an average Four Thousand Pounds apiece. Really, people ought to bear in mind this fact when they are trying to wade through a tedious debate. Englishmen are ever prone to test the value of a thing by a mere monetary standard, and orators who pay four thousand pounds to obtain the right of speaking, must surely think it worth their while to do their very utmost to say something worth the money. By the bye, four thousand pounds is what they pay upon the average, and, inasmuch as many of them pay a great deal more, we think their words should have the weight of the heavy price at which the power of utterance is purchased. We would suggest that our friend Dod, in his c'rect list of the Commons should specify each Member's weight—in the gold his seat has cost him, as well as making mention of his pedigree, his names, his age, and his political colours. The public thus might learn to read with proper reverence the speeches of an orator whom, intrinsically viewed, they might regard as a great bore, but in a money point might class among the great guns of the House, if his election costs had ranked him as a seven thousand pounder.

A Trifle from Pau.

Sir George Bowyer considers that in declaring Sister Patrocinio and Father Claret to be awfully pious, and utterly ignorant of politics, he has disproved the charge that they have been advisers of the Ex-Queen of Spain. But as Isabella has been awfully pious, and has lost her throne, our deduction from Sir George's premisses is exactly the reverse of his.

We see an incessant advertisement, "Church before Party." Of course. Quite right. Church in the morning, Party in the evening. What need of such iteration?

ZAMIEL WITH A CHIGNON.

Among the autumn novelties in female attire is announced the "chapeau Freischütz." It is made, we are told, "of gray felt. The crown is rather high, with a narrow brim, trimmed with a wreath of ostrich feathers the same shade as the hat." To this ornament is added "a large bow of satin or velvet ribbon, with a little bird nearly concealed in it." An owl peeping out of an ivy bush would seem to be the ornithological decoration most suitable to a hat in imagination associated with *Der Freischütz*. If the owl were objectionable as being too big, then perhaps a bat would be near enough to a bird to serve in the place of one, and would be highly appropriate. Some skeletons of rats and mice and such small deer might be added to the wreath of feathers on the crown, so as to represent the spectral hunt which scuds athwart the sky in the incantation scene. The apparition of a girl with her head thus garnished, however, would perhaps evoke from some beholders an exclamation nearly resembling that uttered by *Caspar* (on the British stage): "Ha! A wild chase in the air. A fearful omen!" The cry which the wearer of skeletons in her "Freischütz hat" might occasion would be more probably "A fearful woman!"

Easily Alarmed.

Some excessively Ultra-Liberal folks have been frightened because Mr. Disraeli has been staying with the Queen at Balmoral. Why should he not visit his Sovereign? He is notoriously a delightful conversationalist—almost as brilliant as *Mr. Punch*. But he has left, and Dr. Watson left at the same time, so that the Queen is out of danger.

A PROVERB ON TEST.

If all proverbs were true, the civil war in Spain would afford grounds for the hope of being paid to Spanish bondholders. But it does not always happen that, when rogues fall out, honest men come by their own.

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

(Continued.)

When Mrs. Miller is gone, her Headless husband has to look about everywhere for the notes which he has been previously making of what he is going to do to-day. He hasn't an idea where he put them. He opens a drawer, and comes upon a collection of pocket-books and diary-books large and small.

"By Jove!" he exclaims, all arrangements for the day going out of his head, "fancy finding these!" He takes one after the other up, and examines them separately. "I wish," he says, "I 'd found these some time ago. It would be a very good plan to have a drawer regularly arranged for diaries, in order, according to the years. I think I 'll begin one this year, and keep it regularly. Capital plan."

On this point I can't say I agree with him, not approving of diaries generally.

"These are amusing," he says to me, giving me diary books of many years ago. He tells me I can look over them, if I like, while he arranges his room, as he wants to catalogue the contents of his drawers and his books.

I wonder how often he has commenced this same catalogue. Is there nothing, I ask, he minds my seeing in his diaries? "Not a bit," he returns. So I commence.

No, he has no secrets; schemes he may have had in embryo; hints of designs never worked out; plans for the day, forgotten before the hour in which they were written down was over; memoranda of visits to be made, of letters to be answered, of things to be done, remaining memoranda to the end. Arrangements to go to different places at different times, dates fixed, trains settled, expenses calculated, and an entry in a diary some time after showing that all these had been forgotten as soon as made. His biographer using these note-books would not have to write the Life of the Headless Man as it actually was, but as it *might have been*. The Headless Man's ink is bottled off (as it were) for his own private use from the waters of Lethe.

There are, as will be seen by the diaries, certain points of resemblance between the Man without a Head on his Shoulders and a Procrastinating Man. But the two must not be confused. The Procrastinator has a head on his shoulders, and generally possesses a memory which is to him in the place of a conscience. The Headless Man is necessarily *in effect* a Procrastinator, but a Procrastinator need not be a Headless Man.

A Procrastinator has probably a stubborn will; a Headless Man has a weak will. The former is the donkey who won't go, and it is a question whether walloping or blandishment is the better calculated for making him stir. The latter is the young retriever with your string to his collar. He may feel inclined to turn aside to salute a friend, or challenge a stranger of his own breed, or to dash at a cat in a London area, a rabbit or the sheep during your country walk, but chuck the cord towards you, and he sacrifices his impulse to make your will his. So, my friends, deal with a Headless Man. If you want him to do something manifestly for his own good or yours, make him do it there and then. Take him off, turn not to the right or left, take him to the Bank or Insurance Office, or the Doctor's, or the Dentist's, or the Solicitor's, or to see the elderly relatives upon whom his independence depends, and don't let him swerve from his course. This is my conclusion as to the treatment of the sort of patient; it will be, if it is not already, yours, when you have glanced at Miller's notes, mems, and diaries.

For instance, in looking over, at hap-hazard, pocket-books and diaries, the one explaining the other, I find this entry perpetually occurring between the years 1855 and 1861:—

"*Nov.* 19. Must call on Aunt Sarah to-day. Most important, as my father told me I am her favourite nephew."

Then in another book.

"*Nov.* 21. Must keep memoranda of what I am going to do. In town to-day; must call on Aunt Sarah. Important."

The former pocket-book was evidently found again by Miller in 1857, having been mislaid for a whole year.

"*Jan.* 1. Begin a new year in an old pocket-book. This will save buying a new one, as I can turn it upside down." [*Turn it upside down!* here the Headless Man unwittingly sketches himself with a master-stroke.] "To-day I really must call on Aunt Sarah; I haven't seen her for an age. To write also and accept Merks's invitation. See Eliza."

Eliza, I find, referred to a young lady who at that time was to have been Mrs. Miller. By the way there is nothing of heartlessness in a Headless man, although he may get the credit for it, and his conduct in some cases may apparently justify the suspicion.

"*April*, 1857. Tried to explain to Eliza why I hadn't been able to meet her in the Park. I didn't remember it till too late. I told her how I only thought of it just as I was starting to call on Aunt Sarah, and immediately gave up Aunt Sarah for her. By the way, *must* call on Aunt Sarah to-morrow. I forget when I went last, but I think it must have been two years ago. Dined with my father this evening, who was remarkably angry about it. I like her very much, but don't care about calling, merely for the sake of what I shall get. Must call, though. Will to-morrow. Make arrangements for to-morrow. Say: 1st. Get up in the morning. 2nd. Breakfast. 3rd. Write letters, one to Eliza. 4th. Go and call on Aunt Sarah. 5th. Call at my father's, and tell him I 've been to Aunt Sarah's: he 'll be pleased. 6th. Ride or do something: billiards, perhaps. Dinner, &c. Capital plan keeping a diary; will do it regularly."

This carefully arranged plan was evidently mislaid with note book; or certainly not adhered to, as there are no more entries in that pocket book for that year, (the other pages being mostly blank, or taken up with calculations (generally wrong) in pounds, shillings and pence, headed vaguely "expenses;") and in another small metallic one I find—

"*April*, 1857. Mustn't get out of the way of keeping a diary. Begin it fairly now.

"Say, to-morrow. 1*st*. Get up. 2*nd*. Breakfast. 3*rd*. (leave this open). After this, go out and call on Aunt Sarah. Must do this: have put it off for so long. Letter from Eliza to-day: don't understand it."

The next entry in the Book, which I find by merely turning over the leaf, is—

"*July*, 1859. Just returned home." [Two years after the above entry, you see.] "Delicious trip! Dear Annie! She is still at Geneva. I must see my father about it at once. Found cards waiting for me from Mr. and Mrs. Plynn. I 'm glad of that. She said, in her letter to me when the match was broken off, she could never smile again. I suppose she smiles at Plynn. Poor Eliza! I dare say it 's better as it is. Aunt Sarah, I hear, is at Dover for her health. I wish I 'd known it: I might have called on her, as I came back that way. Must do so when she returns to town."

Annie, it turns out, is not the present Mrs. Miller. Miller laughs as I recall the name: he has got his coat off, and is arranging old newspapers. "Yes," he says, pausing for a minute, "I plunged into that affair rather recklessly. I was sorry for it when I got back to England. So was she, I suppose, because it came to an end very easily, and I think—I forget what became of her: I think some one told me something about her going to Turkey with a Consul, or a dragoon; but I forget."

I pick up another pocket-book: the first mem I come across is:—

"*Feb.* 1860. *Thursday*. Must call on Aunt Sarah to-day."

In another pocket-book:—

"1861. My father very angry. Says I ought to have been more attentive to Aunt Sarah while she was alive. Everything to my cousins."

This is how Miller lost some extra hundreds a year, if not more.

Mixed up with these are random writings, sometimes across the page lengthways, sometimes breadthways, sometimes from one corner to another. There are extracts from books, proverbs, poetry, good stories he has heard, riddles, appointments, addresses in alphabetical order up to E, and then in any sort of disorder.

Luncheon-bell rings, and I descend. He will, he says, be with us in a second. Being sent for twice, he appears an hour afterwards, and says he has been re-arranging his room, and that now he can find any book even in the dark. Wishing to refer in the evening to Milton's *Paradise Lost*, he offers to get it without a candle. Listening on the stairs we hear him groping about, and coming in contact with the table, then kicking his boots, then stumbling over the waste-paper basket, then a heavy fall as of an inkstand or paper-weight, then other falls, as of smaller articles from a height, then the tumbling of a heavy metal candlestick, by which it is clear he is at the mantel-piece fumbling for the lucifer-box, and finally his bell rings violently, and then, before the servant can answer it, his voice is heard asking for the matches.

To write more of the *Man without a Head on his Shoulders* would be to give the life and adventures of my friend Joseph Miller, the Headless Man, which is not within the scope of these papers. In all matters of real importance I found Mrs. Miller at his elbow as his guardian-angel. Had he been married to this excellent lady during the lifetime of Aunt Sarah, Joseph would neither have lost a little fortune, nor incurred his father's anger by his Headlessness.

The best course for the true friends of a Headless Man to pursue, is to pick out a sensible woman and marry him to her. Then there is some chance of his doing good in his generation; otherwise he is a boat without a steerer, the rudder being turned this way and that by every varying current of wind or water. Put the Pilot in Petticoats on board, and a prosperous voyage to the Headless Man.

The next specimen of the Odd Men Out I find is the Man with a Voice.

When is a candle likely to be enraged? You say when it is *put out*. I should say rather when *it's lighted*.

VIVA LA LIBERTÁD.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of Nancy,
In the summer and the autumn he in Touring doth delight.'
Whilst prosaic facts inditing,
Rhymes *will* run into our writing,
For the spirit of the poet permeates the Isle of Wight.

For mighty Alfred Tennyson
Lives at this island when he 's on
A Poem that shall thrill us with its music and its power.
Alone that theme we 'd better let,
Nor that this is a *guide* forget –
The flys at Ryde and Ventnor are a half-a-crown an hour.

The island's early history
Is not involved in mystery,
For Vespasian, under Claudius, swooped upon it "like a bird,"
And compelled the wretched folk to
Bend their necks the Roman yoke to,
Although they fought with forti-tude. A.D. the forty-third.

Then Cynric, Cerdic, two men,
Without compunction slew men,
And left the place to relatives, one Wightgar and one Stuf;
But names just at this time about
Get difficult to rhyme about,
Of dates and archæology a trifle is enough.

Then the island was invaded,
And the people speared and bladed
By French, and by one Tostig, and those dreadful chaps the Danes;
Till Earl Warwick (Henry Beauchamp)
Was set over 'em to teach 'em,
As you can read in Froude and Bede some morning when it rains.

But enough of musty chronicles,
And parties in canonicals,
And warriors and sieges, revolutionary rows;
For discoursing on the present
Seems to us so much more pleasant,
The chief town in the Isle of Wight decidedly is—

Cowes.—This is the best port in the island (except some they have at, we are afraid to say how much a bottle, at the Pier Hotel, Ryde) and is the Station of the Royal Yacht Squadron, many of whose vessels may be seen—as a Cockney gentleman once observed in our hearing—"in the yarbour during the yot weather." Members of the Royal Yacht Club occupy West Cowes Castle, and under their auspices a Regatta takes place every August, when a plate (not to be confounded with the River Plate, mind) is sailed for, and people watch the boats go out and come in again with an amount of excitement that at times rises to fever heat. For our part we consider that, of all the dull and depressing ways of getting through a day, watching a Regatta is—well, everyone has his opinion, and *Punch's* opinion is that a Regatta is a delusion and a snare. The *e* in Cowes is a modern innovation. East Cow and West Cow were the original names of the vaccine twins. There is a pleasant parade to walk on, and the Green which was presented to the town by Mr. Stephenson for recreation, to which the inhabitants are so given, stretches to the So-lent. If you wish to thoroughly appreciate Cowes you must purchase a yacht, we believe, of not less than several tons, and if admitted a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron Club you will be privileged to carry the St. George's ensign, and you will be admitted into foreign ports free of dues. Think over it.

Osborne.—This charming Royal residence is situated close to Norris Castle, which is not very far from Slatwoods, where Dr. Arnold, of Rugby was born (the family came, we believe, from Whippingham—good place for a schoolmaster to hail from), and is rather near to East Cowes Castle. The general public are never admitted to Osborne House; an exception is, of course, made in favour of *Punch*, who is taken in there weekly. Five miles from Cowes is

Newport.—A funny little place, which was completely destroyed by the French in 1377, and was even in the time of Elizabeth described by her Commissioners as "not yet fullie builded." It has been represented in Parliament by Lord Faulkland, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Palmerston: so that, like a finely-formed person, it has every reason to be proud of its members. Within a mile of Newport is

Carisbrook Castle.—The entrance is through a famous old gateway, which was erected by Lord Scales (not as might be imagined one of the Finny tribe—another family altogether), and having passed it you come to that portion of the Castle wherein Charles the First was placed under the guardianship of Colonel Hammond, and from whence he endeavoured to escape. But the aperture was too small, and though he got through half he could not quite get through the hole, and he remained in an uncomfortable position a considerable time, being quite out of breath and half out of window. This coming to the ears of Cromwell, he was removed to another apartment, from which he determined to make another effort for liberty, selecting Colonel Titus as an accomplice, which was certainly an unfortunate cognomen for a confederate, considering the King had been wedged in the window of his previous room. But the plot got out, though the King didn't, and the indignant guardian who had not favoured the Monarch with many delicacies now gave his royal prisoner a taste of his Hammond Tongue. Here it was the Countess of Portland came forward and told the assailants that she would herself fire a cannon at them, unless they went away, which has always struck us as having been somewhat absurd, as in case of a cannon being fired, the sex of the party who applies the brand would scarcely affect the destructive power of the projectile. We know nothing of gunnery, but that is our opinion. However, the Mayor of Newport retired from the siege, and the Countess may be said to have resembled money—she made the Mayor to go. There is here a remarkably deep well, said to be sunk nearly three hundred feet. Don't fall down it often; it is a great waste of time, and you have so much to see in the island.

Ryde.—Which was anciently called Rye, La Riche or La Rye, and the fact of the French burning it down in the reign of Richard the Second (curious thing, you say, for it to be burnt during a *reign;* thank you, but unsuited to our columns) put the inhabitants to some little inconvenience—not to say annoyance. In fact, the town was set alight, and the inhabitants put out simultaneously, a remarkable historical phenomenon which has hitherto apparently escaped the notice of the chroniclers. After this it was ordered that "a watch should be kept for the security of the island." The town has since thriven, and indeed now almost every grown-up inhabitant has a watch himself. Here the Victoria Yacht Club has its club-house, and of course, a Regatta. The town has one too for the boatmen's benefit. We have already expressed our sentiments regarding Regattas—the subject is a painful one, and if you don't mind, we'll drop it. Ryde is decidedly a jolly place, it contains capital hotels, and every variety of lodging, from the economical two pair back, with an unlimited view of over the way, to magnificent first floors, with a splendid blue look out upon the ocean. The neighbourhood is rich in attractions, and you will be all the better if you depend upon your legs rather than the fly drivers; for remember that exercise is half the battle, and that you really go to walk when you go to Ryde. A capital route is through Brading, an old-fashioned place at the foot of the chalk downs of Nunwell. Chalk Down the name on your mental slate, and don't forget it, for it's worth seeing, as is Bembridge, most interesting to the botanist, if you happen to be a botanist; if not, it hits the taste of the geologist; of course you're a geologist? Neither one or the other! No? Well then, it's a very good place to stay and have a glass of ale at. Will *that* suit you? It was somewhere near here that Leigh Wilson wrote *The Negro Servant*, probably after a visit to Black Gang Chine. Presently you will arrive at

Sandown.—A rising place, originally brought into notice by the writer of the *North Briton*. In fact, whilst it owes much of its popularity to lobsters, it is also largely indebted to Wilkes. Here he occupied what he termed his "Villakin." No trace now remains of it, or indeed of Dinah. You can walk from here by the edge of the cliff to

Shanklin.—Which can be confidently recommended as possessing delightfully hard sands, when the tide is out, as exhibiting a remarkable *chine*, and as being an excellent rhyme to Franklin. Passing on you get a fine view of Sandown Bay, Culver Cliffs, and the strange promontory termed *Dunnose*. Should you ask what this is called, and the answer should be "dun' know, Sir," you must not be surprised. Bonchurch is a beautiful place, and the visitor should climb to St. Boniface Down, the highest ground in the island. We should have thought St. Boniface *Up* would have been more appropriate, but this by the way. By continuing your walk at the edge of the down (don't step over, it is 783 feet above the level of the sea, and it might shake you a good deal) you will come to

Ventnor.—Which is just twelve miles from Ryde. Sir James Clarke was its inventnor—we mean inventor, for he wrote about it in such a laudatory manner that it speedily became the favoured resort of those who require a particularly mild retreat for the winter. According to the Registrar-General's report, Ventnor is the healthiest spot in England. Nobody is ever taken ill there. There is an instance on record of an inhabitant having a slight headache, but we believe it was accounted for by natural causes. Much excitement prevailed here a few years back from a report that a cottager's child exhibited symptoms of a cold in its head, but on inquiry it was found to be without foundation.

The visitor must by no means miss the wonderful pair of bays, Scratchell and Alum: he must not fail to visit Yarmouth and Freshwater, Gore Cliff, Niton, Chale, and St. Lawrence; and, above all things, he must make a point of keeping his eye on the Needles.

LINGUA EAST ANGLIA.

Suffolk Rustic (in the peculiar Eastern Counties tune, too subtle for notation). "Wh'hiet'th'hollbo'! Hindercom'adow!"

[*This was worse than Greek to the young gentleman from London, to whom it was shouted, so we give a translation—"Get into the ditch, Bo'," (Suffolk appellative), "There (yonder) comes a Wood-Pigeon!"*

THE SONG OF THE SCOTCH TOURIST.

Those Scotch hotels! Those Scotch hotels
Are fit for princes and for swells:
But their high charges don't agree
With humbler travellers like me.

Twelve shillings daily for my board
Is more than I can well afford,
For this includes nor ale nor wine,
Whereof I drink some when I dine.

Bad sherry 's charged at eight-and-six,
A price that in my gizzard sticks:
And if I want a pint of port,
A crown is what I 'm pilfer'd for 't.

For service, too, I have to pay,
Two shillings, as a rule, per day:
Yet always, when I leave the door,
The boots and waiter beg for more.

So, till a fortune I can spend,
Abroad my autumn steps I 'll bend;
Far cheaper there, experience tells,
Is living than at Scotch hotels!

UP IN BIOGRAPHY.

Examiner. How many Casaubons were there?
Candidate. Two.
Examiner. Very good. What were they?
Candidate. Students, Sir.
Examiner. Students? Well—yes. What were their Christian names?
Candidate. Robert and Benjamin.
Examiner. Robert and Benjamin, Sir! Whom do you mean?
Candidate. Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen.

What it Ends In.

You have been staying at a friend's house for a few days. You are on the point of going away, and find the servants all on the tiptoe of expectation. You must be deeply gratified by the great interest they take in you personally, extending as it does to the tips of your fingers.

ZADKIEL THE SAME AS EVER!

Zadkiel is right as usual. His Voice of the Stars—October, 1868, announces that:—

"Queen Isabella, of Spain, will have Mars on the place of the Moon at her birthday, which excites her to strange acts of violence, and I fear that bloodshed is again seen in that hapless land. The position of Mars on the birthday of that Queen is in square to the Sun, very evil for the peace of her realm."

On the 30th of September Queen Isabella, of Spain, was deposed, and left St. Sebastian for Pau. She committed acts of violence in October as punctually as Theodore fell in August. Before October she had ceased to be Queen of Spain. What then? Of course she only anticipated her fate, predicted clearly by Zadkiel.

Read On, Mr. Dean.

We applaud the ingenuity of the Dean of Cork in selecting for the text of his sermon in behalf of the Irish Church, the verse about a certain crew beckoning to their partners in the other ship to come and help them. But may we be allowed to remember that their distress arose from having a vast quantity of fishes, of which they would make no use, and which threatened to sink them, and that "the other ship" got into distress by helping. Some texts are double-edged.

SUGGESTION BY A SUFFERER.

Is the operator disposed to be too talkative when you sit down to have your hair cut? As he is sure to ask how you wish it done, you can easily give him a hint by telling him to cut it short.

"The Soldier's *Tir*."—At Brussels.

A GREAT LORD MAYOR, INDEED.

On the Election of Lord Mayor, the other day in Common Hall, by the Liverymen of the City of London, Mr. John Bennett, of the Common Council, proposed a vote of thanks to the outgoing Civic Monarch; in reference to whom he said:—

"What faults had he committed that were not common to all Lord Mayors? He was not 10 feet high."

No. If he had been the Corporation of London would have had three giants; one at the Mansion House, besides the two at Guildhall. The City Giants would then have been Goo, Magoo, and Allen.

Probable Publications.

"*Through Mud and Mire*," a Novel by the Author of "Through Flood and Flame."
"*Holiday Roses*," a Treatise by the writer of "Workaday Briers."
"*The Eccentric London Square*," a Narrative by the Author of "The Regular Swiss Round."
"*Tame as a Canary*," a Romance by the Writer of "Wild as a Hawk."
"*Candles, Basins, and Gongs*," a Series of Lectures by the Author of "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets."

A Word from an Old Woman.

"Mrs. Grundy's Grandmother" writes to us to say that she entirely disapproves of giving vails to servants. Why, deary me! the hussies nowadays all carry parasols, so dreadfully afraid are they of spoiling their complexions! And as for letting them wear vails, why, lawks! they 'd next be wanting drags to take 'em to the Darby!

A HOLIDAY. (P)

Shooting Enthusiast (to rheumatic friend, wet through, and inclining homewards). "Not a Bird to be Seen! O, Nonsense! You try that Gorse again, and get over the Hill into the Stubble Field, and then you 'll have Two Miles of Fallow, and after that you can follow the Beaters."

POOH-POOHING AND SHAMPOOHING.

Mr. Punch—Sir,

In my profession as a Perruquier, &c., &c., a great number of heads annually pass through my hands, and my knowledge of human nature, founded on craniological principles (so to speak), affords me advantages enjoyed by members of no other liberal profession, whether law, physic, or divinity. My insight into character is, consequently, at once extensive, accurate, and profound. I can therefore speak with authority upon many points which common Parliamentary people should approach with hesitation and distrust. Our noble Premier, however, is an Individual (if I may be permitted such an expression) who is gifted with a wonderful species of clairvoyance (so to speak). His penetrating vision can see into a blockhead, and trace the workings of the machinery within almost as clearly as my own. I might go further, and say without fear of contradiction, that he can see into the middle of next November, when I apprehend the forthcoming elections will transpire. He predicates that Constitutionalism will then achieve its most signal triumph, its Champions being men with chuckle-heads and beefy hands (so to speak). He owns, does our noble Premier, that he has but little faith in education and refinement. He pooh-poohs them (so to speak), and he is right in so doing. I shampoo them; and, although myself necessarily a man of (perhaps) over-refinement and education, I know by observation, as a Perfumer of twenty years' standing, that excess of those things does lead in many instances to a "perversity of opinion and an affectation of philosophy" that is (so to speak) perfectly disgusting. And, moreover, I candidly own, that were I in our noble Premier's position, looking about for staunch supporters in my Ministerial hour of peril, I should have, in mental accomplishments and polish of manners, no confidence whatever.

Truly yours,

Odonto Villa, October 3. Anthony Charles Fluid.

P.S.—Allow me to say, in justice to myself, that I am perfectly independent of Party, and do equal justice to all, whether Liberals or Illiberals, that honour me with their patronage. Not long ago, I had the honour of supplying our noble Premier with a small cake of Windsor, and am in daily expectation of his calling for a second ditto, as he has recently been bestowing on his friends (so to speak) rather a large amount of lather.

(I enclose my card, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of *status*, &c.)—A. C. F.

A Title to Catch a Tory.

Miss Braddon's forthcoming work, *Run to Earth*, is advertised as "A Novel of Incident." Well, now, not knowing this, one might have supposed that *Run to Earth* was a historical and political novel, of which the hero was Fox.

CALLER OU!

A newspaper paragraph states that there has been a pretty general fall of oyster spat in most of the grounds. This is good news. Let us hope the general fall of oyster spat will be followed by as general a fall of oysters.

Confectionery in Costume.

One of the dresses described in *Le Follet* of this month has a "body of chocolate foulard with maroon sleeves." A dress with a body of chocolate must be a sweet thing. It is one which may well be conceived to be what the French milliners call *confectionné*.

"CONFESSEDLY" A MISTAKE.

The One Wine Company may do in England, but clearly will not do in Spain. The Queen has so given herself up to Claret, that she has no Port left, and has been obliged to ask the Emperor for a little Hermitage.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

It is a long time since Theatrical attraction has been strong enough to induce me to spend a few Evenings from Home (my happy home at Stowe-in-the-Hole, in a land where no water is), as was my wont when there was anything worth seeing; but the *King o' Scots* has done it. The appearance of Mr. Phelps, "last of a noble line" (I think I 'm quoting from a newspaper criticism), tickled me under the gills. Pictures of Old London, by Beverley, drew me out; and that the play was an adaptation of Sir Walter's *Nigel* netted and landed me. "Gadso, and by my hilts!" quoth I to myself. "By my *Halliday!* an' if I see not this play, dub me Samingo! Marry come up!" and I came up. I will give you my *Postscript* first, showing how gratified I was with the entertainment, and then in mine ancient fashion will give you the stage drama, mixed with the auditorium drama, which somewhat distracted my attention.

As to the play, let me observe that Mr. Halliday has satisfactorily executed a difficult task; difficult because of the front scenes, required, not so much to give time for Mr. Beverley's "sets," as for Mr. Phelps's change first from *King Jamie* to *Trapbois*, the Miser, and then back again from *Trapbois*, the Miser, to *Jamie* the King.

Mr. Phelps is admirable in *King James;* in fact, wherever there is comedy, there Mr. Phelps *is* admirable. Miser *Trapbois* he represents so naturally, as to be positively repulsive; which I mean as a compliment. And next to Mr. Phelps is Miss Fanny Addison, who plays a singularly unsympathetic part, in a necessarily painful and unpleasant scene, most artistically. There cannot be, I should say, a more difficult *rôle* for a young woman to undertake than that of the hard-grained *Martha Trapbois;* and, if ever *artiste* deserved recall, that *artiste* is Miss Fanny Addison. For the scenes, the two great ones are Fleet Street and Old London Bridge; the former being, in this, Mr. Beverley's *chef d'œuvre. But*, Mr. Beverley, *why will you not get rid of those unsightly old sky-borders?* They imperil your London Bridge scene. Look to it. And why don't you, Mr. Beverley, have a hand in the disposition of the colours of the costumes? in which costumes, by the way, there is nothing, I think, peculiarly characteristic of person or period.

Permit me, Mr. F. B. Chatterton, to congratulate you on your first venture this season, and to hope that this will go so well as to defer for some considerable time (for your sake, Sir) the production of *The Cat with Nine Lives*, from *Les Misérables*, or some such title, which is, I notice, already underlined in your attractive playbill.

Scene—*In the Stalls. The piece has commenced. Fleet Street has been seen, the Apprentices have risen, and the Act is ended.*

Enter Late Gentleman *with Stall-keeper.*

Late Gentleman. Only a chair? Eh? what First Act over? How d' ye do (*to Friend at the corner, who has been trying to place an umbrella in such a position that it shan't be knocked down, and shan't be left behind when he leaves.*)

Umbrella Friend. Ah! How do? You ought to have seen the First Act.

Late Gentleman. Yes, bother it: I thought it began at eight.

Umbrella Friend (*picking up umbrella that has fallen down, and replacing it*). Hang the fellow!

Late Gentleman. I like a chair better than a stall. (*Places it conveniently and knocks over Friend's umbrella.*) Beg pardon. (*Dives for umbrella. Both dive. Their heads meet. They both come up. Friend replaces umbrella.*)

Late Gentleman (*anxiously*). What have I missed?

Umbrella Friend. Well, you've missed the best thing in the piece. There was Fleet Street, then the apprentices, then—(*Enter Stall Persons belonging to the first and second rows, who have been out to refresh themselves. First Stall Person, stout, and pushing, and with his head up in the air, as if he were keeping his eye on the curtain, so that it shouldn't go up, and take him by surprise. He knocks down umbrella.*

Umbrella Friend (*annoyed*). I wish to goodness——(*replaces it.*)

Late Gentleman (*reseating himself*). I *do* wish people wouldn't—. (*Tries to place his hat somewhere where it won't be kicked or dirtied. Enter more front row people, and a Polite Person uncertain as to the number of his stall.*

Polite Person (*knocking down umbrella: bowing and smiling blandly*). I *beg* your pardon: would you allow me? I think that stall—let me see— (*Late Gentleman snatches up his hat and saves it. Passes Umbrella Friend, and goes to a vacant stall, not quite clear as to his right. But thinks to himself.*) I 'm almost sure. However, if not, whoever it belongs to can take mine. (*Settles himself into it.*)

Act commences. Umbrella is knocked down again by a Gallant Military Young Man with a large moustache.

Gallant Military (*vaguely to anyone, as he passes over Umbrella Friend's toes.*) Pardon.

Umbrella Friend (*angrily, but sotto voce*). I wish to Goodness—— (*Picks up his Umbrella. Great applause.*)

Elderly Playgoer. There 's Phelps. *Applauds.*

Mr. Phelps as King Jamie (*intelligibly and with perfect command over the Scotch language*). Mickle muckle dinna ken, soul-o'-ma-boddy, mon. (*To* Jingling Geordie, *or somebody else.*) Solomon wa' a fause loon, ye ken, mon: and yer ain anainted Sovereign for a' that an' a' that, a mon's a muckle fash——, &c. [*Great applause.*

Elderly Playgoer (*delighted.*) Capital! His Scotch is perfect.

His Friend (*who can't catch it*). What 's he say?

Elderly Playgoer (*taken aback*). Eh? oh, he says—that he 's James, King of Scotland, and he's telling Geordie that—that—ssh—you 'll hear. [*Backs out of the difficulty.*

Gallant Military (*who has been angry with Polite Person in his stall*). Ya-as it is—here 's my ticket.

Nervous Lady. I was going to tell this gentleman, Alfred——(*to Military Gallant.*)

Polite Person (*uncomfortably*). Oh, don't mention it—I've mistaken the—(*Turns out, passes down the row, curses not loud but deep as he shuffles over their toes, and hides the view of the stage. To everybody.*) Beg pardon. (*To* Umbrella Friend, *who is leaning forward with his hand to his ear and doesn't see him coming*). May I trouble you—(*louder*)—may I be per—

Audience. S-s-s-h!

Polite Person (*wishing that he could turn round and explain to audience that it isn't* his *fault, continues to* Umbrella Friend, *who has become interested in the piece*). May I be—will you be so good as—

Umbrella Friend (*suddenly*). Eh—(*turns and sees* Polite Person, *sullenly*)—oh! (*as much as to say*)—oh, you again, confound you. [*Makes way for him.*

Polite Person (*passing*). Thank you—sorry to—(*Umbrella is knocked down for the sixth time*)—I beg—I—I 'm sure— [*Passes on as quickly as possible.*

Umbrella Friend. Think he might have picked it up.

Late Gentleman (*who has all the time been perpetually regretting not having seen the First Act*) I wish I 'd—(*Sees* Polite Person, *just about to sit down comfortably on his hat*)—Here, ah? (*more quietly*) My hat—thank you—(*to himself*) confound the stupid idiot!

Nervous Lady (*to Alfred*). Who is that? (*Meaning* Miss Heath.)

Gallant Military. Hey? That 's Miss Heath—yes.

Nervous Lady (*who can't follow the story, being always afraid that some one's going to fire a pistol*). But what character does she take?

Gallant Military (*a theatrical authority*). She plays—(*takes a hasty glance at the bill*)—she plays *Alsatia. Nervous Lady is satisfied.*

Miss Heath (*as Margaret Ramsay*). I love the lark (*looking up at the gallery*) and the weathercock, &c. [*Continues her description of what she likes in the country.*

Elderly Playgoer (*in answer to a question*). What had *Hermione* to do with this story, eh? Why—let me see—there was a *Hermione* in Shakspeare's—*Twelfth Midsummer*—no—dear me—it's probably introduced here. No particular reason.

Nervous Lady. Oh, he 's going to fire! [*Stops her ears in an agony.* Nigel *fires.*

Military Gallant (*smiling, as if* he *was accustomed to the cannon's roar*). There, it 's all over.

Clever Young Lady (*to Military Man*). Was gunpowder invented then, Alfred?

Military Gallant. Eh—well er——(*looks at the bill, but it's not down in the list of the characters.*) It was in—let me see—it was in Henry the Eighth's time—(*wishes he hadn't committed himself so far, and adds*) I *think.*

Clever Young Lady. Did Lord Byron write before Sir Walter Scott? (*Apologetically*) I forget my dates so.

Military Gallant (*thinking what a bore a woman who reads poetry is*). I fancy Byron—at least, I—— (*thinks he must read these fellows*).

Clever Young Lady decides with herself not to ask him again.

Last Scene.

King James (*to Audience*). An' eef ye dinna fash yer ken ma Andrew Halliday. Yer ain anainted Sovereign, wha wrote the Counterblast agen Tobaccy, the weed o' the De'il himsel', an' muckle Scots wha' wee for auld lang syne, and a bonnie lassie wi' a douce carle, aiblins ye 'll nae onderstand an unco word I gi'e ye wi' my slaver, it 's no for a' that ye 'll coom to Steenie Chatterton's Auld Drury to see the *King o' Scots*—that 's mysel'.

TABLEAU.

[*After which a Ballet, which many people stop to see under the impression that it's the last Act of "Nigel,"* with Mr. Phelps *in another character. Red fire. Curtain. Exeunt Omnes.*

"NEVER SAY 'DIE.'"

Nephew. "Sure it isn't Gout, Uncle?"

Uncle. "Gout! Shtuff an' Nonshensh! Not a bit of it! No, Fact is—Phew—(*winces*) these con-founded Bootmakers—they make your Boots so *Tight!!*"

A PLAY-DREAM.

Can you interpret dreams, *Mr. Punch?* Of course you can. Just as you could finish the Holborn Viaduct, or settle the Irish Question, or the Spanish Question, or What-bonnets-are-to-be-worn-next-winter Question, or any other Question which requires an immediate answer, comfortably for everybody. Expound to me then the meaning of my last night's vision.

I was in the midst of a great battle, with the Revising Barristers and Richardson's *Clarissa*, who was eating a Spanish onion, which Father Prim had given her at one of Dickens's Readings on Bosworth Field, when a crooked-back gamekeeper handed me a dead letter, with Mr. Disraeli's address, and Pope's works, which I offered to Miss M. Oliver, at that moment feeding her poultry in the Cromwell Road—I can hear her inviting "Chuck! Chuck! Chuck!" even now—in a pretty Tyrrel-ese costume, all over Dicky birds, a present from the Lord Mayor who carried us all to the Star and Garter at Richmond, where, amongst other good things, the *Paté*, the Charlotte pudding, and the cheese, both York and Double Gloster, were particularly liked. Just as we had commenced, who should enter but Lord Stanley, in his Clarence from Spain. He told us it was all over there with Old Royalty—the Queen (and Miss Collinson) not having "One Little Soldier" left—and proposed that we should go to the New Royalty, to see Mr. Danvers as the (Grand) Duchess, when the butler announced the Dean of Cork, who was so taken aback that he could only exclaim, Soho! and—that instant I awoke.

How stupid I am! I never thought of it before. Pardon me for troubling you. That word "Soho" explains all. I had been to Miss Oliver's amusing theatre, the New Royalty.—I implore her to keep out all forgers, detectives, villains of the deepest dye, dark arches, and railway engines at full speed—to see and be greatly entertained with *Richard the Third*, by W. Shakspeare, C. Cibber, and F. C. Burnand, and after a moderate supper, and before going to bed, had read the evening papers, and so infused into the brain the bewildering mixture of persons and places now recorded by one who is not

A Sybarite.

Wagstaffe considers the railway close to his cottage an in-funnel nuisance.

HE WON'T BE A MASON.

"The Prince of Wales has again declined to become a Free Mason."—*Daily Papers.*

Air—"*The Free and the Accepted Mason.*"

[N.B. It is manifestly not the fault of *Mr. Punch* that the donkey of other days, who wrote the doggerel which still excites the Lodges to frantic delight, laid his accent on the wrong syllable in accepted.]

We need not prepare,
For we can't get the Heir
To make us a Joyful Occasion,
He thinks it 's all stuff
When we play blind man's buff
With a free and an Accepted Mason.

Great kings, dukes and lords
Have laid by their swords,
Our mystery to put a good face on,
And no doubt an old prig
In a full-bottomed wig,
Made a marvellous Accepted Mason.

The young Prince of Wales
Doesn't care for our tales,
Of Jachin, and Boaz, and Jason,
(Like Magog and Gog)
The excuses for prog
With the free and the Accepted Mason.

He consulted the Queen,
Who responded, serene,
"I think I would answer them Nay, Son,"
And he thought of one Name
Which we never could claim
As that of an Accepted Mason.

A Knight of the Garter
Can hardly sigh arter
The trappings we lovingly gaze on
When decked out, like muffs,
In the collar and cuffs
Of the free and the Accepted Mason.

He does not imply
That our secret 's my eye,
Or the brotherhood's motive a base 'un;
And we cannot deny
That the time has gone by
For the free and the Accepted Mason.

Shelve the spike-seated stool,
Let the gridiron cool,
And shut up the board that we trace on,
Let the thunder be dumb,
For the Prince will not come
As a free and Accepted Mason.

But when bumpers are tipped,
And our napkins are dipped
In the gilded old rose-water bason,
We 'll drink to A. E.
Whom we still hope to see
Some day as an Accepted Mason.

On Passing the London Tavern.

As the Annual Dinner of the "United Cooks Pension Society" is to be served up this month, may we ask, without being suspected of quizzing, whether provision is not made for Single Cooks also? Another little singularity. The two first names on the list of Stewards are Game and Pill. Game, of course, at a cook's feast, is highly desirable; but a Pill, a Dinner Pill——

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

Carlton Smith, the great Election agent, seeing "Unredeemed Pledge Warehouse" painted over a shop-front, sighed to think of the number of Members who must have deposits there.

Why are Curds like the Opposite House? Because they are over the Whey.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

V.—LAUDABLY BRIEF.

To the Electors of Bishop's Buzzard.

Gentlemen,—You ask me to stand for Bishop's Buzzard. I will.

I am rich and liberal. My financial policy will be to make my election expenditure as lavish as I legitimately can. I shall subscribe largely to all your schools, dispensaries, benevolent societies, choral associations, cricket-clubs, drinking fountains, Foresters, Harriers, horticultural shows, libraries, mechanics' institutes, new peal of bells, Odd Fellows, penny readings, popular lectures, races and rifle corps. I can imagine nothing more important than the distribution of—game.

My voice is vigorous. I shall cheer my friends, and cough and crow at my opponents.

You will find my name in the division lists whenever something or other is at stake; but as I am bound to take care of my own Constitution as well as the British, I shall avoid those long sittings and late hours by which so many Members impair their health.

I shall spend next week amongst you. On Monday evening I am to take the chair at a meeting of your Protestant Association. On Tuesday I shall officiate as one of the Stewards of the Hunt Ball. On Wednesday I am announced to preside at the Anniversary tea-party of your Teetotal Society. On Thursday I shall be the Mayor's guest at his annual dinner. On Friday the performances at the Theatre Royal will be under my patronage, and on Saturday I hope to lecture before your Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society on "The Life and Writings of the Poet Cowper." The Sunday question with me will be which of your four churches I shall attend.

Politics I reserve for the hustings: enough now to remind you that I belong to a family who have lived in your neighbourhood for two hundred and fifty years (inflicting burdens on land in the shape of two of the ugliest houses in the County) and been Cavaliers, Jacobites, Tories, Church-and-Statemen, Protestants, Protectionists, Portwine drinkers, Game Preservers, and Foxhunters, to the death.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your obliged and obedient Servant,
Merriman Merivale.

Bonnithorpe Hall,
Oct. 10.

SCARLATINA ANGLICANA.

With reference to the Ritualistic vagaries practised at St. James's Chapel, Brighton, a Correspondent of the *Times* under the signature of "Testis," says:—

"Sir,—I find, on inquiry, that it was on account of his feeling ill at the moment that Mr. Purchas sat in pronouncing the absolution on Sunday morning. But it is scarcely honest in him to plead illness for his other omissions in the service, as I am told by a member of St. James's that these omissions are customary and not exceptional."

The Reverend Gentleman, however, is not shamming for all that. Together with his associates in ceremonial extravagance, he is sadly afflicted with Scarlet Fever, attended, apparently, with delirium.

Mythology and Socks.

Now we know what killed Hercules. The shirt of Nessus was not imbued with the poisoned blood of the Centaur. Of course Deïaneira, before she sent it to her husband, washed it out. No doubt that garment was one which had been dyed a brilliant red with chloroxynitric acid, dinitroaniline, or some one or other of those splendid but deleterious compounds of aniline which in coloured socks are blistering the feet and ankles of the British Public.

THE WEATHER IN GERMANY.

We understand it has lately been so hot at the gambling places that a large number of people have burnt their fingers at the tables.

THE NEW COLWELL-HATCHNEY ADVERTISER.

(*For the Use of Country Houses.*)

Sir,

As the Professor of Arts and Sciences in the Colwell-Hatchney Academy, I write to you. Some years ago, Sir, you started a notion for Rhymes, generally commencing "There was an old woman," or there was a somebody or other "of"—then followed the name of some place. This was taken up all over England, and thousands of happy hours were rendered happier and merrier by——(I don't exactly recollect what I was going to say, but conclude the sentence yourself, and oblige yours truly.) Well, Sir. What then, Sir? This. I have hit upon something new for the coming winter months. Let the young ladies, who do not hunt or indulge in any other field sports in October, November, and December, make up an Album, to be called the *Colwell-Hatchney Advertiser*, containing extracts from all the advertisements in the *Times* or any other paper, well mixed up with the dressing of humour into a salad for the taste of the Nimrods (why *rod*, when he was a hunter, not an Izaak Walton?) who will return from the chace at night. I subjoin a few specimens, just to set the thing going. They all in their component parts are to be found in the *Times*, and, if the *Colwell-Hatchney Journal* hadn't fallen through, would have looked well in the advertising columns of that journal.

Yours,
Professor Max Muddler.

IN-DOOR SERVANT in or out of HARNESS.—A Splendid BUTLER for Sale; height 30 ft. 11 in. Price £8. A Bargain.

LADY'S-MAID.—A respectable young double-horned Rhinoceros. Can get up Curtains.

A REMARKABLE OPPORTUNITY.—GARDENER, married; understands Fireworks.

WANTED, by an Invalid Gentleman, well known in all parts of the civilised world, THREE THOUSAND ENAMELLED SLATE LEGS, admitting the Purchaser to any part of Singapore, China, and Japan.

DEAFNESS AND NOISES IN THE EAR.—MR. SIMS REEVES will sing FOR EVER AND EVER, with high-pressure bib in the SHILLING PORTABLE KITCHEN.

NO MORE MEAT, with Plates, at the London Tavern, Fleet Street. Friends are requested to accept this intimation.

CHEAP FUNERALS in any quantity, by using the IONIC COAL SCOOP with SCREAMS OF LAUGHTER. Ladies and Gentlemen punctually waited upon.

DANCING.—The REVOLVING ADULTS, the best and handsomest in England, have the pleasure of announcing the recommencement of their Classes. TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED WALTZ LESSONS for 21*s*.

THE PAINLESS CANDLE.—It exerts a cooling influence on tailors to the QUEEN and A Respectable Youth. It occupies an area of ground seventy-five feet, and may be viewed daily via Panama for KURRACHEE.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD.—Left in a Second-class Carriage, a Gentleman's Skin, Hair, and Nails, with Cases. No further reward.

THE BISHOP AND THE YOUNG LADIES.

My dear Mr. Punch,

Do say something in honour of the Bishop of Oxford. What a dear he is, and how thoroughly he understands public questions! Did you read what he said at Dublin? Of course you did, but let me have the pleasure of writing it out for you.

"We are not to let our females retire into dark places. Give them a home in which they can work—a home with fellows of their own kind and rank."

That is exactly what I want, dear *Mr. Punch*. And I know a fellow—and a dear, good fellow he is—who wants me to have a home, and he shall obtain his wish, too, if he keeps good, before very long, and I will send you some cake. But do, *do* say something in praise of the kind Bishop.

Yours affectionately,
Mary Margaret Merryeyes.

A Hint.

"The Premier is understood to have a scheme for settling the Irish Church question."—*Daily Paper.*

All right. *Punch* can only give the Liberals *Dogberry's* counsel to the Watch. "Have a care that your Bills be not stolen."

"Largest Circulation in the World."—The Elephant's.

MR. JOHN THOMAS UPON THINGS IN GENERAL.

Dear Chawles,

As you have gone abroad perhaps it may emuse
Hif I devote a hour or so to telling you the news:
For law! them forrin newspapers theres reelly nothing in em,
Exceptinck of the Fulltongs as in general begin em;
Tho any English editor hed deem it a disgrace
If a novel were hintruded in his Valuable Space.
But to matters more important—Hevery footman ort to know
That to give small fees to suvnts is in High life voted Low;
Yet some mean and stingy fellers have been writing to the *Times*
(A jurnal whose opinions with my own they mostly chimes),
And ses they we Bloated Flunkies are well paid to do our work,
So fees should be forbid to us, as wine is to a Turk.
For ses they when out a visiting its hard lines on a swell
To have to pay a Fiver for our answering the bell.
Well, as to getting fivers that them Gamekeepers may do,
But its seldom as a fivers tipped to such as me and I.
Nor it isnt only swells as gives the most they can aford,
For youll often find a Mister pay more libral than a Lord:
And although to get a fiver every footman he is willing,
Ive known him in some cases condescend to take a shilling!
But surely gents a visitting a trifle ort to pay,
When they gets wet thro in Unting or come late ome from the Play,
What with cutting them their Sangwiches or cleaning of their cloes
The hextry work they give us we pore Suvvnts only knows.
And Im sure theres not a Phootman now in England or in Wales
As would bear the Hills of service if it wasn't for the Vails!
Theres not much news a stirring now as nobodys in town,
Excepting as the Queen of Spain have been and lost her Crown.
So now she has to ide her edd by living out of sight,
And the only comfort Left her is to feel it serves her Right.
And altho with Revolution all her subjex maynt agree
Some change for their bad sovereign they must be glad to see.
You dont care much for Polly tix, else doubtless yond be busy
In betting whos to win the game Bill Gladstone or Ben Dizzy.
Ben hes for Hirish Church and State which Bill he hopes to sever,
For he wants to see them Paddies as contented as theyre clever.
Ben Dizzy hes a downy Card and plays the parsons game,
For he knows that thro the country theyll set all the Squires in flame:
And spite of Hax of Parliament this Lection time I fear,
Therell be a lot of Bribery which to voters it means Beer.
Still I hope the side of Justice it will in the end prevail,
Lay th Irish Church low on its Bier in spite high tories Ale.
But speakin of church subjex, whod have thought of our Susanner
A walking in purcession and a bearing of a banner!
I dont wish to be ard on her, for ladies well I know
Is lible in religion to be smitten with mere show,
And mummeries and flummeries are likely to impose,
For people who like Incence are led easy by the Nose!
I like to hear good singing and good sermons too no less,
But I doubt if a fine preacher need to put on a fine dress:
And all them gorgeous vestments and them crucifers and copes
They ain't for English parsons but for Papishes and Popes.
While as for Arvest Festivals which now is all the go,
To me a church it aint the place to hold a Flower Show;
And when it comes to carryin of a Pigs Head thro a town,
Tis a going of the whole hog as in England won't go down!
Theres other news of hintrest that Im sorry not to tell,
But missus for five minutes sheve been ringing of her bell,
Which if it isnt ansered soon she ll make me cry Peccavy,
And so no more at present from John Thommas of Belgravy.

HISTORY AND MORAL.

See the inconvenience of committing murder. Would that De Quincey were alive to improve the text.

In 1519 the Spaniards go to Mexico, and soon afterwards murder Montezuma.

In 1867 the Mexicans beat the Austrians, and soon afterwards murder Maximilian.

Now the Spaniards want a King.

Maximilian would have fulfilled every required condition.

But the Mexicans have avenged Montezuma, and the Crown of Spain goes a-begging.

Moral. Seldom or never murder.

A DANGEROUS COLOUR.

Is it possible that the irritation which exists in Ireland can in any measure be occasioned by orange socks?

THE CRITERION OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

Mr. Punch,

In several papers you have probably seen a paragraph stating that at the Sittingbourne Revision Court, on Monday last week, Mr. J. D. Chambers, Revising Barrister, allowed the names of forty-eight females to be retained on the list of persons entitled to vote for East Kent, in addition to thirty-three who had been previously allowed for Ashford. A part, therefore, in the next election for East Kent, the Court of Common Pleas not forbidding, will be taken by eighty-one free and independent electresses.

Sir, the question of women's intellectual fitness to vote is not to be dismissed with shallow levity. I do not consider the argument that, whereas most ladies are taught music there are no female composers, conclusive as to their inferiority to men in intellect. The education necessary to the development of high musical genius requires much personal experience of which no woman almost can have any except an Indian squaw. To have roamed woods and forests, to have been out in all weathers, thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, to have seen Nature and to have seen life, is needful in order to become a great musician. It is scarcely possible that we should have mistresses of music equal to masters. But there is another point wherein women might reasonably be expected to rival men, if their equals in capacity. The culinary art is something quite in their way. They are actually employed in it very generally; in by far the greater number of families. Yet how very few of them attain to any proficiency in that art? Where do you find a woman presiding over the staff of any considerable kitchen? Did you ever hear of any female filling the place of a *chef*? Would you not almost as little expect to hear of such a commanding officer as you would to hear of a female general? The truth is, that cookery is a scientific art, and women do not seem capable of the grasp of principles which applied science demands. They make very good cookmaids; but you must fall back upon the sterner sex for a cook.

I should like to know how Miss Becker gets over the difficulty which I have above pointed out. Let me advise her, since she wants the franchise for her division of mankind, to exhort with all the eloquence of which she is mistress, all women to apply their minds, if they really have minds, to the study of cookery, and substantiate their claim to the elective franchise by demonstrating their intelligence in the production of dishes whose excellence shall be such as to show that the hands which concocted them were governed by a head of necessity belonging to a rational being. She may call me, if she like,

Elagabalus.

P.S. Man, you know, is a cooking animal. What Miss Becker has to show is that this definition is true of Man, not only as contradistinguished from animals, but also from Woman.

MR. GLADSTONE ON RATS.

Not a few of those persons who entertain an aversion to ecclesiastical apes of the Haydock and Brighton breed, will have been agreeably surprised at seeing, in the *Times* report of an Anti-Ritualistic meeting at Manchester, the following remark recorded as part of a speech delivered, *ex cathedrâ*, by Mr. Gladstone:—

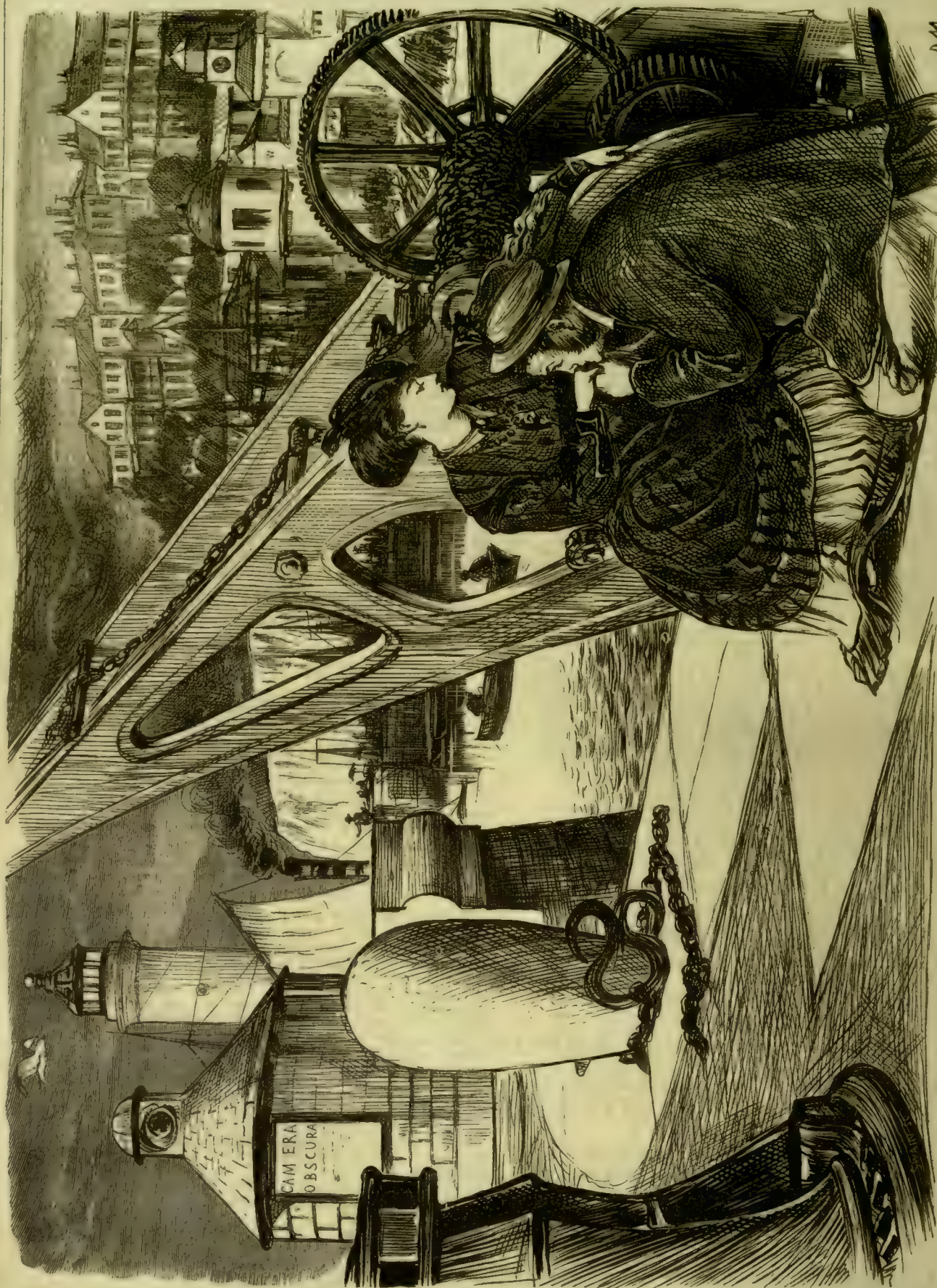
"When people had rats or thieves in their houses they set to work to get rid of them and punish them according to law; so should Churchmen deal with Ritualists."

Of course, in saying that people should try to punish Ritualists according to law, Mr. Gladstone merely meant to say that they ought to take steps to prosecute them in the Ecclesiastical Courts. It is not for a moment to be supposed that he meant to advocate the persecution of Ritualists. Nobody can fairly deny that he was perfectly justified in comparing Ritualists to rats. They have undoubtedly ratted from the principles of the Reformation; and they are busily at work burrowing as fast as they are able beneath the foundation of the Church of England, and doing all they can to undermine it. By rats Mr. Gladstone perhaps meant the Ritualistic clergy; and if they may properly be called Church rats, then perhaps we may call their lay dupes, of whom there are a few, Church mice, to make a distinction between the greater and the smaller vermin. However, the Ritualists, as a body, will be considered by the majority of the British public to have been very happily described as rats by Mr. Gladstone.

It may be as well just to add that the chair, at the Manchester Anti-Ritualist Conference, was filled by the Mr. Gladstone who is President of the Manchester Diocesan Church Association. From that chair the speech above quoted, wherein the Ritualists were called rats, was made by Mr. Robert Gladstone.

A SATISFACTORY TELEGRAM.

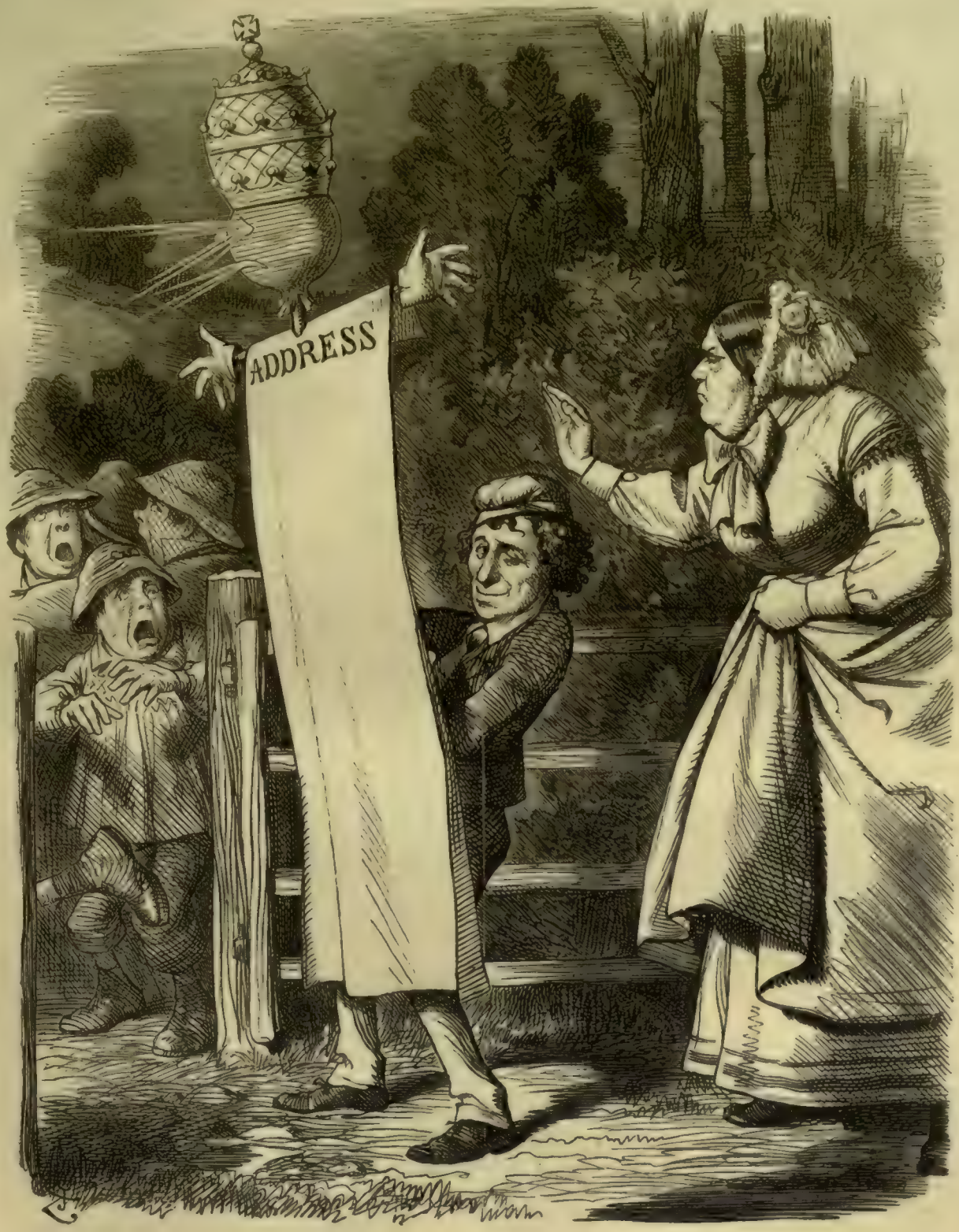
General Prim has been received with acclamations.
General Tranquillity reigns in Spain.



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

Theodore finds a dear little sequestered Spot behind a Crane on an unfrequented Pier, where, safe from Ev'ry Eye, he can Flatten his fond and foolish Nose against his Emily's lily white Hand.

[*He forgets the revolving eye of the Camera Obscura, which has been fixed on him for the last ten minutes.*



BEN AND HIS BOGEY.

Mrs. Bull. "I'LL TEACH YOU TO FRIGHTEN PEOPLE, MASTER BENJAMIN."

THE GOOD OF THE "GOLDEN ROSE."

His Holiness the Pope, only the other day, sent the "Golden Rose," which he is accustomed periodically to bless and confer on faithful Sovereigns, to the Queen of Spain. It was the reward of devotion, if not of virtue. There are some who will remark that it appears to have proved auspicious.

Not quite a year ago, the *Naples Observer* published a list of sequences which in some nine or ten cases had ensued on the papal benediction. They were all signally calamitous, from the time when the Holy Father blessed Italy in 1848, just before Novara, to the last blessing he pronounced on Austria, followed by Sadowa. The rule seems to have been, that everybody who has been blessed by the Pope has presently come to grief. Isabella the Second is at least no exception to it.

The Romans regard these sequences of the Pope's benediction as consequences. They believe him to be a *gettatore*, a person possessed, against, and indeed contrary to, his will, of an "evil eye." This is all my eye and Betty Martin, you will say, of course. But it is what those credulous people imagine, and, by the rule of *post hoc propter hoc*, facts might seem to prove it. Pio Nono's blessing would appear to have an effect precisely the reverse of that which he intends.

Of course, an "old man's blessing" can do no one any harm, and no sensible person whom the Pope might bless would therefore expect to be blowed. But this is worth noting by those whom it may concern; that if his benediction does harm to nobody, it certainly, as far as we can see, does nobody good. At any rate, the Ex-Queen of Spain has derived no visible advantage from the "Golden Rose," which, elaborately consecrated, blessed, and perfumed, she received at his hands. So, then, whilst the notion that any amulet or charm of that kind might bring ill luck, is superstitious, the idea that any good could come of it, is unfounded.

If, indeed, the Pope were, as his subjects think, a *gettatore*, instead of having excommunicated Victor-Emmanuel he could have given the King of Italy his apostolical benediction, which would have infallibly done for him and his kingdom.

PENCRAFT AND PRIESTCRAFT.

At a meeting of the Irish Church Congress, the other day, Archdeacon Lee, of Dublin, read a paper on "The Church and the Periodical Literature of the Day," wherein he paid the public a compliment. The purpose of the Venerable Archdeacon's lecture was to urge the necessity of requiring that every article published in any newspaper or other periodical should be signed by its writer. He argued that articles often derive undue weight from the mere character of the paper in which they appear. This is as much as to say that the public are accustomed to pay that attention to an article which they presume to be written by a celebrity that they would withhold if they knew that its author was a man of no mark. What a truly discerning public the public would be if it were capable of letting its judgment be ruled by such a consideration as that! There are people whose intellects do not enable them to recognise excellence apart from "prestige," who can appreciate a good thing if they hear it said or see it written by somebody famous—otherwise not. But the public is not a mass of such boobies as those. If it were, then, certainly, the adoption of Archdeacon Lee's proposal, that all newspaper and other such articles should have to be signed, would be very advantageous for those exponents of the clerical and evasive mind who wish every argument or assertion they object to but cannot answer, to be ignored. "Who is Brown?" That question would then constitute a short way of dealing with the irrefragable but obscure Brown. Ecclesiastical and academical handles and spouts to names would then, too, have all the influence which they ought to have for the purpose of divines more anxious for the maintenance of opinions than for the investigation of truth.

The system of obliging writers to sign their articles would also to some extent have the advantage of rendering them punishable by the infliction, if expedient, of those social penalties which dogmatists have still a considerable power of invoking. But the public is not what Mr. Bumble said the Law was, and what Archdeacon Lee appears to think John Bull; *videlicet*, an ass.

The Right Voice in the Right Room.

A Meeting of one of the great Religious Societies was recently held in the Rotundo, Dublin, the Archbishop in the Chair. The names of several Clergymen and others who addressed the Meeting were given, but the account omitted to state that they all spoke *ore rotundo*.

Good Residence for Trumpeters.—A Cottage Horny.

THE LIBERTY OF COUNSEL.

The freedom of forensic speech is in danger. Lord Ranelagh has addressed a letter to the South Middlesex Volunteers, denying, on his honour, that he had ever visited "Beautiful for Ever's" shop from any other motive than idle curiosity. It is but just that the noble lord's vindication of his fair fame should be accepted. Mr. Knox, at Marlborough Street, when first "Beautiful for Ever" was had up, stated that the name of Lord Ranelagh had been most improperly imported into the case touching that person. No doubt the suspicion which his Lordship incurred by not having carefully enough observed the copybook precept, "Avoid Bad Company," was groundless. Even if he had given any apparent ground for it, nobody would have, or have had, any right to insinuate that against him which could not be proved. Nobody, that is, out of Court—out of a wig and gown. In a long robe, however, and under cover of horsehair, unbounded liberty of insinuation is the privilege of a gentleman. In the interest of that noble institution, the Bar, therefore, every Englishman will feel bound to protest against the censure pronounced by Lord Ranelagh on counsel in saying:—

"But capital was made out of me, and the public received a bias. I would specially refer to the unwarrantable remarks of Serjeant Ballantine at the Old Bailey, who, without a tittle of evidence to justify it, had the audacity to imply improper motives to me in my going into Madame Rachel's shop."

What! Find fault with any aspersion, true or false, founded or unfounded, which a barrister, in pleading his cause, may think fit to cast on the character of a nobleman, or any other man? Suggest that calumny in the way of advocacy ought no more to be allowed than it is in any other way? Oh! Then there would be an end of everything that we have always been accustomed to. No restraint upon the barrister's tongue! At least let him be at liberty, in his vocation, to abuse everybody that he may choose, except, of course, our Sovereign Lady the Queen and my Lord Judge. But then, a word for the Press. Let every public writer be likewise at liberty to defame all and sundry, on condition only that he shall have duly received his fee, and been paid for doing so.

"INSPECT YOUR SILVER FORKS AND SPOONS."

Dear Punch,

The above advice is given by a writer in the *Times*. To him I reply, like the war-horse, "Aha!" or rather "Ha, ha!"

I should like to see myself doing it. I mean that I should not.

Do you, or does the writer in question, at least there's no question, but I mean the writer in the *Times*, think

1. That I would lock up my capital all my life in inconvertible metallics?
2. That I would tempt my servants to establish relations with a marine-store thief?
3. That I would live in such dread of burglars as to be unhappy if my plate-basket were not under my bed all night?
4. That I would have spoons and forks which I shouldn't like to lend to my friends when they give big parties?
5. That I would aid to restrict a circulating medium?
6. That I would prevent my admirers from presenting me with the testimonial which my virtues have long demanded, and which I live in hopes of receiving one of these fine days.

Sir, I have no silver forks or spoons, and that's my answer to the unsolicited advice of the writer in the *Times*.

I am, Sir,
Yours obediently,
Silver Street, Golden Square. An Electrotypical Cove.

A Railway Cutting.

The other day a man was brought before Alderman Sir Robert Carden, at the Mansion House, charged with having wilfully broken a pane of glass. He said that he was in want, and had broken the glass "in order that he might get shelter." Whereupon:—

"Sir Robert Carden expressed his belief in the truth of the story told by the prisoner, and offered to send him to Coventry by railway."

That is certainly the shortest way of being sent to Coventry—and the pleasantest.

Literary.

Over Head and Ears—a good Novel with a good title. But is Mr. Dutton Cook prepared for all the imitations which such a capital heading is sure to suggest? For instance, *Up to the Eyes, Out at Elbows, Shoulder to Shoulder, From Top to Toe, At Arm's Length, Neck and Neck*, &c.

GREAT ASSURANCE.

Sister. "I say, Bob, that looks like a Tailor's Bill!"

Bob. "Yes—just fancy! I have let that Fellow Dress me as he Likes for the last Three Years, and now he has the Impudence to send me his Bill!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A VOICE.

Of this genus there are two species, as there were of the Man with an Ear.

The first is the Man with a voice pure and simple, not necessarily to be qualified as a tenor, baritone, or bass voice, or even as a musical voice, but simply as A Voice.

I select Tupton as an excellent specimen. I catch him alive, and pin him on to the board for your inspection. No one requires to *see* this species to be certain of his presence in the house: you will say, instinctively, "I know Tupton's here: I heard his voice."

He is a sort of Invisible Prince in a household. You may recollect that young Leander (which was the Invisible Prince's name, I think) used to be heard and not seen, and his voice would be constantly saying all kinds of pretty things to the Princess, and ugly things to the wicked somebody else, and no one, for the life of them, could tell whence the sound came. So with John Tupton, the Man with a Voice. (Of the second species I will not now speak: suffice it, that it is necessarily musical, but not necessarily powerful.)

The Man with a Voice possesses little, if any, power of modulation. His voice may be marked on a sono-meter, as never standing at lower than Loud, and rising by tonic degrees up to Bawling point. Tupton is somewhat above the average English height, but is not to be spoken of as a tall man. Some people would call him stout: some wouldn't: say, comfortable. He has a mode of his own for dress, which, by some happy instinct, is never strikingly fashionable, nor strikingly out of the fashion. You would say, after some consideration, that he is well-dressed. He is neither handsome nor ugly: so, in short, you would pass Tupton in a crowd as you would have the Invisible Prince, if it wasn't for his Voice. That arrests you: you can't help it. You'll turn and ask who he is. There is only one way of expressing in print the loudness of Tupton's voice, and that is by such a judicious use of Capitals, as the Irishman employed in his letter to his deaf mother.

After this preparation, enter Tupton.

I am walking during the season in the Park, and talking to a lovely young lady, to whom I have been introduced the night before at Mrs. Fillips's At Home. The lovely young lady speaks with the slightest suspicion of a French accent, with the most ravishing little touches of French manner, and is ignorant, [why should I bother her with my domestic circumstances? and my wife couldn't go to Mrs. Fillips's, no matter why—she couldn't],—she is ignorant, I say, of my status in society as a married man.

The conversation has stopped at some interesting point just for a second, while she selects a seat and I search for twopence. It is impossible, I admit, for any casual observer to see that the lovely young lady and myself are together. She is sitting down; I am standing up, with my gloved-hand wedged in my trouser-pocket, struggling with twopence, and my hand, having gone in open, makes some difficulty about coming out again as a fist. Anyone who would not have addressed me when with a lovely young lady (unless he was a designing scoundrel who only did it for the sake of an introduction, and ultimately cutting me out; I hate such guile, but that is not to the point here) may certainly do so now. I am addressed; loudly.

"Hallo!" shouts a Voice, as if I were miles off

"Hallo! Old Boy!" it repeats, and here is Tupton.

I say how d'ye do to him, and remark, for the sake of diverting his attention from the lovely young lady, between whom and Tupton I carefully place myself, that it is so difficult to find coppers when you want them.

"Coppers!" shout Tupton's voice. "Here you are. How many?"

People attracted by this confounded Voice turn to see how many coppers I am in want of; people passing slowly in their carriages lean out, and languidly draw one another's attention to the Voice, and the two people engaged in the copper transaction. I feel for the lovely young lady, it must be intensely annoying to her. She cuts herself off from me by a tilt of her little parasol, but her ear is not protected from the Voice.

I am about to explain to Tupton that I am with a lady, preparatory

to sitting down, and continuing that pleasant flirtation gossip, which the chair has interrupted, when Tupton says, in a voice which seems to me louder than usual,

"And how 's the Missus? Hey?"

It's his jocular way of mentioning any friend's wife, instead of giving her name and title fairly and plainly.

Loungers turn and smile. A quick side glance shows me a slight movement of my lovely young lady's parasol. She evidently considers herself deceived, and doesn't like it. Tupton must be answered quickly, and dismissed.

"Oh, she 's very well," I answer, "at least," correcting myself, for when I *do* speak, it must be the whole truth, though one does consent now and then to a *suppressio*, "she's getting on very well, indeed. I hope," I add by way of choking him off, and getting to my seat by the lovely young lady before any further mischief is done, "when she is well again you 'll come and see us." And here I extend my hand.

"Thank ye!" he returns, and taking my hand, holds it affectionately. There is a stoppage in the drive, and the carriages closely packed together are at a standstill.

One shake of the hand, and I shall be clear of Tupton. He gives the shake, and says, (says! I mean bellows out for the information of the whole Park, confound him!)

"Remember me to your wife. Glad she 's getting on so well." I nod and smile. "Saw it in the paper: usual column." Everybody is listening now: I am thinking how I should like to jump at him and put a plaster on his mouth, like Burke and Hare used to do, when he roars out as he half turns to go, "It was Twins? eh?"

I can't restrain myself: I shout in reply, "No."

I can't help myself. I'll never speak to him again in a public place. I must calm myself. Fools are laughing and whispering about me. They don't (as it seems to me) laugh at Tupton. No: *he* escapes; they laugh at Twins. And why? Why should they laugh at Twins? *I* don't. His Voice has made me the butt of the whole Park. I turn to the lovely young lady: Twins have settled it; she is talking to somebody else. Serve me right: what business have I——

Hats up! Here's Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family out for a drive, and under cover of this excitement I migrate.

So much for the Man with a Voice out-of-doors in London. He is a first-rate fellow to hail omnibuses and cabs, or in an emergency to call Police, though in this last case it would of course be a mere waste of breath.

The Man with a Voice is almost always inquisitive. At a dinner-party, or at any assemblage of people, one is perpetually saying "hush" to him.

Tupton at table confides to me his opinion of an elderly lady opposite, in what he supposes to be a whisper, but which can be heard distinctly at either end of the table.

"She looks," he says to me in one of his asides—"she looks as if she 'd peppered herself with gunpowder before she came out: just look at her—" I frown at him, say "Ssh!" quietly, and attend to my plate.

He looks into my ear and says, "Who is she, eh?"

I tell him presently that it is Mrs. Emptwizzle, our host's aunt: and warn him to take care what he 's saying.

Tupton lives at home with his mother, and an unmarried sister who is his senior by some years.

These two elderly ladies Tupton is always, as he expresses, "waking up."

I don't mean that he invariably returns home late without a latch-key, though that happens occasionally, and then all the neighbourhood is in an uproar.

They don't go out much, and Tupton does, so they depend upon him for reports of the exterior world, theatres, parties and concerts; and precious loud reports they are.

I have stopped at Tupton's, and a very pleasant house it is, only you can't be quiet, except in the absence of the master.

Tupton hasn't got much knowledge of music, but he is slightly acquainted with tunes, and bawls selections from popular songs about the place.

I take a book and retire to the library. I hear him in the passage bellowing out, "Not for Jo, Not for Jo, Not if he knows it, Oh dear no;" again, "Not for Jo," &c., *da capo*. There is a pause, and I fancy he has gone out. No. He is walking up-stairs with a tremendous power of voice on for "I dreamt that I dwe-elt in mar-ar-ble halls, lum doodle lum doodle dum diddy dum. And of all——" pause, apparently he is stopping on the staircase.

"Mother!" he shouts. "Mother! Mo-*ther!*"

Why doesn't she answer? She *must* hear him. Oh, thank goodness, some one has answered.

"Are you going out, Polly?"

This is answered, and he shouts back in reply to a question, "VERY WELL. I WILL."

"Where's Blanque?" He is inquiring for me. I hope he won't get a satisfactory answer. He doesn't, for he goes on singing, still ascending the staircase, "Oh Where, and Oh WHERE, is my-y-Highland Laddie gone?" then very boldly, *fortissimo*, on the landing, "HE 'S GONE to fight the FRENCH for King GEORGE upon the—" Bang goes his bed-room door.

"What an infernal noise!" I say to myself, and recommence the interesting chapter. I shouldn't like, I think, to live in such a noise as this always; it would drive one mad. The possibility of its breaking out again at any moment keeps me in a constant state of alarm. However, at all events for the present——

"Come live with me,—" He is on the landing and singing again, "and be my Love;" then very high and straining his voice, "Come live with me, and be my Love," he changes the key, and roars out some song without words, tune unknown.

I fervently hope he may pass the library door, and go out into the garden, the woods, far away.

He passes the door with the march from *Faust*, sung by substituting *Ha Ha Har Ha-ha-ha ha ha-HA!* and then *Ho Ho Ho ho-ho-ho ho ho-HA* for words of any sort, selecting the aspirate and an open vowel for the purpose of shouting louder.

I think he is now getting his hat, and has returned to "Come Live with me and be my Love."

Yes, with delight I trace his voice to the front door. A few bars of "Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam" takes him quite out of the house, and on to the gravel path. Now for a few quiet chapters of Bacon. * * *

"Hark follow, hark follow, TALLYHO, TALLYHO, TALLYHO," &c. He is at the window with the celebrated Chorus from *Der Freischütz*.

SWINE AND ACORNS.

(*A Poem by a Porciculturist.*)

What thee canst do doan't leave undone,
As the wise man did remark.
Therefore I, when up in London,
Thought I 'd goo zee Richmond Park.
In that pleasant situation
Oak trees mostly do abound;
And I sid, wi' lamentation,
Acorns kiver'n all the ground.

Want o' bread makes Christians riot,
Hogs, if hungry be their mood,
Can but grunt for want o' diet.
What a sinful waste o' food!
Herds o' swine, that Park all over,
Ought to be turned in to roam,
For to live like 'twere in clover,
In the Forest as at whoam.

Acorn-fed, both pork and bacon
Into wet, some says, do run.
Not unless pigs' lives is taken
'Fore their eddication 's done.
With high art I be acquainted;
For my likenus once I sat,
And I zee a sign-board painted:
Just likewise a pig you fat.

Paint a pictur, then you lays un
Colour on, quoat arter quoat,
Last of all you takes and glaze un,
That 's the way as I took note.
So wi' pigs: you gives 'um taters
Fust, and wash, and orts, and peel,
Acorns next, and last the craters
Touches off wi' barley meal.

Something in the Lively Vein.

At the Closing Meeting of the Church Congress in Dublin, one of the Speakers is reported to have said, with reference to the sensational style of writing, that it "stirred the blood in an easy chair." Is there sensation even in our furniture? Where is such animated upholstery to be procured? We have seen tears in a perambulator, and laughter has been heard to proceed from a dining-table; and now it will not be surprising if we are told that Mr. Bumpshuss's Election Address roused the bile in a sofa, or that Mrs. Dacryon's affecting story touched the feelings in an ottoman.

AN UNKIND "CUT."

The Italian Correspondents say that the Pope's Eye is an Evil Eye. We wish that they would hold their tongues. We shall never carve a leg of mutton again in comfort.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

CLIFTON.

Clifton is not only remarkable for its warm spring, but also celebrated for its mild winter. It is a very charming spot, and the waters are so good for several complaints that one seldom hears any complaints of the waters, their efficacy being taken on credit, which is more than they are themselves, having to be paid for by the drinker, who, however, feels that he *is* getting something for his money, there being a white sediment and a warmth about the draught that must be considered cheap at a penny, though for our part we prefer a bun at the neighbouring pastrycook's. The comprehensive manner in which toys, bathing, mineral ornaments, camera obscuras, and confectionery are included in the one corner of Clifton, shows a genius for concentration on the part of somebody which should, and no doubt does, reap an ample reward. Buns, baths, and Bristol diamonds are always ready at the Hotwells.

Those who do not favour superstition will receive somewhat of a shock in examining the annals of Clifton. Two remarkable dreams are inseparably associated with its history. The first was dreamt by one William Gage, a broker (broken slumbers, you observe—much obliged), who, in 1680, dreamt that he drank of the Clifton water, and that it agreed with him. He woke. He did drink the Clifton water—it did agree with him. Clifton was made from that moment. We entertain our own view of the case, but have no wish to disturb the equanimity of those confiding customers to the present proprietor's pump-room. This was one of the dreams. The other one occurred to Mrs. Watts, wife of William Watts. This person was a plumber, and it is not surprising that his wife's mind wandered on the leads. The metal took the form of shot, and it struck her (a notion—not the shot) that if molten lead were dropped into water, it would assume a round shape, and save any quantity of expense and labour. She must have been in a very heavy slumber, but she woke up before the morning light, and telling her husband the subject of her dream, he continued the conversation by dropping the subject; and though at first he questioned the experiment, he soon found it answer, and sold his wife's discovery for ten thousand pounds; so that fortune not only came to her in her sleep, but followed in her wake. We wish we could close the story at this point, leaving poor Watts with money in lots because of his shots. Alas! he might have made a million (he started as a plum-er), but he took a mania for building, and commenced a terrace, which turned the tables on its projector, and finished *him*. Such is the mutability of human affairs! He is now forgotten; but in searching the local archives we have come across the fact that, on acquiring his money through the shot discovery, with a laudable appreciation of the use to which that article is applied, and a desire to link his cognomen with the invention, he selected as his crest a barrel of powder, supported by two musketeers, and surmounted by himself in the act of firing, and took for his motto the Shakspearian quotation, "Watts in an aim."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Mamma (referring to Paterfamilias, who generally bathes about this time). "Oh! look, Alice! I can see the dear Old Boy's Head quite distinctly!"

BUXTON.

(To be read aloud in the manner of the Popular Comedian from whom it takes its name).—

Look here, you know, *I* don't exactly know why it's called Buxton you know, but it *is* called Buxton, and it's a sper-lendid place, I say it's a supple-ended perlace. There's the new town down below, and there's the old town up above, and there's the crescent in the middle, and there's the old Market Cross in the market place, only it isn't a cross and it isn't a market place, because they've built a new Market Hall close by, and there's hot and cold baths and a pump-room, where you can make yourself well if you've got the rheumatism, and where you can make yourself ill if you haven't, and a beautiful terraced promenade, where the band plays in the middle, and the people walk up and down, when they're not doing the same in the Hall Gardens, where there's a river with fish in it, and a new Grand Hotel, like the Loover; I repeat for *all* the world like the Loover, and there's several others, expensive some of 'em, t'others more economical, as is usually the case, not forgetting Spring Gardens, which is a clean little street leading to some of the most magnificent scenery you ever clapt your eyes on, with a winding road leading to Bakewell, and hanging rocks on each side enough to make a fellow fall in love with that clever old gal Nature, who was very properly described by the immortal *Squeers*, I say the im-*mortal* Squeers, as a "rum un," and a lot of other places in the neighbourhood, Poole's Hole, where a party by the name of Poole, who was not related to the author of *Paul Pry*, or the swell tailor in Saville Row, but was another sort of individual—I say Individual altogeth*ar*—altogeth*ar*—used to hide himself when he felt it wise to retire into the bosom of his family, and there's Solomon's Temple, on a lofty hill which I don't care about climbing myself, but have no desire to prevent *you*, and there's excursions to Haddon Hall, which is a fine sort of old tumbledown kind of shop, which wouldn't make a bad scene, and I shall suggest it to O'Connor, if I don't forget it, and Chatsworth, which is the sort of establishment which if everybody had his deserts, you ought to be possessed of at this moment, John Baldwin, because you would appreciate it, and there's the shops, and the billiard-room, and the ball-room, where they give entertainments; and there's the donkey-carriages, and the darlings in the latest fashions, and the doctors, and a—that's all.

Papa is a heavy Man, it is true; but still his Head is hardly as large as this.

A TRUISM FOR THE TIMES.

The Ritualists ought to be Romanists by Rites.

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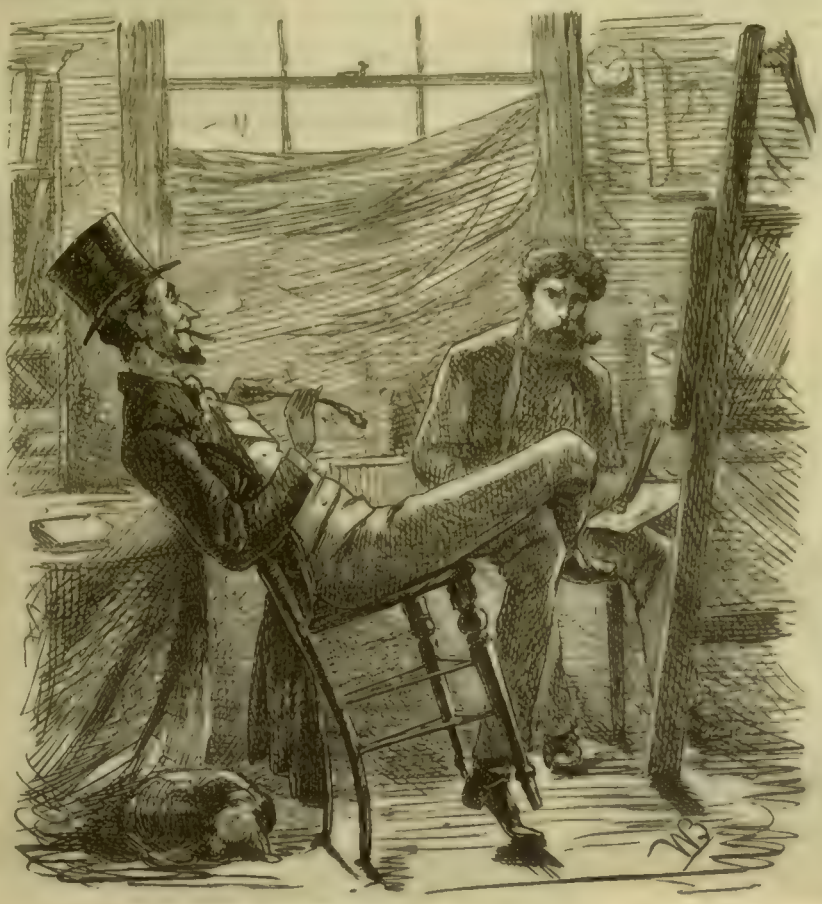


THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

Artist (as a hint to his Friend). "Bless me! Five o'Clock! I had no Idea it was so Late. How quickly Time does fly now!"

Yankee. "Which I calc'late it's all owin' to the vast Improvements effected in Clocks by our Great Country."

DONKEY DINNERS.

Horse dinners were all the go a few months since, and donkey dinners, doubtless, will ere long be in fashion, at least if we put faith in the paragraph that follows:—

"Everybody who has eaten roast donkey has pronounced it excellent. In flavour it is said to resemble turkey, though the colour is considerably darker. The animal in question, is a very clean feeder, cheap, hardy, and subsists easily at little cost, and it seems within possibility that donkeys may be reared on the poorest commons, not only as beasts of burden for the use of the poor, but as a luxurious addition to the banquets of the rich."

If I had a donkey that wouldn't go, d'ye think I'd waste my whipcord in walloping him? O no! I'd send him to the butcher's, sure as I'm a living sinner, and eat him nicely roasted for my next Sunday dinner. Such may be the resolution of many a London costermonger, after reading the above; and strict utilitarians will probably applaud it. As novelty is charming, we may expect that ass-flesh shortly will be viewed as quite a luxury: and donkey-eaters will be giving delightful little dinners, whereat the *menu* will begin with delicious ass-tail soup, and after a few *entrées*, such as "oreilles des ânes farcies aux truffes," or "cotelettes de l'âne jeune à la financière," the banquet will conclude with a juicy haunch of donkey, to which no haunch of venison will be deemed worthy to compare. We might suggest, by way of *entremet*, a salad of fresh thistles, of which the donkey-eaters might appropriately partake. After the repast, we may look for a few songs in the praise of donkey-eating, in the manner of the following:—

Here's a health to all fat asses!
Theirs all other meat surpasses—
Let the donkey-steak go round.
He who 'd have a novel pleasure,
Let him relish at his leisure
The joys that in ass-meat abound.
Fill a bumper—'tis no thumper—
In Donkey sweetest flesh is found.

A Confiding Public.—The Tavern that Trusts.

THE EUPHONY OF COMMERCE.

Mr. Punch,—Sir,

Calling one day last week on my pickle-merchant, I was recommended by that Purveyor of sophisticated acids to purchase an original sauce which had given much satisfaction to his "client," Sir K—— N——. "Are you a solicitor?" I inquired, somewhat startled by this strange synonym. "I am not admitted to be so," blandly replied the man of chillies, "though I am often consulted about family jars."

I may here observe that this citizen of Cheap, like many of our merchant princes, occasionally tempers business with badinage. Making fun of the Funds, by a timely *mot* he relieves the Reduced, and, with innocent levity, attenuates the Consolidated. He recently remarked—when touching lightly on certain Bank insecurities—that no Stock was such an unfailing source of interest as a laughing-Stock.

"You spoke of your client," said I, pointedly. "You mean, I suppose, your customer?"

The Purveyor, with a forgiving smile, softly corrected me. "*We* have no *customers*. Tradesmen have, but pickling is a profession."

The conference ended by my giving instructions for a bottle of capsicums; which, being handed to me, I, like a model client, paid my professional adviser his charges without wincing.

Now, *Mr. Punch*, I am sanguine enough to anticipate that the refinement of language adopted in South-East Cheap will be frequently imitated elsewhere. I rejoice to say that we have very few Farmers now, though we have many Agriculturists. Cotton-spinners are daily becoming *Millionnaires*, and a Milliner is a *Marchande des Modes* from Tyburnia to Timbuctoo. Even a Needle-maker—so I am gravely informed by my maiden sister—is now a manufacturer of Penelope and Uncotopie crochets. A Dentist of genius cannot draw a tooth without first extracting a Greek root from his Lexicon.

All this is very nice, but some old-fashioned titles are still retained, however inapplicable to modern circumstances. A licensed carrier of flowers and parasols, and watcher of eyes, is frequently called by young ladies of good education a Lover. A Paymaster-General and a Husband are universally convertible terms. If we go to Parliament, we shall find doomed warriors defending a beleaguered Treasury against a rampant Majority, spoken of with touching tenderness as Ministers by an admiring little flock.

Here let me pause; but, before concluding, I would improve my present opportunity, and suggest that henceforth no ornate correspondent should seek to beguile a gentle Editor, and deface his Doric columns by subscribing himself, with wilful inaccuracy,

A Constant Reader.

A WORTHY MEMORIAL.

They who think that a Free Press is an advantage to a nation, should subscribe to the Memorial of a man who, in his time, fought many a brave battle for the freedom of the Press. Leigh Hunt was sent to prison for publishing opinions which *Mr. Punch* in perfect safety may now put forth when he pleases; and the fact that *Mr. Punch* can say just what he likes without a fear of Newgate, is owing in great measure to the battles Leigh Hunt fought. Gratefully and gracefully remembering this fact, *Mr. Punch* would say a word for the Memorial to Leigh Hunt, and they who would be sorry to see *Mr. Punch* in Newgate (imagine the world living for a week without its *Punch!*), will freely give their guineas to perpetuate the memory of a writer who worked manfully to gain for England a Free Press.

A Triple from Brighton.—On the question of Purchase in the Army there may be doubts; but there can be none as to the necessity of abolishing Purchas in the Church.

"EXPERIENTIA DOCET."

Sisters. "Well, Fred, what do you think of it?"
Fred. "Oh! ah! Best thing I've seen for *Years!*"

SONG BY AN ELDEST SON.

A little, in December last,
Put out of joint I had my nose,
When Pius, after what had passed,
Another sent the Golden Rose.

The wonders by my Chassepôts done
Upon the Holy Father's foes,
I reckoned, had his Eldest Son
Entitled to the Golden Rose.

It therefore did my feelings pain,
As you may readily suppose,
When Isabella, Queen of Spain
That then was, got the Golden Rose.

What had she done? I, who had fought
By proxy, backed my words with blows,
I, for Mentana's service, thought
That I deserved the Golden Rose.

And now that Queen has lost her crown,
A circumstance which clearly shows
No blessing visibly brought down
By means of Popey's Golden Rose.

'Tis said with blessing ever blight
That he, with best intention, throws.
Whereof as one more proof some cite,
What last came of the Golden Rose.

There 's Destiny, and there 's a Star.
It may be some ill influence flows
From persons, and can strike afar,
Transmitted by the Golden Rose.

Coincidences do look queer,
The common mind is struck with those.
I hope his Holiness this year
Will not send me the Golden Rose.

Had I not best recall from Rome
My soldiers, ere December close,
And crown the edifice at home,
Lest I, too, get the Golden Rose?

ANOTHER KIND OF CAB-STRIKE WANTED.

In their late strike the cabmen made a striking fault. Instead of striking in a manner that but served to hit themselves, they should have rather aimed the blow at the pockets of their masters. It mainly is their owners' fault that cabs have a bad name, and that London is worse off for them than most provincial towns. That there are some good cabs in London we are willing to admit, but where else run we the risk of riding in a rumbling, rattling, ramshackle four-wheeler, which possibly has just conveyed a patient to a hospital, or has carried measly meat to the back-door of a pork-butcher? That many London cabmen can be civil we allow, but where else run we the risk of being bullied by the foul-mouthed driver of a night-cab, who is dirtier in language and appearance than a nightman? Such black sheep taint the flock, and are the cause why London cabmen have an evil reputation. People clearly would use cabs far more often than they do, if they were sure of finding civility and cleanliness. A cab is far too often a mere vehicle of abuse, and the chance of dirt or insult makes many a man prefer the safer course of walking. "None but the clean deserve the fare" should be the golden rule with cabmen. We don't expect a cab-driver to put on white kid gloves; or, when we give him half a sovereign, to hand us our right change in a sweetly-scented envelope; but we do expect clean cabs and civil spoken cabmen, and if the contraries of these were all struck off the streets, we feel certain that the strike would find great favour with the public.

Mus Ridiculus.

Make your Deacons three years older,
Make your Bishops rather bolder,
Those are all the cures I know
For Church evils.

S. G. O.

A Richmond Dinner.—A Shouting Actor who Performs the Part.

TO BE SEEN ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE,

From 11 *to* 4 *Every Day.*

3 Kings, 1 Chancellor, 1 Chamberlain, 1 Marshall, 2 Knights, 1 Major, 2 Mayors, and 3 Sheriffs.

4 Chappells, 1 Temple, 2 Bishops, 1 Abbott, 2 Chaplins, and 8 Clarks.

6 Halls, 2 Lodges, and a Strawbridge.

2 Kitchens, 1 Cook, 2 Jacks, 3 Bakers, 2 Butlers, 1 Pott, Flower, Barley, Chalk, 3 Bones, 1 Crabb, 1 Whiting, 2 Peppercorns, Coles, Wood, and Sparkes.

2 Barbers, 1 Constable, 2 Dyers, 5 Gardiners, 1 Mason, 2 Millers, 1 Porter, 1 Skinner, 18 Smiths, 2 Coopers, 1 Chandler, 1 Cheesman, and 2 Taylors.

2 Fields, 4 Hills, 2 Lanes, 1 Poole, 2 Elms, 2 Greenfields, 3 Greenhills, 1 Greenwood, 2 Foxes, 1 Daw, 1 Drake, 2 Lyons, 1 Wolfe, 1 Bull, 2 Worms, 1 Partridge, 2 Starlings, 2 Swifts, Suckling, 4 Shepards, and a Hunter.

1 Ball, 1 Bell, 2 Cases, 1 Pulley, 1 Block, 1 Horne, 1 Key, 1 Cork, 1 Foot, 1 Moon, 2 Grays, 7 Brownes, 3 Graves, 5 Carrs, 1 Carter, 1 Vigne, 1 Branch, and 1 Bragg.

Rivers—Lea and Dee.

Places—Coventry, Linton, Hollond, Kent, and Sutton.

Hail, Snow, and a Gale.

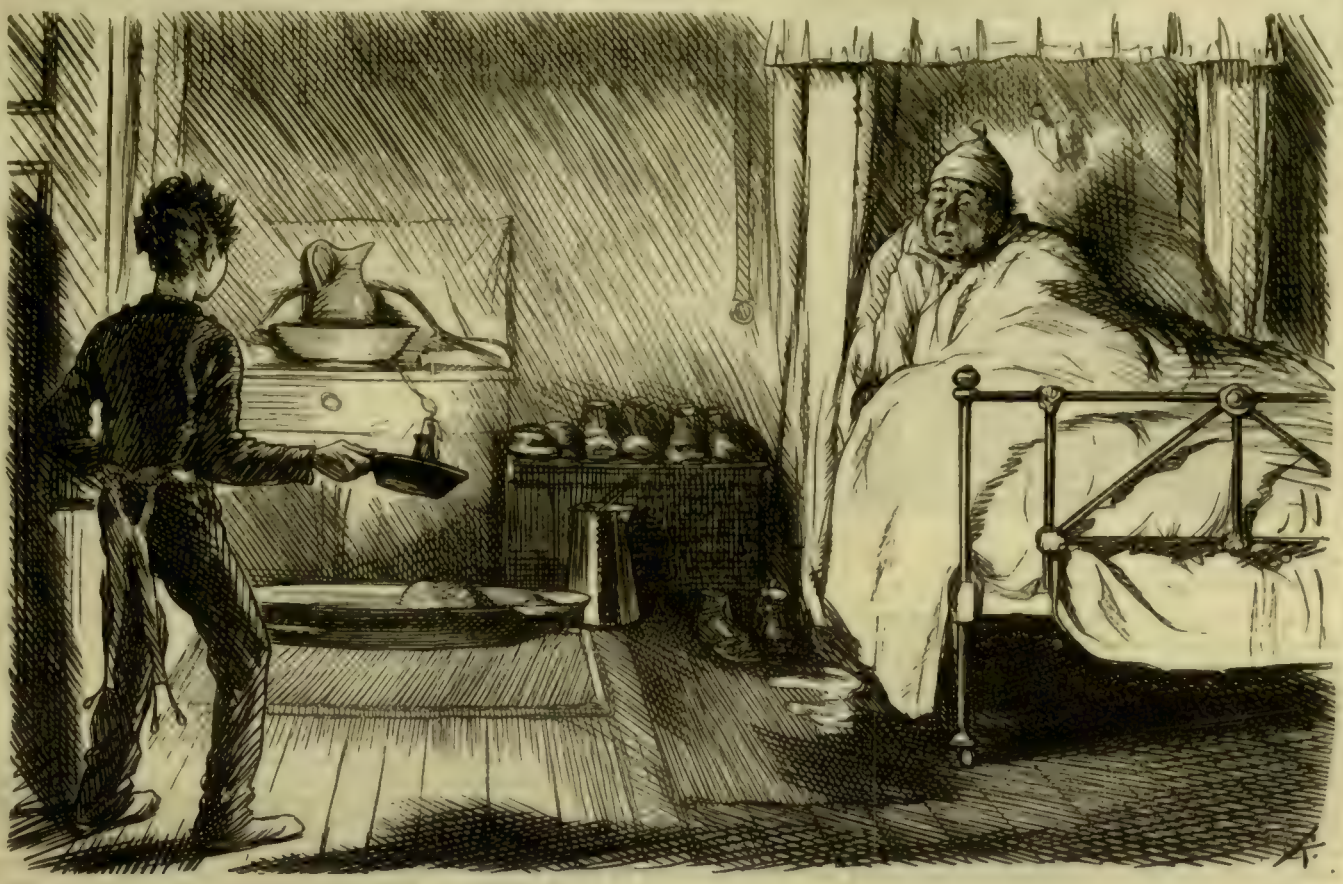
Hope, Love, Vertue, and Paine.

Hopps, and a Thorne.

And to wind up, Yowgood a Medley.

The Electoral Adviser.

Mr. Mill is doubtless a very valuable Member of Parliament; but, considering how he took it upon himself to direct the Kilmarnock electors whom to choose for their representative, we should say, setting his incorruptibility aside, that we should like to buy him at our price, and sell him at his own.



ALARMING.

Buttons (as he burst into his Master's room on the night of Wednesday, the 7th: he had just seen that wonderful shooting star). "Oh, please, Sir, them *Meteors* is a goin' off ag'in ! !"

Scientific Old Gent (startled out of his first sleep, and misunderstanding the intelligence). "Oh !—eh !—what !—Turn it off at the *Main ! !*"

WHALLEY IN SPAIN.

The more we read of foreign intelligence the more we are convinced of our superiority to all other European nations in liberality, tolerance, and common sense. Here, now, is a statement in the letter of a contemporary's Special Correspondent at Barcelona:—

"The Junta have resolved to enforce the law, which had been allowed to fall into disuse, forbidding the residence of Jesuits in Spain. They have discovered that the Society was plotting a reactionary movement, and they have ordered the Members of it to leave the country. Nine were found plotting at Maaresa, and went at midnight last night to the Italian Consul for passports."

By still more recent intelligence from Madrid, we are informed that actually—

"The Minister of Justice has issued a decree suppressing the Society of the Jesuits throughout Spain and the Spanish Islands, ordering that its colleges and institutions be closed within three days, and declaring its movable and immovable property sequestrated to the State."

Such is the way in which a body of harmless ecclesiastics is dealt with by the Spanish Junta. And this is the Liberal Provisional Government of Spain! Nor are the innocent and guileless followers of Ignatius Loyola likely to be the only victims of its bigotry. It proposes, we are told, the extinction of all religious communities and associations which have been established since 1835. On what ground does it base this monstrous proposal? The notion that all such societies are "contrary to liberty," and that their suppression, with "the abolition of all their privileges" is "a measure urgently necessary for the safety of the State." Now, only suppose this sort of language had been quoted as that of any man in this country, whom would he have been concluded by the generality of instructed readers to be? Mr. Whalley. Of course, everybody in this country but Mr. Whalley laughs at the idea that the poor Jesuits are in any way capable of being mischievous, or that monastic institutions are at all inimical to liberty. The suggestion that Mr. Whalley himself is a Jesuit in disguise is a mere joke; of course the Jesuits are incapable of disguise, and, at least in enlightened England, their simplicity is known to all men, except the Member for Peterborough.

ELECTION AMENITIES.

Says Mr. Mill to the Honourable Mr. Bouverie,
"Mr. Chadwick is a very much better man than *you*, very.
And you 'd rear yourself a temple finer than that at Carnac,
If you 'd take yourself off, and let him come in for Kilmarnock;
Constituencies should always, you know, for the very best men stir,
And I 'd put him in, if they 'd have him, *vice* me, for Westminster."
Says the Honourable Mr. Bouverie to Mr. J. S. Mill,
"You know nothing about it, and I will be jolly well blowed if I will.
He a shining light! He 's only a candle with a bad wick,
But whether he is or not, I shan't make way for Mr. Chadwick;
And your law of selection is in my mind a very bad law,
I suppose it was that made you recommend the blasphemous fellow, Bradlaugh.
Mind your own business, do (W. H. Smith will give you a plateful),
And don't go teaching constituencies to be pedantic and ungrateful."

A Slang Phrase.

"I'll have your hat?" What, asks Thoughtful Theophilus of us, is the origin of this slangism? We give him the answer. It came from Rome. When there was a probability of one of the Cardinals dying, an enemy of his who was expecting to be raised to the Cardinalate was so uncharitable as to allude to the probable event in the presence of the fast failing dignitary in these words: "I shall have your hat." The phrase has travelled northwards, and here it is.

THE REGISTRATIONS.

R. Punch has received a shoal of letters from disappointed claimants for the Franchise, principally lodgers, appealing to him as the great revising authority against the decisions of the Revising Barristers. As many of the cases detailed in these letters will probably amuse the Court of Common Pleas, *Mr. Punch* having taken his own counsel's opinion, feels that he can do no more than print, without note or comment, a few of the most remarkable instances of rejected claims, just hinting that it might be as well to make the process of obtaining a vote a little easier than proving a pedigree :—

Sir,—I reside in a boarding-house in a fashionable quarter of town, where I occupy an elegantly furnished bedroom, and join the ladies in an evening in the drawing-room with my concertina, I believe to our mutual satisfaction. I filled in a paper which I obtained from an obliging baker, and sent in my claim for the lodger franchise. Being a Conservative, and devotedly attached to "Our Dear Old Church of England," which Miss Ducie Tilton says I sing with great expression and feeling, I was of course opposed by that dangerous party which is seeking to Republicanise all our institutions, and my name struck off the Register for the Borough of Pimlicopolis, because—you will hardly credit it—I could not prove an uninterrupted use of the backgammon board for a period of twelvemonths, ending the last day of July. Can there be a greater absurdity? But I have the sympathy of Miss Tilton and *all* the other ladies at No. 40, who declare that if I were to offer myself as a Member of Parliament, and they had votes, as they ought to have, they would poll for me to a woman.

Yours indignantly,

40, *Upper Superior Place, W.* Astley Drewry Holbourne.

Punch,—I tell you I will appeal to every Court in Westminster against the decision of a hireling lawyer dressed in a wig and gown and a little brief authority which, it is well known at our Debating Club, the "Stentorian Spouters," he owes entirely to the circumstance of his having an agreeable tenor voice, and occasionally taking part in a glee with Mr. Justice Jumbleby's daughters. I am an unfurnished lodger, a radical corn-extractor, and therefore objected to by a sycophant of a Tory agent, and deprived of a Briton's birthright, because I could not produce my latch-key; and the Barrister, who had only been sitting eight hours, refused to adjourn until I could go to Great Cromwell Street and fetch it. And so, after all the processions I have walked in, and the meetings I have talked in, and the petitions I have signed, and the agents, overseers, vestry-clerks, Home Secretaries, Statesmen, and parish beadles I have had interviews with about my right to vote, I am still a political outcast, robbed of that which the "Spouters" have often heard me allude to as the Pharmacopœia for all our ills. Was there ever such tyranny? (I suppose next we shall be required to show that we have had all the disorders of infancy, and are always in bed by ten o'clock, and never enter a public house, and don't owe anybody a shilling.) But smaller causes than this have undermined thrones before now, and brought a haughty aristocracy down to the dust. We shall see, we shall see. As the poet says,

"And Freedom shriek'd, as Kosciusko fell."

Great Cromwell Street. Marcus Slatterthwaite.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I appeal to your courtesy, your chivalry. I am a single woman, and with 77 more single and 33 widow women have been refused the Electoral Franchise by the Revising Barrister—I will be more generous than he was, and not disclose his name, lest he should never be able to hold up his wig again—all of us dismissed by him, as though we had been a flock of geese, without a moment's reflection, without going back as far as Henry the Sixth in the calm retirement of his own chambers, without refreshing his memory with the names and deeds of those deathless females who decorate the pages of our history, from Boadicea to Becker. Shame on him and his profession (always excepting those gallant gentlemen who did go back as far as Henry the Sixth, and made the Register *glow* with Woman's name) and his sex, who are jealous of us, of us women, who will yet in the emancipated future soar above all Acts of Parliament, and Barristers, and Conventionalisms, and plant the oriflamme of progress on the citadel of freedom—man's equal, man's master! Until that day dawns, I will no more register my name, but my vow to avenge the wrongs of my trampled sex.

Yours now trodden down, but then triumphant,

Cordelia Stanger Smethwick.

P.S. Scorn on the witlings who say that woman's proper place is the fireside—the Register Stove!

Mr. Punch,—Is there anything about kitchen fire in the Reform Act? any allusion to the use of plate and linen and the back parlour for breakfast on Sunday morning, and a fixed charge for dinner on that day? any reference to the vexed question of boot-cleaning? any mention of that delicate point, attendance? I can find none in my edition; and yet I am disqualified, because, after a learned argument, an hour and a half long, by my lawyer, and a reply of equal length and learning by his opponent, and an elaborate judgment by the presiding Barrister, who reserved his decision till the next morning, and then told us he had passed the whole of the previous evening (in the New Royalty Theatre, it was openly said in Court) searching for a precedent in the reign of Richard the Third, it was determined that as all the luxuries I have enumerated at the beginning of this letter were charged to me as extras, reducing the weekly rent for my apartment to 3*s.* 9½*d.*, it did not amount in the year to ten pounds, the minimum fixed by the Act. An Act of injustice, I say.

Your obedient Servant,

9, *Abyssinian Road.* Emilius Pegram.

Mr. Punch,—I am done. I, the industrious, sober, saving, studious carver and gilder, ambitious of a share in the government of my native land, am not to have the distinction of voting for Buncombe, the advanced Candidate for Thousandstreets. I suffered an inquisitive lawyer to extract from me the admission that to oblige Mrs. Parlby (my landlady), I turned out of my room for a few nights, and slept in a folding bedstead in the kitchen, to accommodate her niece from the country; and a very nice girl Louisa turned out to be, and we are now engaged, and going to be married at Christmas. And so Mr. Lawley Swaviter decided that I had not occupied the same room for twelve months uninterruptedly, and struck me off the Register. I think there is room for improvement in these Registration Courts. Don't you? I offered to prove that Mrs. Parlby had had the uninterrupted use of my tea-caddy for twelve months or more, (Louisa knows nothing of this) but that wouldn't do, they said.

Yours,

17, *Magdala Terrace.* Charles Gould Leaf.

Sir,—I have lost my vote entirely through the stupidity of the Packbury overseers and the formal mind of the Packbury Barrister. My name, as you will observe, is John, but I invariably sign it Jno., and so subscribed my claim, forgetting, I admit, the servile subjugation of lawyers to forms. The overseers omitted to alter it, and Mr. Eldon Stowell Glibley ruled that as I had not fulfilled the letter of the law, I must be struck off. A great blow to me, I assure you. But he granted me a case for appeal. So look out for me in the papers in November.

Yours faithfully,

Napier Street, Packbury. Jno. Dugweed.

There may be wisdom in the wig, but not always under it. Eh?

FROM AN OVER-NOURISHED CONTRIBUTOR.

Dear Punch,—I observe placarded about,

Homer for Hackney!

Hooray, I remark, and in the same spirit add—

Virgil for Vestminster!
Catullus for Chelsea!
Statius for Southwark!

And anybody else you like—say Valerius Maximus for Vest Middlesex. But what does it all mean, and why Homer for Hackney? Since he wrote the Battle of the Frogs and Mice he has never stooped so low. Lord Derby ought to see to it. Yours respectfully,

Mops and Brooms.

THE RITUALIST REBUKED.

Scene—*Before St. James's Chapel, Brighton.* Ritualist Parson *and* John Bull.

John Bull. Now, you young Sir! What is that outlandish gilt and braided frock of yours, and what are those petticoats you have on, and all that lace?

Ritualist. Vestments, Sir? The vestments proper for this day's feast.

J. Bull. Feast! Why Goose Day's past, and All Fools' is to come. And what do you do with that smoke-pot that you are swinging about there?

Rit. Celebrate mass, Sir.

J. Bull. Mass! Why who are you? What do you call yourself?

Rit. A priest, Sir, of the Catholic Church.

J. Bull. Catholic Church! I should say Catholic Chapel. But you, as a Roman Catholic priest—what business have you with that Oxford hood, I should like to know?

Rit. Oh, Sir! I am a Catholic priest; but not, you see, a Roman Catholic.

J. Bull. I see no such thing. If you are not one, why do you dress like one? Vestments for this day's feast, indeed! One would think this day was Guy Fawkes' day. You a priest? Does your Mother know you're out?

Rit. I really can't say, Sir.

J. Bull (*mimicking him*). Can't say, Sir! She ought to know you are out, for she ought to have turned you out by this time, if your Mother Church is the Church of England. Ecclesiastically speaking—Who's your Father?

Rit. Well, Sir, really that is—a—a—question—which——

J. Bull. A pretty fellow you are, not to be able to answer! Is it the Holy Father—the Pope? Does he own you?

Rit. Um - Why, Sir, unfortunately, the fact is——

J. Bull. That you are a parson, and the Pope disowns you, and says you are none of his. Who's your Bishop? Dr. What's-his-name, Bishop of Southwark, or whatever he calls himself - or the Bishop of Chichester?

Rit. Chichester at present.

J. Bull. You may well say, at present. Does the Bishop of Chichester, then, allow you to wear those things? Does he sanction your celebration of your Mass? Eh?

Rit. N-n-n-no, Sir.

J. Bull. No, Sir? I should think not, Sir. Has he not inhibited you from officiating at all?

Rit. Ye-e-s, Sir.

J. Bull. And of course you will obey him?

Rit. (*sulkily*). No; I won't.

J. Bull. You won't? And you say this, do you? Why who but you, and such as you, have been always preaching up the duty of submission to Bishops? That is what you have all along been hammering at—all very well for the opposite party: but the moment your Bishop forbids Ritualistic mummeries, you fly in his face. Go along with you!

Rit. Where to, Sir?

J. Bull. Rome, Sir; where every honest man of your whole lot, except a few fools, has already gone. The Pope has invited you. But mind, he has invited you as a stranger, as a Protestant, as a heretic. You a priest? You pretend to call yourself a priest? You make believe to say Mass, and hear confessions, and give absolution? Do you? And all this while you are eating the bread of the Church you undermine—mischievous rat! No; it's not falling, or you'd leave it fast enough. You'll stay, while there are any loaves and fishes—will you? Not if I can help it—you humbug, you impostor, Be off!

[*Flourishing cudgel about* Ritualist's *ears, drives him out.*

CRUELTY TO BACHELORS.

A French journal relates that, as a provocative to marriage on the part of selfish bachelors, at a *fête* held at Montreuil—

"On a décidé que le concours de tir au pistolet et à la carabine serait rigoureusement réservé aux hommes mariés."

A novel method this to drive a man to marry! Fancy a B.A., or any other British bachelor, imagining himself forced to go and get a wife, for the reason that without one he could never shoot at Wimbledon! We can't help thinking that the ladies of Montreuil would have had a better chance if the authorities had set on foot a bachelors' ball for the benefit of those who were denied the use of bullets. In this case the young fellows who were not allowed to shoot, might have been exposed to the risk of being shot at; for there is no doubt that, if husbands are there in such demand, the bachelors at a ball would have each become a target for some of Cupid's arrows.

BELLS ON BEER.

Of an eve, homeward bound, from a walk rather long,
As I passed through a village, out rang the Church bells;
And they sang me the chorus, methought, of a song:
How bells sing, the old story of Whittington tells.
Plain as ever were words spoke by Mag or by Poll,
Did those village Church bells resound Tol de rol lol,
Tol de rol tippledy,
Tol de rol tippledy,
Tol de rol tippledy,
Ri fol de rol.

I had nowise exceeded for some time before,
Had a perfect teetotaller been all the day,
But I meant to have one glass of beer and no more,
At a house I was going to pass on my way.
It is one of the few where you get the old stuff—
Beer of which, as a rule, half-a-pint is enough.
Tol de rol tippledy, &c.

Oh, 'tis woeful to think how deplorably few
Are the places where good beer is still to be sold.
For most brewers have now ceased such stingo to brew
As we used to imbibe in our young days of old.
In its stead there's your flat, heavy, dull Burton ale,
Or a dreary dead level of bitter and pale.
Tol de rol tippledy, &c.

When the beer-engine came in place of the tap,
From that time it was never in England good beer;
For that base machine spoils any brewed worth a rap,
'Tis increased population, the truth if you'll hear,
Which the publican needs must draw fast to supply;
And the reason malt liquor is ruined—that's why.
Tol de rol tippledy, &c.

What a thought that we're sunk and degraded so low,
That, what sort of a thing decent swipes ought to be,
We have beer from Vienna sent over to show!
Who would ever have feared such debasement to see?
Us the foreigner even in beer now excels:
'Twas his triumph I seemed to hear rung by Church bells.
Tol de rol tippledy, &c.

A GOOD FRENCH FELLOW.

The French have a reputation, not unmerited, for saying smart things. Their witticisms, however, analysed, for the most part resolve themselves into utterances, offensive or defensive, of restless vanity. But there are exceptions to this rule, and here is one of them, thanks to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"M. Henri Rochefort, in a recent number of *La Lanterne*, alluding to the supposed determination of the Emperor to make war if the elections went against him, asks what would be thought of a man rushing into the street and stabbing an inoffensive person because his landlord had raised his rent."

This is an apt and manly illustration. Its manliness is quite peculiar. The love of approbation which, in an irritable state, is the basis of most French wit, men have in common with animals. You may note it exceedingly active, for instance, in the cur and the monkey. If these creatures could speak, they would be always saying something piquant either to flatter or to wound one another's self-conceit. In the parallel, put as above by M. Henri Rochefort, there is evident, besides reason, the distinctly human faculty of conscientiousness, or the moral sense. Welcome to a Frenchman thus saying a really, in every sense of the word, good thing.

NO PARTY QUESTION.

"I do not," says the Knight of Kerry, in a sensible letter to the *Times* on the Irish Church, "presume to say whether Mr. Disraeli should have approached Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Gladstone Mr. Disraeli; but undoubtedly they ought to have met." If they had, he thinks that a measure might have been passed which "must have commanded the respect of the country." "I believe," concludes the honourable gentleman, "that all that was needed on the part of the leaders for such a happy consummation was the possession of two qualities most rare indeed among eminent statesmen—common sense and common honesty." Just so; and if the Leader of the Liberal Party and the Conservative Premier had met together, there would have been a conjunction of Common Honesty with Common Sense. Which would have been which?

HAPPY THOUGHT!

Ingenious Jones sits for his Portrait to a Peripatetic Photographer, and cunningly places himself exactly between the Apparatus and the unconscious Oriana, whom he Worships at a respectful Distance, and whose Likeness he would fain possess.

[*If the reader will turn to page 178, he will find, all framed and glazed, for 3s. 6d. complete, Ingenious Jones's Happy Thought's result.*

THE CHICHESTER EXTINGUISHER.

Bishop of Chichester. "GO! GO! YOU INSOLENT, REBELLIOUS BOY. WHAT WITH YOUR NONSENSE AND INCENSE AND CANDLES YOU'LL BE SETTING THE CHURCH ON FIRE."

Master P-ch-s. "JUST WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO. THERE!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A VOICE.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS.

The Second Species is divided thus: 1. The Big Man with a Small Voice; 2. The Small Man with a Big Voice. Both are musical; the former being, generally, a man with considerable knowledge of the art, and a studious cultivator of the twopenn'orth of talent in his possession. The latter also knows music, superficially, and trusts to his strong voice to pull him through all difficulties. We will look at Number Two first, being the noisier, and then return to the Big Man with his pretty little voice, who will be found a pleasant companion in a drawing-room entertainment, or "An Excellent Substitute" (as the advertisements say) for Mario in the evening.

Silford—Billy Silford—is my Little Man with a Big Voice.

Silford's is a most convenient voice. You begin with it down-stairs—so to speak—in the cellar, as *basso*, almost *profondo* (an attempt at *profondo* being sufficiently uncomfortable to make his friends advise him not to try it too much); then he mounts to the ground-floor appearing here as a baritone; then another flight takes him into the first-floor as a tenor, with his voice in his nose; the next step being a jump up into the attics, where his eyes and ears help him, both moving up with his voice, which seems to have forced itself violently through his palate, and out at the top of his head.

Silford, therefore, is a very useful fellow in choirs and places where they sing, and where followeth the anthem, and nothing delights him more than being asked to take his place as a chorister in his own parish church, or to join in a madrigal, quartette, or any other sort of *tette* in a private party, or at an amateur concert. Silford will sing about the house, up-stairs and down-stairs, and in anybody's chamber, as much as our friend Tupton, and as loudly; only Silford will be musical. He sings snatches of tunes correctly, generally preferring himself in well-known bass songs of a nautical or roving character; or if he has any concert on hand, you will hear nothing from him but his "part," some turn in which he generally "can't get" till the very day of the concert itself, when he secures the passage correctly at the morning rehearsal, practises it all day, and finally loses it at night.

"Come down," says he to me, "for a week; we've got a festival on. We call it the Festival of the Three Choirs, because we've got a very decent lot out of the two parish churches a few miles from us, and our own. It's a great thing to encourage a musical taste," says he, "and I think you'll like it."

I accept, and ask if he takes a part.

"Take a part? Of course—several." Then he adds, "Do you know the bass part in the old glee '*The Little Birds Warble?*'"

I do not, unfortunately.

"Ah, then," says he, taking the opportunity for practising, "this is how it goes."

From his specimen I want to know why this sort of music was ever called a "Glee?" Good heavens! if Silford (who is singing away from a thick volume of very ancient-looking music, while I am regarding him thoughtfully) is correct, it is melancholy enough to hear *one* perform this sort of thing, without troubling the fifteen voices for whom it is arranged. Can I find some excuse for deferring my visit? I think, but I only say, smiling with apparently awakened interest, "That sounds rather"—he probably thinks I am going to say "pretty," but I don't, and I won't.

"Yes," says Silford, stopping in the middle of a sort of a wandering bravura of several pages on the one word "little." "There are six bassi with me."

"All singing the same?" I ask.

"Yes," he answers, "all the same," and off he goes again. "When the Li-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e (working upwards) e-e-e-e-e (down again) e-e-e-e (round and round in a circle of five notes I should say, until I wonder the singer doesn't become giddy) e-e-e, &c., &c., much the same over again, until he perches on "*it-tle*," which concludes the variations on the word *Little*.

"Now," says Silford, apologetically, "I can't always get the next bit quite right."

As, at all events, he begins by getting the next little bit all wrong, I tell him pleasantly, that I will leave him to practise it alone, and then he gives me a programme of the amusements, which I see includes the performance of several pieces without bass parts, also some old ballads, great favourites of mine, and so I accept his invitation.

A Day with the Little Man with a Big Voice.

He has been very quiet the night before, owing to a slight cold, which depressed him so much that he retired early, and sat in boiling water, drank hot drinks, and slept under a weight of extra blankets and coverlets. All he could do was to play his bass parts on the piano, as he was afraid of forgetting 'em.

Before bidding him "Good Night," he warns me that he takes his morning bath early, and always sings in it; so that if I *do* hear a noise, I mustn't be alarmed.

But I am alarmed: for such a row by one voice, in a musical way, as his makes in his bath, I never heard.

He takes cold water all through the year—as cold as he can get it. "Strengthens your throat, my boy," says he, knowingly: "capital thing for the voice. So's going on a hill, and singing against a fresh breeze—that's a first-rate thing; or out in the open air, anywhere, is an excellent practice." And, accordingly, there isn't a part of the garden where you can be free from him, whenever he's got a "bass part to get up for next Thursday week."

I am asleep at 7 A.M., and have no ideas on any subject in particular, least of all of getting up before half-past eight. I am awoke by what first appear to me to be shouts of some person in distress. Now, when you are attired for your night's repose, and are disturbed while taking that repose, a man with any regard for propriety should think twice, at all events, before dashing out on any Quixotic errand. To put on a dressing-gown in answer to a cry of anguish, may shake your resolution, and, if no other sound reaches you, the difficulty of finding your slippers (which never *are* in their proper place) will probably determine you to go to bed again.

I am half awake. Another shout of horror, of terror, of —— Good heavens! is it Silford's voice? In broad daylight, too! What has happened? Another, louder and fiercer, from the room below, "Ha! I defy you! Come not near me! HA!" I leap from the bed. I must fly to his rescue, when, just as I am putting my wrapper round me, I hear, evidently jovial and laughing, "*Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha! Ne prends plus l'air patelin: On connaît tes farces, Jupin!*" Which I recognise as the laughing chorus in M. Offenbach's "*Orphée aux Enfers.*" "Ha! ha! ha!" goes his voice again, and then a shriek: but with that shriek a splash, and after that follow briskly several splashes and dashes, and dowses of water, through which come out in sudden bursts, "Oh, meet me in the Lane when the clock strikes," "Sound an Alarm! Sound an a-la-arm!" "With a hey! ho! chivy! hark for'ard! Hark (gasp) for'ard (gasp) tan (gasp) tivy!" "God save our noble Queen!" like a hand-organ under a cataract. All is explained. Silford is in his bath, and I am "not to be alarmed." I return to bed again, and listen. It is a fearful performance this of Silford's, alternating between the terrible, the agonising, the glorious, and the utterly ridiculous.

Thus:—dash of the sponge full of cold water: shriek: "Ah!" then in operatic recitative, while recovering from the shock, "Villain! approach me not, for I will——" Dowse of sponge full again, which produces a wildly frightened voice, as if he was being beaten, "Spare me! Spare me!" to the second part of "*Robert toi que j'aime.*" Then (he never in this situation gives more than a fragment) another furious spongeful, followed by—victoriously, as if he'd conquered the tyrant who was sponging him—"Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves! For Brit-*ons* (dowse) never (splash) never (evidently a fearful struggle with the imaginary person who is sponging him) Ne-ver"—then, as if he had escaped entirely, and was free as air, comes joyously a popular tune, "Up in a balloon! Up in a balloon!" rum ti tum ti *ad lib.*, with a slight pause before the recommencement of hostilities. Then, "I would I were a bird——" Another dowse from the sponge brings out the developed idea suggested by the last song, in "We fly by night—we (sponge and gasp) fly (sponge and gasp) by (the same) night." Then comes a sound as of a longer process of sponging—perhaps he is standing up—which is accompanied by "A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep." This is given defiantly to the sponge. He is now out of it, as I can distinctly hear him scrubbing, rubbing, and blowing over his hard brushes, gloves, and towels. "Nothing like rubbings for the voice," he explains to me afterwards. During this, being jubilant, he never indulges in anything less than a chorus, which on this occasion is all the bass part of the "*Hallelujah*," which he has to sing next Sunday "in another place," as Members of Parliament say.

Then he comes up-stairs, ready for breakfast, and "hopes he hasn't disturbed me."

To be Pasted up Along the Line.

He is a Snob, and not a gentleman,
Who smokes upon the Me-tro-po-li-tan:
Yes, M'm, regard him as some arrant Snob,
Sent by his master to perform a job,
And meanly doing, while annoying you,
That which at home he would not dare to do.
Pity so low a Cad, nor wish him licked:
Perhaps to-day already he's been kicked.

Humbugs.

The Middlesex Magistrates, 44 to 30, again resolve that Catholic Criminals in gaol shall not have paid Catholic priests to see them. We argue not with bigots. But, when those Magistrates talk about their "consciences"—and then license Music Halls—we own to that sensation which, on board a steamboat, dictates a hasty call to the steward.

INGENIOUS JONES'S HAPPY THOUGHT'S RESULT!

See page 174.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

RICHMOND.

Richmond may boast of being one of the best Outs, and possessing some of the best Inns near Town. Even as *Punch* writes the word a hundred pleasant memories rise before him, recollections of delightful banquets at which his aristocratic and withal genial countenance has heightened its glow, of snug little parties at a corner table, of jovial revels in the *Castle* "bowers," and never to be forgotten feeds in the little front boxes of the dear old Star and Garter. The latter establishment has even gone up higher in his estimation since it has taken to itself another wing. The quiet old Roebuck (where it is *not* true all the waiters answer to the name of John Arthur) is a good house too, and we have played many a good knife and fork there, and hope to do so again. The original name of Richmond was Sheen, and it certainly must be sheen to be appreciated. It has been in the possession of the Crown since the reign of Edward the First, and Holinshed states that the earlier monarchs used "customarily thither to resort as to a place of pleasure, and serving highly to their recreation." He is silent, however, on the subject of whitebait, with which toothsome trifle the word Richmond is inseparably associated. In vain have we searched through the chroniclers, hunted up all sorts of historians, dived into volumes on which the dust of ages has settled, and questioned the cleverest and most date-crammed of our friend's children. Failure has been the invariable result. But what a magnificent subject for the literary grub, and then again what magnificent grub for the literary subject! The collateral and accompanying articles—cayenne pepper, thin brown bread and butter, lemon! Why there is a world unexplored. *Mem.* Ask that magnificent head waiter—the bald-head waiter, who stands like the monarch of all he surveys from the china to Peru—we mean Plate—if *he* can throw any light upon the subject. He *may* pass his winter in abstruse pursuits of such a nature. Several monarchs have died at Richmond, and Cardinal Wolsey swapped Hampton Court for Richmond Palace with Henry the Eighth. This couple over a Richmond dinner of the period must have been a pleasant sight. Here it was that the Bishop of St. David's greatly annoyed his royal Mistress, Elizabeth, by alluding to her receding mouth, the result of a dental desertion, which was an insult under her very nose, as was also a remark that her hair was besprinkled by "meal," thereby proving himself anything but a mealy-mouthed Bishop, but a very rude ecclesiastical dignitary as well. Queensbury Villa is now built on its site, which (in consequence of its propinquity to the Star and Garter, we believe) was erected by the Duke of Buckle-oo.

The view from the terrace is one of the most beautiful imaginable, and everybody knows the dictum of the Russian Emperor, who said it was the finest in Europe, though why his opinion should be superior to anybody else's we can't say, but *Punch* agrees with him on that one point if he doesn't on any other, and so passing on to the Park points out with peculiar interest the Pen Ponds, a title strongly suggestive of ink-stands, covering seventeen acres full—tell it not in Scotland!—of eels. Now, why is it the Caledonian cook refuses to send you this glorious fish even on compulsion? Why does the North Briton revolt at the lithe and toothsome river rover? It is exceedingly strange, and indeed appears ridiculously contradictory that a people addicted to uncovered ankles can't bear eels. It is a curious fact that these famous fish-ponds were formed by the Princess Am-eelia, who was in the habit of taking a meal here very often. The visitor must not think of leaving this charming locality without looking out for the celebrated "Lass of Richmond Hill." She is to be seen in every variety, as are also the famous "Maids of Honour," a combination of pastry and cheese-cake, which is warranted as the most economical means of achieving a bilious attack at present known. The Poet in speaking of the former attraction sets down the value of "the Lass" at a somewhat low figure, for he says with a wild burst of generosity—

> "I'd crown resign,
> To call her mine."

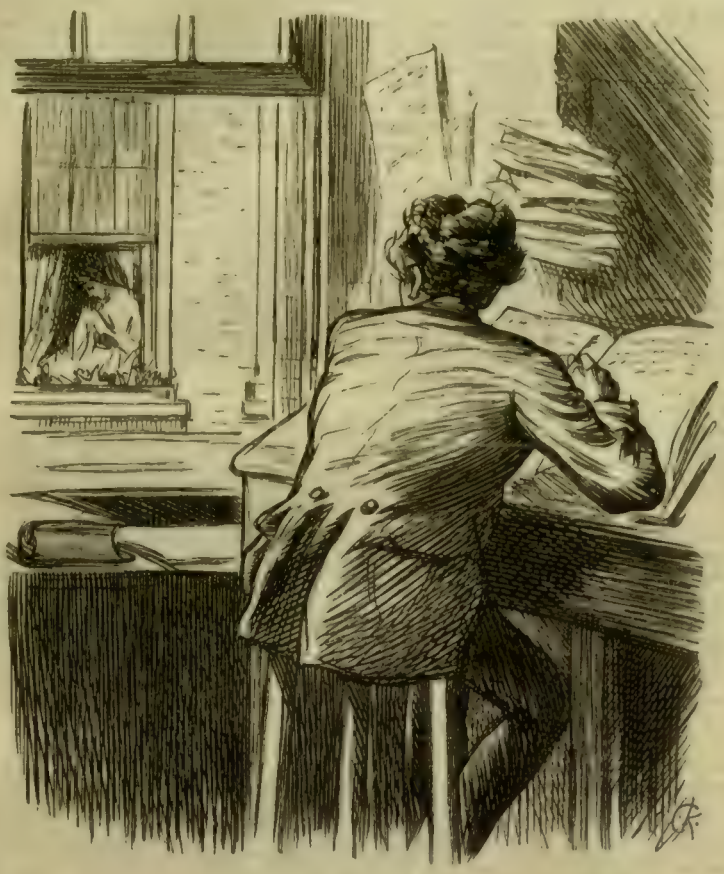
Five shillings may be a large sum in the eyes of a poet, but less gifted mortals might consider it mean. Shakspeare says he thinks there are "six Richmonds in the field"—there are, however, only two in the map. Be careful in going to the station not to make a slight mistake and proceed to the Richmond in Yorkshire. It is a long and expensive journey, and we cannot conscientiously recommend its whitebait.

SENSATIONAL SAVAGES.

The Ethnological Society and the Anthropophagitical—we beg pardon—the Anthropological Society, amalgamate. But there are difficulties. Ladies have been admitted to hear the discussions, so the earnester sort of members are afraid that delicate revelations—touching the habits of certain savages, for instance—may be slurred over. And another terror is, lest the Mosaic records should be treated with too much respect. Mr. Huxley entreats the public to believe that both fears are ill-grounded, and that neither Modesty nor Moses shall interfere with the piquancy of the debates. All highly satisfactory, as far as it goes. We suppose that we should be called Philistine if we hinted that the clever men who entertain themselves with the doings of foreign savages, might be quite as usefully occupied in helping us to see what we can do for civilising savages at home. We assure them they would lose none of the excitement they covet; we pledge ourselves that from Tiger Bay, and similar dens, they shall obtain quite as revolting details as from any Eastern island. And, as for the Bible, we assure them that there are places in London which would impress them with the conviction that no such thing had ever been seen in the first city in the world, except at the Police Court. Suppose they give one session to the heathen at the East End; and, if it prove a dull one, they can revert to the foreign savages.

A Hint to Churchwardens.

In these days of revived mediævalism it is customary to adorn the walls of Churches with inscriptions in old English red and black or other variously-coloured letters. An embellishment of this kind, to which it may become necessary that a conspicuous place should be given in churches, now that Ritualistic parsons, playing at Popery, have taken to burn incense, might be No Smoking Allowed.



"DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

We need not say how Difficult it was for Alfred to Post Ledgers, and give his Mind to Business generally, under the above Circumstances.

THE ONE THING INTERESTING.

Five and a half closely-printed columns of the *Times* to prove that the Liberals, when in power, were not quite so extravagant as the Conservatives! Such is the measure of our Gladstone's speech delivered the other day at Warrington. What a charm has eloquence, in relation to finance, for British ears—mere eloquence! For who, listening to the Liberal leader, enraptured with his oration, seriously expected that it would ever be practically followed out, and issue, in the abolition, or even in any very material reduction, of the Income-Tax? How long would Mr. Gladstone's audience, who stood hearing him talk about expenditure and economy, though too probably to little purpose, for several hours, and heard him gladly, have sat out any sermon that could possibly be preached by the most eloquent Bishop on the Bench, or any other clergyman? How soon would a sermon as long as Mr. Gladstone's speech have sent any congregation to sleep? But of what consequence can pecuniary expenditure and economy, how considerable soever, be deemed in comparison with the subject which would necessarily be treated in a sermon adapted, in good faith, to the end of all sermons? What, compared with that, is the saving, not to say the problematical saving, of any amount of money? Mr. Gladstone must surely be a prodigiously eloquent speaker, and the Church of England, apart from politics, can only mourn that he did not take orders, and is not now Archbishop of Canterbury. Or are the Warrington people peculiarly constituted in taking so much interest in matters of *L. S. D.*, as to be willing to hear as much as anybody who can talk well has to say about them, without considering how little good they can hope will come of it? There is too much reason to fear that there is no remedy for this consumption of the national purse on which Mr. Gladstone expatiated so charmingly.

Coming M.P.'s.

Papers and politicians are guessing at the composition of the next Parliament. Have they noticed that, amongst other orders and degrees of men, our criminals are not unlikely to be represented? for to what other class of society can those candidates belong who let out what their previous career has been, when they seek to be returned "unfettered?"

NOTION FOR THE FUTURE.

Suggested by a Proposal for the Equality of Establishment, and support of all Religions by the State.

ST. PAUL'S. 1875.

Devotions for Sunday next will be as under:—

4 A.M. Parsee worship of the Sun in the golden ball. Mahommedan salutations in the dome.

5·30 to 9. Low Masses in the Crypt for the use of Catholics.

5 to 6. In the Nave. Fakeers.

8. Early Celebration according to Ritualistic use, without organ in the *choir*. Hindoo sacrifices in a side chapel.

9. Irvingite Celebration, with organ and incense. Jews daily Temple service in side chapel.

10. Dutch Protestant Service in the choir.

10·30. Wesleyan Service in the Whispering Gallery.

11. High Mass, with full instrumental accompaniment under the dome.

Grand Morning Service (entire) according to Ritualistic use, in the Crypt. Incense, lights, and organ.

High Church Choral Service, according to Collegiate and Cathedral use. In East-end Aisle.

Morning Prayer, &c., with Psalms, sung according to the Broad Church mixed rite.

Plain Morning Prayer, with Hymns, according to the Evangelical or Low Church use. Sermon. West end.

North end. High Mass, according to the rites of the Greek Church.

South end. The same, according to the rites of the Russo-Greeks.

Mormon Morning Service in the Sacristy.

Presbyterian Service in the North-east end.

Afternoon. 1 P.M. Anabaptists in the Baptistery.

1·30. Congregational Morning Service any part of the Church. As this is the general dinner or lunch time.

3. Lutheran Service in the Nave.

3·30. French Calvinists in the North end.

Shakers at 4·30. Merry Zuinglians at 5.

The Buddhist Choral Service will be at 2 p.m.

Dancing Dervishes at 8 p.m. Tom-toms, no organ. Under the dome.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Due notice will be given of the next Juggernaut. All applications on the subject must be made to the Right Rev. E. T. Smith, Dean of Cremorne under the New Multiformity Act.

Aztec Grand Act of Worship every Wednesday at the Agricultural Hall.

Ninevite Temple Ceremonies and Complimentary Worship of John Bull at the Crystal Palace in the Nineveh Court every Monday 11 a.m.

N.B. The numbers being at present insufficient to enable the Pure Pagans to obtain such Governmental subsidies as have been granted to all other Religious Bodies, it is earnestly requested that those Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to restore the glories of the Capitoline Jupiter and the mysteries of the Bona Dea, will at once register themselves at the temporary office of the Pontifex Maximus, two doors from *Bell's Life*. Augurs always in attendance, ring right-hand bell. Good supply of fowls kept on hand.

Tuesday and Friday. The Druids in Hyde Park. With sacrifices. Weather permitting.

Thursday in every week throughout the winter months is to be devoted to the worship of Thor on the banks of the Serpentine.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,

Before I proceed to discant upon Court-circulars, Croquet-parties and other matters, I must give utterance to a feeling of unmitigated astonishment that whilst our young ladies are so severely handled under the name of The Girl of the Period, our young men go off scot free. How right-minded mothers of daughters can support such an injustice, I cannot conceive; for I am sure that for every six Girls of the Period, I could find half-a-dozen young gentlemen to match. As you are no longer a Butter-cup, my Judiana, which means a school-girl according to writers of authority, but a grown-up young lady about to enter society, it is highly desirable that you should know something of that large portion of it, which may be distinguished as the Whiskered and Bearded; or perhaps a better classification, would be the Tobacco-consuming tribe; for if I talk in the old-fashioned way about two sexes, the stronger and the weaker, what will Miss Becker and her American supporters say?

Oh, dear! what a queer and contradictory age is this? If one thing seemed more certain than another, it was that men were men and women were women; but now we are told that history has been befooling us ever since the world began to spin, and that one sex has been so nearly like t'other, that as the American said, you couldn't tell either from which; which is which or which is either, or if either be which, I hope somebody will determine some day or other.

One thing I am quite sure of, however; and you will discover it for yourself during the forthcoming season, when your Papa and I propose to introduce you into the best, literary, artistic and fashionable circles; namely, that the Young Man of the Period is an ass. Ah! my daughter, from the way some women talk, one would fancy that every man was as wise as Socrates—or why, such an ardent desire to be thought his equal—but for my part, I think the question is not, Man *versus* Woman, but Wise *versus* Foolish, and a wise woman will be thought a wise man's equal any day. Having stated that the Young Man of the Period is an ass, I will tell you a little about his bray, which is mostly a very mild and soft-sounding bray, though at times a touch of ferocity may be detected in it, when the ass is an æsthetic ass, abusing his critics if he be an author, the public if he be an artist, and the best writers and artists of the day if he be merely an amateur.

The Young Man of the Period has a faculty of depreciation quite unparalleled in history, and when he takes you into supper, or flatters you over the croquet game, do not for a minute imagine yourself charming in his eyes. All women are fools and all women are in love with his especial self, thinks the Young Man of the Period; and he arrays his bewitching person in clothes made by the royal tailor, and talks the same talk all the year round, and never finds out why all women seem alike and everything a bore.

Occasionally one meets with a sentimental Young Man of the Period, who delights in being tormented by some accomplished and unscrupulous flirt, most likely old enough to be his mother, and has very elevated notions of that sort of woman to the depreciation of all others. He hates men and men's doings, reads fast ladies' novels, lounges in fast ladies' drawing-rooms, manages to find the same sort of company abroad, and looks down upon the sober world that earns its victuals, and does its duty with supreme scorn.

The Young Man of the Period certainly does one thing for Society: he spares no pains to make his person as Charming as possible; his beard, his complexion, his teeth, are matters of daily and earnest solicitude. If nature has endowed him with a shapely foot or a small hand, he could weep for joy when his boots and gloves fit to perfection. But the crowning joy of the Young Man of the Period is his mind: he cultivates it by reading the most satirical of the weekly papers, by smoking inordinately, by getting into debt, and by writing travels, poems or novels, which he is delighted to see in print; this possession of his never disappoints him—I mean his mind.

What do the old fogies know? What are the old fogies good for? Half-a-dozen fellows of our set, thinks the Young Man of the Period, are worth all our fathers and grandfathers put together; and he seems in his own eyes, twice as clever as they, because he can spend so liberally what they accumulated with so many privations.

The Young Man of the Period, who has entered the Church, will be sure to come in your way, ere long, my Judiana, since he is seen to greatest perfection at social gatherings in the country. This harmless looking being does not possess the angelic temper one would at first sight impute to him. Many things of late, the Irish Church especially, have soured his temper; and he can be Jesuitically severe upon occasions. Women, in his eyes, were born to work altar-cloths, curates' slippers, and coddle up their husbands with tea and broth when suffering from depression, caused by Dissenters, the *Rock*, and Mr. Tupper's ballads. Man, represented by a High-Church Bishop is a demi-god; woman, a ministering slave.

Well may the mothers of daughters—I mean, Buttercups, wonder from what ranks future sons-in-law are to be recruited. Fancy these cool young satirists, these industrious spendthrifts, these loungers in foreign hotels, these clerical despots turned husbands!

I really think that the State ought to interfere and draw up a code of articles to be signed by all parties about to contract matrimonial alliances. Certainly, the first thing to be taken in hand by ladies possessing Parliamentary influence is the Reformation of the Young Man of the Period. A Reform Bill dealing with a question of such vast social importance, would have to be handled with great skill and delicacy; but in the absence of that, surely such questions as these ought to be put by mothers to future sons-in-law before the Banns are published:—

Supposing that unforeseen circumstances occur, state the occupation by which you could earn your salt.

Are your Tailor's and Perfumer's bills such as you would have any delicacy in mentioning?

How many Locks of Hair are in your possession? Can you give a satisfactory account of each.

State the minimum quantity of claret, champagne, soda-water, cigars, and Bass's ale on which you can subsist *per diem*.

Appraise yourself at your own worth, and declare the estimation.

Do you bet on the Turf?

Do you lose at Billiards?

Have you made up your mind to relinquish little dinners at Richmond, little suppers elsewhere, and other bachelor enjoyments with a good grace.

Can you condescend to forsake "the fellows at the club," and dine at home with your wife off a leg of mutton?

Can you amuse yourself and your wife on wet Sundays in the country?

Can you give up the delightful homage of all the ladies of your acquaintance, and content yourself with as much homage as your wife sees fit to bestow upon you?

Lastly, did you ever try the experiment of making ends meet?

Other questions might with advantage be put, but I will leave them for the present, contenting myself with having thrown out a hint. Be on your guard against the Young Man of the Period, my daughter, whether you meet him at croquet parties, pic-nics, balls, or archery meetings, and profit by the advice of

Your simple, but not to be trampled-down Mother,

Mrs. Punch.

AN EXCUSE FOR MONKEYS' TRICKS.

Please Sir, "there being two slight inaccuracies in your interesting report of the Harvest Thanksgiving Festival at All Saints', Lambeth, I respectfully ask your permission to be allowed to" correct them.

Please Sir, "no crucifix, but only a cross was carried in procession; and," please Sir, "incense was not used during the Communion Service, but only before the commencement and after the conclusion of the same—a practice which is in no way forbidden by the recent lucid and impartial judgment of the Arches Court," please Sir.

Please Sir, "I have the honour to be,
Your most obedient humble Servant,

Brighton, October 13. Frederick George Lee."

The foregoing quotations are faithfully transcribed from a letter recently addressed to the Editor of the *Times*. They constitute an excuse for playing at Roman Catholics to which the only suitable answer would clearly be a box on the ear.

ODD QUERIES.

What kind of mineral productions are "Vocal Gems," and have they any connection with "Sermons in Stones"?

What is an "Amateur Farm"?

Is the "Metropolitan" Railway named after the Archbishop of Canterbury?

What were the sensations of those people in India who are reported to have been "full of the Eclipse"?

What sort of a business is "the Bachelor's Kettle and Lover's Lamp Business"?

What can be cheaper than "Foreign Operas Six for a Shilling?"

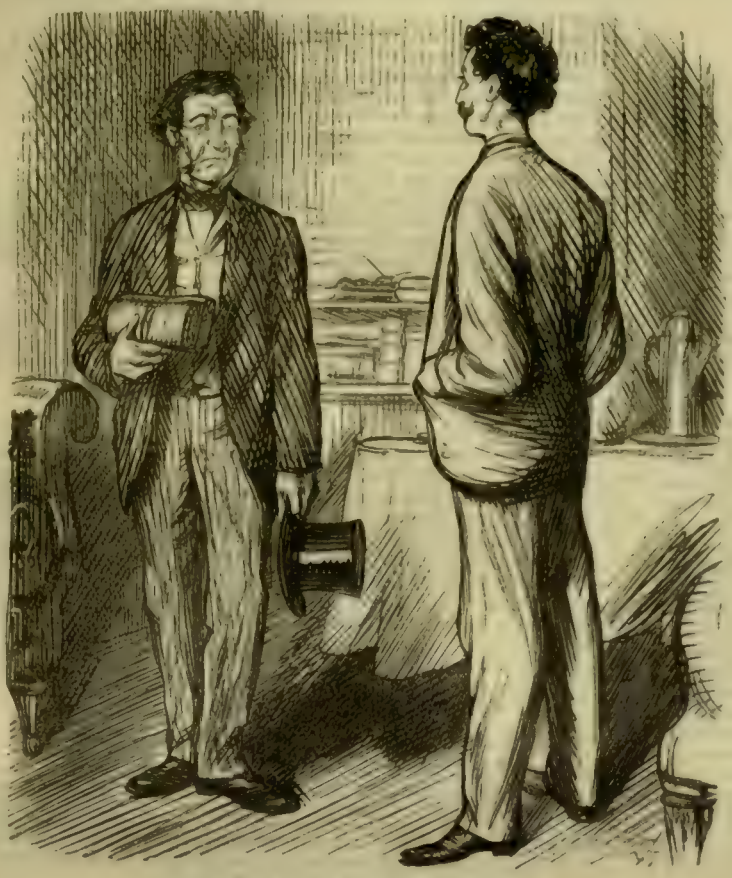
Which are the "Bridal Squares"?

The Church in more Danger.

Mr. Whalley is beside himself at the alarming spread of Popery amongst a class which he had hoped was Protestant to the back-kitchen, hearing, as he does, that it is the common practice of our domestic servants to take the vail.

THE GOOD PAPER.

According to an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, M. Edmond Texier, in his book, *Le Journal et le Journaliste*, says that the *Times* has "serious correspondents in all the capitals of Europe, America, and India." The religious public will be glad to hear this.



"TIMERE DANAOS," &c.

Young Fangle. "Look here, Briggs. You know it's Inconvenient for me to Settle that little Account of yours now; and if you come Bothering about it, hang me if I don't Order another Suit of you!"

HALLO! HALLAMSHIRE!

Come, blades of Sheffield, show your good temper. If there is one place in the world that *Mr. Punch* has patronised, it is Sheffield. Why, didn't he go down to Sir John Brown's works, and at the risk of his own precious health observe the making armour-plates for ships, and drink enough to float any decent-sized iron-clad in the service? Did not he send one of the most elegant of his young men to inaugurate a fountain there—is not the fountain there now to speak for itself? Well, then, go to—what's all this about Mr. Roebuck? What has Mr. Roebuck done, or not done, that there should be ill-feeling against him? Has *Punch* omitted to rebuke Mr. Roebuck, when the latter has failed to satisfy him? And has *Punch* had occasion to rebuke him for many a year? Very well, then, if *Punch* has seen no fault in the Member for Sheffield, it is not for the men of Sheffield to be captious. Roebuck is one of the most honest, most free-spoken, and most unrewarded of Radicals, and if Sheffield proves ungrateful to a veteran, *Mr. Punch* will, with regret, feel compelled morally to disfranchise Sheffield. But he believes better things of the warm-hearted Hallamshire fellows, and is sure that they will not give cynics a just cause for sneering at the ingratitude of the many. Rally to Roebuck, and here's all your good healths, blades of Sheffield.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

The Dean of Dromore wrote to the *Times* to deny that the Irish Deans had got a bit too much money from the Irish Church. His Reverence forgot to say that—

The Dean of Ferns is a Vegetarian.

The Dean of Tuam hasn't got anything that he calls "Meam," as it's all Tuam.

The Dean of Elphin lives like a Fairy.

The Dean of Connor is a strict e-Connor-mist.

But of all deans give us, at all events at luncheon, Sar-dines, when one may fairly say, *on ne* dîne *pas*.

ANOTHER INSURRECTION IN SPAIN.

Air—"*Another Horrid Murder.*"—*Street Ballad.*

Another insurrection
In Spain we must unfold;
And scarce a year without one
Of late has ever rolled.
No means but fighting and bloodshed,
To turn a Government out!
The other side did bide their time,
Then turn and turn about.
Those Spanish Dons did shoot and slay
Each other in so prompt a way.

Duke General de la Torre
He did the insurgents head,
And Prim went from Southampton,
To join them, it was said.
Gonzalez Bravo and his lot
Straightway did cut and run,
So did Her Majesty the Queen;
Best thing she could have done.
An evil day it was for Spain,
When she did first begin to reign.

Whichever side were victors,
We feared what they would do,
In cold blood shoot the vanquished—
More murders must ensue.
The priests, confessing the victims,
Would have, another time,
To do as much for the conquerors,
Who 'd expiate their crime
The worst of it when they had got;
Come, in rotation, to be shot.

How would it be, if Gladstone
Were to conspire with Bright,
To overthrow Disraeli
By force and arms downright?
In case of being successful,
If they were to condemn,
And shoot, him, Stanley, Pakington,
Or else get shot by them?
Why what should we consider, then,
Right Honourable Gentlemen?

To point Queen Isabella
The way that she should go,
Her guides were Father Claret,
Sor Patrocinio.
If there had been such advisers
About the British Throne,
The late and present state of Spain
Might now have been our own.
Let Ritualists dominion get,
And we may be as happy yet.

But Spain is now improving,
Has kicked the Jesuits out,
And sent the nuns and friars
Unto the right about.
A bloodless mild revolution
She now seems going through;
But those famed "Spanish marriages"
See what they have come to.
Let foreigners' affairs alone
To right themselves—and mind your own.

Fortunately, an Error.

Great excitement prevailed in Westminster last week, owing to the appearance in the *Times* of an advertisement headed "Grosvenor and Mills for Westminster." If it had been Grosvenor and Chadwick, the astonishment could hardly have been greater, nobody appearing to know who Mills was, or why he had taken the place of one of the present Members. The tumult was not allayed until a corrected announcement made it clear that Westminster had not lost the chance of being again represented by one of the greatest of living Englishmen—John Stuart Mill.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

(A Few Words on a Foolish Practice.)

THERE is so much to be seen in London just now, that I have been obliged to write to MRS. BLANQUE three times to put off my return to Stow-in-the-Hole from "the great Metrolopus," as MR. COMPTON used to say in *An Unequal Match*. Overflowing, as is my pen, I must get rid of some of the superfluous ink in writing down a practice which, commenced in all kindness and with the best possible motives, is now growing into an abuse. My pen is to be put in rest against the abuse of calls on a first night's performance of a piece. What is a call? (By the way, what an augury of success it would be for a future *Roscius* to be born with a *caul!*) By a "call" is intended on the part of the audience an especial public testimony to the artist's skill. It is over and above applause; or rather it is the sum total of applause. Thus it may be stated algebraically: the denominations being Laughter, Hiss, Delight, the *L. Hiss. D.* of the Theatrical Addition and Subtraction.

By delight I mean evidenced delight; that is, clapping of hands: m = *much.* n = *none.* s = *some.*

In one Act	£.	*Hiss.*	*D.*
For an effective entrance	0	0	m^2
For ditto exit	0	0	m
For a telling speech	0	0	m
For humorous lines	s	0	0
For being placed in well-contrived situations	0	0	m^m
For a final and first-rate situation	0	0	$m(m \times m)^2$

$m^2 + m + m + m^m + m(m \times m)^2$ = *a call before the curtain at the end of the Act.*

And this call may be taken as the algebraic expression of aggregate feeling. But the calling at the end of an Act is a vicious custom at best, savouring of vulgar impertinent curiosity on the part of the public, and is so far uncomplimentary to the artist as it hints its desire to praise while praise can be given, a suspicion of his being unable to endure to the end.

Supposing an audience to be justly inclined, let me give a sketch of what the calls would probably be.

We are present at the first night of

THE DARK LANES OF LONDON,

Written by the celebrated author MR. PRIGGIWIGG, and produced under the direction of MR. DASH, the eminent actor and lessee. The uppercrust audience is presented with a bill of the play. It is beautifully got up, laced, and scented. They are put into a good temper; a great point for the success of the coming piece.

Evidently here is the First Call.

Audience in Boxes, Stalls, and Dress Circle (shouting). Printer! *Printer!* Printer!!

[*In the midst of these cries* MR. BURJOICE, *of Little Friars Lane, Lambeth, steps before the curtain and gracefully acknowledges the compliment.*

But the bill for the pit and gallery is not so good. Evidently another call.

Pit, Gallery, &c. Printer! Prin*ter!*

[*Cat-calls and hissing.* MR. BURJOICE *reappears, and in answer to the furious hissing from the pit and gallery, attempts an explanation, but is unable to obtain a hearing.*

The Gas arrangements now attract public attention, and the plaudits are loud and long as MESSRS. METEOR & SONS (to the number of five) step before the curtain and modestly bow their thanks.

Some parts of the House have been re-decorated. This is another call, and as the cushions appear to be kept in good order, and the place generally is free from dust, the audience testify its appreciation in the usual manner.

Audience (enthusiastically). Cleaner! *Cleaner!* Clea*ner!!*

[*Three Old Women enter at P.S., and walk across the stage curtseying their acknowledgments.*

Then after hissing the box-keepers and checktakers, and the keepers of the refreshment saloon, the Conductor of the Orchestra takes his place.

The Conductor may have to respond for himself in the first instance, then the call (after the undergraduate fashion in their theatre at Commemoration time) may be for his Tailor, or his haberdasher, or his florist; viz., if he has such a superb coat as used to adorn the person of the lamented great MONS. M. JULLIEN, or a magnificent white tie or shirt, or a rare flower in his button-hole.

Next Calls. For the Composers of the pieces of music played by the orchestra, then for the Publishers—then the Play commences.

SCENE 1.—*A Street in Westminster, with a view of a Dust-heap, and beyond, the Serpentine and Primrose Hills in the distance. On the left is a House entirely built, with all the Rooms perfectly furnished, and the Cellars stocked with wine. Prolonged cheering.*

Calls. First for the Scene Painter, for being so clever as to carry out without bungling the author's design. This call is hardly complimentary, because it seems to express astonishment on the part of the audience at his being able to do such a thing.

2nd Call. For the Manager—being to compliment him for having been so fortunate as to secure such a scenic artist and such an author.

All the respondents to these calls walk a few paces on to the stage, lift their eyes to the gallery, wag their heads, disclaiming all merit, much as to say, "Don't, don't! You mustn't really!" and back out, keeping a sharp look-out, on the audience, as if they expected it, in sheer fickleness, to suddenly take up things and throw at them.

3rd Call. For the Carpenters who built the House.

4th Call. For the Property-man who furnished it.

5th Call. For the Assistants who helped the Property-man.

6th Call. For the boy who stirred the glue-pot.

Enter DICK, *the Crossing-sweeper, dressed in rags, most picturesquely.*

Dick. Not a halfpenny—not a mag! All day been—

[*Tremendous applause, which he takes to himself and bows.*

Audience. No! No!! Costumiér! Costumiér! MAY! MAY!!

Enter MR. MAY *and two of his foremen from his establishment. They point to the costume, and express their satisfaction. Dick the Sweeper* (MR. WEBBINGTON) *shakes hands with him heartily. Calls for the Manager. He enters: pats* MR. MAY *on the back. The Assistants pat each other on the back. Exeunt omnes, except* DICK, *the character in the Scene.*

Dick. Not a mag! Well, the day will come when——

Enter LIONEL TIPTOP: *he is dressed as a Modern Swell, and wears beautiful flaxen hair.*

Lionel (played by Mr. Walker Pacey). 'Egad, Sir, (*raising his eyebrows*) when I was a young man—— (*Cheers.* MR. W. P. *bows and closes his eyes. Then is about to continue when—*)

Audience. Wigs! Wigs!! Per-ru-qui-*er*!!!

Enter MR. CLARKSON, *with two combs in the pocket of his apron, and one behind his ear. He appears surprised, but cheerful. He inclines himself towards the audience, smiles, looks nervously at* MR. PACEY'S *wig, as if he'd like just to give it another twist before he retired, is nodded to condescendingly by* MR. WALKER PACEY, *and retires.*

Lionel. When I was a young man, Sir, I'd have, &c. &c. (*Goes into the House, and ascends by a lift to the first floor. Calls for the Machinist, which will be repeated at intervals throughout the piece.*)

Dick. It must be she—it must be—— (*hesitates, and evidently forgets his part*).

Prompter (readily from the wing). She, for I know that her——

Dick (catching it up). It must be *she:* for I know that her father often comes this way. (*Pauses.*)

Prompter (again). The river rolls slowly onward——

Dick (catching it). The river rolls—— (*Tremendous applause*).

Audience (enthusiastically). Prompter! *Prompter!* Promp-*ter!!*

[*The* PROMPTER *steps forward and bows: gives* DICK *the next word and retires.*

Dick. She comes. (*No one appears.*) She comes!!

Enter MISS LOTTA, *just in time.* (*Audience applaud.* MISS LOTTA *curtseys deeply.*)

Audience (determined that their praise shall only be given where it is due). No! No!! No!!! (*Knowing that she never would have been on the stage in time without she had been called.*) CALL BOY! Callboy! Call BOY!!

Enter CALL BOY. *Bows, winks to Friend in gallery, and retires.*

If there is real water, then the Turncock must come in for *his* share of praise, and so on.

Call one, Call all, or call none, excepting exceptions. "Calling" is fast becoming a matter of first-night routine, and losing its value as a public reward of merit.

Of my Alhambra Ballet I must treat next week. Space forbids.

Postscript.—Why do Managers of experience force a piece by hot-house process? Is the strawberry in January equal to the strawberry in June? And why do not Critics withhold their judgment on such a first-night performance, contenting themselves with a few lines of public warning to the rash Manager? As pieces are now-a-days produced, that is, without sufficient rehearsal ("sufficient" applying more to mode and system than to time), to come to anything like a fair decision upon their merits is next to an impossibility at a first night's representation, which is, in nine cases out of ten (to the actors', scene artists', and stage-managers' shame be it spoken), only a dress rehearsal.

I am led to these remarks by a recent visit to the Adelphi. I had seen *Monte Christo* abused in the criticisms on its production. I have no hesitation in saying, that if the third night could have been the first, no unfavourable verdict would have been recorded. But, on the contrary, it would have been pronounced a great success, likely to hold its own for many a month to come. Mr. Webster is admirable in it, specially in his marvellous "make-up" as the Inspector of Prisons. Mr. Fechter, as the *Abbé Busoni* (who ought to be called the Abbé Bellew, so closely does he in this resemble that popular entertainer), and, as the *Count of Monte Cristo*, is the very picture drawn by Alexander the Great. No better duel than that between Messrs. Fechter and Phillips has been seen on the stage for some time; and if only that prison scene, with Mr. Stuart's long-winded story of Lucrezia Borgia and the College of Cardinals could be shortened, there would be no delay in the action from beginning to end. At this and all other Theatres let the Public judge for itself.

THE NEW EXCHANGE;

OR, NO ROBBERY COLUMN.

There is a newspaper devoted, we hear, entirely to publishing offers of exchange. Hitherto the plan, though economically valuable, has not been generally taken up, and this may be owing to the want of a medium open to all comers with any possible sort of proposal. Such a Column we now place before the public.

1. I have two volumes of Tupper by me, one partly cut, the other uncut, and as good as new, which I wish to exchange for the three vols. of Macaulay's *Critical Essays*.

Junior Soph.

2. Sir,—I have by me a Pantomime in MS. *never acted*. I would exchange it for a bran new umbrella, a pair of boots to fit, and a good overcoat.

Roscius, *New Cut, Lambeth.*

P.S. I would exchange my present position for a better any day of the week. Open to an engagement.

3. I want to exchange a first-rate gun, very strong and heavy, and has not been used for thirty years, for three good Alderney cows or a Broadwood's piano for my daughters.

Address, *Pharmer Copeia.*

4. I have a beautiful supply of vestments, *viz.*, chasubles, copes, and stoles by me, also several handsome censers, which I should be glad to exchange for a small quantity of honesty, humility, docility, and good sound common sense. To sell these would not be right; but Exchange is No Purchas.

Ritualisticus, *Brighton.*

5. I want to exchange with anyone who has two thousand a year, paid quarterly, and nothing to do for it.

Address, Tuppence, *City.*

6. Mrs. Dash has a temper of her own. If any lady hasn't got one, she will be happy to effect an immediate exchange. Anything will be taken.

D.

7. I have got two curious old sixpences: date unknown. I will change them for two shillings with anyone.

Banquo.

8. Miss Spinstre has a very handsome ring, given to her years ago by her grandmother. She will exchange it for a wedding-ring, to be given to her by her husband.

Marta.

What does She Mean?

The *Standard* says that, at the termination of the first night's performance of *Leah*, Miss Bateman "received a perfect ovation of bouquets." If some of the *Standard's* favourite Conservative Candidates are complimented on the hustings with cabbages, &c., shall we be told that these performers "received a perfect triumph of vegetables?"

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

VI.—DECIDEDLY CAUTIOUS.

To the Electors of Bamborough.

Gentlemen (I am debarred from saying Ladies and Gentlemen, after the adverse decision of the Revising Barrister),

A Dissolution of Parliament being looked upon as not improbable, I, yielding with pardonable pride to a requisition signed, as I have ascertained by a careful examination of the Borough Register, by a clear majority of your number, am not unwilling to become a Candidate for the representation of my native town in the Imperial Legislature.

With reference to the principal political questions now awaiting an answer, I have deliberately weighed all that is to be said on both sides, and am therefore fully prepared to give such a summary of my sentiments as I should rejoice to find was considered satisfactory by a Constituency so unprejudiced as that of Bamborough.

There are those who believe that Parliamentary Reform has been indulged in to a dangerous, a ruinous excess, and who predict that the funeral of the British Constitution will take place at an early date; there are others who would do ten times more than has already been done, and who prophesy a future for their country of such prosperity and power as history can supply no example. I do not participate in the despair of the alarmists; I am not carried away by the enthusiasm of the sanguine.

I shall vote for the gradual and graceful extinction of the Irish State Church, if the Catholics desire it, and the Protestants do not object to it, and a decided majority of the House demand it; and I shall be ready carefully to examine the details of any scheme that may appear to me to ensure a fair and equitable application of the revenues of the Establishment—when it has been disendowed.

I am a loyal subject of the Church of England, but yet I respect the conscientious opinions of those numerous and influential religious bodies who have separated themselves from her doctrine and discipline, and have always regretted that I was not in Parliament when Church Rates disappeared from the programme of party, nothing in the world being so agreeable to my temperament as a judicious compromise. With an impartial hand I would check the innovations of the extravagant, and correct the laxity of the indifferent, amongst the Clergy.

Economy in our National Expenditure is essential; efficiency in our National Establishments is not inferior in importance. Let there be brought under my notice some plan which shall lighten the burdens of the people, and at the same time insure the safety and welfare of the Queen's dominions, and no man in the House will give it a more protracted consideration than I shall.

The various religious communities will, I trust, be able to agree on some comprehensive measure of National Education which, without offending the conscience or interfering with that personal liberty of action so justly prized by Englishmen, will offer the means of instruction to every child in the realm. When this happens, I shall not be found absent from the ranks of the workers against ignorance. It will not surprise me if I live to see the day when the nation shall claim and the universities yield the abolition of religious disqualifications.

The great landed proprietors of this country have only to form themselves into Leagues in favour of the adoption of the Ballot to secure my humble co-operation.

In the same spirit of concession I would say to those who have dominant influence in towns which though ancient and respectable are now faded and forgotten—intimate your willingness to submit to the political extinction of these boroughs, and I will, in my admiration of your unselfish patriotism give my voice for the transfer of their electoral privileges to other and more important centres of industry and enterprise.

One word in conclusion. You tell me that it is your practice to defray by a subscription amongst yourselves *all* the election expenses of the Candidate of your free choice. I have not language at my command sufficiently strong to express my unqualified approval of so excellent a custom, and one so creditable to the enlightened constituency by whose suffrages I hope speedily to be placed in the proud position of Member for Bamborough.

Your faithful Servant,

Swan Egg Lane, E.C. Bartholomew Trimmer.

Precaution for Prelates.

There is a Person who may not perhaps be quite so scarlet as she is painted. What is there to prevent the Pope from giving Ritualists gone over to Rome a dispensation to remain ostensibly in the English Church, and there act the part of decoy-ducks in regard to geese? You may be tolerably certain that he has, in fact, done no such thing; but, my Lords Bishops, would it not be well to make assurance on that point doubly sure by immediately taking all practicable measures in the several dioceses over which you preside for making a clean sweep of Ritualist duffers?

A GRATEFUL COMPLIMENT.

Freddy. "Gee up, Captain George! *You're* the Sort of Donkey *I* like to Ride!"

DEPUTATION TO LORD MAYO.

"A deputation waited upon the new Viceroy of India, on the subject of Indian gaols."—*Daily Paper.*

Secretary. The Deputation, my Lord, on the subject of gaols in India.

Lord Mayo. Dear me, are there any gaols in India? I didn't know. But one lives and learns. Show them in.

Secretary (*introducing them*). Sir Walter Crofton, Mr. Hastings, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Edge, Mr. Forde, Mr. Pandoorang, Dadabhoy Navorgi.

Lord Mayo. Pray be seated, Gentlemen all, Sir Walter, you and I have met before. I am very happy to know the rest of the Deputation. The object of your visit is gaols in India. And which gentleman wishes to go—ha! ha!—to an Indian gaol? (*Great laughter.*) Bedad, that's the way to tickle 'em. (*Aside.*)

Sir Walter. That, my Lord, is not, I believe, the ambition of any of us. But if your Lordship will allow me, I will explain, with as little sacrifice of your valuable time as possible.

Lord Mayo. Never mind my time. Time was made for sleeves. I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows. Well, touching these gaols in India—deliver yourself, Sir Walter, or rather make a gaol delivery. (*More great laughter.*)

Sir Walter. I need not tell your Lordship——

Lord Mayo. Then don't. Ha! ha!

Sir Walter. Exactly. But, as your Lordship knows——

Lord Mayo. But, man, what's the good of telling me anything I know. Tell me something I don't know.

Sir Walter (*aside*). That might not be so difficult. Is your Lordship aware of the nature of the gaol system in India?

Lord Mayo. Is it aware? In course I am. Would I have asked for the office without being acquainted with the subject, and every other suitable to a Viceroy? A policeman, which they call a dacoity, takes hold of an offender, or chuprassee, claps pejammas on his wrists, and shows him his warrant or putully-nautch. Then he lugs him off to the Begum, or as you justly remark, gaol, and delivers him over to the adjutant or gigantic crane, until he can be brought to brandy pawnee, which means trial. If he satisfies the deputy superintendent residential agent that he is nutkut, or innocent, he is liberated on payment of nineteen pice, which is equal to seven and sixpence; but if on the evidence of two bangles, he is found guilty, he is locked up in a jemindar until he can be brought before the Supreme Court of the Himalayas. I do not say that the system is perfect, but I think that with modifications, to which I shall give every consideration, it may be rendered available for dispensing the justice which every subject of Her Majesty has a right to expect at the hands of her unworthy but conscientious representative.

Sir Walter (*after a look at his Friends*). I am unaware, my Lord, that any advantage is to be gained by the prolongation of this interview.

Lord Mayo. Divil a bit, and the pleasant morning to you.

[*Exeunt Deputation with handkerchiefs in their mouths.*

Lord Mayo. Them fellows won't come again in a hurry. My friends in the press say I'm plastic, whatever that means. Bedad, I've plastered them gaol-birds. Let's have a cigar.

THE ARMED POSTMEN.

We cannot describe—that is, we could if we liked—the sensation of pleasure which a picture in the last *Illustrated London News* has given us. (No—we don't mean a Shakspearian full length and full breadth—sold again.) It is the picture of the Armed Postmen, exercising in the Park. Very gallant volunteers they look, and are what they look. It is hard to say whether they deliver letters or fire with more precision. It is clear that they may be trusted with any post.

"Hearken to that steady Stamp."

The general will be happy who can just "trouble his enemy with such a line" as that—we don't mean the quotation, but the brave postmen. Of all the blows he could inflict on the foe, the deadliest will be the Postmen's Knock.

Beneath One's Notice.—Advertisements on the Pavement.

RIVAL ACTORS.

(MR. GLADSTONE, AS *WILLIAM TELL*, HAS BEEN CALLED BEFORE THE CURTAIN "AMID THE DEAFENING PLAUDITS OF A HOUSE CRAMMED TO THE CEILING.")

Mr. Bendizzy (Jeremy Diddler). "HE 'S GOT THE HOUSE WITH HIM, THAT 'S CERTAIN. AHEM! I MUST GIVE 'EM A TOUCH OF MY *ART*."

VERMIN AND BAKING POWDERS.

IND how you use baking powder. Read this:—

"Narrow Escape of a Family from Poisoning.—The family of a shoemaker, near Pontefract, has had a narrow escape from being poisoned. It appears that the servant girl was about to make a pudding for dinner, and asked her mistress for a baking powder. She was directed to a drawer, but instead of taking a packet of baking powder, she in mistake took a vermin powder—another illustration of the careless manner in which poisonous articles are kept."

Five of them partook of this pudding, and were very near going the way of effectually baned rats. For further details, see the *Post* of October 20th. But you should take care how you use baking powders, not merely because if you don't you may use vermin powders instead. In the first place—witness the *Lancet*—the baking powders, if egg powders, may be coloured with chromate of lead; in which case you might nearly as well use vermin powders. In the next, baking powders are, according to the same authority, at best a mixture of carbonate of soda and tartaric acid, with a small quantity of rice or flour, and act by producing a sham fermentation. You would, perhaps, prefer the real.

Egg powders not containing chromate of lead may be innocuous, Ladies, but they are innutritious. They may be very good to make puddings for children and others with whom eggs disagree. Otherwise there is nothing so true than, as the popular saying affirms, that "eggs is eggs"—and that nothing else is. And the worst of these powders, be they ever so harmless is, Ma'am, that if cooks are not looked sharp after, there will be eggs in your bills, but, in lieu of eggs, egg powder in your puddings and pies.

For further information on this subject, see a fourpenny pamphlet, *On the Practice of Employing certain Substitutes for the genuine Ingredients of some Articles of Daily Food*. By a Lady. Therefrom it would appear, that if you have any baking powder, and also any vermin powder, the best thing you can do with them is to mix them both together, and put them in the way of vermin.

PAPAL PLUSH IN PARLIAMENT.

Of course no man can serve two masters, but politically Dundalk and Rome (ecclesiastical) are one place. Yet should the Irish Romish borough re-elect its present representative, it will have a Parliamentary servant in livery of another description than any which he has worn heretofore. Such, at least will be the case if there is truth in the statement referred to by a contemporary as follows:—

"Sir George Bowyer.—It is stated that Sir George Bowyer, Bart., M.P. for Dundalk, has just been made a member of the Pontifical Household, having been appointed by his Holiness the Pope as one of his Chamberlains in recognition of his services to the Roman Catholic Church."

Is the Pontifical Household identical with the original Household of Faith? Then, how many chamberlains were there in that primitive establishment, and did they wear the same plush, lace, shoulder-knots, or other peculiarities of uniform as those in which, according to the above-quoted announcement, Sir George Bowyer will be qualified, if permitted, to appear as the Member for Dundalk and Rome in the House of Commons?

POSSIBLE PUBLICATIONS.

Wiped at Sea. A Romantic Novel, by the Author of *Washed Ashore.*
The Bachelor Inkstand. A Narrative, by the Author of *The Family Pen.*
Crushing a Cockchafer. A Sensational Novel, by the writer of *Breaking a Butterfly.*
The Discovered Match-box. A Domestic Tale, by the Author of *The Lost Link.*
Banjo and You. A Nigger Novel, by the Writer of *Bones and I.*

BY OUR ASTROLOGER.

The Planet favourable to Ritualists—Vesta.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Ordinary Hotel Charges.

	s.	d.
Breakfast, plain	1	6
,, good looking	2	0
,, strikingly handsome	3	0
Dinner, soup or fish, with joint or cutlets	2	6
,, fish or soup, with cutlets or joint	Half-a-crown.	
Tea	1	6
,, with eggs	More eggspensive.	

Sitting-room, Three to Five Shillings. Standing room, gratis.
Attendance charged in the bill, but waiting in the passage.

Charges for Conveyance.

For a one-horse conveyance, 1s. per mile.—(A reduction after the first fifty miles.)

For a two-horse conveyance, 1s. 6*d.* per mile.

Therefore always travel with a *two* horse conveyance, because you'll thereby save sixpence a mile; that is, you *would* if—oh, bother! In certain cases you will have to pay for the driver's dinner and a feed for the horses. Tell the former to draw the line at Chiquot, and remember in ordering the poor animals' food that they generally rank amongst the has beans. Stage coach fares are threepence a mile outside, and fourpence-halfpenny a mile inside. Cuts nearer the middle come more expensive, and see they send home the liver. Drivers expect a shilling. By not giving them anything you will have saved twelvepence, and have taught a deserving class a useful lesson on the vanity of human hopes.

WINDERMERE LAKE.

An anomaly; for though considered almost the deepest lake in the district, it is one of the easiest to get over. Char are numerous in this lake, and are quite the piscine swells of the small ocean; so much so, that the other fish all look up to them and exclaim, on their approach, "Pray silence for the Char!" It is sometimes taken for trout, but that is only when it's potted. The tourist must climb Orrest Head, and go to Bowness, which is a mile and a half from Windermere, and particularly take notice of Belle Isle, an island containing a perfectly round dwelling-house, supposed to be the most perfect brick and mortar embodiment of the "domestic circle" extant; nor should the Two Pikes be missed, though you needn't look for them in the water, because they're not *there*; and so on to *Coniston*, where you will meet with the Old Man. This is a mountain (nothing to do with the Old Man of the Mountain—oh no, we mean the Old Man of the Sea—eh? Which is it? Never mind), and the Walna Scar road here, passing through Church Coniston, takes you to some wonderful scenery, on which Wordsworth wrote—

"That mountain stream, where shepherd and his cot
Are privileged inmates of deep solitude."

This is absurd. How can a *cot* be an inmate? Now if it was altered to "where Shepherd and his *Creswick*,"* it would read sensibly, at all events. But we forgot; this is a guide to Cumberland, not Surrey. The Lake of Coniston is also called Thurston Water, which is a meaningless title—thirst on water! A lake, too! Isn't it absurd, now, on the face of it? Professor Wilson, speaking of the view from the mountain side at Lowwood, close by, says, "Bold or gentle promontories break all the banks into frequent bays." The only bank we should imagine that would be likely to break into a *bay* would be—now, are you quite prepared? Well, *Dog*-ger Bank, then—there! But the subject of banks breaking is always unpleasant, and so on to *Ambleside*, which is a most irregular little town, dating its wickedness from its very foundation, which is itself badly inclined. It abounds in villas in fact, as an irreverent jester has observed, it

"Possesses every kind of villa—nigh."

We are sorry to have to speak the truth about Ambleside, but it should behave better, and mend its ways, which are very rocky, though pleasant, more especially that leading to *Rydal*, which you are particularly requested not to pronounce "riddle," because the natives don't like it, but proceed to *Grasmere*, of which next week.

* *Vide* Surrey Theatre.

Another Defender for the Church.

In the list in the *Times* of the principal guests at the banquet given at Liverpool to the American Minister, occurs the name of "Major-General Archdeacon Jones." The question has been asked, whether he attended as the representative of the Church Militant?

A GREAT DISTINCTION.

An article in one of the Reviews is headed, "On Ancient Cave Men." Which of the nations of antiquity could boast of its Adullamites?

CONSIDERATE.

Lady (with substantial luncheon) to her Maid. "You may Ask for a Glass of Water and a Bun, Parker, if you like."

PHYSICAL FORCE CONSERVATIVE MACHINES.

Whatever Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone, and the great Liberal party may think as to the expediency of conserving the British Constitution, they are no doubt all prepared to vote for the Conservation of Force. As far as that goes also, the followers of Mr. Disraeli may safely trust him for being a true Conservative, and not betraying them by insensible education. It will, therefore, be agreed on both sides that Mr. Ericsson, the original designer of the *Monitor*, has done the state, and every state, some service if he really has, as he is said to have, succeeded in constructing a machine for collecting and applying the force which, in the form of heat, radiates from the sun. Perhaps there are few young ladies now who do not know that the sun is the one sole origin of all force, though we get it immediately out of coal for our steam-engines, and for our limbs, and those of our horses, out of the food and provender with which we stoke ourselves and them. Most girls who have read Swift—a much fitter author for them than any sensational novelist—in laughing at the idea of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, have nevertheless recollected that this is what they themselves do whenever they eat cucumbers, if they digest them; and then that the sunbeams may actually re-appear in the light of a sparkling eye.

It is suggested that a steam-engine of any horse-power might be set in action by the sun, and made to compress all its force into springs, therein to be stored for use. Modesty alone prevents *Mr. Punch* from saying that this is a very clever idea, for he himself not very long ago started, as far as the storage of force goes, the very same. Only, instead of going directly to the sun for force, he proposed to derive it from certain intermediate sources; namely, convicts under sentence of penal servitude or imprisonment and hard labour. He pointed out, he believes, that a crank worked by a strong rogue, might, instead of wasting muscular energy on the prison air, be made to stock it by the condensation of air confined in iron cylinders. For practical purposes it matters not of what material the spring to be the reservoir of force may consist, whether it be gaseous or metallic. If, however, Mr. Ericsson's conservation of force machine is preferable to the contrivance suggested by *Mr. Punch*, let it by all means be rather adopted. Only don't suffer the force now uselessly expended by convicts to be any longer thrown away. "Unproductive labour" in gaols and houses of correction is simply a sinful waste of oatmeal, molasses, potatoes, bread, and all the beef or mutton that may be allowed for the unproductive labourer's consumption. Primarily it is so much sun-power, ultimately wasted. The sun must needs shine both upon the just and on the unjust; the former employ its force in uses—there is no reason why the latter should be not only allowed, but even constrained to throw it away.

There is much other muscular power besides that exerted at the crank and on the treadmill squandered in motion, which if not unproductive labour, is unproductive force. In dancing, for instance, could not the impulse of the light fantastic toe, by a suitable mechanism connected with floors, be made to communicate force to some sort of spring of sufficient delicacy, which would retain it till wanted? The accumulated force of all the dancing that goes on would be enormous. Look at the quantity of force that is dissipated during the spring and summer in London by young oarsmen racing and pulling up the river. It might be too much to expect them to pull away at conservation of force engines instead; but some of them might be pleased to do that occasionally for the benefit of their fellow-citizens as well as their own recreation. There are also many young men of large fortune and no business, for whose idle hands mischief, as Dr. Watts says, is continually found by Somebody to do. Thus is force worse than wasted, whereas it might be treasured for good purposes if those who have no better employment could occasionally be induced to amuse themselves by taking a turn at the machine for its conservation.

RHYME FOR RITUALISTS.

Is there in the English Church as
Great a goose as Mr. Purchas?

What are the Builders about?—There is one important district in the Metropolis where an enterprising speculator might make his fortune by satisfying a great want, at least if we are right in the meaning we attach to the placards—"Chambers for Marylebone."

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A VOICE—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS IN ITS SUBDIVISION.

Continuation of the Day with the Little Man with the Big Voice.—During breakfast he hopes I'll excuse him just keeping his eye on a piece of music-paper, which he rests before him against the sugar-basin. It is his part—basso in the Mediæval Glee, or Catch, or Madrigal, or whatever it is called—"*When the Little Birds Warble*"—and he has to get it up for the concert the day after to-morrow. It pleases him to have it before him, because he flatters himself he is "studying" all the time. He takes it with his toast-and-butter; he keeps his left eye on it while he pours tea out for me with his right hand. He glances at it while he holds out his plate, and he fixes his mind upon it; that is, he thinks he does; even when talking to me. For he *does* talk, this breakfast practice being to keep the notes before his eyes, and so to get 'em into his throat that way, and also to fancy himself singing, so that he is having an inaudible rehearsal, and, except when he is carried away by some theme which may be started in the course of our conversation, he talks to me in that staccato manner, peculiar to young ladies who try to keep up a flirtation with you while they are playing Signor Scherzo's elegant variations on "*Maggie Lauder.*" Under such conditions a flirtation is well worth keeping up, it being a drawing-room purgatory to the young lady who, in all probability, thoroughly deserves such refined torture. As, however, I am not dealing with young ladies, but with Billy Silford, the Little Man with the Big Voice, let me continue.

I cannot interest him in politics (I don't mind his having his music-paper up before him, because thereby I get the newspaper all to myself), nor in the weather; so I become absorbed in the *Times*, and breakfast time glides peacefully away.

Having finished the *Times*, and finding that the state of the world generally will not materially affect my arrangements for to-day, I ask Silford what he is going to do.

"Well," says he, "I *must* get up this thing: there's a particular passage I can't catch for the life of me. Stop!"

As if suddenly inspired, he turns away from me, and goes into a corner, with his face to the wall, like a naughty boy.

Here he begins growling to himself, with his head first *de*clined then *up*clined, in order to get out the bass notes and the higher notes; and this makes him look like a duck feeding.

I hear him trying several low notes in his voice. I feel a sort of pity for him; I should almost like to pat him on the back, as officious people will do when you're choking, and say, "Never mind, old boy: it'll do you good." But I'm afraid he'd be offended.

The attempt is abortive: and so, after alternately making double chins (which is his mode of producing double bass) and stretching his neck out as though he were easing it over the points of an overstarched collar, he gives it up for the present and comes out for a walk.

He is nothing if not musical. If I start, as a topic, the elections, it only suggests to him the notion that if candidates might sing their speeches, how easily Santley might come in for some imaginary borough.

The mention of Santley leads him on to ask me if I remember that eminent vocalist's rendering of "*Ruddier than the Cherry,*" of which he immediately stops in the road to give me reminiscences. He does it with a good deal of waggling of his head and elevating his eyebrows, and suddenly breaks off with, "Ah! what a voice he has!" as a sort of apology for his own performance.

The political state of Italy is nothing to him compared with its musical state; and a question of mine as to the progress of philosophy in Germany, merely opens a way to him to introduce, at the corner of a lane, under a sign-post, an imitation of Herr Formes, as *Marcel*, singing "*Piff Paff.*"

My Little Man with a Big Voice is very fond of "*Piff Paff,*" and of his souvenirs of Herr Formes: he will also want to know (if you encourage him, as I do Billy Silford) whether you remember Lablache. If you say that you do, he will merely say, "Ah! there was a fine voice!" and subside into an interior contemplation of that great vocalist's performance. If you do *not* remember the original, you will be immediately treated to, as it were, a Lablache Entertainment, which you won't forget in a hurry.

I suggest, at the conclusion of what I may term the third part; that is, Lablache as *Dulcamara;* that we should continue our walk.

"Ah," says he, as we stride along again, "I wish I had such a voice as that. Stop a moment!" he cries, suddenly. Is he ill? He turns away. What have I said? anything to annoy, to pain—or——

He, with his face averted, waves his hand to me impatiently, and deprecating my interruption. I am silent.

From the second roll of his double chin comes out—

"When the Lit-tle—When the Li-ey-e-e-e-e,"

and then he stops, then tries another note, then begins again, stops at the same place, and fails for the second time.

"Hang it!" says he, turning to me, "I could have sworn I had it that time. I think if you hadn't spoken just at that minute——"

I beg his pardon. "I really didn't know——"

"No," he says, slightly put out, "of course you couldn't know; but when you see a fellow trying to get a tune, you oughn't to interrupt."

I won't again, I promise, and we walk on.

I try him upon the subject of travel. Does he know Rome?

Ah! wouldn't he like to go there, and hear the Gregorians in the Sistine Chapel.

I have unconsciously set him off on a favourite subject. Little Silford with a big voice has very decided views about Church music. He declares for Gregorians; not from any theological bias, but simply on account (I believe, though, he doesn't own this) of the scope this style affords for a voice like his.

"You see," he explains, "with a regular Gregorian you can *pull it out,*" in which expression he treats his voice as if it were a sort of trombone. "There's something so simple and solemn in a Gregorian: it goes straight to your heart." By the way, I once went to hear Silford sing Gregorian in a chapel. I have no doubt it would have gone straight to my heart, if it hadn't stopped somewhere on the road, and made me feel very uncomfortable.

By the way, Billy is not a High Churchman, except in point of musical taste; he is decidedly a *Low* Churchman in voice, and a broad one in his views on such questions, and where music is the consideration. I have known him figuring away in the choir of a Catholic church, when they'd given him a Gregorian to sing; and Billy in a procession, with a large book and a surplice, is an impressive sight. He is indefatigable in his own parish, and when we return from our walk he expects the Choir for practice. I don't think this voluntary association is so enthusiastic as Silford, for only two come, and they are both baritones. So they grumble and growl together, and try fugues arranged for ten voices, with seven imagined.

A friend looks in, after this practice is over, and accidentally, while looking out of window, hums.

Silford immediately accompanies him with a bass to the tune. The Hummer leaves off, thinking Silford's bass a hint to be quiet. On the contrary, Silford begs him to continue, as he wants to try his bass.

This is a peculiarity with my Little Man with a Big Voice. He never can hear any tune started without evincing an irrepressible desire to harmonise it, whether with a bass or a second. If the bass fails, he will try a second, or *vice versâ*. The Man with an Ear has no chance against him: if he begins to hum, Little Man with a Big Voice lays wait for him attentively, catches him up about the fourth bar, and insists upon *following* him with a bass harmony. I say *following*, because, as Silford doesn't always hum to time, but is invariably ready for a harmony at all hazards, he has to let each note get (so to speak) a little ahead of him before he can tack on something like an appropriate one from his bass stock.

The effect is curious, and generally, unless Silford meets with a very determined Hummer with a power of self-abstraction, results in the starter of the tune treating the matter as a contest, and giving it up.

An hour before dinner (we are dining early in the afternoon, because he has to keep his voice clear for the rehearsal in the evening), I see him standing in the summer-house, engaged, apparently, in the examination of some minute object at his feet—a snail, perhaps.

"What's that?" I call out to him: "A snail?"

He shakes his head and fists petulantly.

I don't understand him.

"What is it?" I shout, thinking perhaps that he's swallowed something which is agonising him.

I go up to him.

"Oh, hang it!" he says, reproachfully; "I wish you wouldn't. It's the third time you've done it to-day."

"What?" I ask, innocently.

"Why, disturbed me just as I'd got it. How the deuce can a fellow ever get a passage right if, directly he hits on the starting note correctly, you halloo out to him; in another key altogether, too?"

I say I'll leave him to himself.

"Oh!" he exclaims, despairingly, "it's all gone now. I might have got it, and been perfect before dinner."

After the rehearsal and the last try at night, he comes to my room in his dressing-gown. Without saying a single word, he stands at the door, and delivers himself of the bass passage required in "*When the Little Birds Warble.*"

"There!" he says; "got it at last. Now, the thing is to keep it."

So he commences again, and at the third note misses his tip, struggles ineffectually to recover himself; but not all the King's horses, nor all the King's men, can place my Little Man with a Big Voice in his tune again.

HAPLY COUPLED IN A COUPLET.

Mill and Chadwick:
Rous and Padwick.

"SOMETHING WRONG."

New Parlour-Maid. "Here's Three on 'em, Mum, an' only Two Tickets!!"

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

In answer to several questions on matters of detail in the present crisis, we beg to state that General Prim is not a Quaker. Also, that the Rose which bears his name was not so called after him.

They say the Spanish Onions have risen in a body. *I perfectly believe it.*

The Anti-Slavery Society have memorialised the Spanish Provisional Government. A foreigner, hearing this, quoted *Hamlet's* line—"What's 'Cuba to him, or he to 'Cuba?"

Freedom of thought is proclaimed everywhere. I am thinking what I like, and so is everybody else. Expression, however, is dangerous, and even a countenance may be mistaken.

Religious Equality is also proclaimed, and, as a commencement, all the property of the Monastic or Conventual Institutions has been confiscated, and appropriated to the present uses of the Provisional Government.

This is levelling down. (Why not level up (as I said to Prim myself), by placing all Religious bodies on an equality with your Monastic Communities? Prim said it was only a Provisional Government, and that, in short, he begged I wouldn't bother, as he didn't exactly—and—would I call to-morrow. Poor fellow!

I cannot write any more at present, as I have got to dine with the Junta at Madrid. Being a *Provisional* Government, of course they're bound to provide dinners for everyone. Do you recollect our childhood's song—

"Rain, Rain,
Go to Spain."

Well, here it is; and, if I didn't know the joke was such a desperately old one, I should say that, although the Queen no longer reigns, yet—but I *will* say it, at dinner to-day: they don't know it here, and the Junta will be delighted. Prim and Serrano were enchanted with my song about Isabella.

For, oh, poor Isabell*a*,
You are the sort of fell*ar*,
To sit inside a Cell*ar*,
And mend an Umbe-rel-lar.

The above has a political signification, which you could only understand by having resided in Spain for some time.

You cannot stay at *home*, Ma'am,
Then why not go to *Rome*, Ma'am,
Or cross the ocean's *foam*, Ma'am,
And go to Angle terr*ey*.
For, oh, poor Isabell*ar*, &c., as before.

Here's a good thing, said by Prim. (N.B. *Private and not to be printed.* Put it in, because *I've pledged my word to him* that it should appear in *Punch.*)

"What," he asked, "is the difference between a certain fashionable colour and our present Government?"

I gave it up, it being just dinner-time.

"Why," says he, "the one is *Magenta*, the other is *My Junta.*"

Of course he accommodated his Spanish to his company. Just like him. Noble Nature.

Yours ever,

Sanky Pansie.

Important Announcement.

Mr. Beales has recognised the Spanish Revolution, which is very much gratified. He is, however, less satisfied with Vesuvius, and means to call the attention of the Reform League to the conduct of that mountain, and possibly to propose a vote of censure on the eruption.

Riddle on Ritualism.

Ritualists burn incense. Why?
To perfume a Church that's High.
Well—but, rather, I suppose,
To lead donkeys by the nose.

"The Act of Union."—Getting Married.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, October 31, 1868.

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

Squire. "YOUR NAME SMITH?"

Smith. "YESSIR."

Squire. "AH, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE THE MAN WHO GIVES SO MUCH TROUBLE TO MY KEEPERS!"

Smith. "AX YER PARDON, SQUIRE, YOUR KEEPERS IS MUCH MORE TROUBLE TO ME!"

A VOLUNTEER POLICE WANTED.

"CONSTABLES, form, form," might be the first line of a song by which MR. TENNYSON will perhaps do London the service of creating a Volunteer Police. Under the orders of SIR RICHARD MAYNE, the Metropolitan Policemen are employed in taking dogs into custody, and seizing hoops, instead of looking after thieves and apprehending footpads. As appears from the letter of "E." in the *Times*, not one Police-officer can be spared at Scotland Yard to watch a house which it is known that burglars intend to break into. The regular Policemen have as much work as they can do in the service of catching curs and mongrels, and hoop-hunting, assigned to them by their Chief. Literally, the Police has gone to the dogs. Roughs and footpads range the streets, committing outrages unmolested, enjoying a system of strict non-intervention. Society is in a state of absolute invasion.

There are many spirited young men, possessed of wealth, but not provided with work, who do that of coachmen, for want of better. They are driven by idleness to drive four-in-hand. Some pop their time away in pigeon-shooting, others kill it at billiards, and by various other unproductive amusements. The practical duties of Policemen would afford them ample pastime with the advantage of excitement, attended by the new and pleasurable feeling of conscious utility rewarded by the thanks of Business and the smiles of Beauty, in the balcony as well as at the area. Constables, therefore, form, form; that is to say, Swells, get sworn in as special constables, and organise yourselves into divisions. Grasp your truncheons; go forth on your beats; and arrest the street robbers whilst the paid protectors of the public and preservers of the peace are occupied, by command of SIR RICHARD MAYNE, in the capture of canine vagabonds, and a crusade against children.

THE PROPER JUDGE.

AN arrangement has been made for all cases arising out of the new dog-code to be tried by MR. COMMISSIONER KERR.

COX FOR FINSBURY!

"MR. COX is again coming forward for Finsbury."—*Election Intelligence.*

LET Finsbury, now on her trial,
Cry, "*Cox et Præterea Nihil.*"
Or, in his own style to put it,
"Sing out 'Cox,' and nothing but it."
Punch awaits, and England too,
Cox his cock-a-doodle-doo—
Shrilly and sonorous song,
Silent in the House too long!
Why so loud and oft is rung
AYRTON, of the Hamlets' tongue?
Why should LOCKES of Southwark creak?
Why should Rats of Lambeth squeak?
Chaff and flower of speech, at will
Why should grind Westminster's MILL?
Who are your MAC-CULLAGHS, HUGHESES,
CHAMBERSES and HARVEY LEWISES,
Cox and Cox's like, to wallop us,
As M.P.'s for the Great Metrolopus?
Who asks Finsbury's sweet *coxes*?
Punch's game-cock of all COXES:
Lack of whom the flavour lessens
Of his "Parliamentary Essence:"
Cox, whose light makes day more sunny;
Cox, whose fun makes *Punch* more funny;
Cox, whose wisdom, strained through *Punch*,
Beats all Gotham in a bunch!
Forth then, Finsbury, use thy powers
To bring back thy Cox and ours.
Since he left it, dull as lead,
The House, for *Punch*, hath lacked its head.
Geese are written on Rome's scroll,
As birds that saved the Capitol,
And many Geese to Parliament
This *our* Capital hath sent,
And many Geese, till Geese have end,
This our Capital will send.
But Finsbury Rome's lesson mocks,
And to all Geese prefers her Cox.
And back on him she well may fall—
Her Cox, to whom all Geese are small,
In his protection proud to vest
Her Capital and interest!
Our Princeps Senatûs he,
Punch's favourite M.P.,
XXX of butts e'er sent
By Borough into Parliament.
Then up with him to the Box!
Finsbury is worthy Cox;
And save Cox, find an M.P.
That worthy is of Finsbury!

Sweet Thing to Say.

Iron-grey middle-aged Gentleman (who has been for some time using Leadbitter's Hair Restorer) to good-natured Friend. Eh? I say, SCRUGGLES, it seems to me that my hair has lately got darker.

Scruggles. Very likely. Your hair seems to have got darker, because your eyes have got dimmer.

INEVITABLE.

PEOPLE are very angry with the Member for Westminster for taking upon him to issue certificates of character to candidates, right and left. *He* says he has a right to back up his friends; and, after all, if you go in for a Mill, you *must* have a backer.

New Fashion.

SEE an advertisement thus headed and worded:—

"VEGETABLE HAIR. Best quality. Wholesale price."

Carrots, of course.

THE SCHOOLMASTER (WANTED) ABROAD.

THE great want in Spain is education for the masses. They have got their PRIM; but they still stand in grievous need of their *primer*.

WILL THERE BE WAR?

Now that the French newspapers are full of information upon this momentous question, it seems absurd to talk about the press as being "gagged," when daily it supplies such intelligence as follows:—

"We hasten to apprise our readers of an interesting circumstance, which occurred on the occasion of the EMPEROR's late visit to the camp at Châlons. As the cavalry (10,000 strong) were marching past at a hand-gallop, the eagle eye of his Majesty, with the aid of a large opera-glass, discerned that seven of the horses had, each of them, a nail missing in one of their hind shoes. Subsequent examination proved that the EMPEROR had been accurately correct in detecting this deficiency in the equipment of his troops. Trifling in itself, the incident acquires a marked importance from the fact that it shows with what a searching scrutiny the EMPEROR reviews his army, and proves therefore that his Majesty considers War as imminent."—*Le Menteur du Midi.*

"The fact is not less interesting than, as we think, significant, that his Highness, the Prince Imperial, has, under the guidance of his military tutor been sketching out a plan for a Winter Campaign. When it is remembered that youths are prone to imitate the actions of their fathers, it may be readily imagined that the EMPEROR is engaged upon a similar employment as the one which now so profitably occupies the leisure of the Prince."—*Courrier de Fouville.*

"Panic-mongers we are not, but we cannot help observing a curious coincidence. Years, as has been proved, are often similar in decades. Now, the vintage has this autumn been extraordinarily fine. Since that of 1858, no wine has been grown equal to it. But France has not forgotten yet that 1858 was followed by 1859, and that a fine vintage of the red wine of Bordeaux was the prelude of the red tide which flowed at Solferino. So the rare wine we are making now in 1868 may in 1869 refresh our gallant soldiers, when they return triumphant from Rhineland and the Danube."—*Le Frélon Bordelais.*

"We hasten to announce that, as a welcome addition to the batteries at Dieppe, the gallant garrison who have the charge of the old Château were put yesterday in command of a new *batterie de cuisine.* By a like thoughtful attention to the wants of our brave army in the present warlike crisis, a new soup ladle was supplied for the table of the officers, accompanied most opportunely by half-a-dozen napkins and nine electro-plated spoons. This addition to the stores and *matériel* of war, in a fortress so important as the Château de Dieppe, may be accepted as a proof that a campaign is now regarded well nigh as a certainty by the ever-watchful Government of France."—*Rataplan du Nord.*

"With every desire to put a peaceable construction on the circumstance that Prussia has reduced, in a slight measure her preposterously large, and in fact, unwieldy army, we regret that, on the contrary, to us it seems to indicate a settled warlike purpose. Why should Prussia have dismissed some hundred thousand of her troops, if not merely as a boast, "There, see what I can do!" and a bragging challenge, plainly, for France to go and fight? If we wait another twelvemonth, perhaps Prussia will disband another hundred thousand, and thus reduce her army to a manageable compass. But we would not take a mean advantage of delay. Our counsel is for war, for instant battle with the braggart. Let us at once annihilate this Enemy to Peace. Let us crush this *coquin*—this Slaughterer of Schleswig—this Havocker of Hanover—this Despoiler of Denmark—whom England feared to fight. A million swords are ready to leap forth from their scabbards, and strike for the good cause. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, it is the Nation's voice that clamours now for War. France boldly calls for vengeance on the Brigand of Berlin."—*Petit Braillard de Brest.*

"We have confidence in stating that a feather serves to show the way the wind is blowing, and we may state with equal confidence that the feather in the incident which we may here relate shows that the Gallic weather-cock is pointing now to War. This we think will be apparent when we mention that on Tuesday last his Majesty the EMPEROR went out shooting sea-gulls, being, as is usual, attended by his armourer, and the other gallant officers who form his *corps de chasse.* The day's sport was devised that he "might get his hand in," as His Majesty, with some significance, remarked; and the fact that he had done so was happily apparent, when he returned to dinner with a feather in his cap. Now, the Romans in their augury were often guided by a bird, and doubtless in the eyes of the historian of CÆSAR, this slain sea-gull has been viewed as a favourable omen. The Black Eagle is assuredly a bigger bird to hit, and there is little fear that, after the practice he has had, the EMPEROR will miss the mark he plainly now is aiming at."—*L'Incendie Provinciale.*

"For our own parts we believe that there will *not* be War—for some few months at any rate. It is however only prudent that all who live by commerce should reflect, in this great crisis that war when it *does* come brings paralysis to trade, and that stagnation for awhile is better than rash speculation, which is sure to end in ruin. Have our commercial readers reflected on the fact that Venus has been nightly visible of late? Mythology will inform them of the strong tie which existed between Venus and Mars, and they may learn from any schoolboy that wherever Venus went Mars was pretty sure to follow."—*Le Trembleur Financier.*

"We would gladly count ourselves with those who still believe in peace. Yet what are we to think of an appalling fact like this? Our readers are aware that our gallant GENERAL CHASSEPOT has been sent, of course incognito and under a feigned name, upon a most important secret mission to Berlin. Arriving there at nightfall and in most complete disguise, he was at once invited to a banquet at the Palace, and had the privilege of sitting on the right hand of the King. Little of much consequence transpired till the third course, when desiring with his salad to partake of a roast chicken, the brave General was most pointedly, as well as most politely presented with *the drumstick!* Clearly if the King had any real wish for peace, he would have taken special care to have excluded from his table so bellicose a viand."—*Petit Journal des Niais.*

"Our readers, like ourselves, will be startled to observe that Rentes fell yesterday no less than $\frac{1}{16}$ below the previous quotation. The circumstance becomes the more alarming from the fact that speculation is at present quite unknown upon the Bourse, the only persons who do business at this continental crisis being *bonâ fide* buyers for investment. The only cause as yet assigned for this remarkable depression was a rumour that the EMPEROR, while dressing after a bathe, had twice been heard to sneeze, and from this it was assumed that His Majesty unhappily had caught a sudden chill, by which his valuable life might haply be imperilled."—*Le Gobe-mouches de la Gironde.*

NURSERY RHYMES.

Suggested by some recent letters to the "Times."

HUSHABY, baby, sleep sound as a top,
While JANE goes and stares at that milliner's shop:
No doubt if you wake you will make a great squall,
But little she careth how loudly you bawl.

Sing a song of nursing: in the Park you 'll spy
Four-and-twenty hussies flirting on the sly;
While in their perambulators the children may be seen,
And if they tumble out of them they 'll hurt their heads, I ween.

If she rides the high horse, and gives you her sauce,
Be sure that your nursemaid is cruel and cross:
If she 's rings on her fingers, and buyeth smart clothes,
She 'll bully your baby wherever she goes.

Pipsy Popsy had a great fall,
Pipsy Popsy made a great squall:
But Mamma's a fine lady, and trusts to her maid,
So poor baby will tumble again, I 'm afraid.

New Ghost Melody.

A CRITIC speaks of "the apparition of a dramatic singer of such indisputable promise as MISS MINNIE HAUCK." But is it not MISS HAUCK herself who is singing at Covent Garden? Why then startle us with the idea that it is her ghost, and delude perhaps thousands in search of a new sensation to go to the theatre possessed with that notion? We do not doubt that a dramatic singing apparition would draw immensely, if one could be engaged.

THE ENGLISH PRIMACY.

IT cannot be denied that many holders of the see of Canterbury have committed, at various times, various blunders; but at all events, it must be true, that whatever his after-career may be, every new Archbishop commences by *succeeding.*

QUE DIABLE VA-T-IL FAIRE DANS CETTE GALÈRE?

ALES and the Nile?

Crocodiles and the Nile, if you please, or even River-horses, or Sea-cows, but WALES? There are rivers in Macedon, and rivers in Monmouth, and we have it, on *Fluellin's* authority, that there are salmons in both; but the Nile has never till now been the home or haunt of WALES, that we heard of. What can WALES have to do with the Father of Rivers? Or even if H.R.H. be supposed suddenly smitten with a desire to study PIAZZI SMYTH'S Pyramidal theory, or to pop the question to the Sphinx, what can be the attraction for our darling little Princess of that region of donkey-drivers and dried Copts, mud and mummies, Sheikhs and Sakias, bakshish and blue-bottles, hieroglyphics and "hunts on the skin," ophthalmia and oppression, plagues and pashas, 'owling dervishes and 'owling deserts? Scorning any obvious and abject word-play on ALEXANDRA and Alexandria, we think we can suggest one reason, at least, for ALBERT EDWARD'S Nile voyage. Now England has shot Niagara, which everybody owns as the first cataract in the world, England's future king has gone to study the Second Cataract, and make sure that the next time England takes it into her head to play *Sam Patch*,* it shan't be a "leap in the dark" as far as *he* is concerned.

* The famous Yankee diver, who took a leap in the dark, over Niagara, before England ventured on the exploit.—(See CARLYLE.)

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Helm Crag is an object of interest at Grasmere. It is a very peculiarly shaped hill, and has been compared to all sorts of things, WORDSWORTH saying it reminded him of an "ancient woman seated on Helm Crag." We have all seen the "man at the helm," here is the woman. Between *Helm Crag* and *Silver How* lies the valley of *Easedale*, containing a very large tarn. Nature might as well have provided two, remembering the adage that "one good tarn deserves another," but she has been somewhat selfish in this instance; indeed one of the poets says of the valley in question,

"This spot was built by Nature for herself,"

and as is usually the case with builders, she has looked after her own comfort. Commend us to the corner houses these gentlemen secure for their own inhabiting, they are generally snug. Landlords don't drink the worst wine in the house, as a rule. About a mile further on is the *Wishing Gate*. Here you may wish for anything you like, and don't you wish you may get it. Mind and take what is called "The Langdale Excursion," it is the only journey in which the traveller may safely "do the pikes,"—

"The two huge peaks,
That from some other vale peer into this."

One is called Pike o' Stickle and the other Harrison Stickle. Pike's easy to mount, but Harrison's ticklish. The Dungeon Ghyll New Hotel is close by; not a very inviting name, but the cells—we beg pardon—the bed-rooms—are capital, and you may obtain guides here, but with the discursive, suggestive, and severely correct one *Punch* is providing for you, it would be waste of money; for they tell you so much you don't want to know, so much you know already, and so much that they don't know themselves, but have learnt to believe in from constant repetition. Mind and look out for Elterwater Tarn and Loughrigg, on which spot WILSON wrote some exquisite lines, though you can't see them without a very strong glass.

Keswick is a pleasant little town, famous for its pencils, which are made of plumbago, sounding like something good to eat; but it is, in fact, nothing more nor less than black lead, or to speak chemically, carburet of iron; and whilst on the subject of toothsome titles, Buttermere Lake, famous for its char (who come up to the surface to be potted in the most engaging manner) is highly suggestive of good living; in fact, the tourist will find the whole district has a kind of hunger-inducing property in its very air, reminding him somehow of crusty bread and butter, sardines, marmalade, and fresh river fish. The very names of the places make one want to eat, as the snowy white table-cloth and shining plate and glass of a good little country inn give an extra whet to the traveller's appetite, and make him think the piece of boiled cod and the juicy steak a dinner for a starving Emperor. How is this? Whoever felt any appetite in Newport or Stockport, or Sheffield, or those sweet towns around Manchester? One takes food there as an engine takes in water, because one can't get along without it, but as to *dining*—Bah!

Derwentwater.—A beautiful lake with three islets, and a floating island full of air-bubbles, proving the truth of SHAKSPEARE'S remark, "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath." This island occasionally rises to the surface, turns green, and goes down. Most people consider this rather odd. A little way past Keswick may be seen "The Jaws of Borodale;" at present they have not been made "beautiful for ever."

Bassenthwaite Water is worth seeing too, and so is *Skiddaw*, a mountain six miles from Keswick, and which you *must* ascend. From this extraordinary place you can see, it appears to us, almost everything—Dumfries and the Cheviots, Penrith and Helvellyn, Lancaster Castle and the Isle of Man. On very clear days you can do what many politicians have striven in vain to do for many years—you can even make out Ireland. Well might WORDSWORTH put it thus—

"What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
Mount Skiddaw?"

We repeat the last line emphatically—by all means mount Skiddaw. The tourist must also go to *Lodore*, where there is a capital hotel, with a wonderful rush of waiters when a traveller arrives. So remarkable is this that a famous poet has put it into rhyme, from which we extract a small portion:—

"How do the waiters come down at Lodore?
The cataract gushing,
And rushing,
And crushing,
Striking and raging
Like lions a cage in;
Flying and trying
(Each other outvieing)
To clutch at one's boxes
Like hounds upon foxes.
Around and around,
With many a bound,
Smiting and fighting,
Imploring, inviting,
Cringing, and bowing,
Declaring, and vowing.
And so never ending, but always descending,
Most anxious it seems to take you and your friend in,
All at once come a score, or it even seems more,
And that's how the waiters come down at Lodore."

By all means go to *Ulswater*, at which place you may spend five or six days, and as many pounds, to great advantage, and a mountain stream which descends from the *Great Dodd* (no doubt an ancestor of the notorious "TOMMY") should be seen to be appreciated. It is called the *Airey Force*, and is a standing or rather running denial to those Utopians who declare they require no police at the Lakes.

THE SOLE CASUS BELLI.

QUIET people are continually being disquieted by rumours of war. In the meantime a very simple but a very obvious question is "What have the principal European nations got to fight about?" What does any one nation want that any other nation has any real interest in not letting it have? Russia wants Turkey. But united Europe can make Russia keep the peace. NAPOLEON THE THIRD has raised his army from 400,000 to 800,000 fighting men, to one million and a quarter altogether, and his navy to, if not above, a parity with that of England. The only thing that there is any occasion of fighting for now in Europe is tranquillity denied by monstrous armaments. There is no assignable cause for any possible war but simple provocation, such as that which is given by a man who stands with his fist clenched in the face of his neighbours.

The Very Prelate for the See.

DR. JENNER, the Bishop elect of New Zealand, is said to be very unpopular in Maori-land because of his Ritualist opinions. Nonsense! Considering how keen the new maniacs are for novelties in the Church, we should say that if ever there was a case of the right man in the right place, it is a Ritualist in New-Zeal-land.

FROM THE POULTRY.

WHEN does a Hen like beer? When she has a little *brood*.

"THE ACT OF SETTLEMENT."—Having Pin-money.

I. FAREWELL TO EARTH!—II. THE FLIGHT THROUGH SPACE!!—III. LAND AT LAST!!!

Three Heart-Stirring Episodes in a hitherto Calm and Uneventful Career. (Designed for Mr. Punch's "Wheel of Life," by the grateful Survivor, partly from the Description of numerous and reliable Eye-witnesses, partly from tolerably vivid Recollections of his own.)

THE MAP.

"The street vendors of this famous map openly proclaim that it is 'published by order of the Emperor;' and some of the booksellers hang out placards by its side, on which is written *La France satisfaite*. The *légende*, or explanatory introduction, accompanying the maps, is said to have been written by the Emperor himself."—*Daily News.*

A song for Nap, and his nice new map,
Not meant to enkindle war,
And the Frenchmen see, and so do we,
What the map is intended for.
It 's not to show, St. Napoleon! no,
How Germany's flanks extend,
But that France is strong and need fear no wrong,
From foe, or pretended friend.
So a song for Nap, and his nice new map,
Not meant to enkindle war:
And the Frenchmen see, and so do we,
What the map is intended for.

What a shame to say he 's a game to play,
And wishes to stir a fight,
Or frighten France with a sudden glance
At the German's gathering might!
If she can't discern what he 'd have her learn,
With sorrow his heart she 'll touch,
And should she rise with bellicose cries,
She 'll surprise her Emperor much.
So a song for Nap and his nice new map,
Not meant to enkindle war,
And the Frenchmen see, and so do we,
What the map is intended for.

If shortly come the banner and drum,
The tramp, and the trumpet blare,
No blame to the brains that took such pains
To show us how safe we were.
And when cannons roar, and the field is gone,
And maddens the battle clang,
There 'll be One to say, in his cynic way,
Tu l'as voulu, France Dandin.
So a song for Nap, and his nice new map,
Not meant to enkindle war.
Do the Frenchmen see, as clearly as we,
What the map is intended for?

AMERICANISING OUR LANGUAGE.

If our forefathers get the papers in the Elysian Fields, they must be greatly puzzled by some of the expressions the writers now use. For example, when they read of "the bad effects of the stump upon our most eminent men," the meaning they are likely to extract from such a passage is, that our most eminent men are beside themselves with toothache, a painful impression which they probably exchange for the very bewildering notion that this Stump is some new musical instrument, with which our leading statesmen amuse themselves in their leisure hours, and perhaps delight their Constituents, when they read farther on of "Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Bright's performances on the stump."

Benjamin Out of his Mess.

They said *Monte-Christo* was dammed;
But the dams must be broken, 'tis plain:
For if it was dammed the first night,
It is certainly running again.

A Discharge without a Report.—A Servant Dismissed without a Character.

A POLITICAL PARALLEL.

"SEE, WHERE HIS GRACE STANDS 'TWEEN TWO CLERGYMEN!"—*Vide Richard III.*, Act iii., Scene 7.

A FRIGHTFUL EXAMPLE.

PEOPLE do not think much of SIR RICHARD MAYNE, if they can help it. When they think of him at all, it is as a venerable martinet, who has earned the leisure into which it is generally desired that he should withdraw. But, as a certain garrulous party had "flashes of silence," SIR RICHARD has flashes of energy. Since the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, deceased, sent the whole population of an impertinent province right across Russia to a new region, we have heard of nothing so tremendous as SIR RICHARD's last great act of justice. A division of police—the C. Division—which ought to have been on the worst terms with the keepers of evil mansions near the Haymarket, was suspected of being on the best. Detectives watched—guilt was proved—and a fearful example was made. The doomed division was suddenly ordered off to do duty at the East End of London. Stern and terrible vengeance! But, while we shudder, we cannot remonstrate. The unhappy men merited their fate.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

IT had been my intention to attend the Social Science Congress at Birmingham, and not wishing to appear as a drone among bees, I had written a paper that I hoped would convince my Sex—(oh! dear, I am always forgetting that we are to talk now of Two Sexes of Man)—well, then, the sex of man to which I belong, that Mrs. Punch has as much natural craving for Social Science and Stirring-up-your-Neighbour in general, as the most ardent female (oh, dear, there's the difficulty again!) reformers going.

Now, I must frankly confess to you, my darling child, that if ever your mother was proud of anything in her life it was of this said Paper, which she thought would set her upon the same pinnacle of greatness with those ladies—I beg pardon, I meant to say those—how *very* awkward it is—I really don't know what to say—those—BONNET-WEARING creatures, then, whom Social Science delighteth to honour.

Yes, my paper possessed a general interest which I could but hope would make up for its homeliness of treatment; not only did it appeal to the whole Bonnet-wearing community, including Spoilt Women, Fading Flowers, Girls of the Period, Nymphs, Buttercups and Old Girls, but it appealed to that sex—to which I will simply say, for the sake of avoiding all invidious distinctions, *Mr. Punch* and other young ladies' papers belong!

You will remember, my Daughter, that when I first forsook my jam-saucepans and spice-cupboards, in order to prepare your mind for Society by a series of Letters, I declared myself a champion of the Rights of Men; and I am still of the same opinion. I see the faults of the Young Men of the Period, and deplore them, as any right-minded would-be Mother-in-law must do—but I hope that I see the other side of the question as well.

It struck me then that a Champion of the Rights of Both Sexes of Man, like myself, could hardly take up a more fitting subject of inquiry at the Social Science Congress than that of dinners.

Must I confess it, my JUDIANA? The man of the middle classes, and indeed the married man of all ranks of life, who is not a diner at clubs is generally an ill-fed, often an under-fed, and sometimes an execrably fed creature. Now, nothing can be better than plenty of education, or as a great authority has called it, Sweetness and Light, but while the ladies—I mean the wearers of bonnets—at Birmingham are attending to that branch of Social Science, let *Mrs. Punch* concern herself with what is no less important than Sweetness and Light; viz., Digestion and Dinners.

At least so said *Mr. Punch*, though he forbade the attendance of his wife at the Social Science Congress. A wife who is a mother, said *Mr. Punch*, whether she be the mother of one or the Mother of Seven, should not appear in public unless duty compels, so let the world be benefited by your lucubrations in another way, and leave Brummagem alone, my love. Of course I obeyed, and I should never have married *Mr. Punch*, unless with that intention, and thus it happens that I read my Paper to you, my Daughter, instead of reading it to the assemblage of social reformers, Bonnet-wearing and non-Bonnet-wearing, at Birmingham. Dinners and digestion then form the text on which Mrs. Punch would preach more than one sermon to her sex—I mean the Superior Sex of Man.

"Oh, have done with it," some of my hearers exclaim. "We hate domestic matters, we are going in for all sorts of things more suited to our tastes." Softly, softly, dear fellow-women—I beg pardon, dear fellow-wives, mothers, and daughters! No doubt, the Golden Age is dawning, and I hail it with delight, when the higher privileges of education will be open to all who prove themselves worthy of them. But there are some points which reformers cannot meddle with, and one of these is, that no matter who earns the dinner, it must rest with the woman (oh! Heavens, what have I said) how it is cooked.

Far be it from me to insinuate that our daughters must become cooks and kitchen-maids, or that wives must turn themselves into household slaves. Let those who can afford it, have the very best cooks, let not those who cannot, disdain the task of keeping their family in health by means of good food. Let all have mastered at an early period the alpha and omega of the science of dinners!

There is going to be a College for Women soon. But *Mr. Punch* is determined not to give his support to the undertaking, unless some such person as DR. LANKESTER is appointed to instruct the young ladies in the subject of eating and drinking. Greek and Mathematics need not occupy all the time; and surely every young person of MISS BECKER's sex, whether she marry or become an M.D. or what not, ought to know the amount of albuminous food, azotised food, etcetera, on which the human animal has a good chance of thriving from infancy upwards.

It is all very well to say that *Mrs. Punch* is a materialist, and an enemy to æsthetic progress; but let any hard-worked Person of either sex, whose brains are worth anything, either to the world, his family, or himself, spend a few days in the household of a dinner-despising wearer of bonnets, and see what he is good for at the end of the time.

No doubt, men are all monsters, more or less, my JUDIANA; but seeing how helpless they are in this matter, we should exercise a sort of lofty pity, and keep up the poor gorillas' fire as the savages do, since they cannot keep it up for themselves.

After all, who can say what these monsters might not have been, had they been well fed from the time of the Conquest until now? and if we do not bestir ourselves, we shall find the tables turned with a vengeance pretty soon, and the men, grown desperate, looking after the dinners in our place?

Much as I love and respect your father, my JUDIANA, much as I sympathise with the universal cry for extension of privileges to both sexes of Man, could I bear with equanimity the sight of my husband making a pudding or doling out spices to the cook? Never, never! I should die under the mortification.

Bestir yourself then, in the attainment of this branch of knowledge, which is a *sine quâ non* of an accomplished Person of the sex to which we both belong. Whilst encouraging all other pioneers in the right direction, let us remember that the first duty of a woman—the forbidden word is out again—and a very noble duty too, is to insure the health, working capabilities, and much of the happiness of future generations by providing not merely good food, but the best food to be had for our families. Why do not some benevolent personages offer prizes and create scholarships in the Ladies' College that is to be for proficiency in these qualifications? There might be—

The Beef-Tea Scholarship,
The Boiling Potato Prize,
The Pastry Gold Medal,
The Nursery Pudding Silver Medal,
The Tea and Coffee Fellowship, and so on.

Might not the more interesting domestic pursuits take the place of useless knitting, netting, and crochet, or sensational novel-reading, or endless scribbling of letters? Whatever the world may say, hearken to the words of your domestic but not benighted Mamma,

MRS. PUNCH.

How Very Happy!

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER has delivered a damaging attack upon Ritualism. We wish the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER would do the same—nobody could do it better—and then we could quote SIR WALTER gloriously—

"Charge, CHESTER, Charge! On, STANLEY, on!"

"AMONG THE POTS."

THERE is one pot which MR. DOULTON, the potter, declares he never made—a *pot de vin*. The decision of the Court of Brussels shows that pot-luck is not always good luck.

"VIRGINIBUS GARÇONIBUSQUE."—Mind what you say before parlour-maids and waiters.

"THE SLEEPER AWAKENED."

Old Gentleman (disturbed in his nap, after dinner at the Club). "EH? WELL? WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT DO YOU WANT?"
Servant. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN WISHED ME TO MENTION THAT *YOU WAS SNORING*, SIR."

ODD MEN OUT.

AN EPISODICAL NUMBER ARRANGED FOR TWO VOICES.

IT is odd that, on going up to town with my Little Man with a Big Voice, in order to join my Big Man with a Little Voice, I should happen to run against TUPTON, the first species of the Voice genus. As on this occasion I was favoured with an experience of him which I had not previously had, it will be as well to mention it here, episodically, and then get on.

Having stopped at the houses of both, I take this opportunity of asking them to dinner at my club, and after that we would go to the Opera.

I don't think I shall ever do it again.

I belong to the Mausoleum Club. It takes an undistinguished person about forty years to become a member of it, and even then the candidate's father has caused his name to be put down on the club list immediately after entering him upon the district register of births, or, at latest, in the church register of baptisms, and in all probability his two godfathers will be his proposer and seconder at the Mausoleum. To these worthy people the being a Mausoleum Man is one of the highest, if not the highest, honour to be obtained in life. So great is their veneration for the institution, that, I think, if LORD EBURY could obtain a revisal of the Liturgy, they would move that the words "when I was proposed as a candidate for the Mausoleum" be introduced, in special cases, after the words "wherein I was made," &c. in the Church Catechism. In the Mausoleum we may indeed, as some *young* would-be wits of minor clubs have said, be buried: but we are buried *alive:* and what could be more pleasant, in the afternoon of life, than to be buried alive with a decent aristocratic and respectable company in an elegant Mausoleum?

We are (a few of us, perhaps) laid on the shelves, as is the fashion of some countries, but being neither swaddled nor swathed, crib'd, cabin'd, nor confined, we are kept, by the exclusion of the vulgar air, in as perfect a state and with as dignified and majestic a mien as was the body of CHARLEMAGNE in the Sealed Crypt. Outer barbarians, entering our morning-room roughly, would be awed by the calm and grave deportment of our Senior Members. I am not supposing the barbarians to come in when old HAWKER coughs, or the spell would be broken. By a recent decision of our revered senators, meaning the Committee, we have been allowed a smoking-room under the leads, and have also been permitted to ask a guest to extend his legs under one of the small mahoganies, thereto made and provided, in our new *hospitium*.

In the Mausoleum, even in our lofty smoking-room (alluding to the height at which it is placed in the building) no Member addresses another Member unless he has been duly introduced either within or without its walls.

Self-introduction during a lonely journey on the Continent is not sufficient, nay, is even hinted at as a disqualification for continuance of membership, and, among strict disciplinarians, as a ground of expulsion. For one Member to ask another "If he has finished with the *Times* or *Pall Mall Gazette?*" is an extreme measure. The mode generally adopted being, if you are seated in the next chair to a Member who is dozing over the paper you want, to ring the bell, and tell the waiter to make the inquiry, not as your ambassador specially, but appearing, as it were, for the rest of the Club.

Luxuriously monastic as we are in most of our club apartments, we unbend in the refectory. Here we fix on our meat like solemn bluebottles, buzzing between the courses, before we settle on a fresh dish. That is, those who are not engaged in studying the *Quarterly*, or some such light aid to digestion.

With our guests we are, perforce, more guarded, having the character of the establishment to keep up. Hence, a loud tone is never heard here. We dine *sotto voce*, as if we were broken up into little knots of conspirators, each occupied with its own deep plot. We give whispered orders, and draw our guests' heads together over the cloth to point out celebrities—Members, of course—who are entertaining other celebrities at other tables.

We laugh behind our napkins at good stories. Guardian waiters keep watch o'er us lest at any time our wine and oil fail, divining our needs without the necessity of a single utterance.

Did all this occur to me when I gave TUPTON and SILFORD an invi-

tation? It did; but I felt hospitable, and there was a fair chance of both refusing. They accepted. They came. Tupton in great voice, with some capital anecdotes he had just received from America: Silford in big voice, in consequence of having heard Mr. Santley at the Crystal Palace.

I hear Tupton, as I descend our noble staircase, asking loudly, "Where shall I hang my coat, hey?" The waiter will take it. "Ah, yes," objects Tupton; "but I like to see where it goes." With that he laughs two short and loud ha ha's, and I foresee at that moment that my dinner will be a practical illustration of what the "Many have told of the monks of old," how they "laughed ha! ha! and quaffed ha! ha!" at one and the same time, which up to now I have always considered a poetic licence, and a physical impossibility without choking.

"Ah, Tupton," I say, pleasantly approaching, "that's capital;" and I am free to own that beyond intending to welcome him generally to the Mausoleum, I don't know what I mean.

"HA!" he exclaims, heartily, "just in time, hey? Thought I was late. Ha! ha! ha! Never do to be late, hey? Ha! ha! ha! HEY?" I feel that the club walls are echoing "ha! Hey?" and I already expect a message from the chairman, or a deputation from the bench of reverend ecclesiastics in the reading-room.

He is in excellent time, I assure him, Silford has not yet arrived.

"What! Little Billy, hey? ha! ha!" he shouts out blithely, as making a quotation from the well-known song appropriate to the occasion. He doesn't *know* that he is speaking louder than I am when I invite him, with all the suavity of the spider to the fly, to "walk into the parlour." "By all means," he says, always loud, but he lingers in the *atrium*, and with his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, commences taking a pace this way, then a pace that, looking upwards and moving his head about from side to side with the critical air of a man who was inspecting the plant before making a bid.

"Fine place, Sir," says he, in his *usual* tone—"*deuced* fine place."

I do wish he wouldn't use such strong language at the top of his voice in the Mausoleum. I think I saw a bishop turn back on the first landing, and re-ascend to the reading-room. If this *is* so, he has gone to ask for the complaint-book, or to memorialise the Committee. I admit the Mausoleum is a fine club, and I tell him, as a hint, that on certain days in the month Members are permitted to show their friends over it.

"Ah!" says he, without stirring, "I should like to see it all. It's so well-proportioned." Our reception-room is on the first landing; I go up six steps, as a decoy elephant, and the monster follows me bellowing.

"First time I've been here," he tells me as an apology for stopping and eulogising everything. I think to myself that if it *is* the *first* time, it—but, perhaps, the passing thought is inhospitable.

On the landing, while looking over the marble balustrade into the Hall, he is struck by a notion.

"What a first-rate place for addressing your Constituents from—Hey?"

I agree with him; excellent, but he hasn't yet seen this room—the guest's drawing-room. I press this, and push the door slightly open on the decoy principle again, for he is still standing at that confounded balustrade, and I am afraid in another second will address an imaginary constituency.

"I should think," he says, very loudly to me, for in my anxiety to coax him into the room, I am standing at some distance from him by its door, "the acoustic properties of the place were remarkably good, Hey?"

Perhaps so; but please don't talk quite so loud.

"Hey?" worse than ever. Why did I ask him to the Mausoleum? We enter the reception-room. No one there, thank Goodness! Foolishly, on the score of the room being empty, I allow him the free use of his voice. I have continual cause to regret this good-natured laxity, as subsequently, it is impossible to explain to him why he may shout in a sort of reading-room generally devoted to quiet, and only whisper in a dining-room, where the dishes are expected to be seasoned with conversation.

The door opens. Enter Silford with, on seeing no stranger present (for he is considerate), four bars of a new song for Santley, which I interrupt by saying "dinner immediately," and proposing a gentle descent.

THE DEMONSTRATIVE CLASSES.

Now all men by the subjoined telegram from Madrid that:—

"The people burnt a scaffold to-day on the public square where executions have hitherto taken place, as a demonstration against capital punishments."

We sometimes hear persons intent on making merry say that they will sing old Rose and burn the bellows. What fun there can be in burning the bellows we cannot see, except as much as there may be in mischief when the bellows that is burnt by anyone belongs to somebody else. But burning the gallows we can well understand to be a high joke for people, so to speak, accustomed to be hanged. The populace of Madrid, whilst they burned the scaffold which is their equivalent for a gallows, perhaps also sang something tantamount to old Rose; possibly they sang old Rios Rosas, if they didn't sing old Gonzales Bravo.

Now the roughs, even, of England, not to say the people, are little aggrieved by capital punishment, and, were a revolution unhappily to occur in this country, they would not, although Calcraft is rather unpopular, very probably think of burning the gallows. But in case of any tumult, if the street followers of Mr. Beales were to get the upper hand, it is very likely indeed that, by way of a demonstration in Hyde Park, against all punishment whatever, they would burn the treadmill.

Look Out!

There are too many Liberal Candidates for the Tower Hamlets (as in several other places). Electors, take care, or you will have a Conservative carrying one of your seats by a Coope-*de-main*.

The Oxford Election.—Ought to be Sir Roundell Palmer.

WANTED, A JENNY GEDDES.

Up, Scotland!

Well, down, if you like, but do not say that *Mr. McPunch* did not call upon his fellow-countrymen to protect themselves.

Do you not know what is going to happen?

"His Holiness the Pope is about to extend to Scotland the same Ecclesiastical Organisation as he has conferred upon England, and the first Appointment will be that of Archbishop of Glasgow."

What do you think of "the Pope, that Pagan, full o' pride," now? What kind of a response will that intimation produce in the country of John Knox?

Echo answers "Knocks."

Moral ones, of course, she means, and so does *Mr. McPunch*. Wanted, a moral three-legged stool to hurl at the Scarlet Lady, after the fashion of Mrs. Jenny, above named.

A Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow!

At present we cannot get beyond the remark "Prodigious!" and a gulp of whiskey to match. *Skeoch doch na skiel.* But more anon.

A CONVERSATION.

(*From Washington direct.*)

American Citizen (*at the door of a 'bus*). Why, George, whar air you off to?

George (*promptly*). I'm a goin' to California, but I'll be round again after a bit.

A Friend (*inside the 'bus, admiringly*). Waal now, George, I do declare I believe you'd rather tell a lie at six months than the truth for ready cash. (*Bus drives on.*

A Clerical Gun.

We think that the last new thing in guns is likely to be very useful in the coming battle, and we should like to know something about it. The invention is called Parson's Converted Cannon. If this will not help the Church, what will?

When are Parsons bound in honour not to abuse Theatres?
When they take Orders.

Hoop de Dooden Doo.—Sir Richard Mayne's order against Little London Boys' Hoops has created a great excitement in certain circles.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

First American Citizen. "HULLO! GENERAL, WHY WHAT ON AIRTH ARE YOU A DOIN' OF IN THAT THERE FLOUR-BAR'L?"

Second American Citizen. "WA-AL, SOME DARNED SKUNK HAS BEEN AND STOLE MY CLOTHES WHEN I WAS BATHING; BUT I GUESS I'LL GET HOME VERY COMFORTABLE IN THIS!"

MRS. LAUNDRY AT BRIGHTON.

I 've got an 'art that's capable of feelin' for another.
Thank Evins I ain't one of them there Ritualist boys' mother!
Folks sometimes talks of Mother Church as though of an old woman;
And them sons of the English apes the children of the Roman:

Wears coloured frocks with petticoats, fal-lals, fandangos—fiddle!
And—yah!—some on 'em too has their hair parted down the middle.
They tries to turn the Service into Mash, with gabblin', singin',
Their fumigatin' censer, and their muffin-bell a ringin'.

But wuss than make-believe of Babylonish female dresses
Is leadin' of poor donkeys by the nose; 'them they confesses;
Which, if the reg'lar dustmen's right, is but a vain endeavour,
And if they're wrong it can't be nare a bit o' use whatever.

"No Popery!" was always, and will ever be, my motto,
Which to my life's end I shall cry, whoever tells me not to.
But there's delugion twice as bad as Popery to foller;
And "No Mock-Popery!" is what still louder I shall holler.

Them Ritualists, to my mind, now, them good-for-nothin' brats is,
For all the world, like them things between birds and mice; them batses;
Which some calls neither bird nor beast; in sayin' so they flatter:
Them creturs, as the former, flies; but is, in fact, the latter.

But whilst theirselves they crosses, and like Popish Priestes mutters,
None on 'em, mind you, quarrels with their precious bread-and-butters,
They all bides where they be, although to be at Rome they wishes:
For why? they can't make up their minds to leave the loaves and fishes.

About my house I never would allow sitch chaps to lollop;
That set of hulkin' fellers with a broomstick I would wallop.
They talk of patens, do they? I'd let my old clogs fly at 'em.
Get out! I arn't no patience with them jackanapeses—drat 'em.

EMANUEL AND HIS DOGS.

WE read in Saturday's *Standard* a police report to this effect. One HARRY EMANUEL, who lives in Pembridge Villas, Notting Hill, was summoned for causing a nuisance by keeping a number of noisy dogs. The complainant, a neighbour, stated that these beasts bark, howl, and fight all night; a second neighbour stated that he had complained to this EMANUEL in vain, and several other neighbours urged the taking out the summons. EMANUEL, according to the report, does not apologise, nor at first promise to abate the nuisance, but his attorney contended that the Magistrate had no jurisdiction. MR. DAYMAN, however, crushing this objection, the defendant said he would remove the dogs that made the noise. The complainant begged that an order might be made, as his wife was very ill, and was much disturbed by the noise, on which MR. DAYMAN made an order for the removal of the dogs in seven days, and for the payment of two shillings costs. Then EMANUEL's attorney applies for a "case" to enable him to appeal, and it was granted. Well, is the sick lady to be annoyed by the yelling beasts until the Superior Court decides whether her husband ought or ought not to have brought a civil action against EMANUEL? An indignant husband might be tempted to abate the nuisance in another way, and let EMANUEL bring *his* civil action; but it would be wrong to yield to the temptation, of course, and *Punch* gives the hint in the interest of the dogs.

Gladstone's Play.

THE *Pall-Mall* charges GLADSTONE with "stumping" in Lancashire. Our amiable contemporary is slightly wrong in his cricket. WILLIAM'S game is not stumping, but bowling-out; and in spite of BEN'S artfulness in defence, he feels already that his innings are as good as over.

A SONG AND A SAYING.—What do you say to the *Affaire* DOULTON? Oh, no, we never MENTION it.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, November 7 1868.

TOUCHING.

"YOU SEE IT WAS A FUNERAL, AND IT WARN'T A FUNERAL. IT WAS ONLY A BURRYING. WE'VE LOST OUR LITTLE DOG TOWSER, AND AS I WOULDN'T HAVE HIM STUFFED LIKE HIS BROTHER, MY MISSUS MADE ME PUT ON WEEPERS AS A MARK O' RESPECT, MR. JONAS."

PAY MR. STUDD.

MR. STUDD, landowner, Epsom, owns a piece of the course on which the Derby is run. He wants—he actually wants from the people who manage the races, a large sum of money for leave to use his land, and declares that they shall not race upon it unless they pay him.

This is simply and perfectly Monstrous, with a large M.

All that can be said in favour of a man who ventures to demand payment—as much as he can get, too—for the rent of his own property is that he has been living at Australia, and is unacquainted with British facts.

Does STUDD know that money is nobody's object in England?

Is he not aware that nobody who goes to the Derby ever tries to get as much as he can for anything that he can sell or let or dispose of?

Has nobody told him that the horses are run by their owners solely for the sake of keeping up a noble breed, and of affording a jolly holiday to the people?

Can he be unaware that the betting men who use his land, apparently for purposes of business, are only at play, and that they never really make any profit by that business?

Why is he so ignorant as not to be certain that the tickets for the Grand Stand, and all the other stands, are given away; and that if he has seen money paid when the cards are issued, it was only for charitable purposes? He cannot be so stolid as to think that profit is made out of the Correct Cards that describe what is to be done on his land.

It is shocking to think of such ignorance; but it is his only excuse. Were we the people who manage the races, we would pay him what he certainly has a legal right to demand, in the present absurd state of the law of property, and thus heap coals of fire on his hat, and raise the blush of shame upon his green veil. And the sooner the better, for we cannot be all agitated upon the subject—that anxiety and electioneering are too much for us. Besides, if he is affronted further, he may remember his Antipodean motto, "Advance, Australia!" and advance his terms accordingly. Pay MR. STUDD.

A NEW ROUNDABOUT PAPER.—The last Police Order.

AN ELECTION STAVE.

"Parliament will be dissolved on the 11th inst. The writs for the new Parliament will be issued immediately afterwards."

HOIST your flag—let it bear,
As it spreads to the air,
A message of justice and peace
To that Land in the West,
Where with Hope for her guest,
All tumult and faction shall cease.

Raise your cry—let it swell,
Like a trumpet, and tell
To all England expectant to-day,
That the reign has begun,
In which right shall be done,
And ages of wrong roll away.

Choose your side—there are two—
Be on that which will do
More than all it has done in the past;
Give new strength to the State,
Make it happy as great,
And anchor the old Vessel fast.

Take your stand—in the van
Of an army who can
Show the palm, and the prize, and the crown;
Still with conquests to make,
Still with strongholds to take
Sure as death in the end to come down;

Marching up, marching on,
Past the heights they have won,
Other obstinate foes to assail;
Not a wrong unredressed,
Not a soul left oppressed,
When the future shall boast of the tale:

Better laws, better times,
Fewer shames, fewer crimes,
Their trophies and triumphs to come;
Wise heads at the helm,
Knowledge blessing the realm,
And respite from cannon and drum.

Ask for help for the poor
Who now die at your door,
For the hind when the few shillings fail,
For the mendicant child,
Vicious, ignorant, wild,
Ready-made for the gallows and gaol.

Choose your man—let him be
The man whom we see
Only yet in the dawn of his fame;
Wise, honest, and just,
The man we all trust
To lighten the land of a shame.

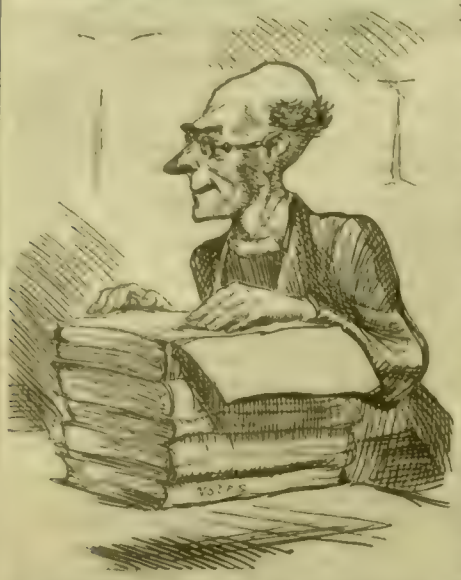
Give him power and place,
And England shall trace
Her annals in letters of light;
Give him numbers and strength,
And England at length
Will feel she has come to her might.

With your vote and your voice,
Show the world by your choice
In County, and City, and Town,
That you know whom to send,
That you know the *true* friend,
Of the State, and the Church, and the Crown.

Then for GLADSTONE unite,
Fly his flag in the fight,
As you charge in the glorious fray,
Sure all over to win,
Sure to bring your men in,
And scatter the Tory array.

Ay! and thousands shall say—
"We are proud of the day
When we handselled the right of the free;
For we swelled the great roll
Of the host at the poll,
Who bore him to victory."

LEADING ARTICLE ON THE ELECTIONS.



IN accordance with the usual and eminently useful practice of our contemporaries, we give a glance at the list of those whom the dissolution again sends to the hustings, and of those who approach that platform for the first time. Our remarks may be severe, but they are dictated by our sense of duty to the country, and the man who at this moment fails to express himself with courage and accuracy on the coming elections is unworthy the name of a British politician. We own that the list, now daily supplied to us, presents on the whole a satisfactory aspect, though it comprises many names which we could wish to see absent, and many which will certainly be so in about a fortnight. There are also a large number of candidates who, if elected, will reflect credit on their constituents, though we do not know whether SIR R. GLASS, at Bewdley, is a reflector or not. MR. PONDER, Linlithgow, no doubt reflects. MR. TITE, Bath, is a sober statesman, and COLONEL HOGG will bring his pigs to a fine market, Bath being famous for chaps. MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE would not have offered himself for Beverley, but that He Knew He was Right, and we know that he is a writer, and a delightful one. CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORNE, Birkenhead, having been an intrepid Arctic voyager, is just the man to get to the top of the Pole, and we hope he will. Yorkshire jollity is proverbial, and the old city has to choose between a GLADSTONE and a MERRYWEATHER, and we hope that MILTON'S Paradise will be Regained in the West Riding, south. Northampton, also, has a MERRWETHER. "O, the Recorders. Let us see one"—elected. Whether MR. SPARK will go out at Darlington we are not at present able to say, nor why MR. BACKHOUSE does not call himself Bacchus, which is a pleasanter name, but he may be a teetotaller. We hope that what MAJOR PALLISER heard in the Shell was success at Devonport, and we are pleased that MR. H. B. SHERIDAN has no Rivals at Dudley. The bad grammar of MR. LITTLER'S name must exclude him from Lambeth, and we know not whether MR. SALMON is a catch for Newcastle-under-Lyme. MR. SCOURFIELD has scoured everybody else off the fields of Pembrokeshire, but the due of MR. HERMON may or may not be a seat for Preston. Sandwich may like MR. WORMS, but we should not like worms in a sandwich. MR. MARSH NELSON expects every man to do his duty in Mid-Surrey, which signal he sets flying at MR. PEEK. Although capital punishment is now private, we wish MR. CALCRAFT to sit for Wareham, and MR. CREMER'S doll warehouse has made so many dear children happy that we wish him all luck at Warwick. We desire the return in Westmoreland of LORD BECTIVE because he rhymes to invective. If SIR F. LYCETT be rejected at Worcester, the relieving officer may say *Ire licet* if that will comfort him, and in East Worcester, if the same event occurs to MR. AMPHLETT he may write a pamphlet—we shall not read it, we believe. Why MR. VANCE stands on the Conservative interest for Armagh when music-halls pay so well we know not; perhaps, as he opposes MR. LOW, it is to show his liking for the genteel. MR. VINCENT SCULLY is in two places at once, like an Irish bird, and we fervently hope he will get in for neither Cashel nor Cork County, but come an awful cropper between two stools. In Galway there are two members and nine candidates, so there ought to be a howling good fight, but we should like LORD ST. LAWRENCE to come in, while the Irish Church is in question, because at St. Lawrence in the Isle of Wight the Church is reduced to a minimum. If DR. WILLIAM RUSSELL comes in for Chelsea, there will be no need of DR. BRADY'S return in Leitrim. COLONEL TOTTENHAM may be a worthy man, but he would remind us too much of squalid Tottenham Court Road for us to wish him elected for New Ross; nor, liking large measures, do we desire to see MR. GILL in for Tipperary, unless he sounds his name with the hard initial. If we have objected to MR. WORMS, what can we say for MR. GRUBB, at Waterford? Can he not change his name to that of MR. PAPILLON, who does not seem to be standing, and MR. CRUM-EWING at Paisley will also oblige us much by altering his, unless he thinks crumb hewing easier work than crust cutting, which he would if he had eleven hungry healthy children to cut bread for every morning and the knife as blunt—but we wander. We have said enough to indicate the constitution of the new Parliament, and at least we have been as practical and instructive as any similar summary which we have yet had the misfortune to peruse.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

IT is understood in the best areas that the next things to be seized are the Perambulators. Their freights and attendants will be confiscated, and disposed of to pay the expenses of detention, if not claimed within one week from the time of capture.

Great inconvenience having been caused by the strings attached to the kites boys are in the habit of flying in the parks and other public places, the Police have had strict orders to take down all these aërial machines, and deposit them with the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade. If necessary, they are to form a cordon round the parks, to prevent the escape of the delinquents.

In consequence of numerous complaints that have been made at Scotland Yard, all toy-carts, carriages, railway-engines, waggons, &c., are prohibited from being drawn on the public pavement, unless in charge of the family footman or upper nursemaid.

Foot passengers having been seriously incommoded by the increased dimensions of certain popular favourites, the maximum size allowed for Dolls when carried out of doors, may be learned on application to the Chief Commissioner, Whitehall Place, S.W. N.B.—A licence must be obtained, before any doll can be allowed to speak.

A VOICE FROM THE HUSTINGS.

(*To the Crowd below.*)

FREE and independent Electors of Great Britain and Ireland! What do you think the London University's Annual Committee of Convocation has done? Issued a Report "on the most appropriate mode of conducting the Election of a Representative in Parliament" for the University of London, wherein they declare, that they "think it undesirable that," before the result of the election is known, "speeches should be made by either the proposers or seconders of candidates or by the candidates themselves." What an insult, free and independent Electors, this declaration is to you! It is bad enough for the fastidious old University of Oxford to affect to say that there shall be no speechifying of candidates for its representation, and thus to affect to be superior to the influence of that declamation which excites the impulsive masses. But for the young, popularly constituted, London University to give itself such supercilious airs as to announce that it will not be harangued as you are, is to treat you with contempt.

What, too proud to cry, "Who stole the donkey?" above shouting, "How's your poor feet?" "Does your mother know you're out?" "Shut up!" and "Go home!"? So fine as to be incapable of hissing and hooting and screaming "Yah!" or of hurling a few dead domestic animals or stale eggs at an unpopular orator's head? Is this the character affected by the London University? Then let those aristocratic beggars know what you think of them; for they have unmistakeably declared what they think of you.

SOMETHING WHICH WENT THE ROUND OF THE PAPERS.

LONDON, reasonably alarmed at the prevalence of assaults, burglaries, robberies in the day-time, and other acts of lawlessness, heard, with immense satisfaction, that the successful result of a new order issued by SIR RICHARD MAYNE was, that there were to be found "at the different police-stations in the Metropolis thousands of"—as London, not unfairly, hoped and expected—burglars, garotters, and thieves, or, at the least, street beggars, tramps, and impostors. London was a little disappointed at finding that the occupants of the police stations were "thousands of boys and girls;" for, although glad to think that the streets would be cleared of an army of dirty young mendicants and pilferers, it would have preferred to be rid of the adult rascal and ruffian. But London was filled with amazement and ridicule, in equal proportions, when it discovered that the thousands in detention at the police-stations were "thousands of boys' and girls'—hoops!"

Worse and Worse.

MR. PUNCH lately remarked on the suspicion that must be felt as to the previous career of Candidates who announced themselves to be "unfettered." But what must be thought of a Candidate who appeals for support on the ground that he is a "tried" Member?

SONG FOR MAGISTRATES.—"Let us speak of a man as we've fined him."

A SERIOUS SPORTING-MAN.

MR. PUNCH,—Your contemporary, the *Record*, and your other contemporary, the *Guardian*, much as they may differ on some points, will probably agree in taking the same view of an example of Turf nomenclature which occurs in a letter of ARGUS under the title of Sporting Intelligence in the *Morning Post*. Indeed, Sir, I dare say that not only all the denominational papers and periodicals will, on that one matter at least, be quite unanimous, but that almost the whole of the respectable secular press will concur with them. Simply chronicling the particulars of a race at the Lincoln Autumn Meeting, ARGUS thus writes:—

"Such a 'crucifying' day backers have not experienced this season, as only one race out of seven was carried off by the favourite, and the layers of odds in that instance, on the Crucifixion filly, had a near squeak for their money, as CANNON only just managed to squeeze in DR. SHORTHOUSE's filly a neck before the roaring Conrad. . . . The Doctor subsequently named his filly 'Atonement,' and, though treading on dangerous ground, perhaps, considering the ecclesiastical locality where she underwent christening rites, it foreshadowed a turn of luck to the gentlemen on the last day, when the favourites made ample atonement to their backers by carrying all before them."

Now, *Mr. Punch*, I expect that the majority of your decent contemporaries, and indeed of their readers, will be down upon DR. SHORTHOUSE for giving his filly the names above specified. But, Sir, permit me to point out that they will be greatly mistaken if they suppose that those names were bestowed on that animal in any spirit of conscious irreverence. Let it be considered that the application, by a racing-man, of such names to a horse, proceeds from no want of respect for them. You know, *Mr. Punch*, there are names of Colleges both at Oxford and Cambridge of just the same kind as those which DR. SHORTHOUSE conferred on his mare. A man, Sir, of DR. SHORTHOUSE's species esteems a horse at least as highly as a college. If he regards the latter as a noble institution, he accounts the former, perhaps, a still more noble animal. He thinks no name can be too good for a horse, and, in giving one any appellation such as a pious founder might, with acknowledged propriety, assign to a seat of learning, may be supposed to be influenced by the same feelings as those which actuated a FOX and an ALCOCK in naming their several foundations. In short, *Mr. Punch*, the truth may be presumed to be that DR. SHORTHOUSE is simply a serious sporting gentleman, accustomed to name his stud by words not in general employed unnecessarily, in perfect gravity. All else that can be said is that perhaps he may be chargeable with a slight excess of horse-worship. As an exponent of the stable mind, allow me, *Mr. Punch*, to spell myself,

TCLCQCLK.

Household Hints for Economical Managers.

How to Obtain a good Serviceable Light Porter.—Take a pint of stout, and add a quart of spring water. There you have him.

How to make Hats last.—Make everything else first.

How to Prevent Ale from Spoiling.—Drink it.

How to Avoid being Considered above your Business.—Never live over your shop.

How to make your Servants rise.—Send them up to sleep in the attics.

Church News.

(*From the Ecclesiastical Monitor.*)

WE are authorised to state that the Right Reverend DR. COLENSO has been selected as the new Archbishop of Canterbury. The Reverend MR. MAC ROARIE will be consecrated by DR. GRAY at the Cape, and sent on to fill the see of Natal, thus vacated, and by these means the Premier will happily heal all the discords in the Church.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE's last edict has had one good effect. It has put an end to that absence of the Police when wanted so often complained of, for now they are always ready to "come with a *hoop* and come with a call."

MR. MOWBRAY's best recommendation to a good many Oxford voters—The *Bray* in him.

EXPOSITION OF THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.

ON Monday last was performed an annual solemnity, in the estimation of our French friends, doubtless, as many as have heard about it, of tremendous importance. The LORD MAYOR Elect was, according to usage, presented and described (with the help of a wand perhaps) to the LORD CHANCELLOR by the RECORDER. The idea of a meeting between two such Lords must needs be overwhelming to the imagination of Continental believers in the Great Lord Mayor; only they probably consider that, with due regard to relative dignity, the ceremony ought to be inverted, and the LORD CHANCELLOR presented to the LORD MAYOR. Be that as it may, in the course of the grave chaff which the permanent Law Lord customarily addresses to the temporary Civic one, LORD CAIRNS observed, referring to conceivable interference with the rights and privileges of the Corporation of London:—

"There is but one circumstance which could lead to any danger to those rights and privileges, and I may be allowed to mention it. That danger would lie where, if there should be matters with respect to which the Corporation should be required to adjust itself to the requirements of the times, essentially different from those in which they had their origin, there should be any failure of the Corporation to amend and adapt itself."

This is high and courteous chaff; stately and dignified official banter. Translated into the vernacular of familiar and undisguisedly contemptuous intercourse, the gist of it would run thus:—"I'll tell you what it is, my Lord Mayor of London Elect, and Aldermen; there's no fear that your rights and privileges will be interfered with, except in one case. Do you want to know what that is? Then I'll tell you. If you choose to go to work and reform all your antiquated abuses up to the mark of the present day, well and good; but if you don't do that thoroughly forthwith yourselves, the Legislature will very soon do it for you. You had better set your Mansion House in order now of your own accord, or else you will shortly have it set in order without your assistance."

A PLUMPER FOR ROEBUCK.

MR. PUNCH,

OF course, Sir, you are aware that the constituency of Sheffield includes a considerable number of accessories after if not before the fact for which MR. BROADHEAD was not hanged. You know, also, that these fellows, from sympathy with BROADHEAD and his accomplices, and because of the part taken by MR. ROEBUCK in dragging their deeds to light as a Trades Unions Commissioner, intend to oppose MR. ROEBUCK's re-election. In reference to the possibility of losing his seat, in the speech delivered at a meeting of his constituents, MR. ROEBUCK is reported to have said, after having reminded them that he had been before the public and in Parliament for six-and-thirty years:—

"Am I now, in my old age, to be sent back with contumely, as if I had done nothing in my day worthy of regard? Is there not something in it, Sir, shocking to our nature, our common sense, and common justice?"

If the Broadheadites succeed in turning out MR. ROEBUCK, then, about the most honest man that ever sat in the House of Commons since ANDREW MARVELL, will have been rejected by a majority of the Sheffield electors. Honesty will be in a minority at Sheffield. The most fit and proper person to represent that borough will then be BROADHEAD, and the next will be CROOKES. MR. HADFIELD will, therefore, of course retire, if he be not also rejected, in order to make room, if not for CROOKES, for somebody equally fit with CROOKES to be the colleague of BROADHEAD, or the representative who may be chosen in BROADHEAD's place, for want of BROADHEAD. But no, Sir, Sheffield is not the Sawgrinders' Union; and we may trust that our friend JOHN ARTHUR will find the blades of Sheffield as true as steel.

Yours, &c., SIMON PURE.

Change of Name, by Local Licence.

(*In re* BLACKBURN.)

THIS borough has become so notorious for the ruffianism of its roughs, the violence of its mobs, the fierceness of its religious feuds, the savagery of its political parties, the corruption of its municipal elections, the intimidation by employers of employed, the retaliation of employed on employers, in short, for every evil that can show a disorganised local government and a demoralised town population, that it is suggested its name ought to be changed, from Blackburn to Black-guard-burn.

PROFOUND.

PERSONS lodging in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square have been disturbed at night by the Base of Nelson's pillar.

A NICE FIRM.—MESSRS. GATTI AND BOLLA.

COCKNEY IN A FIX.

The Hunted Hare (as plain as eye can speak). "OH, SIR, *PLEASE*, SIR, *PRAY* DON'T HOLLER! *GIVE* A POOR CREATURE A CHANCE!"

PUSS, PUSS, PUSS!

MONSIEUR the Street-Ruffian is affectionately counselled by *Mr. Punch* to look out for a safer profession. There be signs that his present vocation will bring him to grief. He has had a very long and good innings, and it is to be hoped he has invested his gains. He has now warning that in a short time they will be cut off. The persistent efforts of *Mr. Punch* and others to arouse public opinion on the subject, have brought forth very good, though tardy, fruit. Last Thursday, the Marylebone Vestry, the most intelligent of all the vestries, held a meeting, and PROFESSOR MARKS, one of the most able vestrymen, proposed certain resolutions for the Protection of Society against our poor friend, the Street-Ruffian. In brief, these were to the effect that something must be done, and must be done at once, and that the other vestries be asked to join in a deputation to the Home Secretary, to urge the doing. The spirit in which the interests of the Street-Ruffian are to be cared for may be gathered by him, and by the public, from the following passage in the Professor's speech:—

"Although it seldom occurred that offenders met with punishment beyond what they deserved, yet, for deeds of violence, the punishment was often absurdly inadequate—so absurd, indeed, as often to induce the criminal to laugh at it. They would recollect that three years ago no crime was more rife than garotte robbery; and after it had defied almost every mode of punishment, it occurred to the Legislature that it might be advisable to try the lash. They knew that the lash had been applied in but very few instances, and yet nothing had had so great an effect in reducing garotting. He could not help thinking that if for other dastardly assaults it were permissible to use flagellation, they would have far less of them. The brutal ruffian was almost by nature a coward, and feared most that bodily torture he so ruthlessly inflicted upon others."

Exactly what *Mr. Punch* has been saying, in type and in picture, for the last ten years, and therefore he need not express his hearty concurrence in the sentiment. MR. HARDY will not be in office long enough to assist, officially, in the matter, but we are sure that he will support his successor in carrying the necessary measure. Our contemporary, the *Illustrated London News*, appeals to the new LORD MAYOR to make his Consulship famous by bringing the Fasces into play upon the highwayman and other brutes; and *Mr. Punch* begs leave to assure his Lordship that, if he takes the hint, and co-operates with the vestries to the end in question, he shall receive a reward that will gladden and make proud the hearts of his posterity to all generations. LORD MAYOR WHITTINGTON had his Cat; let LORD MAYOR LAWRENCE have his.

A TRIFLE FROM EAST SURREY.

YES, MR. BUXTON, it 's all very well, and we believe you to be a very good man, but how much should we have heard of this explanation of your conduct in regard to GOVERNOR EYRE, if there had been no opposition to your return for East Surrey? We are certain that you were actuated by the best of reasons in leaving it to be supposed that you shared the sentiments of the Jamaica Committee, and also that you are actuated by the best of reasons in now permitting it to be announced that your donation to the Persecution Fund meant only that you desired investigation. Still, if MR. HARDMAN, your able opponent in East Surrey, had not emphatically invited the electors to consider the subject, and such consideration had not promised awkwardly for your cause, would that eminent and respectable firm of solicitors have had to write anything of this kind in their attendance-book?

1868. October.—Attending C. BUXTON, ESQ., M.P., and by his instructions writing letter to the daily papers, stating that he never wished to try GOVERNOR EYRE for murder, and otherwise explaining	0	13	4
Six copies, and postage	1	0	6

"We trow not." But we are glad that MR. HARDMAN has been the means of inducing you to recognise the fact that the people of England have no favour for those whom they suppose to have persecuted a brave officer.

HOW TO EXTINGUISH POLICE MIS-MANAGEMENT.—Turn it off at the *Mayne*.

AIRING THE HOUSE.

Landlady. "WHAT HAVE THOSE PARTIES GIVEN YOU, JOHN?"

Johnny Bull. "THEY 'VE GIVE ME A PRETTY FAIR TIP ON ACCOUNT, 'M."

Landlady. "AH, WELL! LET'S HOPE THE NEXT LOT'LL BE MORE LIBERAL, AND MAKE LESS NOISE AND SMOKE."

ODD MEN OUT.

AN EPISODICAL NUMBER ARRANGED FOR TWO VOICES.

(CONTINUED.)

FROM its commencement I try to make the dinner at the Mausoleum as short as is consistent with our reputation, as a club, for hospitality. TUPTON has some first-rate stories, which in such a place as our dining-room should be narrated auricularly, not oracularly. I look up from my plate cautiously. We are the only table talking. I beg him not to speak quite so loud. He takes it in very good part, and says in an ordinary voice he was not aware that he was making any noise. In a few minutes, getting into an argument with SILFORD as to whether it is *Otello* or *Jago* who has the grand duett with *Desdemona*, he not only rises with his subject, but puts on "the full stop," in an organic sense, to such an extent as to positively cause a vibration among the glasses. To remonstrate now is impossible, at least without shouting at them, for SILFORD, finding TUPTON will insist upon misquoting an air, must needs raise his basso by way of correction. Had we been dining in a robber's cave the noise couldn't have been worse. I frown, I shake my head: it's no good; they understand my pantomime as a sign of my taking part in their confounded Babel (if there can be a Babel of two) of a discussion, and disagreeing with them both. I shall have the credit of having introduced drunken men into the club. I see the REV. MR. PRYM, Master of a College, with two clerical guests. I nod to him as an acquaintance, and shrug my shoulders as much as to intimate (so as to bring him in as evidence afterwards if this *is* made a committee case) that I have nothing to do with this row, and would stop it if I could.

There is not time enough to have coffee and a cigar in the smoking-room; so we go at once to the Opera. We have three stalls. Seeing what a combination they effected at dinner, I separate them now, and place myself between them. A boyish playground rhyme occurs to me *àpropos* of my present situation—

Hi diddle diddle,
Fool in the middle.

There are some days when we are not wise. This, then, is one of my unwise days.

The Opera is *Lucrezia Borgia*. We all three know it well. I know it, generally; that is, I couldn't give you the plot without perhaps making it more mysterious than it is. I don't know the names of the airs, nor the exact order in which they occur. But *Lucrezia* is a favourite of mine; and, what I have always called "the scene with the Duke" (that is, where *Lucrezia* exhibits some tenderness towards *Gennaro*, and is caught at it by her husband), I have invariably quoted, as affording grand scope for acting. If asked to place a precise meaning on this phrase, I should be had at a disadvantage. SILFORD knows the opera musically; TUPTON knows it historically; that is, operatically-historically, and I dare say is not very correct in his facts.

When we enter the house, ushered in by a stall-keeper, SILFORD is humming "*Il segretto*," and TUPTON is looking to see, as he says, in his usual tone, "where the deuce his stall is?"

He commences by indicating three as ours, and immediately getting into the wrong row, from which he is beckoned out by the stall-keeper, who puts us in 90, 91, 92. "I'm 91," I say. Whereupon TUPTON, who has had quite as much of the Mausoleum Champagne as is good for him, exclaims, "Ninety-one, eh? Very well preserved for your age;" which is only tittered at by a few ladies, behind their fans, in the next seats, whom TUPTON hasn't to pass, and upon whose toes he is *not* treading. His progress to his stall is the cause of envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness in those whom he has to inconvenience.

When seated, he says, "What a nuisance getting to one's seat is!" with which sentiment all, who hear it, cordially agree. So here I sit, hoping that *now*, at all events, while those who are paid to make a noise are making their noises, these two amateur noise-makers will for awhile be quiet. The Man with a Voice, first species, is on my right; the Little Man with a Big Voice is on my left. SIGNOR ARDITI taps his desk

Silford (*in my left ear*). Isn't *this* in *Lucrezia?* (*Hums a bass air.*)

Myself (*whom I will call Charles Blanque, his friend*). Yes, I think it is. (*I don't trust my own opinion, but hope it will stop his musical recital in my left ear.*)

Tupton's Voice (*as if for general circulation*). ARDITI, yes. I recollect it years ago at the other House: COSTA led, and *his* band was certainly—— (*Curtain rises.*)

Blanque (*gently deprecating the voice on behalf of himself and others in the Stalls*). Sssh! (*Nods smilingly, as much as to say, "Yes, all right about* COSTA, *I know what you're going to say. Very good. Very nice. Yes. Only ssh* now *please.*")

Enter to the revellers the Contralto of the Season.

Silford (*murmurs the mysterious air with which Orsini commences, and is evidently delighted with his own performance. Stops.*) Ah! now it's coming.

[*The Contralto commences her song with words closely followed by* SILFORD *without the words, and leaning on the right elbow of his Stall, with a decided inclination towards* BLANQUE'S *left ear, into which the tune comes as a kind of musical secret. Stranger next to* SILFORD *fidgets, and evidently wishes he wouldn't.*

Tupton (*with great gusto, and as loud as a field preacher*). Ah! ALBONI was the one—by Jove, Sir—(*Neighbours begin to fidget; some one says, sotto voce, "It's too bad."*) I remember her doing this: then there was ANGRI——

Blanque (*with a pleasant rebuke*). You'll make 'em all *Angry*, if you talk so loud.

Tupton (*loudly, and roaring at my joke, confound him*). Ha! ha! ha! Yes, I see, ANGRI—ANGRY.

Silford (*annoyed by the interruption, stops his own humming to remonstrate*). I say, don't——

Neighbours. S-s-s-s-h!

Silford (*to Blanque*). I say, hang it, you shouldn't encourage him.

Blanque (*indignantly*). But——

Silford. Hush! *Di Pescatore* is just commencing. Listen.

[*Commences his accompaniment to it in my left ear.*

SILFORD never knows all the words of an operatic song, but generally only the first few which are used as a title, the rest he invents as he goes on. His confidential version of this, for instance, in my ear runs thus with marginal notes on the performance on the stage.

Silford (*in my ear*). *Di Pescatore*—ah, beautiful! beautiful!—*ignobile*—charming! (*continues strictly his own version*) *esser filior lobee-ay. Beau*-tiful! Doshee vo doo bar bee wo—— (*Lets the tenor have the next line to himself.*)

Tupton (*announcing this to every one*). Ah! MARIO was the fellow for this. He and GRISI in this Scene—by Jingo, Sir,——

Neighbours (*annoyed*). Sssh!

Blanque (*shaking his head at him playfully, and wishing him at Jericho*). I say—sssh!

Silford (*sharply*). Sssh—sssh! Hang it, you know—— (*continues his own version in the second part of Di Pescatore*) *Errai mar madray el volio—soonay bardee-ar pelolio*—Lovely! (*Rises with the occasion, and comes out in opposition to the tenor*). Boney vedee too moodee——

Tupton (*loudly*). Sssh—sssh! (*Sees it is* SILFORD.) I say don't do that, old fellow, it's quite impossible——

Neighbours (*sharply*). S-s-h—S-s-h!

Blanque. Yes. S-s-s-h. (*Pacificatingly.*)

Silford (*apologetically to Blanque*). I really didn't know—but sometimes one is carried away by the——

Tupton. Bravo! Brava! (*Applauds loudly.*) Capital! (*To* BLANQUE.) I say, did you ever see TAMBURINI do the Duke?

Blanque (*thinking to shut up the conversation—without strict regard to truth*). Yes.

Tupton. Ah! he was nothing like RONCONI, though.

Neighbours. S-s-s-h!

[*One gentleman leaves his seat, and is seen at the entrance pointing out* TUPTON *to the Stall-keeper.*

Blanque (*severely*). I say you must not talk—really you must not.

Hereupon TUPTON, in a stentorian and indignant tone, protests that he is not talking louder than I am, and that it is SILFORD who is attracting public attention by his confounded humming. SILFORD is at this moment contentedly following *Lucrezia* in her grand "Scene with the Duke." He interrupts himself, to discuss the point warmly with TUPTON, both leaning across in front of me. The Act-drop falls. I quit my place, on the pretence of saying "How d'ye do?" to a lady in a box, and I do not return again. I fully expected to see in next day's paper, under the heading BOW STREET—

"JAMES GEORGE TUPTON, describing himself as," &c., &c., "was brought up before MR. BEEK, charged with assaulting SAMUEL PRAT, a stall-keeper at Her Majesty's Theatre," &c., &c.

But I didn't. TUPTON and SILFORD never speak to one another now, and talk of each other as "a fellow who doesn't know how to behave in public."

Work for the New President.

ULYSSES GRANT!

The United States have done well to choose a Ulysses to preside over them. Not only because Ulysses is the type of political wisdom, but because, considering the plague of office-seekers in Washington, there is great need of one who has had previous experience of ridding a house of *suitors*.

VERY RIGHT.

THE Electors of Chelsea look upon an Election (first time) as a serious matter, and will not hear of having a FREAKE.

WE see a new Novel advertised, *The Queen of my Heart*. A sequel, we presume, to the *King of my Club*.

NOT SO BAD AS THAT.

Huntsman. "GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT, MASTER GEORGE. THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING TO GET MARRIED, AND SELL YOUR HORSES; BUT I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT OF YOU!"

SONG FOR THE ELECTIONS.

AIR—"*Ten Little Niggers.*"

TEN little Candidates going out to dine,
One ate his words and choked—then there was nine.
Nine little Candidates, talking of the State,
One talked his breath away—then there was eight.
Chorus—One little, two little, three little, four little,
five little Candidates' joys;
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little,
ten little Candidates' joys.

Eight little Candidates tried to stand for Devon,
One stood until he dropped—then there was seven.
Seven little Candidates called out "Brayvo, HICKS,"
One gave up the contest—then there was six.
Chorus—One little, &c.

Six little Candidates thought they couldn't thrive,
One of them *didn't*—then there was five.
Five little Candidates, Tory to the core,
One changed his principles—then there was four.
Chorus—One little, &c.

Four little Candidates never could agree,
One cut their company—then there was three.
Three little Candidates' bills came overdue,
One was put in Whitecross Street—then there was two.
Chorus—One little, &c.

Two little Candidates went to see the dun.
One got arrested too—then there was one,
One little Candidate standing all alone,
Got blown up by his party—and then there was *none.*
Chorus.—One little, &c.

"FULL OF SOUND AND FURY."—A Captured Cod-fish.

A PUFF DIRECT.

MR. PUNCH does not permit himself often to receive presentations from his admirers, and has recently declined accepting a rhinoceros with two native attendants, three discarded mothers-in-law, a self-acting barrel-organ, and an automaton banjo-player. An ingenious friend has at one and the same time discovered a way to overcome *Mr. Punch's* scrupulosity, and to provide him with such a remarkably convenient despatch-box that for the future it will be impossible to mislay papers or to have a moment's difficulty in referring to a correspondence of long anterior date.

This really valuable contrivance has received the name of the "A.B.C. Despatch-Box," owing to the alphabetical arrangement of its four-and-twenty receivers of letters, receipts, memoranda, and bank-notes, whilst its other appliances would make the business of a miniature post-office an easy matter. Our ingenious friend is at present engaged on the completion of a Complete Letter-Writer, by which the correspondence of love or business will be ably conducted by the mere will of the possessor. The instrument has not been publicly tried as yet, but knowing the capacity of the "A.B.C. Despatch-Box," nothing that the inventor may hereafter devise need surprise any one.

"Put that in your Pipe, Parties."

Two roads to Power the Election opes;
Both end in smoke, as *Punch* discerns;
'Tis "*Short-cut*" for which GLADSTONE hopes,
While DIZ and Co. Count on *Returns.*

Explanation.

MR. HARRY EMANUEL, the fashionable jeweller of Bond Street, is very properly anxious to have it made known that he is not the HENRY—miscalled HARRY—EMANUEL who figured so discreditably at the Police Court, and who, in consequence, had a sharp tap from the *bâton* of *Mr. Punch* last week.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

PECUNIARY.

Coins.—I have two marked sovereigns, one of which was lately put into a decoy letter at the Post Office. Can be had a bargain. Also a few notes, which I have neither time nor opportunity to take to the Bank. Apply to E. Y., care of Editor.

A Spade-guinea to be exchanged for five guineas hoe'd since 1857. (1000)

Brass.—Wanted to exchange some of this commodity for two blushes and a little modesty: "real" preferred to "mock." (Address, SAM CHEEKIE, Tiger Comique, Juno Music Hall, or care of Editor.)

PROVINCES.

A Sad Dog—Wants some other Dog to exchange experiences, so that he may learn, before too late, how to *retrieve* thirty years' worth of lost time. (Address, QUESNEL, Barkshire.)

Dog.—Valuable to Sporting Parsons with covert Ritualistic tendencies. To be exchanged for anything double its value, a Dog, Maltese cross, with tan terrier. (A. 1)

Dog.—A distinguished Mahommedan will exchange a dog of a Christian slave for a house in Park Crescent. The dog is black, and thoroughly well tanned. (B. 1059)

Animal.—Will exchange a collection of crests for a Badger. (N.Z.)

I will exchange my measles for a cold in the head. A meeting, as both are catching, would have the effect required. (To Editor, send your Inspector.) (B. 239)

Book.—A beautiful white feather, lately exhibited by a gentleman in the field, will be exchanged for a copy of *The Art of Pluck.*

Horses.—Wanted, a FIRST-RATE HUNTER, WARRANTED SOUND. Willing to exchange for it a match-box filled with matches *which only ignite on their own box!!!* and a musical ditto of one barrel, slightly out of order, but easily re-arranged. Also crests, stamps, and beautiful old music in fair preservation. (C. 102)

Umbrellas.—I will exchange my confounded umbrella for a good one. Mine is a curiosity, most valuable to a collector. Once up it won't go down for days together. No one can find out the cause of this. It lets in the rain, but nobody has yet been able to discover where. It defies the thief, and though it may be taken away by force, its return may be relied upon with certainty. I will also include crests, stamps, old music copies, and some school-books of the last century. (C. 232)

Nursery. I'll exchange my children's drums, trumpets, whistles, unmusical glasses, quacking dogs and ducks with ingenious bellowses, two carts with wheels to play tunes, battledores, and mouth-organs, for *three quiet dolls* which don't squeak or make any sort of noise at all. (Address MATER, Nursery Gardens, Bedfordshire.)

Various.—I will exchange a Persian kitten for a trombone (17,956)—I will exchange a pair of slippers for a well broken-in setter, a shooting pony, and a breech-loader. (000)

CLERICAL.

Living.—I will exchange a place of twenty pounds a year for a living even if twenty times the value. I will throw into the bargain a book of fine old Gregorian chants. (REV. T. THINNE.) (A. 12)

Ritualistic.—To be exchanged for something or other:—Two Dalmatics, for which there will be no further use, the rector being laid up with the rheumatics. (M. B. 6006)

FINE ARTS.

Pictures.—A Herring and a Half for a Cook. (THEO. B. 5)

Statuary.—I will exchange a beautiful statue of somebody in undress, name unknown, originally exhibited in the New Road. Open to an offer. No one with only *crests, stamps,* or *old music* need apply. (G. 678,910)

Pictures.—I have over two hundred fine engravings, splendid specimens of colour-printing, which once formed the outside cover of musical pieces, songs, &c., at different dates. The collection includes a study of "*The Magnificent Bricks,*" "*The Merriest Girl that's Out,*" "*Jolly Nash,*" a full length of *Mr. Thomas Dodd,* also of *Champagne Charlie.* With these a collection of stamps and autographs. The autographs, mostly at six months, are still valuable as curiosities. Open to an offer. (J. E. 10)

DRESS.

Feathers.—I want some peacock's feathers. (Address JACKDAW.) I'll give stamps, crests, and some very pretty pieces of music. (170)

Muff.—Wanted, a good Waltzer for my next ball, instead of the Muff to whom I'm engaged. MAYBIRD, Violet Cottage. (18)

Gloves. I will exchange a Pair of Gloves for —— well, any one knows what Gloves *are* exchanged for. He must be very nice. PUSSY. (19)

Jacket.—A little boy wishes to exchange for a Tail-coat his Jacket, which is always being trimmed at school. ALPHA. (1)

A SERIOUS WORD TO WORKING-MEN.

MR. ODGER has done himself credit by retiring from the contest at Chelsea, in compliance with the decision of the arbitrators to whom he and his Committee referred the question whether it was best for the Liberal cause in Chelsea that he or SIR H. HOARE should quit the field.

Who can doubt—who has ever doubted—that MR. ODGER's position, as a *bonâ fide* working-man, would be one of his very highest recommendations in the eyes of the three arbitrators to whom the question was referred—MR. JAMES STANSFELD, MR. THOMAS HUGHES, and MR. PETER TAYLOR?

If ninety-nine people out of a hundred have not condemned the choice of such a trio for such a purpose, as unfair and one-sided, it is not because the decided leaning of each of the three to the class to which MR. ODGER belongs is not notorious, but because their high principle, their capacity to see, and their courage to do, what is honest and right in this or any other matter referred to them, are equally matters of notoriety. It is therefore very disappointing to find the Chairman of MR. ODGER's Committee talking in this style:—"*How* MESSRS. STANSFELD, HUGHES, *and* TAYLOR *had decided upon the rejection of* MR. ODGER, *they had yet to learn*; but this they *certainly did know*—and it was the old story over again—that working-men acted with undue faith in those they considered they might trust."

NOW, MR. NIEASS—the speaker who is reported as having used those words—ought to have seen that, as MR. ODGER's Committee had not yet learned the grounds of the referees' decision, it was premature to conclude that working-men had in this matter "shown undue faith in those whom they believed they might trust." And MR. ODGER lays himself open to the same reproof when he tells his audience "no doubt working-men had been insulted by the decision of the referees—a blow had been dealt by it to the Liberal party; and though he was as faithful to that party as any man could be, he was not faithful to every limb of it, because he knew there was rottenness behind it."

All this is, in plain English, very paltry and pettish.

If it was wise, and unselfish, as we assume and believe it was, in MR. ODGER, to refer to arbitrators the question "Shall I stand for Chelsea, or retire?" it was wise and unselfish in him to abide by their decision—all the more as the arbitrators were men of the highest character, the most advanced Liberal principles, and the strongest fellow-feeling with working-men—so strong indeed, that the only objection ever heard to them was, that they were too decided partizans of MR. ODGER's cause to be fair arbitrators in it. An appeal to character, however, silenced that exception to their impartiality. Yet now, because these gentlemen have decided that MR. ODGER would best serve the Liberal cause by retiring, he retires indeed, but mars the grace of his retirement by the manner of it. He and his Committee sulk and grumble, and throw out insinuations, and talk about "insults to the working-classes," and working men putting "undue faith in those they *thought* they might trust."

No, friend NIEASS. There is more than *one* old story about working-men, and those they trust. Like those who are called their betters, and even more than their betters unfortunately, working-men have often a good deal of undue faith in rogues who flatter them, schemers who pander to their prejudices, and knaves who keep their hold over them by getting the length of their foot. Such rascals they, too often, to their cost, "consider they may trust."

But we never heard of their being too prone to put faith in men, who while they felt with and for them, yet preferred hard truth to pleasant lying about them and their affairs as about other men and things, and had courage to rub their prejudices against the hair, when they felt their real interests required it.

The fault of working-men has been, not the putting "undue faith" in friends of this kind, but the not putting faith enough in them; and the tone in which the Chairman of MR. ODGER's Committee, and—*Punch* is sorry to see—MR. ODGER himself, comment on the decision of MESSRS. STANSFELD, HUGHES, and TAYLOR, confessing at the same time that they are not informed of the grounds of it, is a striking illustration of this fault. There is nothing so hard in the practical education of working-men, as the teaching them to prefer disagreeable truth to flattering falsehood, and not to turn from the friends who have the pluck to tell them such truth to the schemers who mislead them by such falsehood. It is this difficulty which has wrecked more working-men's movements, co-operative, educational, self-helping, than any other—the difficulty of getting working-men to know their true friends from their sham ones, and to trust the former, even when their vanity is fretted, or their wish or whim of the moment thwarted, for any reason, however weighty, or in any cause, however sacred.

Prevailing Epidemic.

WE hear distressing accounts of the health of the Police. In consequence of the arduous duties they have lately had to perform, numbers of them are laid up with—hooping-cough.

BORROWED PLUMES.

Photographer (to old party who has been shilly-shallying about her carte for ever so long). "YOU 'D BETTER HAVE IT DONE THIS MORNING, MADAM; THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.'

The Lady. "SO I INTENDED, MR. FOKERS, AND I'D DECIDED TO BE TAKEN LIKE 'MABEL GREY'! AND THERE'S THAT STUPID MAN HAS NEVER SENT MY HAIR HOME!!"

A WORD FOR A PATRIOT.

MR. PUNCH has ever a tear of compassion for the afflicted, and he proposes to weep with his friend MR. PETER TAYLOR, of Leicester, if convenient to that gentleman. Among the candidates for Chelsea was MR. ODGER, working-man. It became a question whether MR. ODGER or SIR HENRY HOARE should retire from the contest, and this question was referred, by consent of both, to three umpires, whose extremely radical views made it certain that they would be guided only by consideration of the interest of Liberalism. When MR. PUNCH names them, it will be seen that they are out-and-out Liberals. MR. STANSFELD, MR. TOM HUGHES, and MR. PETER TAYLOR aforesaid were the three. They decided that MR. ODGER should retire. He did; but, in the following gracious speech to an artisan meeting, signified his discontent:—

"No doubt the working-men had been insulted by what had taken place. A blow had been dealt to the Liberal party; and, although he was as faithful to the Liberal party as any man could be, he was not faithful to every limb of it, because he knew there was a rotten limb behind it. (*Hear, hear.*)"

The Chairman, a MR. NIEASS, was still more explicit.

"It was the old story over again—that working-men acted with undue faith in those whom they considered they might trust. (*Hear, hear.*) They had been too honest and too confiding in the class which had no sympathy with working-men. (*Hear, hear.*)"

MR. PUNCH has nothing to say about the decision—of course it was impossible for three men to be honest Liberals, and yet to believe that an enormous constituency, comprising not only a great mass of the wealth and education of London, but a variety of interests requiring the attention of a Member with leisure as well as skill, might be more conveniently represented than by a working-man, however intelligent. But the cruel charge of want of sympathy! MR. STANSFELD is a statesman, and can afford the taunt, and TOM HUGHES has done so much for the artisan class that he can laugh at the accusation. But we fear that it may damage our friend PETER TAYLOR at Leicester, and we sorrow with him enormously, and sincerely trust that at the eleventh hour no opponent may start up, and deprive the House of PETER'S solemn yet fervid oratory, profound wisdom, and sparkling epigram. We cannot spare our PETER TAYLOR, and we shall be very vexed with Leicester if it avenges ODGER on him. Banish patriotic PETER and banish all the world.

THE FIGHT FOR FINSBURY.

THE men of Finsbury have resolved to pay all MR. TORRENS'S election expenses. This is a fitting tribute to a worthy man and a useful legislator. ALDERMAN LUSK, we believe, pays his own, which is equally fitting, not to say necessary, for if we were a Finsbury elector we would stand on our head on "Finsbury Pavement" before we would subscribe a shilling to help a man who "didn't think much of the Elgin Marbles," and then we wouldn't. We don't think much of ALDERMAN LUSK, in fact we never think of him at all, except when obliged, as we were by having to speak of the other, and excellent candidate, MR. TORRENS. It our old friend and enemy COX licks LUSK, we don't know that we shall go into mourning. They are both Nobodies, and Finsbury ought to be represented by Somebodies, but we never heard that COX sneered at the Elgin Marbles—so for COX we'll raise our *vox*, and into LUSK we'll run our tusk. Hooray!

An Example to Ritualists.

THE newspapers have announced that the REV. J. MONTESQUIEU BELLEW is about to be received into the Church of Rome. In the words of *Hamlet*, says *Mr. Punch* to MR. PURCHAS, "I would you were so honest a man?"

Printed by Joseph Smith, of 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, November 14, 1868.

ELECTION ITEMS.

IN the week ending November 21, 1868, the Inquisition with all its terrors was set up in England—so future historians will record. Pressure was brought to bear all over, and the screw vigorously applied. Many men of good birth, education, and fortune, were put to the question, and tortured past endurance and luncheon time, openly in Market Places, Town Halls, and other public resorts, in the presence of the clergy and ministers of all denominations, who far from interfering to save the victims from suffering, at times added to their torment. The Government whip was not forgotten, and the "boot" of the Irish Church mercilessly worked. Men were on the rack for hours; they were badgered, baited, and trapped, and some went away from the scene of torture hopelessly fettered for years to come. One poor man, quite young, could hardly reach his hotel, so prostrate and exhausted was he, all through an extraordinary combination of Bishops in the House of Lords, deceased wives' sisters, married couples in workhouses, garotters, life peers, Protestant Dissenters, Ritualists, teetotallers, Trades' Unionists, compound householders, Irish Deans, female voters, Fenians, public school-boys, and street Arabs. He declared that he had also been interrogated as to his opinions upon Latin verses, open spaces, fancy bread, undergraduates' dinners, the distress prevailing amongst the purveyors of "canine provisions," the surrender of Gibraltar, and the November star-showers. Another victim sat up the whole of the night before he was led out to the Hustings, at his inn in a Scotch Burgh, where fortunately the whiskey was all that could be desired, trying to master the Law of Hypothec; and in Wales several aspirants bound themselves to the Atlas-like task of removing Monmouthshire from the Map of England. Some speakers had to face the vegetarian question when cabbages lightly touched their whiskers, and in more boroughs than one rabbits introduced the subject of Game Laws.

Many youthful Candidates, who relied principally on their family connection with Thisborough and Thatborough, made the farce complete by having a prompter at their side when it was their turn to speak: others were observed to look anxiously into the crown of their hat—the crowd all the while very desirous to have it from them.

The usual platformitudes were spoken. All the forms were gone through, but some unlucky men never found their seats again. Many young fellows lamented their imperfect education, when they found themselves unable to explain to BERTHA, and CLARA, and MARGARET, the exact meaning of such expressions as hustings, scot and lot, pot-wallopers, freemen, forty-shilling freeholders, faggot votes, knights of the shire, pocket boroughs, &c.

The show of hands was as liberal and dirty as ever.

The ladies, not in the least troubled by all BOVILL and BYLES had been saying of them, displayed their usual beautiful colours, and seemed a little disappointed at the Returning Officer not appearing in uniform, nor could they make out to what regiment he belonged. Perhaps they thought more of the Candidates' looks than their views, and although not generally partial to statistics, they were delighted with many of their figures. In one or two cases of uncompromising wigs, the state of the poll was not considered satisfactory. When the speakers treated (thereby breaking the law) the electors to equalisation of the poor-rates, county financial boards, Regium Donum, &c., the ladies exercised the franchise, despite the Court of Common Pleas, and voted them a bore; but on the whole they received the addresses of their favourite Candidates with marked approval and pocket-handkerchiefs. The gentlemen who proposed were in high favour, and perhaps to the ladies the most interesting event of all was—the Declaration.

A great many votes were split, and a few heads.

Special Trains ran, and so did Special Constables.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

DRESS.

Garibaldi.—I will exchange a Tucked White Muslin trimmed with real Cluny, for something worth having. I will not take stamps, crests, or old music, having done *that* myself often. What I *do* want is a beautiful real Sealskin Jacket and a Pony-Carriage, with Pony, warm rugs, and a Silver-mounted white Whip. JENNY D.

Habit.—Wanted a Riding Habit, made to fit, for a lovely figure. Must be of the best cloth, made by the best tailor; also to match a Hat, a Chestnut Mare, a Whip with a Gold Handle, a Gold Watch, Three Diamond Rings, and £1000 a-year pin-money. Many things to offer in exchange—open to suggestions. L. N. (21)

LIBRARY.

Scott.—I want the original editions of all SIR WALTER SCOTT's works. I will give, in exchange, the volumes of BRADSHAW, *in perfect order*, for the last ten years. (80)

Tupper.—I will exchange a copy of the *Proverbial Philosophy* (one quarter cut) for anything except stamps, crests, or old music. (19)

Jokes.—I have some fine old crusted jokes, warranted to set the table in a roar, better than new; also some first-rate riddles, in an excellent state of preservation, supposed to have been composed by the author of "When is a door not a door?" and at about the same date. I will exchange them for dinners at the best Clubs: five jokes and two riddles per dinner. (D. B.)

GARDEN.

I will exchange a couple of flower-pots and a spade for a first-class hunter over fifteen three. He must be safe and sound. (3109)

What will anyone give me, in the way of geraniums, ferns, and cactuses, for some beautiful old music, a collection of postage-stamps (over two hundred, and *some blue*), and a variety of crests? (410,710)

I will give some splendid specimens of mustard and cress, grown on a flannel over a damp saucer (a perfect little marvel in horticulture), for a lawn-mowing machine in perfect order, or anything really worth having. Crests and old music objected to. (345,678)

DOMESTIC.

I have a very old hat, and boots to match. Will exchange the same for anything except stamps, old music, crests, or monograms (100,000)

POULTRY.

I have a very large, light Brahma cock, which I will exchange for a Brahma lock. (307)

Wanted, a red game Bantam. Will give in exchange a first-rate collection of stamps and crests. (45)

I *do* want a Guinea fowl. I will give in exchange *any number of autographs of anybody living or dead.* There's an offer! (900,700,600Q)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Skating.—Wanted, slides for a magic lantern. The "Devil and Baker" objected to. Will give an odd skate—a very odd skate—in exchange.

Dumb-bells.—Will exchange dumb-bells with anybody, if his are better than mine. (6,007)

Clubs.—Will exchange Clubs with any gentleman, if he will pay my subscription. (9.00)

"Sigh no More, Ladies: Ladies, Sigh no More."

AN indignant "advocate of her sex" writes to us, denouncing the *Pall-Mall* as a "brute of a paper," which has always treated the softer and sweeter sex in its articles "as the dirt under its feet," and complaining especially of that ungallant organ for having dared to call the claim of ladies to vote at common law, a "mare's nest."

Punch begs his indignant Correspondent to be comforted. The *Pall-Mall* is very rude. It wasn't a mare's nest. It was a lady-mayoress's.

A la Bonne Heure!

THE Tories spread rumours that MR. GLADSTONE is a Catholic. Ha! *Mr. Punch* is reminded of a verse of an old ballad, wherein it is said to the enemies of a fighting Bishop—

"Right heavily upon your heads
He 'll lay his hand—in steel,
And with his trusty Partisan
Your absolution deal."

GREATNESS HAS ITS PENALTIES.—It requires some previous instruction to perform the duties of the Ninth of November properly. As a rule, the Lord Mayor is "coached up" every year.

HUNTING STUDIES BY RAIL.

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF COMFORT IN COATS.

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A FENIAN PRISONER.

WELL may the Fenians raise the cry against the Saxon tyrant. Read the *Cork Herald*:—

"MRS. MACKAY, the wife of 'CAPTAIN' MACKAY, the Fenian convict, has had two interviews with her husband in Millbank Prison. She seemed well satisfied with the treatment her husband was receiving. MACKAY was comfortably clad, and had become so stout that she did not recognise him until he spoke."

Here is a theme for the Fenian Press in America:—"The brutal wretches who have incarcerated our patriots, cram them, like turkeys, until their glorious and godlike figures are destroyed, that they may hold them up as ludicrous monsters of obesity. But we tell the haughty Saxon that, when we regain our hero, we will soon starve him down into heroic mould; and when he comes with banner, brand, and bow, as leader seeks his mortal foe, the Governor of Millbank shall expiate, on coals of fire, the tyrannic cookery which has fattened our MACKAY."

Poem for a Railway Platform.

IDEAS, into trains of thought
By running, hurt no brains—
Not so when passengers are brought
To grief—by luggage trains.

"IN MEDIO TUTISSIMÆ."

THE County all strong-minded females ought to vote in—Middlesex.

MR. GLADSTONE A PAPIST.

MR. PUNCH never had the slightest doubt that MR. GLADSTONE was a Papist. But as less acute persons than *Mr. Punch* appear to be just now much exercised on the subject, and keep on writing letters to MR. GLADSTONE and the papers about it, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to submit the following irrefragable proofs of the Roman Catholicism of the next Premier. After this, surely no more need be said.

Mr. Punch knows that MR. GLADSTONE *is a Papist,*

BECAUSE, even in his family circle, he has never been heard to call the Church of Rome a Scarlet Lady, or to propose the toast, "Bad End to the Pope!"

BECAUSE, when a Shoe-black of the S.V.P. brigade once asked him to have his shoes "shined," though MR. GLADSTONE hypocritically refused the young Papist's services, he gave him a penny.

BECAUSE he never fastens his letters with wafers. His adulators say that this is because gummed envelopes are cleanlier and more convenient; but we know better. It is out of respect to the Wafer used by the Church of Rome.

BECAUSE the hair at the top of his head is thinning. Naturally, say his defenders. Out on them! We know that in the most secret and artful manner he has a few hairs taken out every day, with a view to an ultimate imitation of the tonsure.

BECAUSE he destroyed the Italian prisons, that were full of priests' victims. This was because the scandal of the system was injuring the Papacy, which he sought to conserve.

BECAUSE he never lets off fireworks from his balcony in Carlton House Terrace, on Guy Faux Day, nor gives money to the boys with Guys.

BECAUSE MRS. GLADSTONE is always doing acts of charity to the poor, as notoriously enjoined by the Church of Rome, as proofs of faith.

BECAUSE he has translated several Protestant hymns into Latin, to make them resemble Popish hymns.

BECAUSE he frequently makes quotations from POPE, who, besides having such a name, was a Catholic.

BECAUSE he is not a subscriber to the *Record* or the *Rock*.

BECAUSE he does not intend to offer very high office to MR. WHALLEY.

BECAUSE DR. MANNING, long before he went over, having been godfather to a son of MR. GLADSTONE, he did not, on the Doctor's going over, procure a private Act of Parliament for disestablishing the sponsorship.

BECAUSE if there is fish at his dinner on Fridays (as there usually is, mark), he generally takes some.

BECAUSE his brother-in-law, SIR STEPHEN GLYNNE, notoriously lives in a castle that belonged to Roman Catholics for several hundred years.

BECAUSE he has never been known by his family, when at table, and there was mutton, to express a desire to eat the Pope's Eye.

BECAUSE with Diabolical and Jesuitical art he has always declared and proved himself a devoted supporter of the Church of England, and this alone, to any "truly Protestant" mind, MR. GLADSTONE'S evil character being considered, would be—and indeed seems to be—sufficient proof that he who will be Premier at Christmas is a bigoted Papist.

N.B. The above may be reprinted by any Protestant Association.

JOHN BULL TO JOHN BRIGHT.

MY eloquent JOHN BRIGHT, your denunciation 's strong,
But more potently would smite your satire's stinging thong,
If for guidance of its might, you 'd take this with you along—
That *you* aren't always right, your opponents always wrong;

That some doctrines worth a whiff are, though they lead between two stools;
That sails for the state-skiff are, without ballast, dangerous tools;
That dull folks' backs get stiffer, the more you call them mules;
And that men from you may differ, yet be neither rogues nor fools;

That 'twixt argument and reason wise men two ways may decide;
That to ride slow there 's a season, and a season fast to ride;
That to truth it is no treason both eyes to open wide,
One that things their *Dark*side sees on, and one on their *Bright*side.

Too Bad.

THE Brigands, a week or so ago, took off MR. CAMPBELL, Vice-Rector of the Scotch College in Rome. MR. CAMPBELL was returned by the brigands, on compulsion, safe and sound. Now what was the observation of the *Times* Correspondent on this matter? Why, will it be believed, an unfeeling pun; he actually wrote to the leading Journal to say that "Brigandage in this province is not killed, though *Scotched*." We shouldn't ha' thought it of him.

EXTREMES MEET.—So did MR. BRIGHT and the Gun Trade.

PITY THE POOR PRISONERS!

Scene—*County Prison: Visiting Justices on Inspection.*

Visiting Justice. "Any Complaints?"

Prisoner. "Yes, your Honour. We're guv on'y one Bucket at Shavin' Time, so we've all got to dip our Razors in the same Water, and who knows wot Skin Diseases a Cove might ketch!"

A CABBY QUESTION.

Mr. Punch,—Sir,

Being attached to a public vehicle, I trust I am not abusing the licence granted to individuals of my stamp in conveying to you my ideas on a subject of great political importance. My shafts may not be so pointed or satirical as yours, but they are much more irritating, and when chewing my oats, I often think of Shakspeare's familiar line, "Let the galled jade wince," and fancy he must have had in his fine poetic eye a London cab-horse like myself, with wheels behind wheals.

Although by habit identified with the party of progress, my instincts are purely Conservative. I have great respect for our Prime Minister, because he has succeeded (which I have not) in raising himself from the ranks. Looking at his new Reform Bill from my stand-point, I heartily approve of that clause in it which prohibits cabs from being employed for electioneering purposes. Well do I remember what sufferings I endured to bring in the popular candidates at the last election. I was completely run off my legs, and compelled to strain my sinews in a cause which I conscientiously detested. It is very singular that Blues as a rule carry more weight than Buffs, which can only be accounted for by Dublin Stout having a greater specific gravity than spirits-and-water. Those who stand up for our "glorious constitution" know well what generous support it derives from malt and hops scientifically combined, and they generally fortify themselves accordingly before they start for the hustings. Men of stable minds despise toddy.

I presume, *Mr. Punch*, that you are hand and glove with the Government Whip? Be so good, then, as to ask him, in order that the Cabby question may have a Cabinet answer, as cabs are *scratched* for the approaching race between Disraeli and Gladstone, whether sedan-chairs are legal conveyances?

I am not at all clear on this point, for as no Act of Parliament, I am told, was ever framed, but a coach-and-four could drive through it, I should be surprised if in one that has been more tinkered than any other, a loophole could not be found wide enough to admit a wheel-barrow.

In any event, Reform must be a boon to the working-horses of this vast Metropolis, whose energies are now relieved from an oppressive poll-tax.

I hate agitation, and think that many of our parliamentary leaders require curbing. There is far too much play about their heads, and their mouths are not near so tender as they should be.

You are aware that I am an humble votary of the Mews, and I beg therefore to subscribe myself by my *nom de plume*,

Very truly yours,

Whetstone Park, Lord Mayor's Day. Aurora Floyd.

A ROCK CRYSTAL.

We would give a small sum—say the worth of the Cabinet's chance of life—to be so near Mr. Disraeli as to be able to see his face when he sees (as he will see for the first time when reading his *Punch*) the following conclusion of an article in which one of the "religious" papers commends him to the battle, as Achilles dismissed Patroclus, with a prayer, to the fight in which he fell:—

"May the great Protestant statesman who is now piloting the vessel of the State under Providence in a dangerous sea and amidst Rocks of peril (we do not allude to ourselves) trust not merely to human foresight however clear, or to genius however gifted, but like the wise mariner who pilots his barque by looking for guidance to one fixed star above him, so may Mr. Disraeli look to that Great Light above him which never leads astray, and never ceases to shine on all who truly seek it, and trust in it."

We must preserve this as one of the Election gems. What will the *Rock* say, if Mr. Disraeli runs his barque ashore?

MUSTERING FOR THE MÊLÉE.

FROM Lizard Point to John o'Groat's, from Fair Head to Cape Clear,
'Tis slogan cry, and brass blown high, chink of metal, flow of beer;
For the Great Tilt of the Session, the Electors' lists are dight,
And, in cognisance and colour, are mustering squire and knight.

Chief of the knights defenders, arrayed to hold the field,
SIR BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI on high hath hung his shield;
Party-per-pale its colours, its device a rope of sand,
And the legend

"He fighte at pe beste that fighte for his owne hande."

Round him, in their pavilions, his knights companions see,
SIR JOHN DE PAKINGTON-LE-NEZ, SIR GAYTHORNE-LE-HARDÌ,
NORTHCOTE, and PATTEN, and WARD HUNT, but late a simple squire,
And, tower of strength, LORD STANLEY, cool son of heady sire.

What need to tell how to these strengths others bring ancient names,
MANNERS and RICHMOND, CHANDOS and MARLBOROUGH—here be claims!
And what if somewhat slackly they sit or rashly ride,
They charge with weight of ancestry, and acreage beside.

Now shields are hung and gages flung, and armourer-work 's complete;
Targe braced, helm laced, 'tis time, I trow, each knight were in his seat;
But oh! 'tis heavy heaving, and many a hitch and fall,
Ere, fast and free, in saddle-tree, they are mounted one and all.

Nor then 'tis easy guiding those steeds with bit or spur:
Some fling out viciously behind, and some refuse to stir . . .
Though the dark hand of D'ISRAELI show the course he'd have them ride,
Some back, some bolt, some, bit in teeth, are circling wild and wide.

Little look these defenders like knights to hold a field,
Spite of broidery on housings and blazonry on shield.
'Tis many men and many minds, there where one mind should rule:
He *may* be a mighty master, but there 's murmuring in the school.

Not such the show where far below on the tourney's level field,
Are mustered the knights challengers to strike the defenders' shield,
To break their lusty lances, fair England's grace to win,
As she bows the unhorsed defenders out and the challengers bows in!

Chief of those lusty challengers, grim, gaunt, but blithe of cheer,
Curvets the gallant GLADSTONE upon his great destrere:
Sat ever warrior in selle so like a tower of steel?
Trod ever steed so stately, or so answered hand and heel?

His shield is white, and fair to sight displays a rising sun,
And for legend "*Lucem affero!*" around, in gold, doth run;
And his lance is like a weaver's beam, but, in his stalwart hand,
He sways and sweeps it lightly, as a child a hazel wand.

At GLADSTONE's side, feet planted wide, broad-shouldered, square, and stout,
JOHN BRIGHT, that sturdy swordsman, flings his two-hand blade about:
'Ware swashing blow, or friend or foe, that comes within its sweep,
It swings wider than he 's 'ware of, and its edge cuts keen and deep.

And there a knot of gallant youths that their spurs have early won,
Who take no glory from a sire, but will leave it to a son;
FORSTER, and BRUCE, and STANSFELD, and CHILDERS, good at need,
Bony and bright their coursers, though with no boast of breed.

And with these youth are veterans, seamed with old battle-scars,
Whose delight is tilt and tourney, and talk of ancient wars:
And philosophic heads are here that in helmets strangely show—
Mild MILL, and FAWCETT needing not eyes' help to find the foe.

Now speed you, lusty challengers, for God and your good cause,
The ennobling England's statecraft, and amending England's laws.
The lists are clear, the hour is here—the hour and eke the man!
Charge, gallants, charge, on either part, and let him win who can!

Books not Yet in the Press.

A Spendthrift Tight. A Novel, by the Author of *A Screw Loose.*
Fish all Alive. A Tale of thrilling interest, by the Author of *Dead Sea Fruit.*
Hate the Forgiver. A Romance, by the writer of *Love the Avenger.*
Gone to See. A Sensation Story, by the Author of *Run to Earth.*
The Death Struggle. A Sequel to *A Fight for Life.*

ECHOES OF THE ELECTION.

As the curtain rises, a vast mob is seen in a frantic state of excitement. Wild shouts.

Mr. Gladstone. Economy, Justice, Reform! (*Loud cheers.*)
Mr. Disraeli. The Church! The Constitution! (*Loud cheers.*)
Mr. Mill. CONINGHAM shan't stand for Brighton!
Mr. Conyngham. Who are you?
Mr. Bouverie. Yes, ask him that!
Mr. Labouchere. LORD ENFIELD acts like a sneak!
Lord Enfield. MR. LABOUCHERE speaks falsely!
Mr. Homer. Beer, beer, any beer?
Sir John Pakington. Hooray for the Little Fairy Actress!
Mr. Bell. No money-changers in the temple!
Baron Rothschild. That bell is cracked!
Mr. Bright. Peace, economy, freedom!
Mr. Lloyd. Who opposed the Factories Bill, Yah!
Mr. W. H. Russell. The Irish want to seize the land!
Mr. Dilke. None of your Freaks here!
Alderman Lusk. I don't think much of the Elgin marbles!
Mr. Cox. Who spent £8,000 on his election?
Sir H. Bulwer. I saved you from three wars!
Mr. Salisbury. Charge, Chester, charge!
Lord Stanley. Let well alone!
Sir R. Carden. GLADSTONE's motive is jealousy of DISRAELI!
Mr. Coleridge. Abolish the flogging of soldiers and sailors!
Sir H. Hoare. I wish I was HOARE the Banker!
Lord George Hamilton. I shall get older every day!
Mr. C. Waring. I have nothing to do with the DOULTON affair!
Mr. Merewether. Never tamper with grand institutions!
Mr. Harvey Lewis. Hooray for a National Rate!
Mr. Goschen. Who 's that shying Beans?
Lord Mayor Lawrence. I do desire a divided duty!
Mr. Miall. Sever Church from State!
Sir John Trelawny. Mitigate the Game Laws!
Mr. Henry James. Be just and fear not!
Sir George Bowyer. Hurrah for the POPE and the QUEEN!
Mr. Bradlaugh. Down with all religions!
Mr. Layard. DIZZY is a great Artful Dodger!
Sir Roundell Palmer. Oxford 's too bigoted for me!
Mr. Odger. The swells won't let a workman stand!
Mr. Buxton. There will be no more wars!
Mr. Hardman. Who persecuted GOVERNOR EYRE?
Mr. Whalley. Everybody 's a Jesuit except me!
Lord Amberley. No large families!
Mr. Mill. Bravo! they are crimes!
Lord John Manners. I cleaned the Regent's Park lake!
Capt. Sherard Osborn. Reform in the Navy!
Mr. Vernon Harcourt. Choose no cuss but Historicus!
Mr. B. Osborne. Flog Garotters! Pull libellers' noses!
Mr. Reardon. Who 'll have a donkey?
Mr. Roebuck. No ingratitude. No ratteners!
Mr. Beales. Choose the Tribune of the People!
Mr. Torrens. Better homes for workmen!
Mr. Ferrand. All Liberals are scoundrels!
Dr. Sandwith. I doctored at Kars!
Mr. O'Beirne. Reform your Dockyards!
Mr. Tom Hughes. Educate everybody!
The Speaker. Teach Latin, but not Greek!
Sir S. Waterlow. Build model lodging-houses!
Mr. Clay. Moderation—toleration—progress!
Mr. A. Trollope. Irish Church. Can You Forgive Her? No!
Mr. Merry. Nine to one on GLADDY in ponies!
Mr. Punch. Go it, my boys, and may the best men win!

None so Blind as Those that Won't See.

WE are informed that inquiries into alleged levyings of blackmail and other acts of connivance of the police, in connection with the night-houses and other kindred iniquities of the Haymarket, have caused the removal to other beats of three Inspectors and several constables of the C. Division.

These delinquents, we presume, have been found to belong, not so much to the *C*, as to the *wont-see* division, which grumblers say, is gradually getting to be the largest in the Mayne-Force.

CANDIDATES FOR THE COUNTY CROP.

CADS, intending to satirise chignons, have taken to insult ladies in the street by crying, "I 'll have your hair!" It never occurs to them that their own hair will, perhaps, be shortly taken by the shaver to the House of Correction.

TOAST OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—The Chignon at the Poll.

BEFORE THE

TOURNAMENT.

SPAIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WHAT do the Oxford Dons say to the Spanish Revolution? I believe they have given in their adhesion to the Provisional Government. I have been asked why they don't offer the crown to the O'CONNOR DON. But how do I know? Or, if I did, how can I tell? I can't: I won't.

The present state of Spain is impecuniosity. ISABELLA could come back, for money: if there was any money to come back for. If she only promised to be good for the future (and she *has* made one step, you see, by shutting the Palace door, *after* the Intendant had stolen off, against future male ballet-dancers or opera-singers, and to be opened only to grandees), she might yet make friends with the people: though never with the Reds, who had much better be left to cut each other's throats, as assuredly they will do in due course of time. As your correspondent, I refuse all offers, and never take a bribe: remember that fact, if you please, next quarter. The Spaniards are not a bit like *Don Giovanni* or *Leporello*, or anybody I ever saw in their costume; so they must be wrong. Perhaps before the Revolution it was otherwise: now, at all events, will be the time for a theatrical costumier, DON MAIUS DE BOS STREETOS, *e. g.*, to come over and get first-rate dresses for a mere song, or if not for an entire song, at all events for a couple of small notes.

My national anthem has not been adopted yet. It commences—

Sing a hymn
To GENERAL PRIM,
Tall and slim,
Stern and grim,
Stout of limb,
Eyes not dim,
Likes to swim,
That 's his whim,*
English PYM,
Though a Sim,†
Was like him,
Bright and clim ‡
As Cherubim,
Or SHAKSPEARE'S *Nym!*
Call in TIM
And CARDINAL XIM—
—ENES, to the rim
Fill, to the Brim,
For he 's no Crim—
—inal is PRIM,
So Drink to him!
and
Dowse the glim!

So I went to bed, exhausted by my carouse with the joyous Muse. Don't let TENNYSON see the above before you publish it, or he 'll swear he did it. I could tell you a story about——but no matter. But look here: just before the post goes, "Why is the Poet Laureate an ill-educated Person?" Mind, I bear him no spite. Well, Sir, I guess it is because he is the *Half read* TENNYSON. (I mean, '*Alf-red.*) Good-bye.

* This has a deep political signification, which you could only understand by being on the spot, and even then it would be difficult.

† A follower of the late REV. MR. SIMEON, of Cambridge. PYM, I am aware, lived some years before this gentleman, but he *may* be said to have followed his opinions. At all events, I *do* say it.

‡ A very North Country word, signifying much the same as bright, only different. I am aware that my use of Cherubim is not poetically correct: it is, however, licensed.

A Chime for Ch. Ch.

OXFORD, deaf to voice of charmer,
Will not hear of ROUNDELL PALMER.
If there ever comes a crisis
Threatening vested rights by Isis,
Oxford, frightened, we 'll be bound, 'll
Wish for champion like SIR ROUNDELL.

TO THE THOUGHTFUL.

NOT every man can grow Coffee who has coffee grounds in his cup.

BUMPKINS ON BRIBERY.

(BY MR. HOMEGREEN.)

THE canvass at Aldershott Camp, I 'll be bound,
'Ood cover a good many acres o' ground.
Now canvass all over the country we see;
Some fellers come down here a canvassun me.

I went t'other day to the next market town.
There was handbills and squibs stuck all over the Crown;
Likewise the White Hart they had beautified too;
The one bills all yaller, the t'others all blue.

At that time BILL BUCKLE, the saddler, come by,
We both was athirst, and the Wheatsheaf well nigh;
About the Election our talk mostly run,
And I poked up friend BILL wi' some o' my fun.

"Well, WILLUM," I sez to un, "bisnus is—how?"
"Oh, well," he replies, "pretty middlun, jest now.
"At 'lection times, hereabout, WILLUM," sez I,
"'Tis sed as how prices do mostly run high:

"I 've heerd leather gaiters was last time so rare,
Some on um was sellun' at ten pound a pair.
And how about sugar? Han't nare a balloon
Brought down to this burry the Man in the Moon?

Says BILL, "Sitch fine times as they once have a been.
I 'm feared we bain't gwiun' to zee here again;
But, Bribery Acts let um pass as they 'ool,
The pus as is longest will have the best pull.

"Supposin' I do sell my birthright, why not,
To gie 'n away right when no judgment I 've got?
I han't a got no other rason to vote,
And better than none I accounts a bank-note."

Sez I, "BILL, that there 's thought a sensible rule
By others, 'sides you, that be less knave than fool.
The end o' which is that the country gits sold
To Railwaymen, jobbers, and schemers, for gold.

"As no better rason than money you own,
For votun', your best plan 's to lave it alone.
That there, BILL, 's the dooty o' fellers like you,
Your country to serve 'tis the most you can do."

"My country be blowed!" was BILL BUCKLE'S reply;
"And as for my dooty I don't know, not I,
No more nor the Church Catechism do declare,
And no word I knows on agin sugar there."

Taking Things Philosophically.

READER, what is your idea of the best way of spending one of these long November evenings pleasantly? Is it not to attend a meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society—going, it may be, an hour beforehand, to secure a good seat—and listen to, perhaps, in the excitement of the moment, encore, "Communications on the Factorial Resolution of $x^n - 2 \cos n\theta + \frac{1}{x^n}$;" and "On some Porismatic Problems?" We are sure it is, and we hope you enjoyed yourself, and had a tumbler when all was over.

A Constituent's Question.

WHEN Candidates, to gain your votes,
In urgent manner sue,
Their importunity denotes
That they 've some end in view.
Do Railwaymen at public good,
Or private objects aim?
Of all such customers you should
Ask—"What 's your little game?"

A PASTORAL IDEA.

A BISHOP'S crook reminds him that he is, as it were, a Shepherd; and then, if there are any Ritualists in his diocese, he must regard them as so many silly sheep that have got the staggers.

MEDICOCHIRURGICAL GASTRONOMY.

Examiner. What is the best local application for gastritis?
Candidate. Bread sauce.

LAST NOVELTY.

THIS IS HOW FITZWELLINGTON CREATED A SENSATION WITH THE NEW BROBDINGNAGIAN SAMPLE SCARF.

A SCRAP FROM A SPIRIT'S DIARY.

To Huntingdon, where a Church Conference and my LORD SANDWICH did make a pretty short High and Dry Speech, and therein say, as I copy from a Paper:—

"He regretted that the Bishops had not the Power over their Clergy that they ought to have. He instanced the Conduct of MR. PURCHAS, at Brighton, towards the Bishop of his Diocese. A Bishop ought to have the same Power over his Diocese as a General had over his Army. Bishops ought to have Power of holding a Court-Clerical, and he hoped in the next Session of Parliament it would receive Attention."

Lard! to think what would happen if a Bishop did have the Power to try Heretics and Apostates by Court-Clerical as a General do Deserters and the like by Court-Martial! That Rogue, BUTLER, do talk of Pulpit Drum-ecclesiastic; and methinks the Notion of a Pulpit Drum-head Court-Clerical mighty pretty. No doubt we should soon see all that dare hold their own Way, and otherwise than their Judge, tied up to the next Tree, or indeed more likely the next Stake, and pretty short Work made of the Essayists and Reviewers, and COLENSO, and VOYSEY! For I always note the Clergy almost all seem fain to govern the Church and rule Men like a Schoolmaster do little Boys, making Laws for the Nonce to whip them by as Occasions require. And so I do believe if Bishops were able to hold a Court-Clerical to try People for Heresy, they would, nine out of ten, not at all regard the Plea that the Charge was no Breach of the Articles of Religion, but in any new Case and not within the Thirty-nine, the Bishop would make himself both Law-maker, Judge and Jury, all in one, and very likely Jack Ketch also.

And, Lard! to think my LORD SANDWICH should say he wished Bishops holding Courts-Clerical!

SOUNDS THE SAME.—At the Marylebone Election the Cabmen unanimously voted for SANDWITH, having been told that he had a great deal to do with Kars.

THE LATE LORD MAYOR'S FAREWELL.

GUILDHALL, NOVEMBER 7, 1868.

AIR—"*Weber's Last Waltz.*"

Lo, mine hours of office numbered!
Ah, my reign will soon be o'er!
With the robes of State encumbered,
I shall shortly be no more.
To my name I lose the handle,
Which it bore throughout the year;
Lord by tenure, brief as candle—
Lordship not like that of Peer.

Brothers of the Corporation,
Fain my tongue to you would tell
All my sense of obligation,
Whilst I breathe my fond farewell,
For those aids you me have rendered,
In my labours taking share:
Till my grateful thanks are tendered,
Oh, I cannot leave this chair!

Fare ye well, my coadjutors,
Aldermen, and Sheriffs two;
And, my trusty prolocutors,
Chamberlain, Recorder—you!
On me, civic monarch reigning,
Oft did irksome duties fall,
Which you lightened, part sustaining:
Officers, I thank you all.

Though laborious, in a measure,
Yet my year of mayoralty,
Notwithstanding, one of pleasure
Very great, has been to me.
Profit, which, with best endeavour,
At its worth I cannot sum,
I've derived from whomsoever
Into contact with I've come.

Whilst in life I'm yet abiding,
You may see me, now and then,
At the Mansion-house presiding,
As mere Alderman, again.
Some years hence, if this November
I survive, when I sit there;
Then old times will you remember,
Saying, "He has passed the Chair."

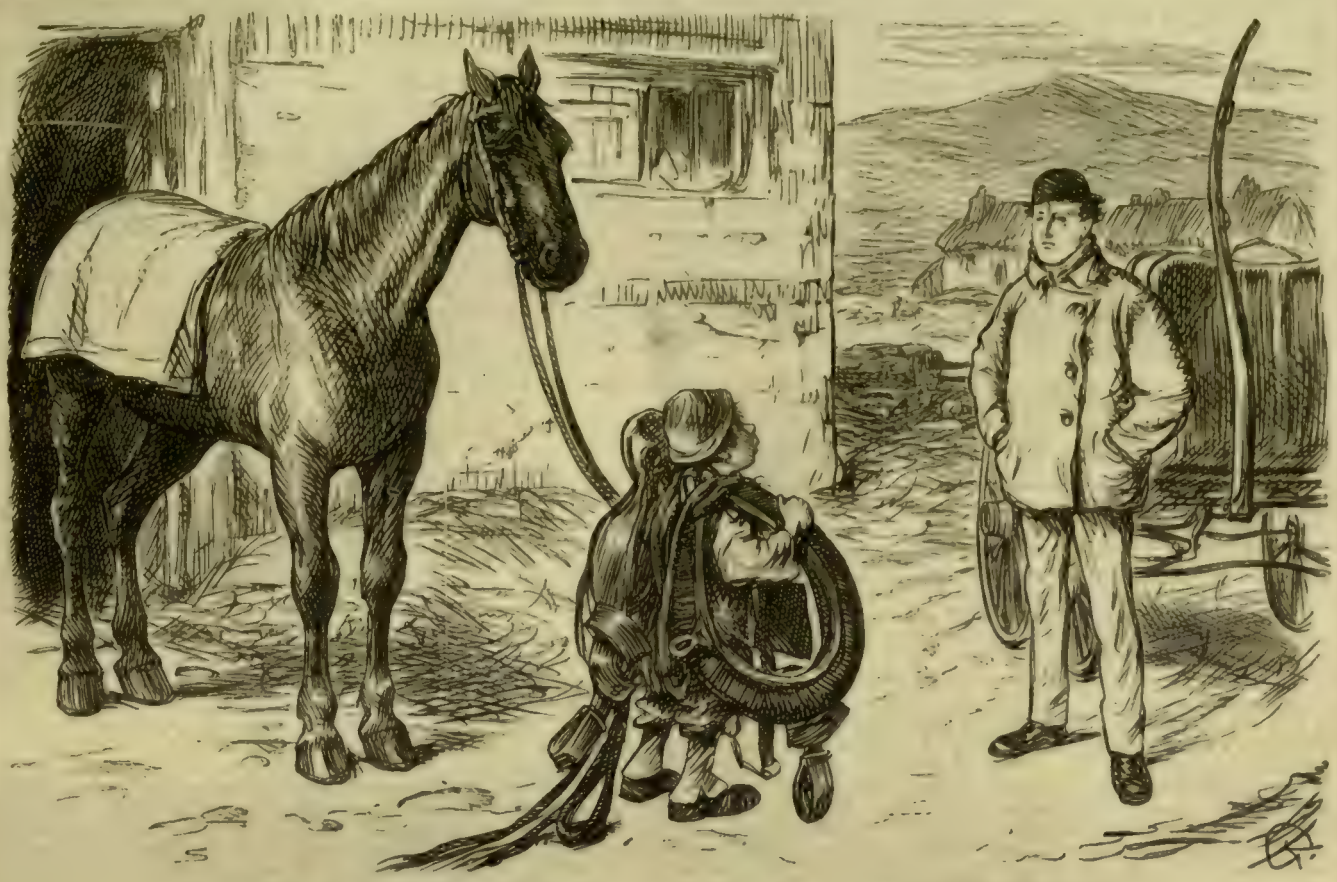
Take this Chair, then, my Successor,
Which must be no longer mine:
Of this Mace be thou possessor,
Purse and Sceptre I resign.
Sword of State, and Chain of Glory,
Take, to grace thy grandeur new.
Grandeur, oh, how transitory!
Take, oh, take, my wild adieu!

FIREPROOF THEATRES.

WE are informed by the *Morning Post* that all the scenery, and all the coverings of the seats of the new theatre Delle Logge, have been rendered incombustible by a process devised by SIGNOR BORGHI, wherein the essential element is tungstate of soda. A similar method especially designed to augment the safety of ships, commonly known in this country as BURNETT'S process, might, the *Post* judiciously suggests, be more extensively applied to the purpose of protection from fire. This idea merits the attention of managers of theatres, in their own interest as well as that of the combustible British Public, of which no member would ever get killed in the crush created by a cry of fire, if there were no fear of fire, and could therefore be no crush. We quote the reference to BURNETT'S process for the benefit of those whom it may concern, but may at the same time remark how odd it seems, in reference to anything inflammable, that the process of BURNETT should prevent it from igniting.

Success to Sidney Sussex.

THERE is nothing surprising in Cambridge Undergraduates protesting against their bad dinners. They have only done as the people of England are doing all over—shown a determination to have a change for the better in the "Commons."



Impatient Traveller (in Ireland). "Now, then, is this Trap ready? Where's the Ostler?"
Small Boy. "Shure, oi'll P-hut 'm op for ye, Sor. The other *Man's* gone iv a Arrand!!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A VOICE.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS.—THE BIG MAN WITH THE LITTLE VOICE.

A very big man, six feet two in his stockings, and six feet four in his boots; that is, allowing, as they say at cribbage, "two for his heels." A prominent man, carrying as it were all before him, or certainly nearly all. Middle-aged and prematurely bald, being exposed to the nipping and eager air at that height from the ground. His voice takes you entirely by surprise, it is *so* small, but at the same time *so* sweet. After Tupton, with his shouting, and Silford, with his double basso profondo, Norringer's voice comes as a comforting revelation.

Norringer warbles, or *now* he thinks he warbles as he used to warble when a young man. Now he rather wobbles than warbles, but still there are many who agree with me, that they'd rather hear Norringer at forty-three, than most amateur or professional tenors at twenty-five, that is as long as Norringer sticks to his own line.

That's it: having a voice, having been praised for his voice, having come at last to consider his as *the* voice of all voices, a pocket-voice as it were, easily taken out to evening parties, and capable of being carried up and down anywhere without the smallest inconvenience,—having, I say, become accustomed to regard it in this light, he stops at nothing.

You lament, before Norringer, that your musical party, so evenly balanced will come to grief, because Silford's basso won't be there.

"Well," says Norringer diffidently, he is always diffident in opening up a suggestion, "Well, is the music difficult?" You reply—No, not very.

"Have you got it?" Norringer asks.

"Yes, here it is." You show it to him. Norringer looks over it with what he intends to be the eye of a musician, and hums something indistinctly (he takes precious good care to be indistinct) which has in it the character of the air before him, and causes perhaps somebody to say, "I didn't know you were such a musician, Norringer," being taken in by this reading at sight.

"Oh, didn't you?" says Norringer, cheerfully.

"There are very few things," he continues, looking round at the company with a jolly cheery sniggle (as much as to convey, "It's very absurd my having to make this mention of myself, which everyone here knows to be true,")—"There are very few things I can't do: in music, at least." By which reservation he hints that he is perhaps not so expert in gunnery, architecture, surgery, painting, and a few other arts and sciences, although, somehow, he *does* give you to understand (by silent eloquence) that he's not such a very bad hand at even *these* matters; in fact, when it comes to conversation on any one of them he generally professes "to know something of these matters," whatever may be the topic in dispute. Of course, he knows well enough, without formulating the syllogism, that the majority, reasoning from what he *can* do in music, will give him credit for a great deal he can't do out of it.

"Well," says Norringer, after reading the bass part aforementioned, "this isn't out of my compass."

Some one expresses a doubt of this, whereupon Norringer sits down to the piano, and playing a few chords, goes down to his lowest note, "which," he says, "of course, isn't very clear to-day, because it's just after luncheon," or dinner, or supper, as the case may be, or because it *isn't* after any of those meals, either excuse being a good one for each individual constitution.

Hear Norringer singing something quite above his reach, or below it. You tell him it doesn't suit him. Norringer immediately "begs your pardon; it *does* suit him exactly; in fact, it *might* have been written for him, so exactly does it suit his organ; *only* his organ is *so* delicate that the slightest irritation caused either by some inconsiderable humidity in the atmosphere, or having early in the morning forgotten to take a lemon, or having, unfortunately, eaten a fig the night before, or not having had anything since breakfast—for my organ (he explains) requires much sustenance, and that at regular times—at once affects the bronchial tubes, and causing a certain roughness in the orifice of the glossal pipe, prevents the voice, which is purely from the chest, not in the head or throat—not (he assures you earnestly) in the head or throat (as if he would be indeed hurt if you thought *that*)—from issuing forth with its usual clarity." You thank him for the explanation, and probably observe—if you know nothing about anatomy or medicine yourself—that he appears to be "quite a doctor in these matters."

"I should think I was," he exclaims, cheerfully smiling, as if it is intensely amusing to him that you shouldn't know *that:* "I've studied these things. Lor' bless you, there are very few doctors who could pose *me*." NORRINGER is a Solicitor. "I studied surgery for some time under old COOPER, who used to say to me, 'NORRY, my boy, you'll beat us all, if you only stick to it.' But," he adds, as a sort of tribute to his kindhearted disposition, "I couldn't stick to it." After this confidence you begin to look with a certain amount of reverence upon a man who can sing you a song or set you a leg, whichever you like, as easily as I write this next word.

Talking of causes of vocal derangement, the *quasi*-discovery of ozone was a godsend to NORRINGER. "By Jove, Sir," he'd say, when he was only in doubtful voice, "I didn't get my mouthful of ozone this morning. Short constitutional for a quarter of an hour, in a thoroughly ozonised atmosphere, is *the* thing for my organ." He speaks of ozone as if it was bought by the pound, and put into the air every morning by some one whose business it is to look after this sort of thing: perhaps the Secretary to the Board of Health.

As a solicitor he is supposed to have lost a great deal of business through his voice. It was said his voice kept him away from the office. He was always out somewhere. A bitter critic once said of him, that this last remark would cause him the loss of all his musical friends as well as his clients. When asked his meaning, he explained that "Singing or not, NORRINGER was always *out*." But this was uncharitable, for NORRINGER sings beautifully in tune when taking a part in a glee or chorus.

He is always astonishing people with his voice, and the older he gets the more—by his own account—he astonishes them. Sometimes he sings so well as to positively astonish himself.

The first time I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance was while waiting for our host to come down, and introduce us, his two only guests, who were to dine with him.

We bowed to one another. He was in the room when I entered. "SMITHSON isn't down," says MR. NORRINGER, smiling. I see he is not, I say, and look at my watch so as to check my own and SMITHSON's punctuality. "Just seven," I observe. "A little past, isn't it?" asks NORRINGER, by way of not allowing the conversation to drop merely through an agreement of time-pieces. "Then I am a trifle slow, I dare say," I return, humouring him. We settle that I am a trifle slow; or finally, that, perhaps, he may be a little fast, that if one is right the other is wrong, or if SMITHSON is going by *his* clock, then we are both wrong, and so we smile at one another, and I observe that town's not very full. He too has noticed this fact; but makes an exception in favour of Bond Street, where there was quite a block of carriages this afternoon. This, though, he thinks may be accounted for by the Afternoon Concert at Hanover Square Rooms.

"Oh, a Concert?" I say, and feeling that after all his endeavours to sustain conversation I oughtn't to allow the shuttlecock to drop now, I ask, "What Concert?" This NORRINGER doesn't know; but GARDONI, he says, is there. "Ah, I like GARDONI," I observe, having heard him once in something, of which I don't recollect anything definite, except that it wasn't *Les Huguenots*, when (not being well posted in musical matters) I know I heard MARIO. "Ah!" says NORRINGER of GARDONI, "thin voice, no sweetness. Do you recollect his *Ah mia madre?*" and with that he sits down to the piano, and strikes some chords. He can play very nicely, I think to myself. What a sweet voice, I say, also to myself. I find afterwards that all his accompaniments are in one key, and his entire musical knowledge is confined to those chords which do duty in various tunes to all sorts of airs, the gaps between them, when they are not quite suitable, being filled up by a good deal of action in lifting up and putting down his hands, turning his body to a three-quarter view, and stretching out his left leg as if he were so *au fait* at the instrument, it didn't matter to *him* how he sat; but knowing him better, I have seen him throw a quick nervous glance out of the corner of his eye, to see if his left and right hand were coming down on the correct notes for a finish.

I compliment him. He accepts it easily, and makes light of such a trifle as a tenor song.

When he is giving you reminiscences of operas, he is knowing enough never to give one entire; but only a fragment of it, as far as his chords will go (which you don't find out for some time), and stopping at such a point as leaves what he *could* have done with the remainder to your favourably aroused imagination.

SMITHSON doesn't come down; and NORRINGER, finding in me a new and willing audience, commences a eulogy upon his own organ, a lecture on chest voices, head voices, and voices in the throat, with a hint or two as to style and treatment, a passing review of some of the principal singers, English, Italian, and German, during the present century, with vocal illustrations generally tending to show how far superior he, NORRINGER, could have been to any one of them if he had liked; which opinion had indeed been expressed, so he says, by some of the leading vocalists, who must have been so dreadfully afraid of this terrible NORRINGER, that it struck me at the moment, how kind it was of him to restrain himself, and not come out of his drawing-room practice; and finally, winding up with a question to me, put suddenly, but founded, like an examination query, upon the previous lecture, as to "what should I say was the compass of his voice?"

I feel I ought to have some idea on the subject, after all he has been telling me; but as I haven't the most remote, I look thoughtful for a minute or so, during which I wonder if SMITHSON will come down and help me out of it, and, say, at last, that I really can't guess.

The reply pleases him. "You wouldn't believe," he says, "that it took in all this." Whereupon he sings a high note, and strikes one several times on the piano, to show it's the same and no deception, like a conjuring trick. Then he sings a very low one, and repeats the same action; and then, as I see he expects it, I look utterly astonished, and say, in a subdued tone of admiration, "Really! That *is* a compass." And he returns, more pleased than ever, "Isn't it?" and is going to *encore* himself, and go all over it again, when SMITHSON enters, and we are introduced.

A PLAINT BY A P'LICEMAN.

I AM a P'liceman bold and true,
Stand in my highlows six foot two:
Yet what d'ye think I has to do?
Hoop de dooden doo.

They bids me chivy little boys,
And grab their hoops, them harmless toys,
Which gouty gents they much annoys;
Hoop de dooden doo.

I muzzle dogs, both great and small,
Stop little boys from playing ball,
Or move away an apple-stall:
Hoop de dooden doo.

Meanwhile garotters plays their game,
And roughs they also do the same;
The public cries, O what a shame!
Hoop de dooden doo.

The streets are quite unsafe, they say,
You're robbed and mobbed in broad noon day,
But little boys they mustn't play
With their hoop, de dooden doo.

Well, if from growls you can't refrain,
It ain't of us you should complain,
You've got to thank SIR RICHARD MAYNE.
Hoop de dooden do.

VOTE FOR THE POCKET-BOOK.

THE *Standard* has brought out a clever proof of the absolute duty of everybody to vote at this election. It shows how a single tourist, by hurrying home from Switzerland, turned a scale by one vote, and that the Member so elected, in his turn, by one vote saved the country, more or less. The story is like a beautiful romance that appeared in one of *Mr. Punch's* Pocket Books, and which showed how a European war was brought on by a button coming off. But the *Standard* is quite right. Everybody ought to vote in this struggle. British Nation, let us know exactly what you think. This reminds us (in fact, we write the whole paragraph to lead up to the announcement), that *Mr. Punch's* next Pocket Book will be the most amazing one that ever has been issued, and that we are delaying it partly because the printers cannot work for laughing, and partly because we want to get in the list of the new House of Commons.

"Not Air of the Ed, Stoopid!"

THE clever Spanish Correspondent of the *Morning Post* appears to us to have lapsed for a moment into hypercriticism. In one of his very pleasant letters he says, "An heirless old leader like ESPARTERO will never do for Spain." What has his baldness to do with it? The Crown would hide that, to say nothing of his laurels.

SIMONY.

IF there is any force in Ecclesiastical law, Purchase can certainly establish no title to a living in the Church of England.

A SAYING IN THE CITY.—The new Viceroy of India is only LORD MAYO, but MR. ALDERMAN LAWRENCE is LORD MAYOR.

HIGH CHURCH NOTED.—The Ritualists bow to the East when they're in the *Vest*.

"DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE."

ALMOST the last act of BISHOP TAIT before leaving Fulham for Lambeth, was a fitting crown of the good work he has been doing in his bishopric—the acceptance of the Presidency of an Association now being formed in London, to which *Punch* is glad to call his readers' attention, and wish his and their God-speed. Its object is the Prevention of Pauperism and Crime—by striking at their roots.

Both these cankers are spreading in London.

Metropolitan pauperism, by the official returns, has increased 50 per cent. in the last three years. Where there were 100,000 paupers in January, 1866, there were 150,000 in January, 1868. Two thousand convicts are yearly turned loose from our convict establishments, and 100,000 criminals of all sorts from our gaols. And, lastly (says the prospectus of this new Association) "it is estimated that there are at this time in London upwards of 100,000 children without proper guardianship, education, food, clothing, or employment, ready many of them to be instructed in crime by the discharged convicts and criminals with whom they are necessarily brought into contact."

Now, *Punch*, like everybody who has gone amongst the London poor, knows, by sad experience, that London poverty has many roots. Idleness, drunkenness, improvidence, early marriages, the pauperisation of parochial doles, and ill-directed charity, all help to feed the upas-tree. But there is a vast deal of the poverty of London which arises from the saddest of all causes—want of work, where there is willingness to work. It is to this root of the poverty of London that this Association means to address itself, by promoting the co-operation of existing charitable agencies, official and private, by giving facilities and aids towards the employment of the destitute and vagrant, and the industrial training and education of homeless and uncared-for children.

There is nothing that rings more mournfully on the ear of the voluntary almoners of the poor than the sad burden of "out of work"—no sight sadder, than the return, to the cold hearth and hungry wife and little ones, of him that should be the bread-winner—foot-sore, and heart-sick—from his long and unsuccessful tramp for work. Surely something could be done by such an Association as this, to which ARCHBISHOP TAIT has just given his name, by establishing centres of communication and co-operation in each parish, with the view to discover, record, and make known where work is to be had for willing hands. There is many a discharged convict, too, who would prefer the wages of industry to the uncertain fruits of crime, with its sure consequence of detection and punishment. These the Association proposes to help in their sore struggle back to honest ways.

We have headed our notice of the proposed Association "Defence, not Defiance." Its founders are volunteers in the noble army of fighters against sin, sorrow, and suffering, and they have a right to take the Volunteers' motto. If they cannot defy those gaunt giants, Crime and Pauperism, they can rear against them the defences of benevolent effort and timely prevention. What can be done in this way is shown by the Red-hill Reformatory, where out of some three hundred lads, between twelve and sixteen, all picked out of the sink of the convict-prison, an average of above eighty per cent. is reclaimed, taught, and turned out into the world, at home as well as in the colonies, in possession both of the will and the way to earn an honest livelihood. Why should there not be such a school for each of our London parishes, and every town in England? And if this can be effected for full-fledged young gaol-birds, might not as much at least be done for our young Arabs before they have reached even the first stage in the rogue's march to perdition?

Consequences of Confiscation.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER begs to acknowledge the receipt from A.B.C., and other letters of the Alphabet, of 10,000 notes applying for donations and subscriptions, rejected on account of Income-Tax.

ONE FOR MR. WEBSTER.—"*The Yellow Passport*"—Gold.

YE NEW ARCHBISHOP; OR CANTERBURY RHYMES.

KNAVES, ring ye belles, and, good Syrs, make yee merry;
Sing ye new ARCHBISHOPPE OF CANTERBURY!
Now have ye gotten, for ye Church's prop,
My masters, something like an Archbischopp.

Ye Archbishoppes of Canterbury, for longe,
Ye most they colde dee was doe noe wrong,
Hush up all hate, and smoothe down all strife,
Anything onely for a quiet life.

Now looke you in SEYNCT AUSTIN'S chair to see,
Another sittyng than an effigie;
A Prelate that ys up unto his worke,
A Doctor who schall nothing blink ne shirke.

Ye clergie, that wolde get the upper hande
Of the realm's law, I wis hee wyl withstande;
And eke ye crewe which moveth every rope,
To set up Popery without ye POPE.

All Canterbury's Archbishoppes, of late,
Have gone as doth a clocke pulled by a weight;
Or stood stuck fast in pomp, as pumpes in drought,
Which soe as they be worked will only spout.

Thys one, sans doubt, a will and wit wyll showe,
Sithence hys GRACE doth bear a brain I trowe,
Which few before him, an the truth be said,
Have borne since when the last dyd lose his head.

More use and wisdom schal in TAIT be seene,
Than to speak maudlin words which no sense meane;
Thys wyll be an Archbishopp of a newe sorte,
For Canterbury not called Cant yn shorte.

There ys a saying which ys old and true,
And soe give DIZZY, by that rule, his due.
For, certes, whatsoever els he lacke,
He hath, at making Bysschops, a good knack.

Soe may hee, yff the Commons turn hym out,
And GLADSTONE send him to ye righte about,
Say, with hys bowe, "I gave you yonder man,
Choose an Archbishop better when ye can."

May GLADSTONE, that schal govern bye-and-bye,
Live long, but never have the chance to try;
Ne who else Minister meanwhile may be,
Need to fyll Canterbury's emptye See.

DUKE AND DUKE.

ONE DUKE OF BEAUFORT was a man of the most elegant manners. We were to dine with KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, one day, at Brighton, and his Grace was to be of the party. But he did not arrive, and our Fat Friend liked to be punctual at table. We all went to dinner, and the King said, "*Punch*, my boy, of course we shall be sorry if anything unpleasant has detained BEAUFORT; but if he has been made late by a trifle, I shall be glad of it, for it will do these young fellows good to see how a perfect gentleman excuses himself." "Right you are, GEORGE," said we, and soon afterwards the Duke came in, and his apology was grace itself, which probably the King thought a good reason for having no other grace. This Duke must not be confounded with another, who wrote to a clergyman that he was "impertinent" for daring to ask aid for his parish school, when he did not vote for the Duke's candidate; nor was it the same Duke who declared that what the Conservatives had got to do was to "get MR. GLADSTONE between their fingers and thumbs." Perhaps, however, there was no need to warn people against mistaking the gentle for the ungentle Duke.

The Latest Remedy Out.

FROM his speech at Aylesbury, it may be inferred that MR. DISRAELI thinks Ireland's "damp climate" has a great deal to do with the atmosphere of misery in which that country is mostly enveloped; and that "a melancholy ocean" is the cause of its sea of troubles. Most opportunely, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "an ingenious Frenchman has patented an invention by which he supplies artificial climates, tempered to order, to invalids, tropical steam-packet companies, &c." Cannot the ingenious Frenchman be induced to try his wonderful invention on invalid Ireland? Will not MR. DISRAELI head a subscription for a new climate for her?

XXX CELLENT REASONS.

Free and Independent (to wavering Elector). "YOU DON'T ADMIRE HIS POLITICS! POLITICS BE BLOWED! LOOK AT HIS PRINCIPLES! THAT MAN ALLUS BREW FIVE-AND-TWENTY BUSHELS TO THE HOGSHEAD!"

THE WAR-CRY OF THE VESTRIES.

HARK to that angry growl!
'Tis the waked Lion's roar.
"Let burglars and garotters prowl
Our streets at large no more!"
The Vestry's banner waves;
The Parish trumpet's blown:
The war-cry is "Police!" "To Staves!"
Foremost shouts Marylebone.

St. Pancras "Ditto!" cries;
The shops and squares around,
And Kensington's, afar, likewise,
Echo the resolute sound.
St. George's-in-the-East
Uplifts a voice as brave;
The Martyr, too, though last not least,
St. George beyond the wave.

The Ratepayers rage and chafe:
"Knocked down and robbed! Why!, How!
The streets no longer safe!
The law known thieves allow
To lurk and roam about,
From molestation free!
High time it is that we speak out:
It must not, shall not be!

"An Act we will get passed,
As quickly as we can,
To make notorious villains fast.
That is our only plan.
Till then we needs must fight
For purse, and watch, and chain;
And that with all our might,
Together with our MAYNE."

The Worst of Wealth.

ROSSINI is stated to have left a fortune of two millions and a half of francs. Few composers have been so successful as he was in turning notes into cash. Fancy leaving a fortune of above two million francs! But perhaps that is what you wouldn't fancy. The worst of having made a large fortune is being obliged to leave it.

"THE SMUGGLER AT BAY."

THIS picture by PURCHAS (exhibited a few weeks ago at Brighton) is illustrative of scenes familiar to all who are acquainted with Canterbury and York, and the curiously-rigged vessels which traverse those stormy sees. The Church-guard are constantly being signalled to keep a sharp look-out, but no active attempt until recently has been made to board the bold smuggler, and overhaul his saucy craft. At length, however, BISHOP, an intrepid guardsman, resolved on his own motion to make a dash at a contrabandist on the south coast, and in the present picture we see the smuggler at bay, BISHOP being armed with a slender crook, and his opponent defying him with a candlestick.

The contraband traffic is confined chiefly to Roman candles, millinery, and articles of very trifling *virtu*, which are run in open daylight from the Pontifical States into the middle aisles. Gallantry forbid that we, by slip of pen, should cause unnecessary pain to those fair voyagers who, last summer, on landing at Dover, never told their love of Brussels lace, but let concealment feed on their damask cheeks. Nevertheless, candour urges us to declare that the smuggler we have in view can scarcely avoid sinking in his own esteem while sailing under false colours. Hugging the dangerous coast of Heresy, he turns his back on the ancient lights of the adjacent quicksands, and is constantly tacking about to take advantage both of the shallow and the deep. England expects that every man will *do* his duty—not the customs by which it is enforced. An old proverb tells us that we cannot touch the produce of the fir without receiving a stain (to put it softly); and certain it is that no man, however dexterous or ambi-dextrous he may be, can play a smuggler's part with clean hands.

The Book for a Wet Night.

ONE of the books in MUDIE'S list of forthcoming works is GOBLET'S *Theory of Sight*. The theory of sight with which a goblet is usually thought to have most to do is a supposed power to cause us to see double.

MR. DISRAELI'S MITRE.

WHATEVER appointments MR. DISRAELI may have made are satisfactory. Particularly so is the appointment he has made to meet MR. GLADSTONE in the middle of December. Excellent good are the three he has just made in "that department of the Civil Service called the Church of England." A better Arch-Primate than DR. TAIT could not have been found. He knew that when a man desireth the office of a Bishop, he desireth good work, and he took the office, and did good work, and for what he said to the silly little boys who wanted to bring their toys to church, the BISHOP OF LONDON obtained from *Mr. Punch* an historical picture, which is doubtless the proudest ornament in 22, St. James's Square. The new ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY honours the office he accepts. London and Lincoln are also fortunate in DOCTORS JACKSON and WORDSWORTH; and *Mr. Punch*, who may have less pleasant things to say to the PREMIER before many days, makes him three respectful bows, and places on record that in the matter of ecclesiastical patronage the author of *Coningsby* has shown that, in the language of his speech on his re-election, he has "always studied to maintain the greatness of his country."

Compensation for Her.

LORD MAYO 's off to rule the East:
Insulted India cries "Boo-hoo!"
Tears are not wanted in the least,
Has not LORD NAPIER gone out, too?

SOME CONSOLATION.

MANY of those ladies who were disappointed at being refused the franchise are now quite contented to be without a vote; for they have been told that one of the questions Electors are bound to answer at the polling booths is, "What is your age?"

MORNING REHEARSAL FOR AN AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE.

Master William (in the character of "Little Billee"—Verse xiv.)—

"I thee Jeloodledum and Magadacktha! And Norf and Thouf Amellikee!!!
I thee Jeloodledum and Magadacktha!! And Norf and Thouf Amellikee—ee—ee!!!!"

[*Such of our readers as have not heard the song of "Little Billee," are hereby advised to procure themselves that treat at whatever cost, and immediately.*

NEW MAYORS.

Our M.P.'s must not make us forget our Mayors, a list of whom suggests a few practical observations, which, to prevent municipal jealousies, shall be registered with alphabetical impartiality.

A stands for Abingdon, which furnishes a Payne, and if you require a Glasier you will find him at Lincoln. Who would have thought it?—When we were introduced to him by our Mutual Friend, Mr. Dickens, we little expected to live to see Guppy Chief Magistrate of Barnstaple, probably his native place. Bath is thoroughly happy with a Mayor who is Jolly, and a Member who is Tite. Berwick's Mayor is Young—so were Byron, Raphael, Mendelssohn, Master Betty, &c., when they first became famous. Has not Birmingham troops of good men of its own? Why on earth then betake itself to Holland? But Birmingham is not singular in this respect, for magnificent Liverpool has recourse to Dover, and a good old town, Newark, negotiates successfully with Warwick. Winter this year is setting in early, for from Chester comes a report of Frost, and the news from Clitheroe is Bleakley. Darlington's motto is Pease at any price, so re-elects him. Who ought to be at the head of a town?—one of its leading inhabitants: so Derby thinks, and appoints a Forman. Grimsby clings for support to a Bannister. Kingston-on-Thames has selected a March—the March of intellect, we hope, for these are days of progress. Is not Leeds a little too familiar, calling its new Mayor George? (Salford is still worse, for there even a Member of Parliament is commonly addressed as Charley.) Middlesborough, which ought to be but is not in Middlesex, is an example to other places, for it relies entirely on Laws, unlike Oxford which requires the protection of a Castle. Though Morpeth shows a preference for a Jobling, we do not for a second suspect it of any leaning to a little job. Nottingham requires a Barber for the second time, but the list does not state whether his election was a close shave. Can a clergyman serve the office of Mayor, especially if he is likewise a Regius Professor? Yet Stratford-upon-Avon, with the full approval of Shakspeare, has covered itself with honour by doing rather a novel thing in choosing Kingsley. (This, perhaps, is the proper place to notify that the Mansell, at Rochdale, is *not* the same person as the new Dean of St. Paul's.) Stockport—Heginbotham: where did we last meet with him? Was it not in "*Rejected Addresses?*"—More honours for fiction. At Truro the Mayor was re-elected; a rising man, we imagine, certainly a Clyma, perhaps some day to be an M.P., which would be a climax. Windsor is unique—the Royal borough has a Chamberlain for Mayor. For the third time the voice of Weymouth is for Tizard—we suppose he likes it, else he might murmur "'tis hard." Yarmouth, which from its position might have been expected to produce say a Gull, delights in a Nightingale—far before Tamworth, which can only show a Ruffe. Fitly enough, York brings this list to an end with a—Close. (Latest evening edition. Close declines to serve, and, in fine, has paid the penalty.)

Zoological.

One of the Scotch papers made Lord Minto say that something or other was going to rise from its ashes "like a Sphinx." Well, it is something to have spelled the word right, an achievement not common to the press. Of course, Lord Minto, who graduated at Trinity, did not say it, but he might as well have done so. Until Dr. Sclater exhibits a Phœnix at the Zoological Gardens, as he will probably do next year (having now got everything else but that and a Kraken, which is coming), *Punch* declines to believe in any Phœnix but Himself.

The Current Coin.—In the event of a contested election for Orkney and Shetland, it is understood that all bets are to be paid in "ponies."

A LADY WITH THREE EYES.

OXFORD and Cambridge, as we all know, have been called the Two Eyes of England. We don't object to the designation, whether it were originally given sentimentally, or because they contain pupils, which would be a base and contemptible jest. Sometimes those eyes would be the better for a little wiping, notably when one of them is blind to the merits of men like GLADSTONE and PALMER, and so dim as to see much in MR. MOWBRAY. But now that the University of London is not only famous, but has got a Member of Parliament, and has made choice of no debility, but of ROBERT LOWE, surely England has a Third Eye. London claims ocular honours. *Macbeth* talks of having Three Ears, and here is a case of Three Eyes. The new eye has more Speculation than the old ones, and evidently sees more clearly what sort of man should represent a seat of learning. MR. LOWE is hereby apprised that, in the coming Session, he must do all that he knows; and that, if he takes office with MR. GLADSTONE, we look for an Education Bill. And if he wants to refresh his memory as to the sort of Bill which *Mr. Punch* desires, that gentleman refers him—and everybody else—to the last chapter of MILL on Liberty, which chapter *Mr. Punch* takes the MILL and Liberty of saying gives, exactly, what he himself would have written on the subject; that is to say, a lucid development of a wise design. *Mr. Punch* concludes by taking an Eye-opener to the health of BOB LOWE and his Constituents.

VERY HARD NAMES.

MANY of *Punch's* readers are in the habit of reading *Punch* out loud to their female relations and others whose apprehension of subtlety needs assistance from elocution. This is a very laudable practice. It would be well, indeed, if societies for the elevation and instruction of the masses were to appoint *Punch* readers, duly remunerated, though their labour, to be sure, would be, in most people's opinion, its own sufficient reward, to read *Punch* to the people at penny readings, and in the cottages of the poor. But here is something which any reader of *Punch* had better read to himself. It occurs in an obituary notice of the late KING OF SIAM in the *Morning Post*:—

"PHRA BARD SOMDETCH PHRA PARAMENDZ MAHA MONGKUT, also named PHRA CHOM KLAN TU HUA, the supreme King of Siam, was the eldest legitimate son of BORROMMATHAM MIKARA XATHARAT PHRA CHAO PRASAT THONG, supreme King of Siam, who died in 1824."

There is in existence, if not in print, a little book, written by a disinterested dentist, entitled *Ten Minutes' Advice on the Care of the Teeth.* It is an imperfect work unless it contains a grave caution against any attempt at the enunciation of such names as those of the late KING OF SIAM and his predecessor. No less of a crackjaw character are the seven names of his subordinate Siamese Majesty; for:—

"Siam, as is well known, has two kings, and the second king of the country was PHRA BARD SONDETCH PHRA PWARENDZ RAMESO MAHISWARESO."

Such names as the foregoing may be regarded as almost as perilous to utter as the mastication of cheap college-pudding, or the plum-buns sold by inferior pastrycooks. They are nearly, if not quite, as hard as the small pebbles which commonly occur in those articles of food and all others of the same stamp apt to contain gritty currants.

Note.—That the Siamese Kings are not as the Siamese Twins. One King is above another, whereas the Twins are upon a par. Also, that the two Kings of Siam differ materially from those of Brentford. A sub-King and a super-King cannot, with any congruity, be imagined smelling at the same rose.

LORD MAYO.

TELEGRAM last week from Italy, "Psyche is waiting for the EARL OF MAYO." What a charming Cupid—and what rhymes to Cupid?

AFTER THE MÊLÉE.

Now trumps are blown, and warders thrown,—forth like two waves they go,
Challengers and Defenders—crests high and lances low!
Hark! The roar of shouting thousands—and the ring of shields and glaives;
Lo! the emptying of saddles, and the splintering of staves!

The dust-clouds fly so thick and high, they almost shroud from sight,
The rushing gleam of plumes that stream o'er *housse** and harness bright;
Scant time to test device or crest, as the *mêlée* hurleth past,
Of knights that reel, and knights that roll, and knights that still sit fast.

But now the clash of conflict 's o'er, the great tilt hath been run:
Men's hard-held breaths are freely drawn, and talk's pent tide may run;
And eager eyes may traverse the tell-tale field of fight,
For count of gains and losses, and fate of squire and knight.

The knights defenders have the worst: the challengers have won
The prize that waits the conquerors, when the great tilt is run.
But though victor chief of victors, GLADSTONE comes from the *mêlée*,
He will miss good names at muster, and find gaps in his array.

Where is MILL's ten-man power of brain? Where BRUCE, with mind and hand,
Ever as ready to obey, as able to command?
Where MILNER GIBSON, *fainéant* in fight, but glib of speech,
Aye powerful at a parley, if of small count on a breach?

And these are noted captains, who high place would have ta'en,
When GLADSTONE wipes his forehead, and counts his loss and gain:
Less grave, but not less notable, the blanks your seats display—
ROEBUCK, the rude and rough of tongue, BERNAL, the blithe and gay!

The stalwart SMITH of Westminster, with strength that baffles skill,
Hath earthward borne, in wisdom's scorn, the philosophic MILL:
Why saved he not for tilt the force that all to waste has gone,
In patting BRADLAUGH on the back, and cheering CHADWICK on?

Some have fallen to fair fighting, some to might of coin and beer,
Some to the terror of a cry, and the phantom of a fear,
Some to hatred of the POPE, and some to feeling for the Church,
Some to dread of GLADSTONE's ferule, some to trust in DIZZY's birch.

But be the losses what they may, the victory is ours—
The gallant GLADSTONE rideth, chief of resistless powers.
Queen of the lists, prize of the fight, BRITANNIA bends to lay
Her hand in his, to find therein her guidance and her stay!

* *Housses*—housings.

FLOREAT ETONA!

SAID *Mr. Punch*, as he was walking through the playing-fields with DR. BALSTON.

"Why is Football at Eton a demoralising pastime?" The worthy Doctor started. "Inasmuch," continued the sage, calmly, "as it teaches the boys a vain and meretricious art?"

The excellent Doctor looked more astonished than ever he did since BOLTER MAXIMUS took leave of him, without putting a ten-pound note on his library table.

"If I thought *that*," he exclaimed, "I would make the boys give it up."

"Nay," returned *Mr. Punch*, pleasantly; "do not do that, but do you yourself give up the conundrum?"

"I do," answered the Master, responding for himself, as if he were at a baptism, and had "renounced them all."

"The practice of your Eton Football, then, is demoralising," quoth the amiable and learned *Punch*, "because it teaches the boys to *Rouge*."

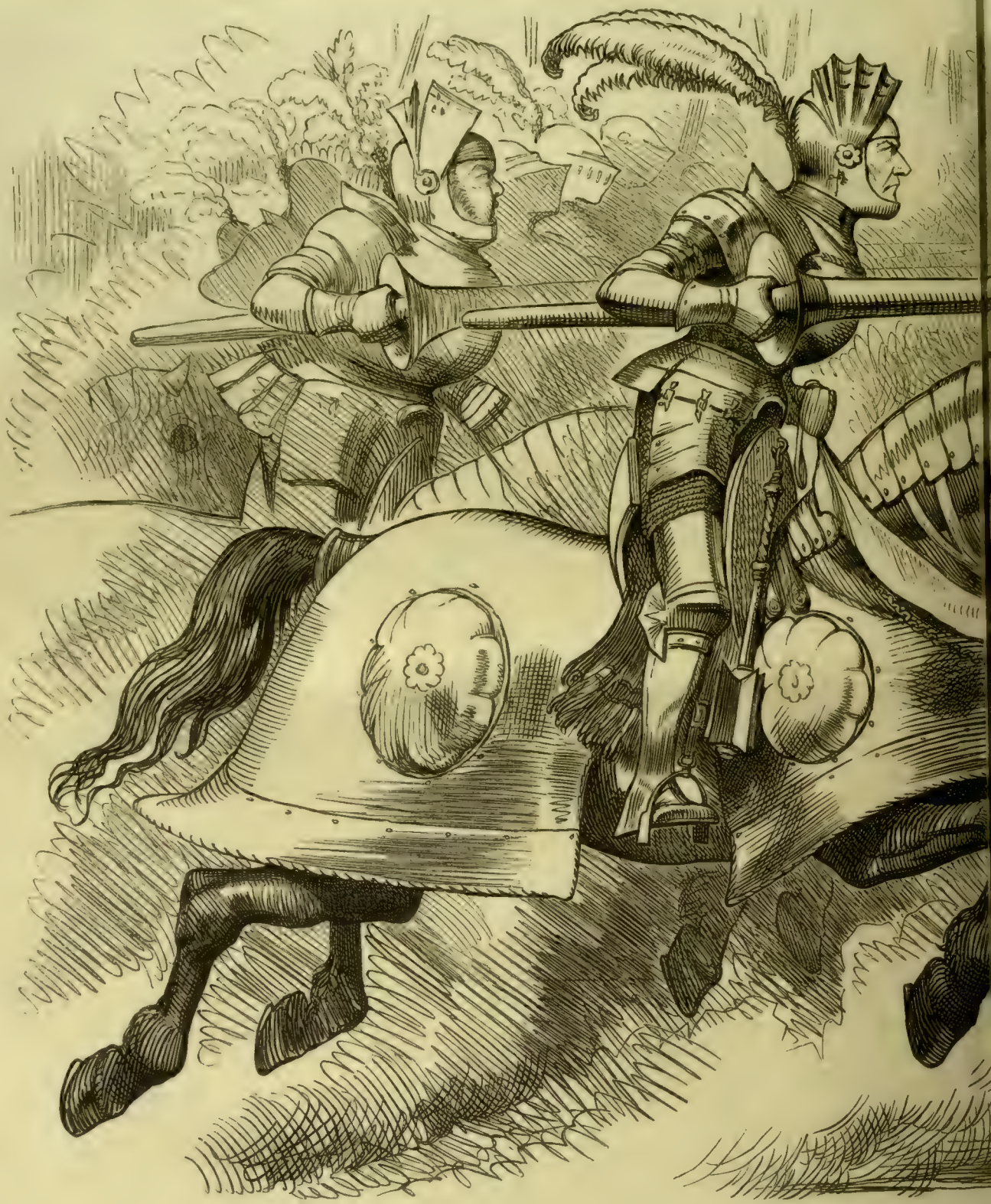
So they went into DR. BALSTON's house and sherried and biscuited.

Napoleonic Burlesque.

SO M. LEMER, publisher in Paris, has been condemned to 100 fr. fine, and a month's imprisonment for smuggling the *Lanterne* into France. The French Government binds its Prometheus by means of Strength and Force. What a very small burlesque of *Prometheus Bound!*

WHAT music ought to be played to LORD LYTTON's drama at the Lyceum?

The *Ri'fol* air. (With his, the Comic Singer's compliments, and his tol lol, thank you—how are you?)



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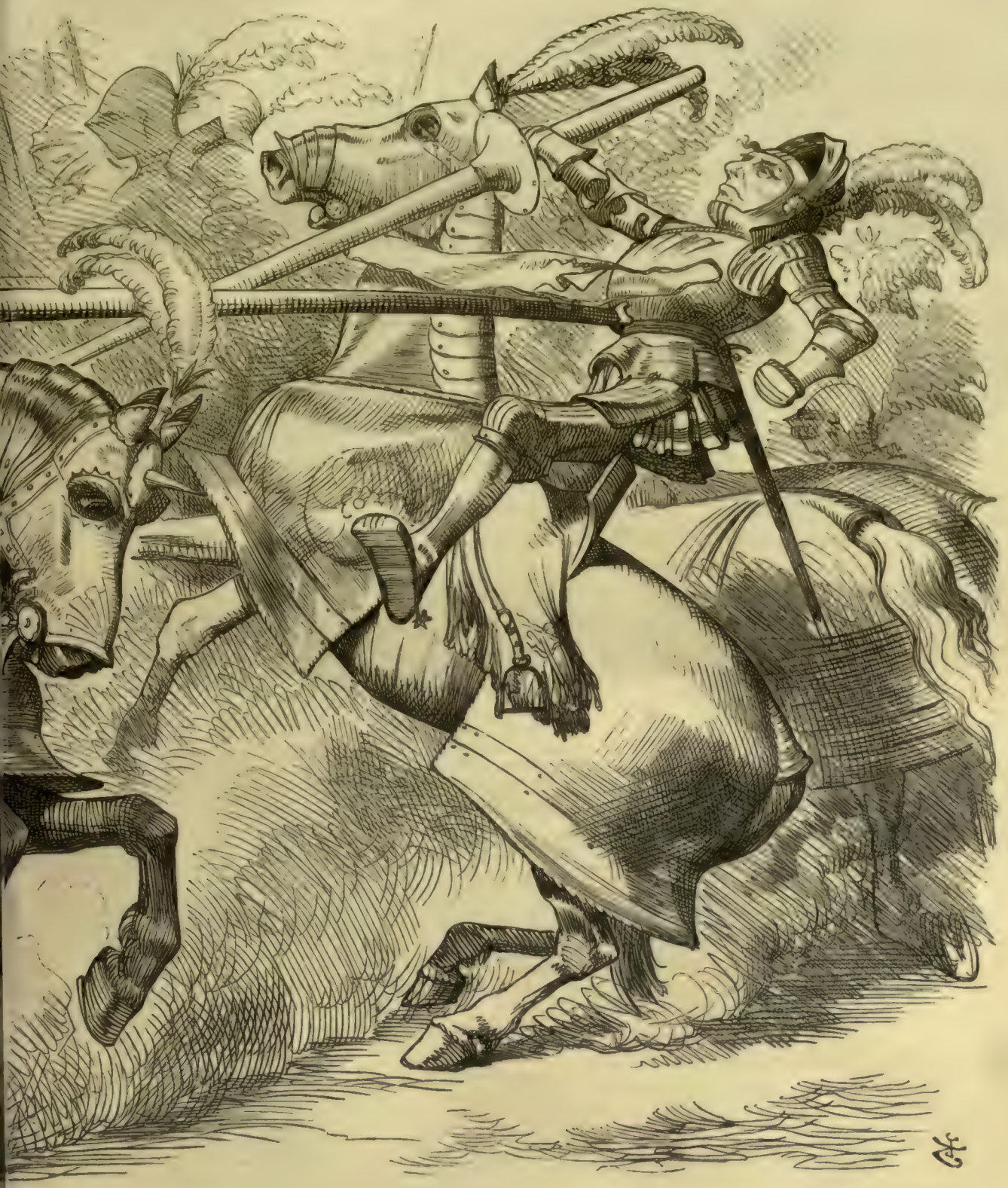


MÊLÉE.

A CAUTION TO CAPITALISTS.

Mr. Punch,—Some consolation may be derived by large minds in narrow circumstances from the following statement in the Paris correspondence of a contemporary relative to a great capitalist :—

"There was no repose for that mind—figures, money; more figures, more money. At table he knew not what he was eating, and the servant sometimes reminded the Baron that he had not taken wine or tasted something before him. He could scarcely ever have seen a play or enjoyed music; no doubt his dreams were all about money. His art-treasures he knew he possessed, but had no time to contemplate."

Certainly, Sir, pea-soup, which you tuck in with a relish, is preferable to turtle which you eat without knowing it; would eat, that is, unconsciously, if you were capable of being so insensible. Better also is swipes or bitter ale, which you enjoy at all, than the Château d'Yquem or Chambertin that you care not to take. Not to know what you are eating is about the unhappiest of all ignorance, and indifference to your liquor is the most wretched apathy. You are happier, if you can take pleasure in a public sculpture or picture gallery, than you are in the possession of no end of art-treasures which you have no time to look at. All work and no play, and no music, will certainly result in making Jack a dull boy, how rich soever; and, as for dreams all about money, if they are the dreams of avarice, and avarice has none other; avarice has bad dreams.

But, Sir, if anybody, from the above-quoted bit of biography, argues that opulence is undesirable, give him thistles, until he asks for a penny to buy a roll. Whoever infers that money is not happiness, is either a truist or a moke. To be sure, money is not happiness if you spend all your time in making it, and no time in converting it into flavour, or some other joyous sensation. Our capitalist had to make no end of money. Very likely he could have been happy on a certain allowance. Of course, money in a box is not happiness in itself; but you can be happy in thinking of the good you are going to get with it, or perhaps to do; or if, whilst you contemplate the cash, you applaud yourself, although the public may be hissing you. Oysters cost money. Say they are two shillings a dozen. If so, many oysters are so much money; then money is oysters, for one good thing out of many. In so far as oysters are happiness to the oyster-eater, money is happiness, unless, having swallowed his oysters, he bolts without paying for them, as Dando did, even in the good old times of cheap oysters. In eating oysters we may now indeed be said to eat money.

As money is oysters, so it is every other luxury or comfort. Money is meat, money is clothes, money is fire. The increasing cold reminds us that money is coals, and money is blankets, and there are rich people to whom money is the happiness of distributing them, and soup likewise, among the starving and shivering poor. I am, Sir, one whom circumstances compel to be shabby and mean. I should be happy if they allowed me to be splendid and generous. A would-be Peabody, I am an actual Elwes.

P.S.—Money not happiness! Why, Sir, you yourself are 3*d*.—4*d*. stamped. *Punch* is the happiness of millions.

CONGRATULATION TO H.R.H.

The Prince of Wales and all his family (except Baby, who stops with Grandmamma at Windsor) have departed for the long tour that is to take them to the Second Cataract. *Mr. Punch* would have accompanied them, but for his duty to his country. He wishes them all sorts of pleasure and joy, but does he not envy the Prince for being out of the way of the Preternatural Cackle which has begun with the elections, and will endure until the Second Prorogation? A report of the speeches that will be made in the meantime would, if laid on end, reach from Charing Cross to the Pyramid, which the Princess is going to see for the first time. And the Royal Party are out of sound of it all! There is something in being a Prince, and if we were not *Punch* we would be H.R.H.

Tait-à-Tête.—The Church of England being in want of a head, Disraeli has shown his sense by giving it a Tête.

PYROTECHNICAL CHEERS.

At Ultra-Protestant Demonstration Meetings enthusiasts sometimes make a noise called "Kentish Fire." It indicates approbation. A similar kind of fire has been adopted, if not invented, by the students of Princeton College. It may, perhaps, be said to be New Jersey fire. This fire is indeed, so to speak, a firework, being named a rocket. According to the *New York Times*, the new President of the above-named seat of learning, Dr. M'Cosh, delivered his inaugural address the other day, when—

"He spoke with a very strong Scotch accent, and is by no means a graceful orator, but he produced throughout a most favourable impression upon all his hearers, and especially upon the students, one of whom shouted as the speaker closed, 'Long live President M'Cosh!' and then proposed three cheers, which were given with a will, followed by the usual tiger and 'rocket.' This rocket, by the way, is a thoroughly Princeian institution, and as such deserving a word of description. It is given with a f-z-z-z—boom—ah! The first exclamation is supposed to imitate the flight of a rocket in the air; the second the explosion, and the third the admiring exclamations of the enthusiastic spectators as they witness the burst of coloured fire."

Surely this rocket is a very dangerous firework. In this country, at least, its display would be attended with great risk. Let off in the open air, at an election for instance, it would, to be sure, do little personal damage. But in a theatre its effects might be most disastrous. The sound of f-z-z-z uttered on the appearance of an actor, or at the fall of a curtain, would, if intended to express commendation or encouragement, be entirely misunderstood on the British stage. The noise made by a rocket differs only in loudness from that which a squib makes, and amongst us a squib is considered to hiss. In addition, it may be observed that the "tiger cheer" of Princeton would in London be far from cheering. An English audience is not used to express its satisfaction by growls, and if it were to greet an eminent tragedian, at his entrance, with a noise like the yell of a tiger, he would think himself invited to retire with shouts of execration. To his ears the "tiger cheer" would have simply the signification of "Yah!"

MORALS FROM THE ELECTIONS.

Intellect will not seat a man.—*Mill.*
Nor gold.—*Rothschild.*
Nor faithful service.—*Roebuck.*
Nor handsomeness.—*The Attorney-General.*
Nor wit.—*Bernal Osborne.*
Nor its reverse.—*Darby Griffith.*
Nor raising railway fares.—*Sir E. Watkin.*
Nor philanthropy.—*Sir Fowell Buxton.*
Nor causticity.—*Horsman.*
Nor educational science.—*Bruce.*
Nor love of one's Pope.—*Sir G. Bowyer.*
Nor a Duke of Devonshire.—*Lord Hartington.*
Nor a Duke of Buccleugh.—*Lord Dalkieth.*
Nor a Duke of Abercorn.—*Lord Claud Hamilton.*
Nor a philosopher's recommendation.—*Chadwick.*
Nor popularity and amiability.—*Milner Gibson.*
Nor vulgar atheism.—*Bradlaugh.*
Nor windbaggery.—*Beales.*
Nor brilliant novels.—*Anthony Trollope.*
Nor longwindedness.—*Mason Jones.*
Nor gallant exploits.—*Sherard Osborne.*
Nor staunch Dissent.—*Miall.*
Nor the Pen of the War.—*W. H. Russell.*
Nor loyal Catholicism.—*Lord Edward Howard.*
No, even with high talent.—*Sir John Acton.*
Nor devotion to the Witlers.—*Homer.*
Nor making beer.—*Coope.*
Nor blatant bellowing.—*Ferrand.*
Nor forensic skill.—*Sleigh.*

Better luck to some of you next time, Gentlemen.

PUNCH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Is Archbishop Tait's Christian name Richard?" asked a Ritualist on hearing of the appointment.

"No," replied Charles, his friend.

"I am glad of that," returned the self-willed Incenser; "because we won't be *Dic-tate'd* to by Canterbury."

A DREARY PROSPECT.

Sir John Gray, at Kilkenny, spoke of the Irish Church as the "cause of division." We are afraid it will be the cause of a great many Divisions before Sir John is another Session older.

PROMOTION. (A FACT.)

Milkman. "THAT'S A POOR-LOOKING BEAST O' YOURN, BILL."

Bill (potato and apple seller), "AY, SHE BELONGED TO A LOW CHAP WITH A SAND CART, YOU KNOW. SHE'LL LOOK BETTER NOW THAT I'VE GOT HER!"

QUEEN WESTMINSTER DEPOSED.

MR. PUNCH is much displeased with Westminster, and doesn't care who knows it. The election of CAPTAIN GROSVENOR, when it involved the rejection of JOHN STUART MILL, was something worse than a mistake. It was seen that the Conservatives had rallied round MR. SMITH in a way which made it clear that he would be at the head of the poll, and seven thousand Tories have as much right to be heard as six thousand Liberals. MR. SMITH is an able man, and will make a very good Member. But the six thousand ought to have exercised discretion, and when the choice lay between the son of LORD EBURY and the father of Political Economy, the Westminster Liberals should have known better than to choose the wrong man. Had they plumped for MILL after one o'clock on that Tuesday, Westminster would have been spared the disgrace of hearing MR. MILL say that "a sensible man ought not to be much moved by losing a contested election." People have said that MR. MILL has made some mistakes, and thereby alienated the regard of friends, but what is the friendship worth that forgets a hundred noble services and remembers a few twopenny errors? Westminster is not sufficiently educated, as yet, to comprehend how great a man MR. MILL is; and *Punch*, by this writing under his hand and seal, deposes her from her position as Queen of the Representation, and degrades her to the ranks of mere boroughs.

November, 1868.

PUNCH. (L. S.)

Poetry from the Potteries.

AT Stoke-upon-Trent
They were quiet;
For though they'd a MELLY,
There wasn't a riot.

ELECTION COLOURS.—Too often black and blue.

A PRETTY QUARREL

(*Prettily ended*).

DRAWLS LABOUCHERE, "You'll coalesce?"
Says ENFIELD, "I can't answer 'yes.'"
Drawls LABOUCHERE, "You are a sneak."
Says ENFIELD, "Talk like that next week;
Beg pardon, *now*, for your detraction."
Drawls LABOUCHERE, "Want satisfaction?"
Says ENFIELD then to LABOUCHERE,
"You couldn't give *that* anywhere."
And adds, "I'm not one who soft-sawders,
But we're not going to take your orders."
"You must," says LABOUCHERE, and drawls,
"They're my *Queen's orders—for the stalls.*"

[*They walk up Long Acre and disappear.*

HORACE GREY AND HIS SON VIVIAN.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI. "I admit that there is a certain degree of morbid discontent in Ireland. But we must look to the race, and that may probably afford a solution of the matter. The Irishman is a very imaginative being. He lives in an island with a damp climate, and contiguous to a melancholy ocean. With extraordinary talents, he has no variety of pursuits. There is no nation on the earth which leads so monotonous a life as the Irish, because they have only the cultivation of the soil before them. Men are discontented because they are not amused."—*Speech at Aylesbury, Nov.* 19.

ISAAC DISRAELI. "It was not the coffee houses which produced political feeling, but the reverse. Whenever Government ascribe effects to a cause quite inadequate to produce them, they are only seeking means to hide the evil which they are too weak to suppress."—*Curiosities of Literature. Art.* "*Proclamations.*"

NEMESIS has been down upon SIR E. WATKIN. He raised our railway fares, and is turned out of the Parliamentary train. Hooray!

LIBERAL TO A FAULT.

The Missus (affably). "MY 'USBAN'S OUT JUST NOW, SIR. CAN I GIVE HIM ANY MESSAGE?"

Liberal Candidate. "AH—I HAVE CALLED WITH THE HOPE THAT—AH—HE'D PROMISE ME HIS VOTE AT THE APPROACH——"

The Missus. "OH, YES, SIR. YOU'RE CAP'M BLYTHE, THE 'YALLOW,' I S'POSE, SIR! YES, I'M SURE HE'LL BE MOST 'APPY, SIR!"

The Captain (delighted). "YA-AS—I SHALL BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM—AND—AH—HE MAY DEPEND UPON MY——"

The Missus. "YES, I'M SURE HE'D PROMISE YOU IF HE WAS AT HOME, SIR; 'CAUSE WHEN THE TWO 'BLUE' GENTS CALLED AND AS'ED HIM THE OTHER DAY, SIR, HE PROMISED 'EM D'REC'LY, SIR!!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A NOSE—HIS MELANCHOLY STORY, COMMENCING WITH HIS EARLIEST HOME AND SCHOOL DAYS.

OF all the Odd Men Out, it is a toss up—as is natural in the present instances—whether the Oddest Man Out is not, all cases considered, the Man with a Nose. Do we not remember a German fairy tale, one by the Brothers GRIMM, bearing this title, wherein, as you may recollect, an unfortunate soldier ate an apple, and straightway his nose set off growing with such rapidity that it was encountered by the man's comrades six miles off, who, tracing this nose upwards to its source, and also following their own as well, came at last upon their friend seated under a tree in a woeful plight. Well nigh as wonderful, fairy agency excepted, is PUTTYK'S nose; taking, as usual, PUTTYK as my representative man.

Not that his nose is long: on the contrary; that is, I mean it is rather short. It is an ordinary nose. You wouldn't stop in the street and say, "What a nose that fellow has!" if PUTTYK passed. Consequently it is a nose which would escape notice in a crowd. It is neither Roman, nor Grecian, nor of any other order of Nasal Architecture. It is a nose pure and simple, and as such, judging by sight alone, would not place its owner in my gallery of Odd Men Out. But it is not by sight alone, if by sight at all, that you will arrive at the conclusion, that, in the presence of PUTTYK'S nose, you are near something very much out of the common. The remarkable phenomena connected with PUTTYK'S nose are those of sound, objectively and subjectively, of muscular tension, of membraneous irritation, and extraordinary pressure upon the nervous system. After the above description (as far as it goes) I need scarcely add that I am no anatomist, nor doctor, nor surgeon.

It is a delicate subject to touch, this nose of PUTTYK'S; everyone will, I am confident, recognise the picture as I scumble it in. [I have said I am not a professional medico, neither am I a painter, but if "scumble" isn't a good word, I don't know one when I hear it. I once knew an elderly gentleman, an artist, who was always "scumbling." He was perpetually at the backgrounds of his pictures, and never seemed to get forward with them.

"Well," I'd say, "How are you getting on this morning, eh?" alluding to his historical picture of the wife of the first Ptolemy preparing for the ball, for which I was to find out appropriate lines in some Poet.

"Oh," he'd say, working away with his right hand, "just scumbling in a little." Then I'd look and see a clean place left for Ptolemy's wife to come into presently, in the middle of all the scumbling.

Midday I'd find him standing a little way from his easel, with his left leg forward, his head well back and on one side, like a raven in a difficulty, and his hands in such an attitude as he would probably adopt were he going to fight any one with his palette for a shield, and his paint-brush as a sword.

"Well; how are you getting along?"

"Oh," he'd reply, "just got the scumbling in."

Poor gentleman! he scumbled himself into his grave before ever MRS. PTOLEMY appeared on his canvass. Scumble, scumble, toil and scumble, and so somehow I've an affection for the word. Here ends the parenthesis.]

I have known PUTTYK for years, he was a very much younger child than I was, and I still have the disadvantage of him in point of age.

His nose was always getting him into trouble. His father, old PUTTYK, was a strict and most cleanly man, the more strict and the more cleanly at home from his being his own master, and very many other people's too, in a dirty dingy manufactory, where they made all

sorts of things in a general way (paper bags for bakers, and screw-papers, with riddles on 'em, for the tobacconists and public-houses, I believe, were a large source of income) by the aid of complicated and powerful machinery, which began whizzling and steaming, and consuming old PUTTYK's smoke by Act of Parliament, from eight in the morning until six at night. So when old PUTTYK came home (I was often there for young PUTTYK to play with, but I despised him in those days, having stick-ups myself, and he was hardly out of frocks with curls like a girl), he went up to his room, and returned thence very clean and neat, with a shirt-front as irreproachably spotless as was his moral character underneath, supposing it to be on the left side—call it heart.

Young PUTTYK, JIMMY, was admitted to *see* his father dine; and as sure as PUTTYK Senior had sat himself down to his soup, so certainly would PUTTYK Junior sniff. This would lead to an inquiry as to the whereabouts of his pocket-handkerchief, followed by a search in all his pockets where it wasn't, succeeded by a short stirring lecture on noses, handkerchiefs, and stupid dirty little boys (whereat I used to smile pityingly at little JAMES), and finally an order to go up to Nurse ("to Nurse," ha! ha! *mine* had been gone three years since) and bring one down.

The next difficulty with my friend PUTTYK's nose was the use of the handkerchief. His father had a regular drill for this. There were words of command, such as "Take it out of your pocket," "Hold it well in the middle,"—JEMMY's eye on his father all the time—"Now then!" which was the signal, as it were, to fire.

Oh, such a failure! A little tweaky, stringy sound, like a penny trumpet, with the squeak very much out of order. Then Papa PUTTYK would illustrate on his own nose. It was to be done thus. Example with pocket-handkerchief. Nothing more simple, he would say—but so would have been, to JIMMY at least, the little doll's head in a green bag, or the omelette in the hat, which ancient mysteries he had seen the venerable magician, MR. SPRATT, perform in the dining-room at Christmas, had the wretched little boy known how to do them.

"I can't make out," he said sadly, one day to me, "how Papa makes such a noise," and I saw that the poor boy had been rehearsing until his eyes were dangerously bloodshot.

He little knew then what eminence in the line he would achieve some day; nor had his father the slightest idea of what amount of misery and suffering to his son, and others, he was laying the foundation, when he went through the nose-drill every morning with the unfortunate JIMMY, and paraded his own organ as the model.

The tears JIMMY PUTTYK has shed over that nose of his in his poor father's life-time would have washed a pocket-handkerchief. Growing older and less able to brook a scolding, he would retire into corners for a gentle blow, or choose the moment when the front-door announced his father's return; anything to avoid a blow in his parent's presence. I notice *now* that JAMES PUTTYK's son has it, in embryo, and I should thence conclude, if I might without offence, that this was a Nose which ran in the family.

At sixteen, JIMMY's nose had got beyond him—it was uncontrollable. I was six form then, and in my last half. I had occasional opportunities of seeing Young PUTTYK, to whom I had promised, on consideration of certain tips from his father (*O ingenuus Puer!*), my powerful protection.

In the middle of a construing lesson before a sharp and severe master, PUTTYK's nose would make itself heard, and immediately get its owner into a scrape: its owner having the best reasons for keeping himself as much as possible out of the master's sight and mind.

The Rev. Mr. Smick (*Master: to Timkins Major, who is construing*). Well, Sir!

Timkins Major (*who is standing up in quite an opposite part of the room to where Puttyk is.*) Ὦ Τίμων—O TIMON—οὐκ ἀφῖγμαι—I have not come—τοῖς πολλοῖς τούτοις—to all these persons, many as they are—ὥσπερ—as—(MASTER JAMES PUTTYK *blows his nose: everybody is alarmed.*)

Rev. Mr. Smick (*sharply.*) Who was that? (*Looks towards the quarter whence the sound came.*)

Master Puttyk (*with pocket handkerchief still in his hand*). Please, Sir, I was only—(*Some boys laugh aside, and* MR. SMICK *thinks that he is being "put upon" by* PUTTYK.)

Rev. Mr. Smick. There was no necessity to make such a noise. If you want to play the fool, Sir, you can keep it for out of school hours.

Puttyk (*helplessly*). But please, Sir!——

Rev. Mr. Smick (*determined to catch him somehow*). Go on, Sir, construe. Sit down, TIMKINS MAJOR.

Master Puttyk rises, with a vague idea as to where the other boy had left off; he looks about for the place in the book: he tries to interest the next boy in his unhappy situation. Next boy, however, feels SMICK's *eye is on him, and ignores* PUTTYK's *distress.*

Mr. Smick (*foreseeing the ultimate end of Puttyk at this lesson, hastens his doom by telling him where to begin*). Ὥσπερ δι τὸν πλοῦτον—Go on, Sir.

Master Puttyk (*trying to brighten up for an effort*). Ὥσπερ—as—hem—δι—the—δι—δι—δι—(*Some boy, sotto voce, says,* "Boat ahoy," *and* PUTTYK *thinks it very unkind.*)

Rev. Mr. Smick. Well, Sir, δι must agree with something. Οι the *what?*

Master Puttyk (*catching at the idea, and venturing it rashly*). Ὁι—the Wat. (*Is about to continue hastily*) τὸν——

Rev. Mr. Smick (*pretending to overlook the mistake*). No, Sir. I said δι must agree with Something. (PUTTYK *sees his awful blunder, and wishes he might sit down again peaceably, or that the clock would strike the end of the school hour before he can reply.*) Oh yes, δι—(*with delight at seeing the evident word at the end of the sentence;*) δι agrees with τεθηπότες. (*Thinks he has saved himself.*)

Rev. Mr. Smick (*calmly*). Well—what is δι—what is τεθηπότες?

Puttyk (*feeling that, as the song says,* "*All is lost now*"). δι is "The"—

Rev. Mr. Smick (*most calmly*). What is τεθηπότες?

Puttyk (*sincerely wishing he had written the translation of this word down in pencil.*) Τεθηπότες is—is—(*Thinks of various familiar Greek words beginning with* τεθ. *At last he hazards*) "The ones about to die"—(*Sees* SMICK *smile superciliously, and knowing he's wrong, adds quickly*), No—I mean, "to drink," "Those about to drink"——

Rev. Mr. Smick (*in a chilling tone*). You will write out and translate the lesson twice, and bring it me at one o'clock. (*Makes a note of it, and adds the moral.*) Another time when you don't know your lesson, I advise you to keep quiet, and not attract attention by playing the fool.

By "playing the fool" MR. SMICK means the blowing of poor PUTTYK's unfortunate nose, which has led to his being "called up and put on to construe."

The above is a sketch (scumbled in) of the early career of PUTTYK's nose. The rest to follow.

FRA DIAVOLO'S PICK-ME-UP.

ACCORDING to the *Post's* Own Correspondent, several of the brigands who seized upon the REV. MR. CAMPBELL, "have been picked up in the environs of Rome." Let us hope that more of them will be picked up, not only there but also about the hills whereinto they slink. With a view to picking as many of them as possible up, the utmost endeavour should be made to shoot them down. Accordingly, the French troops maintained at Rome might be utilised, and the wonders which the Chassepot rifle did at Mentana might be more creditably repeated at Terracina, or any other neighbourhood infested by the gang of a Fra Diavolo.

RECREATIVE RITUALISM.

THE Court of Common Pleas has decided that the "Recreative Religionists" have a right to perform services, including sacred music and instructive lectures, on Sundays, and receive payment for reserved seats. Such payment has long been usual at chapels and churches maintained by voluntary support; sacred music has constituted one of the chief attractions; and lectures have been delivered under the name of sermons, at least professedly instructive. This is all very well; and the service of Recreative Religion is a reasonable service, which persons of that persuasion may surely practise without just ground of offence to those of any other. But ought not the line to be drawn somewhere? Have not our Mahometan fellow-subjects, or guests, a right to mosques, as our Jewish have to synagogues? Might not the possible establishment of a mosque possibly lead to a performance of dancing dervishes under the pretence of a devotional exercise? If this were permitted, it would be difficult to prevent the ballet from being introduced into conventicles such as a building like the Alhambra open on Sundays under the denomination of a Jumpers' Chapel.

FOOD FOR CATTLE.

How luxurious living is spreading! The very beasts of the field are turning epicures. They have long had their appetites tempted with various delicacies in the form of "Foods," and now the last novelty in cookery for Cattle is feeding them with cocoa; chocolate, we presume, being reserved for the more aristocratic animals—race-horses, prize oxen, successful Southdowns, and the like. Rare times these for horses, cows, sheep, and pigs! No more common oats and hay; no more plain turnips and oil-cake and meal; but almonds and raisins, and asparagus nicely boiled with melted butter, and macaroons and pound-cake, and Ribston pippins, and truffles (specially for the pigs) with iced water, and lambs' wool and possets, and all SAINSBURY's summer beverages to drink. We do not despair of hearing that the times are so much improved, that even poor old rheumatic farm-labourers are able to enjoy a jorum of hot cocoa, sweet and strong, before they set out to walk four miles to their work on a raw November morning!

THRIFT.

Peebles Body (to Townsman who was supposed to be in London on a visit). "E—EH, MAC! YE'RE SUNE HAME AGAIN!"

Mac. "E—EH, IT'S JUST A RUINOUS PLACE, THAT! MUN, A HAD NA' BEEN THE-ERRE ABUNE TWA HOOURS WHEN—*BANG*—WENT *SAXPENCE!!!*"

A CONSOLATION PARAGRAPH.

THE Tories have gained several signal victories in Lancashire. People ask how this is, Lancashire and Liberalism being supposed to have other links than the only one which sensible men say connects Modesty and Merit—the initial. The answer which is given is that the Lancashire men know the Irish Catholics well, and don't like them, and won't support candidates who are friendly to their interests. That has something to do with it. But *Mr. Punch* guesses at another reason. The fact is that the Irish girls are so lovely, that the Lancashire Witches are jealous of the rivalry. Lancashire men are always running over and losing their hearts in Ireland. Therefore, the witch influence has been powerfully exerted, and the Liberal candidates in Lancashire have really been sacrificed at the shrine of English beauty. If this does not console them, nothing can; and *Mr. Punch*, ever ready with balm and oil, thus picks them up, and blows a slightly reproachful kiss to the beauties of Lancashire.

HOW SOLD BREAD.

MR. ARNOLD gave his decision the other day that "Cottage loaves" were "Fancy Bread," and were not amenable to the laws which regulate the sale of the ordinary "staff of life."

"Oh tell me what is 'Fancy Bread'?"
The public unto ARNOLD said.
"Should it be weighed like tea or lead?"
"No," worthy ARNOLD deci-ded.
"If you get cottage loaves instead
Of that on which you should be fed,
And will new-fangled food-paths tread,
Not those your fathers follow-ed,
You must put up with being bled,
If you will fancy Fancy Bread."

"Haussez les Mains, Messieurs!"

WE read in the papers the announcement that "the House of Commons and its approaches have been thoroughly cleansed." *Punch* hopes this is true—particularly the approaches—as, from some stories he has heard of the Elections, he finds a difficulty in believing it. He can only hope that honourable Members will all show clean hands on meeting in their clean house.

FINLEN'S ALLOWANCE.

AT rascaldom's demonstration in Hyde Park on Sunday week, MR. FINLEN is reported to have expressed himself in a speech chiefly characterised by abominable words; but containing a declaration which many respectable people will be glad to hear:—

"He declared that he had been kicked that day by the police because he was the 'only prominent public man' who dared to stand up in defence of Fenianism."

It is only to be hoped that in making this statement MR. FINLEN spoke the truth. Not that it is desirable that MR. FINLEN should have been kicked by the police for his advocacy of treason. The police have no right to take the law into their own feet in dealing with even such a subject as MR. FINLEN. It may be the opinion of some that a law which subjected him to being kicked would have been a wholesome law; but his mere advocacy of Fenianism is better treated with simple contempt. Of itself it is not of sufficient consequence to require so much as the notice of a kick. No kick can be administered without giving pain, and humanity forbids the infliction of unnecessary pain even on a FINLEN. Necessary pain is another thing. MR. FINLEN tried to collect a mob on Clerkenwell Green. He was compelled to move on. Perhaps he had to be kicked to make him move on. The police were then under the necessity of kicking him. He endured the necessary pain of necessary kicks. This is probably the true account of the fact that he was kicked by the police, and, if so, that fact is eminently satisfactory. The police only did their duty in kicking MR. FINLEN. Let us hope that they will never have occasion to do it again, but will do it again if, and whenever, they have. All that MR. FINLEN has to do is to be careful to move on when he is told by the police, instead of waiting to be kicked. Under the ignominy of which he has proclaimed himself the victim at the feet of the police, he had better, in the meanwhile, sit down as well as he can.

WASON *v.* WALTER.

WE never thought to have to mention RIGBY WASON'S name again. But it must descend to posterity, and thus we place it on the groove for immortality. He has been the cause of a final and solemn decision, by the Queen's Bench, that the Public has a right to reports of Parliamentary proceedings, and that a journal publishing faithful reports is not to be liable to an action by anybody touching whom Parliament men may have said what he does not like. "WASON *v.* WALTER" will be the case to squash any such attempt. But all the gratitude we can find in our hearts is to MR. WALTER, M.P. for Berkshire, the Defender of Right; and, as he will have sundry costs to pay, it would be but a graceful thing if all the readers of Parliamentary Debates were to raise a fund to pay them for him. Of course, he would hand the money to some charity, and thus two good things would be done. We *could* indicate the most appropriate receptacle for such charity, under the circumstances; but this might offend MR. WASON.

Another Clerical Caper.

THE unlucky parson who wants to be set up as an Opposition prelate to DR. COLENSO, Lord Bishop of Natal, has been induced, it is said, by a recent promotion, to believe that he has no chance of getting qualified here, so he takes himself off to the Cape. A voyage that way improves certain wine, but we never heard that it would do any good to small beer. The Natalians will decline to have anything to do with him—they are merry colonists, and cut Capers.

FRANK.

AT the first meeting of the Reform League after the fatal election day, MR. BEALES stated that he should have been elected if it had not been for the police, who hindered his friends. This is not unlikely.

ELECTION REPORTS.

THERE has been a large circulation of strange reports affecting many of those, both commanders and subalterns, who were engaged in the Parliamentary War. Now, when the lawyers, and the printers, and the publicans have got in their harvest, and the bill-sticking (and the bill-sticking it on) is done, there can be no impropriety in mentioning a few of these unaccountable rumours.

Immediately after the meeting between Mr. BRIGHT and the gun trade, Birmingham was shaken by a report of MR. BRIGHT having invented, in his leisure hours, a new breechloader of the deadliest quality, which he had sold to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH for a large sum of money and the Legion of Honour. The same distinguished politician was also confidently asserted, on the very best authority, to have taken a leading part in a great Duke's great *battue*, and to have shot the head-keeper in the calf of the leg, contrary to his professed opinions on the Game Laws.

LORD STANLEY was obliged to contradict an extraordinary statement that he had solemnly promised the Poles LORD NAPIER and twenty thousand British troops, if they would only rise against the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; and he volunteered to show his constituents at King's Lynn) over the *whole* of the new Foreign Office, that they might satisfy themselves there was no truth in the story of secret dungeons having been constructed in that edifice, expressly for the reception of such foreigners sojourning in London as Continental Tyrants might signify their wish to have placed in safe keeping.

MR. GLADSTONE (how ashamed and penitent South-West Lancashire will be before the end of next year!) gave up one whole day and night to correspondence in refutation of the following (amongst other) charges:—That, as CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, he defrayed all GARIBALDI's expenses, when in this country, out of the Secret Service money; that he once entertained at dinner CARDINAL CULLEN, MR. BRIGHT, ARCHBISHOP MANNING, MR. EDWARD MIALL, SIR GEORGE BOWYER, MR. MILL, and the Editor of the *Star*, when the demolition of the Established Church of England and Ireland was settled in a quarter of an hour over a dessert, served on the finest old Dresden, a present from the POPE; that in his younger days, when Member for Newark, he danced at the Annual Dispensary Ball held in that town with the sister-in-law of a Roman Catholic Earl; and that he was once found smoking in a railway carriage, and without a ticket!

MR. DISRAELI declared in the strongest possible language that he did *not* write, when a very young man, *The Maid, the Mummy, and the Mausoleum*, in penny weekly numbers illustrated; that he did *not* lay, with Masonic rites, the foundation-stone of a Particular Baptist chapel at Shrewsbury, when Member for that borough; that he had never killed a fox; that he did *not* induce MR. GATHORNE HARDY to sing comic songs to his own accompaniment whenever he dined with him; and—worst of all—that he did *not* take a new greatcoat which belonged to somebody else, after one of the COUNTESS OF DERBY's Assemblies.

The University of London before electing MR. LOWE were satisfied, on strict inquiry, that there was no truth in the allegation that he sympathised with cannibalism when living in Australia.

Those who knew SIR JOHN PAKINGTON best were slow to believe that he had for years been in the habit of subscribing secretly and largely in support of Mormonism.

The whole county of Middlesex reeled under the blow—there were men hardy enough to assert that they had seen LORD GEORGE HAMILTON having his boots blacked at the Piccadilly end of St. James's Street.

At Bristol, MR. SAMUEL MORLEY found it advisable to publish handbills denying the tale that he was an admirable performer in private theatricals.

At Carlisle his opponents gave out that SIR WILFRID LAWSON had been seen in the London Docks with a tasting order.

A rumour prevailed that the DUKE OF BEAUFORT had written the handsomest letter of apology to the REV. F. BURGES, inviting him to stay at Badminton, offering him a much better living, and undertaking the entire cost of rebuilding the school in his parish; but this report, like the others we have mentioned, was not believed.

The worst report about MR. MILL was—that he was thrown out.

THE OLD TORY'S YOUNG DAYS.

(*Occasional Song at an Election Dinner.*)

O THOSE old days when I was young,
We ne'er again such times shall see,
When horse and sheepstealers were hung,
And likewise rogues for forgery!
Then thieves and robbers had their due,
By twenty at a time upstrung;
A spectacle not rare to view
In those old days when I was young.
Sing foodle, doodle, doodle doo.
It is a chorus which was sung,
Before your fathers dreamt of you,
In those old days when I was young.

Then, when a rabble raised its head
Against the Government and Crown,
The Riot Act forthwith was read,
Thereon the mob at once put down.
The Law and Judges then could teach
A demagogue to hold his tongue.
None of your liberty of speech
In those old days when I was young!
Sing, &c.

Our food was cheap then; poultry, meat,
For those who had the cash to buy.
We grew the bread we used to eat;
Were happy when its price was high.
The beer we brewed, bright, brisk and strong,
Was kept in barrels, under bung:
No engine ever did it wrong
In those old days when I was young.
Sing, &c.

'Tis true no railways then we had;
Folks were contented still to keep.
They wanted not about to gad
When they could quiet sit or sleep.
And if they were obliged to roam,
To their firesides in mind they clung,
And wished they were again at home,
In those old days when I was young.
Sing, &c.

People, to travel who had need,
Coaches with ample means supplied.
Or, rather than on foot proceed,
On horseback gentlemen could ride.
The surgeons had some work to do
On them that were upset, or flung,
But monster accidents we knew
Not in the days when I was young.
Sing, &c.

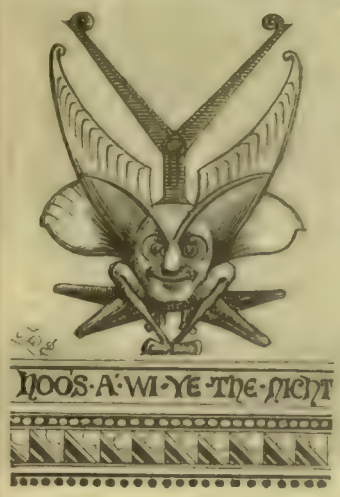
No telegrams, with fresh alarm,
Disturbed our minds from day to day.
Few letters ever plagued the farm,
High postage if we had to pay.
'Tis said taxation crippled trade;
But land was not so hardly wrung:
Succession duty not yet laid
On in the days when I was young.
Sing, &c.

Much India-rubber we had not,
And gutta percha we had none.
Now we've enough of both, I wot;
That's the chief good Free Trade has done.
We all did very well without
All those light wines that up have sprung;
Drank port and sherry, ale and stout,
In those old days when I was young.
Sing, &c.

Some I remember who still wore
  Pigtails and powder, long unknown.
And they had seen, they said and swore,
  Young days yet better than my own.
It seems, if back and back we go,
  Till ADAM first walked flowers among,
The farther back the better, so,
  The days, from those when I was young.
    Sing, &c.

When some museum shall contain
  This rare brass-buttoned coat of blue,
Young fellows, there may still remain,
  Then queer old fogies, some of you.
And they, to mind when they recall
  The bells at this election rung,
May say, "These times are not at all
  Like those old days when we were young."
    Sing, &c.

CONCERNING SCOTLAND.



E Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon, and all other portions of Northern England, sometimes called Scotland, perpend. Scotland has elected no fewer than five Englishmen at this general choosing. Of course, England has generously overpaid the courtesy, but that is matter of course. We in the South, when we find a shrewd, honest, accomplished candidate before us, do not descend to the provincialism of objecting to him because he happens to be a Scot; but hitherto Scotland has been much less British. We applaud her advance. SYKES, BOUVERIE, TREVELYAN, PARKER, and WATERLOW are the chosen five. In the last case the liberality of the Scots shines out with preternatural effulgence, for SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW is that thing which the wuts of the North (in abject imitation of WILSON's fun of other days) declare to be a most pitiable creature, a Cockney. Moreover, he is an Alderman. Of course, this could not be forgotten on the hustings. "A Cockney Alderman, who knows nothing of Scotland, has been brought away from his turtle and champagne, to disturb our representation." However, the Cockney Alderman came in triumphantly, even though, as has been pathetically remarked, he did not show the quickness of MR. PARKER, and learn up a bit of BURNS. He might as well have taken this trouble, as his doing so would have afforded an innocent pleasure to the electors, and one of BURNS's best songs is specially connected with the shire SIR SYDNEY represents. Who forgets the "*Dumfries Volunteers*"?

"The wretch that would a tyrant own,
  And the wretch, his true sworn brother,
Who 'd set the mob above the throne,
  May they be (*big drum*) together!
Who will not sing '*God Save the King*'
  Shall hang as high 's the steeple,
But while we sing '*God Save the King*,'
  We 'll ne'er forget the people."

SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW begs us to say that he meant to have given this, *ore rotundo*, from the hustings, and will do so on his re-election. In the meantime, and by way of a reward to the Dumfries men for having despised the old-fashioned cant about Cockneys, *Mr. Punch* informs Scotland generally that SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW is about as like the typical London Alderman, who "wallows in turtle" (as dear old SIBTHORP used to say of the Whig Ministers), as Ben Nevis is like Primrose Hill. He is, personally—*Mr. Punch's* right to personality is a divine right—a tall and handsome man, who would look very well in the garb of old Gaul; nextly, he is a travelled gentleman, and, whatever he may know about Scotland, knows a deal about the East; and, finally, he is an energetic labourer in the good work of improving the dwellings of the humbler classes. *Mr. Punch* is not much in the habit of praising people, remembering *Sir Peter Teazle's* dictum thereanent; but the exceeding good behaviour of Scotland upon the present occasion merits guerdon. *Punch* bides by the Buff and the Blue, when the Buffers who sport it are True Blue.

PUNCH'S DREAM OF 1868.

ONCE when prophets were loud on the changes to be,
  After England had taken her Leap in the Dark—
How tails in the places of heads we should see,
  And strange creatures gathered in Westminster's Ark,
I, *Punch*, dreamed a dream*, which I hear has come true—
How nought was so like the Old House as the New.

Her Leap in the Dark, they say, England has taken,
  And, as far as she knows, found no mischief therefrom:
Not e'en shooting Niagara seems to have shaken
  JOHN BULL's constitution, in spite of old Tom.
And those who count heads or count noses, aver,
That the New House's motto will be, "As you were!"

One change we shall see—"ins" and "outs" shifting sides,
  But its heads won't be fuller, its pockets less full;
Some sense it will lack, and some nonsense besides;
  More decorous it *may* be, it *must* be more dull.
We may miss the good work that a BRUCE might have done,
Or, when flat, sigh for BERNAL to poke us some fun.

So they say: so I said: and I thought of my dream,
  And on Poor Humanity's text, "As you were:"
And pond'ring that text for my next sermon's theme,
  Ere I knew it, had dozed off again in my chair,
And with my head running on things old and new,
Dreamed again, and I 'll tell you my Dream number two.

Methought that I walked in a wood wild and wide,
  Where many men walked, among pathways that spread
In maze labyrinthine, on every side,
  And this way and that way those wanderers led:
But so devious the tracks, and the pathways so crost,
No wayfarer tried them but soon he seemed lost.

Now hither now thither, now forward now back,
  I saw them still stumbling, and bland'ring along:
Yet none would confess he had strayed from the track,
  But declared himself right, other wayfarers wrong:
And to hard words and even to blows they would fall
O'er a "whither" and "whence" that was myst'ry to all.

Oh, many the pit-fall where wayfarers fell,
  And were smothered, or struggled, half choked, back to air,
And many the furze-brake and thorn-guarded dell
  Where they stuck, sunk, or scrambled, all bleeding and bare.
Yet now and again would these wand'rers form bands,
And cheer and halloo, and as comrades join hands.

Till it happed while I watched, how to left hand and right
  The tumbling, and stumbling, and blundering went on,
Of a clearing those wand'rers had struggled to sight,
  Still at odds with each other which way they had gone:
Some declaring 'twas forward, and some that 'twas back,
And each chiding the other for blocking the track.

But now when they met at this clearing, behold,
  Under two heads the wand'rers confusedly drew—
And the downcast grew cheerful, the cowards grew bold,
  As no pitfalls they 'd 'scaped, and no thorns struggled thro'—
And all sung in a chorus, complacent and clear—
"Our wand'rings are ended—our haven is here!"

"They told us the road that we took led to woe,
  That darkness and danger surrounded our way;
But we went on, nor heeded the warning, and lo!
  We have found pleasant places, and fair light of day;
Nought is changed save for better: Earth's Eden is here:
Then Halloo—boys Halloo! Of the wood we are clear!"

Then I saw in my dream, how surrounding the wood,
  Where those wayfarers halted to raise that halloo,
Vague shapes, lovely some, and some terrible, stood—
  But of all, fair or fearful, was none that I knew.
"And be they for evil," I thought, "or for good,"
"You were best not halloo, till you 're out of the wood!"

* See *Punch* for May 25, 1867:—

"No working-men Members were there:
  Save the spouters' no fustian I saw:
No Shop-Solons, hand-labour to crown,
  And bring capital under its law.

"No more palpable wisdom I found
  In Reform's new-quintessence sublimed:
Not cleaner or harder their hands,
  Who Democracy's ladder had climbed.

"No more mighty thinkers: no more
  Wondrous orators: as many bores:
Muddlers, Meddlers, and Millionnaires:
  Directors, place-hunters by scores.

"In short, 'twas amazing to find,—
  One feels loath the result to avow—
How uncommonly like at most points,
  Was the new House to that we have now.

Agent. "HOW DO YOU VOTE, MR. FLANIGIN?"

Paddy. "I'VE HEARD SOMETHIN' ABOUT NOT GIVING ME A NEW LEASE, MR. O'ROURKE, SO I SHALL VOTE ACCORDIN' TO MY EVICTIONS!!"*

* "Convictions" he would have said.

TO MRS. DISRAELI.

LADY of Hughenden, *Punch*, drawing near,
AffABLY offers a homage sincere:
DEign to accept it,—though playful its tone,
Y*our* heart will tell you it comes from his own.

BattLE full oft with your Lord he has done,
EVer in fairness and often in fun,
ADding, as friends and antagonists know,
CHeer, when his enemy struck a good blow.
OPportune moment he finds, nothing loth,
NOw, for a tribute more pleasant to both.
SMile on the circlet a husband prepares
FOr his Guide to the triumph she honours and shares:
IN it acknowledged what ne'er can be paid,
EArnest devotion and womanly aid.
LOng may the gems in that coronal flame,
DEcking Her brow who's more proud of His fame.

Health for Anglo-Indians.

THE capabilities of the Himalayas, in a sanitary point of view, are undeniably pointed out by the *Times*. No doubt when roads and railways are extended to the hills, Englishmen and English troops will find health as much within their reach in India as in Europe. Still the recovery of health will be uphill work.

ELECTION FACT.

ALL the waiters at the Trafalgar voted for MR. GLADSTONE, in the hope that if he sat for Greenwich, he would lighten their labours at the Ministerial dinner by reducing it to Three Courses.

TELEGRAM TO TOBY.

DEAR TOBY, *Saturday November*, 28, 1868.

BOW WOW WOW!! Our muzzle-loaders have gone off after SIR RICHARD MAYNE'S charge!! Bow wow for DR. WATTS, and a little one in.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to:
Let bears and lions growl and fight
While "Walking in the Zoo."

Thou mad wag, 'tis enough to make even a cat laugh who is less easily pleased than our venerable little ancestor who rejoiced "to see such fun." [*Down charge!*

Ritualism Unmasked.

THE REV. ORBY SHIPLEY (Ritualist parson) advertises an "ascetic" work on "Preparation for Death," as "translated from the Italian of ALFONSO, Bishop of St. Agatha." The *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that this ALFONSO is no other than the notorious ALFONSO LIGUORI, neo-Catholic Saint, and casuist of a certain unpleasant stamp. May we be allowed to observe that the REV. ORBY SHIPLEY has evidently a Liguorish tooth?

Leviathan.

"WHAT admirable Reasoners," said the meditative BROWN, "our dishonest railway porters and other officials must be."

"Why do you say this?" said the inquisitive JONES.

"Have you read HOBBES?"

"Yes, but I fail to recal a passage illustrative of your proposition."

"He says that Reason is the Subtraction of Parcels."

MOCKERY AND MUMMERY.

WHAT a Purchas naturally demands—A Cell.

"POUNDED!"

The Result of the "Leap in the Dark."

(*See Punch for August* 3, 1867.)

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A NOSE.—HE MERGES INTO THE GENUS "LIVERY-MAN."

To College Puttyk's nose, so to speak, followed him. It saved him, I believe, from attendance at lectures, for what lecturer on classics or mathematics would of his own accord invite the presence of a constant interruption, which he was utterly powerless to stop?

For if Puttyk was asked to try his hand at a passage in *Herodotus*, in which he was only put on with the design of stopping his nose, Puttyk would get over two lines of open Greek country at a fair pace, and then, seeing what Americans call "a difficulty" (with *them* its meaning would be illustrated by a precipice in front and a mad bull in the rear during your afternoon's quiet walk), would come to a standstill and take refuge behind his pocket-handkerchief. The Lecturer, at first would be inclined to wait patiently till Puttyk had finished; but you might safely back Puttyk's nose against the Lecturer for holding out. So the "call," as convivialists say, being with the Lecturer, another Undergraduate was "called" upon for a translation, and not until the Lecturer had got well into some learned explanation of a phrase, or was bringing forward a variety of proofs, or disproofs, of the Greek historian's veracity, would Puttyk's nose turn up again.

"I think, Mr. Puttyk," said the Lecturer to him, choosing, in the most gentlemanly and kindly manner, the conclusion of his hour after the dismissal of the class, for his "word with Puttyk," "you *might* manage to control the noise; for you see it disturbs everyone, and robs us of at least fifteen out of our sixty minutes."

Puttyk was most apologetic: "It was a source," he said, "of far greater annoyance to *him* than it could even be to the Lecturer. He was afraid"—here he became melancholy—"it was a disease. He had deferred consulting doctors about it, but now he should certainly do so."

It was a difficult case; for if Puttyk's nose was a *bonâ fide* affliction, not even a College Don—no, nor the Master of the College himself—could have the heart to insist upon a man overcoming an illness on the spot, as it were, or getting rid of a disease "to order," so that he might attend his duties in hall, chapel, and lecture-room. It was like saying, "Be quite well to-morrow at ten o'clock, or rustication will be your portion."

So, gradually Puttyk's name dropped off the Marker's list, and Lecturers never summoned him to their schools, nor complained of his non-attendance, too pleased at his absence to express more than a passing regret that such a promising young man should be debarred by natural (that is, nasal) causes from filling his pails at the College fountains.

Puttyk's was not a *mere* excuse: like the guide who came at last to take his own lies for historical facts, Puttyk soon worked himself into a belief in his own theory.

He was worth four customers at least to his haberdasher in pocket-handkerchiefs, and to his laundress in washing them.

I have been with him to the theatre, and have seen an entire audience, justly irritated by his interruptions, hiss his unfortunate nose, while the Manager himself has begged him to accept his entrance-money and retire. Tragedians have scowled at him while taking poison, and villains of the deepest dye have directed their last curses at him as they were borne off, struggling, in the arms of the officers of dramatic justice. I have seen all the fun taken out of a Low Comedian by one blow of Puttyk's nose: I have heard the finest tenor's finest chest-note pitched in vain contention with this remarkable organ.

Puttyk awake is powerful, but Puttyk asleep is irresistible. If you want to give a dull, long-winded preacher a hint, take my friend with you, after a good lunch, to an afternoon's service in winter time. He will fall as fast asleep as Eutychus, and the greatest pulpit-orator will not make headway against him.

As I have said, the Man with a Nose, becoming aware of his own nuisance, forms an explanatory theory on the subject, and, after consulting several medical friends (whose advice he doesn't follow unless it jumps with his theory), and after some superficial examination of medical treatises, with a view to establishing his theory, finally decides that his (which no one can persuade him is simply the consequence of a nervous habit) is a most extraordinary case arising entirely from Liver.

It is at this point that my Man with a Nose is merged into the Man with a Liver; or, to put it more delicately, a Livery-Man, say, of the City of London. Some one or some book has shown him that the cause of most ailments is Liver: his nose-difficulty is an ailment: *ergo*, the cause is Liver.

Puttyk made this discovery early in life, two years after he had quitted the University. From that moment he became a perambulating druggist's shop. Pills were in his waistcoat-pockets: if he sat down suddenly he was soon reminded of the existence of various draughts in phials in his coat-tails; he had a minim glass and a larger one marked with the quantities held by tea or tablespoons, in his breast-pocket; prescriptions were in his trouser-pockets, ready for an emergency in case he should travel and find himself without a supply.

Since Puttyk has become a Liveryman, he has, I am glad to say, ceased to be, regularly, the Man with the Nose. At intervals there is a return of the organ with all its old trumpet power; but these relapses are few and far between.

But *now* Puttyk has always *something* the matter with him, and I don't wonder at it.

Tell him that (as is the fact) he looks the picture of health, he will smile at you, and shake his fuzzy head. "Only the *picture*, my dear fellow," he will reply, with a mournful enjoyment of his sad state—"only the picture, not the reality."

"But," I say to him heartily determined, if I can, to shake him out of his hypochondria, "I never saw you looking better."

"Very likely," he will return in a resigned tone, as if his hours were numbered, and your dinner with him to-night is to be the last, in this world at all events.

"I know what it is," he says, cheerfully, of himself, "it's Liver."

A friend suggests walking exercise. "Well," he says, "he does walk." Regularly? "Regularly."

Then another recommends riding. "He does ride," he replies, becoming somewhat irritable. "Ah! but not every day," his adviser says. "Yes," says Puttyk, boldly stretching a point, "I do; at least," he interpolates as a correction, so as to save himself from a positive untruth, "every day I possibly can."

You'll never see Puttyk without a pain somewhere. He acts concealment, occasionally, of his miseries. He will breathe hard while speaking to you, and put his hand to his side. You stop—what is the matter? "Nothing," answers Puttyk the martyr, affecting to hide his agony and return to the subject of conversation. This is done only in the presence of an unbeliever, who, he'll tell his friend afterwards, he was afraid would have laughed because he didn't understand his case.

He does not, like my relative mentioned incidentally in the sketch of the Man with an Ear, complain of loss of appetite, and then fill his plate and himself from every dish and bottle (except the water one) on the table.

No (he is a first-rate gourmet, by the way, and you can do worse than dine with Puttyk), he professes an appetite; but he calls it a deceptive sign. He eats of everything generally, "Just to taste it, to see if the cook has exactly followed out his directions." He is, at all his meals, in a chronic state of poisoning and antidote.

He commences dinner with two pills in half a tumbler of water, as a general corrective, and generally tells you, if you make any observation on the practice, that "you're a lucky fellow to be able to do without 'em."

The soup he may only just touch, but he asks the servant in waiting, "Has Mrs. Lucas, the cook, put sherry in it?" John doesn't know. Puttyk tries it. "If there's sherry in it, it will play the deuce with him," he tells us. However, he doesn't think there is (the flavour of wine being as palpable as it should be) and eats a plateful. Between the courses he calls William, the page, and gives him minute instructions as to where he'll find, in his bed-room, a small bottle labelled with Carrick the Chemist's label and his directions. William returns with it, and Puttyk, who has in the meantime explained the properties of this draught, which appear to be antagonistic to sherry and soup, empties it into a wine-glass and drinks it off.

Now he says it doesn't matter if he *does* take a glass of sherry, and he accordingly takes that and another.

Fish invariably disagrees with him, except done in a particular way. This is done in a particular way by his particular directions, and he partakes of it heartily. When finished, John arrives from the kitchen with an apology from cook, saying that "she had been unable to manage the fish as Master wanted it, but——"

There is no but. Puttyk is angry it wasn't mentioned before; however, it is not too late, there is a remedy. William is summoned, and informed that, "in the top drawer, on the right-hand side of the chest of drawers on the right, not the *first*, but the *second*, nearer the looking-glass; does he understand?" to which he says "Yes," and looks hopelessly helpless. But we hear him asking John outside, "What he *did* say, blessed if he knew." Thence William will bring down a small square blue box, labelled "To be taken during meals." This, says Puttyk, is a French remedy, and an admirable one. We warn him against his nostrums; but you might as well tell the Monument not to stand on Fish Street Hill. He won't hear, and he won't be moved.

He has up, for his guests, some rare champagne. "Champagne is death to him," he tells us; "but, on this occasion——" and so William is again dispatched, and this time returns with a full-grown medicine-chest. Puttyk apologises for its appearance, and for his leaving the table for one moment to go to the sideboard where he doctors himself (I think, *this* time, homœopathically), and returns to the head of the table. So the dinner proceeds. Afterwards, though we prefer getting to our cigars and coffee at once, Puttyk insists upon our tasting some of the Port wine and the Claret, which comes from his father's cellar on purpose for us; "We will," he says, "get to pipes and cigars when we take our Grog." Grog! after all this. So we, out of politeness, taste his wines, which are excellent, but unnecessary. Judging by myself next morning, I don't wonder, if this is Puttyk's usual course, at his never being well.

NOT QUITE "COMB IL FAUT."

Foreign Friend (who wants to buy a tortoiseshell *comb).* "HAVE YOU ANY OF ZE LEETLE COM' OF VAT YOU CALL *MOCK TURTLE?*"

WHALLEY.

Convivial Song for Lucky Candidates.

POOR MILNER GIBSON'S in the cold,
And so is BERNAL O. the bold,
Though with the vote of many a lodger
False Chelsea has rejected ODGER;
But fill a bumper, fill boys fill,
We have, we have our WHALLEY still!

And as we sing and rattle on,
Two well-known lines of TENNYSON
Will suit, by altering just a word,
The case of proud Plâs Madoc's lord—
"At ease and warming his five (?) wits,
The Welsh owl in St. Stephen's sits."
So fill a bumper, &c.

A dull debate can never be
With WHALLEY'S wolli-bility:
No end to bigotry and folly,
Whilst WHALLEY hath in hand his "wolley."
To fire into that dark abysm
Whence rise all ills—Catholicism.
Then fill a bumper, &c.

He never fails—for seldom shy
Is he—to catch the SPEAKER'S eye;
But when he rises parties dense
Can seldom catch the speaker's sense.
Forth doth that sweet song's title ring -
Not "Birdie," but "Sing, WHALLEY, Sing!"
Yes, fill a bumper, &c.

The votes at Peterboro' show
"The weakest to the whall-ey go;"
But let us hope that he will keep
His speech more moderate, nor heap
Anathemas, and shout that we
May trace all ills to popery.
Let 's trust he 'll hold his tongue, so fill,
With hopes to have our WHALLEY *still.*

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.—The President-elect is throwing all applications for places into the fire: evidently a case of *Grant, a non-Grantando.*

MARTIN *v.* MACHONOCHIE.

(*Before* MR. PUNCH, *Special Ecclesiastical Commissioner of the Bench of Common English Sense and Justice.*)

THE proceedings in this case were brief and simple, and may serve as a model for the dispatch of business in other Courts engaged in the hearing of ecclesiastical cases.

The learned Commissioner said he was not there to hear the facts confused by counsel on both sides, but to decide whether the rites and ceremonies used at St. Alban's, Holborn, were in accordance with the letter and the spirit of the English Church as set forth in the Articles and Prayer-Book. The point was, *what does* MR. MACHONOCHIE *mean by it?* Now, as no one can inform us of his own intentions better than the person himself, provided always he be honest, which I take MR. MACONOCHIE to be, I will call upon the reverend gentleman *in propriâ personâ*, to give us his explanation.

MR. MACHONOCHIE was then called and examined.

First, said the learned Commissioner, as to the two lighted candles on the Communion-table during the Communion service. They are not lighted for the purpose of giving light?

Mr. Machonochie. No. They are symbolical: and direct the thoughts of my congregation to the True Light. It is an ancient practice of the Church Catholic. It is used in all branches of the Church.

Commissioner. So much I find in DR. ROCK'S *Hierurgia*, a Roman Catholic book on ceremonies. Your reason, then, for lighting them is, first, because you consider them as aids to devotion; secondly, because of their antiquity; thirdly, because such is the use of the Greek and Roman Churches?

Mr. Machonochie. Precisely so.

Commissioner. I see, Sir, that I may trust you to answer my questions honestly and fearlessly. I now come to Number Two—the elevation of the consecrated elements.

Mr. Machonochie. The lifting up is in illustration of the great action typified by the lifting up of the brazen serpent. It is lifted up, or elevated, so that all the people in church may see and adore.

Commissioner. Quite so: and honestly answered. Now, in your answer you have just given is involved the answer to Number Three. Why do you kneel after the "consecration"?

Mr. Machonochie. I kneel to adore.

Commissioner. Now, MR. MACHONOCHIE, I am sure you are too sensible, not to say too pious, a man and clergyman to give adoration where it is not due. You would not, that is, adore a piece of bread? You would abominate such a notion.

Mr. Machonochie. Undoubtedly. My adoration is paid to Its Highest Object.

Commissioner. I am sure of it, Sir. But why on that special occasion, after the Consecration and at the Elevation?

Mr. Machonochie. Because the Highest Object is *then* specially present. Understand me, Sir, I do not hold transubstantiation or consubstantiation—both are equally forbidden by our Articles. But I believe in a Special Presence, which no word can adequately express.

Commissioner. Setting aside the name as a mere scholastic question, do you believe that a special miracle is worked by your hands the same in effect as is believed by persons belonging to those Churches, to be worked by a Roman Catholic Priest, or a Greek Priest, at their Communion Services.

Mr. Machonochie. Yes, undoubtedly. For I have the same power by virtue of my orders to perform the same sacrificial act as they perform, and I am as much a Priest as is any Roman Catholic clergyman.

Commissioner. MR. JOHN BULL, MR. MARTIN, and Gentlemen of the Church of England, MR. MACHONOCHIE has spoken out fearlessly and honestly. For my part I have no hesitation in deciding that his form of worship, logically consistent with his belief, has no place in the Established Church of these realms. We will not, as *he* will not, stickle for names. He believes in a miraculous change in the elements which, though he can not call it Transubstantiation, *because the word is literally forbidden by our Articles, is the same thing to all intents and purposes as what Roman Catholics mean by their name for it*, and involves the leading Roman Catholic tenet, which it was one of the chief objects of the Reformation emphatically to condemn and utterly sweep away. For if we do not stickle for names in any case, what difference is there

between MR. MACHONOCHIE and a Roman Catholic Priest? *None, that he knows of.* None that we can see, excepting that the Catholic Priest is in his proper place in the Roman Church, and MR. MACHONOCHIE is not, in the English Church, so I decide that henceforth—

1st. There shall be no Candles lighted at morning or evening service, except for purposes of giving light.

2ndly. That Elevation must be discontinued, as being totally contrary to the letter and spirit of the English Church.

3rdly. That kneeling after the Consecration be also discontinued for the same reason.

And, finally, this Judgment must be taken as condemning the doctrines, not the practices only, as not agreeable to the teaching of the English Church. And so, MR. MACHONOCHIE, fare you well. And, MR. MARTIN, also, fare *you* well; remember that the Church of England is not intended to be a Puritan Conventicle, but a decent, inornate, form of worship, of which a well-executed Cathedral or Collegiate service is the highest point allowed. Let nothing be added or subtracted from the rubrics; and thus ends a most important case.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

MR. PUNCH found the following in a recent copy of the *Standard*, and he thinks it exceedingly just. Attacking a contemporary for alleged partiality to its party—the *Standard* says:—

"Every Liberal Member is in its columns an angel of light and purity; every Conservative a bigot and an oppressor, a foe to freedom, civil and religious, in this country and elsewhere. If a Conservative writer ventures to say a word for the working-man he is hypocritically touting for votes. If a Tory landowner, through his agent, requests his tenants to vote as they please, he is guilty of an impertinence; if he is silent, he is, of course, guilty of coercion. So we learn that every Radical meeting is unanimous, enthusiastic, a noble demonstration, a convincing expression of electoral sentiment; whilst a Conservative gathering has no importance whatever, is a packed assembly or ticketed mass of unintelligence."

Just so; and by a curious coincidence the other side says that, *mutatis mutandis*, this is the exact way that the Conservatives describe Liberals and their doings. Suppose then, instead of such incriminations, each side tried to be fair. Only then the papers would be dull reading. True, we forgot that; and things had better go on as they are.

NOTES AFTERWARDS.

ODGER, ODGER, poor old Codger,
What good to you
Was the vote of the Lodger?
You are ousted: somebody else he
Is the Member now for Chelsea.

MR. FREAKE, it's very funny,
Didn't get in,
Though he 'd got the money.
The people for votes he did im*por*tune
He lost. Another Freake of Fortune.

Explanation.

A LADY of Stepney requests us to say that she has read a cock-and-bull story about a pillar letter-box in that district suddenly exploding, a gas-pipe being accused of having leaked into it. She wishes justice to be done, even to gasmen (though they do cheat, and she doesn't believe in the meter a bit), and she thinks it right to say that, having good cause and occasion to rebuke her husband very severely, she did so in a letter which she posted in the box in question. What exploded she has no doubt was her Blowing-Up letter, as her husband has never apologised.

More Martyrs.

THE fires of Smithfield appear to be lighted again. In the midst of the festivity which prevailed at the opening of the Metropolitan Market in that historical quarter, poor MR. HORACE JONES, the architect, and MESSRS. BROWNE and ROBINSON, the builders, all of whom deserved a happier fate, were—toasted.

IS THERE NOT A MISTAKE?

A LIBERAL was returned for Christchurch, where it seems LORD MALMESBURY has considerable influence. The place we should have pitched upon as likely to be influenced by his Lordship would have been—The Isle of Harris.

UNDERGROUND INTELLIGENCE.—Since the opening of the new Market beneath which this railway runs, the Metropolitan has changed its title to the Meat-ropolitan.

MR. GLADSTONE IN LIVERPOOL.

(*From Punch's Special Commissioner.*)

IT was a capital idea of yours, *Punch*, getting me, as I was in the neighbourhood, to run over and see how the great WILLIAM EWART was getting on in this magnificent town, where the Middle Ten are called "gentlemen," in contradistinction to their humble neighbours of Manchester, who are contented with the more modest title of "Men." Though I had no vote, I, of course, "rushed to the poll" with alacrity, and was present—as in duty bound to be—at the proceedings at the hustings, which culminated in the rejection of GLADSTONE, who has fallen back upon Greenwich, I should imagine, with some considerable contempt for the South-West Lancastrians. But, Sir, it is the fortune of war. Everyone who puts up, must not mind being put down, and the great Liberal Champion can afford to grin—or rather Greenwich—and bear it. The Tory element—and if I may be allowed the expression—the "Snob" element, is strong in Liverpool. There are very many of these "Gentlemen" who are horribly afraid of what they call the Democratic sentiments of the dreadful man who would deal out Justice to Ireland, and elevate the working-man to his right position. Conservatism is rampant here, and these touch-and-go, speculative, time-bargaining, gambling, cotton-brokering Electors have a refined manner of expressing their sentiments, that far transcends in Billingsgate invective all the howling personalities supposed by many to be the special property of the rowdiest Radicals.

It is no use crying over spilt milk, *Punch*. What's done can't be undone—at present; but it is the duty of your special commissioner, whilst forbearing to dilate on the unhappy result of the election—it is his bounden duty, I repeat, to let your millions of readers throughout the universe know what was the behaviour of the Conservative mob of Liverpool gentlemen towards the noble statesman who honoured them by contesting South-West Lancashire. Now, we expect a little rowing, and no one is thin-skinned enough to object to a little personality. The struggle in a large place like Liverpool is certain to stir up the muddy waters of abuse, and should there be a few hand-to-hand encounters between excited and busy partisans, why, what great election is complete without them? But we are living in the nineteenth century, *Punch*, are we not? Liverpool is a town of gentlemen, and The Right Honourable W. E. GLADSTONE is a foe to be respected, not to be treated like a briefless barrister, shoving his fist into the election lucky bag; he is not an adventurer ready to pledge himself to any principle or want of principle in order to obtain a seat at St. Stephen's. He is a gentleman of the highest mark, and in Liverpool, of all places, one would imagine that he would receive *decent* treatment, to say the least of it. But, oh! *Punch*, I wish you could have been there! No; on reflection, I do not. You would have been shocked, hurt, cut up; you would, indeed. You would have blushed—albeit, that is a difficult operation with you (no offence, I allude to the "natural ruby" of your genial countenance)—*blushed*, I repeat, for your fellow men—I beg their pardon, "gentlemen." See what the *Liverpool Mercury* says:—

"Tory merchants, bankers, magistrates, and town councillors vied with each other in roaring opprobrious terms at MR. GLADSTONE, and throughout the proceedings conducted themselves in a manner which would have disgraced the vilest 'roughs.'"

This is true, *Punch*. One beauty called out, "Who starved his servants?" another honour to the town swung up an effigy of MR. GLADSTONE, and one offensive idiot attempted to drown MR. GLADSTONE's voice with a penny whistle. He should have paid dearly for that whistle had I—but, there, I 'm only a Special Commissioner, and my muscles are not in training. It struck me as typical of the state of affairs—the Tory penny trumpet trying to drown the "deep diapason" of Liberal enlightenment. For the present, in South-West Lancashire the trumpet has it; but it 's a poor instrument, and can only play one monotonous and selfish note. Other Liverpool gentlemen indulged in frequent rounds of "Kentish fire" during MR. GLADSTONE's speech, and one exquisite specimen of local gentility called the Liberal candidate "a liar."

There are generally a great many Americans in Liverpool. We are apt to look upon their mode of managing these matters as somewhat raffish, not to say ruffianly. I wonder, *Punch*, what they thought of *our* way of doing the business, eh?

Nothing like Bounce.

"It is calculated that 1,000,000 copies of the Address [of the Protestant Association to the Electors of the United Kingdom] have been circulated and read by between 5,000,000 and 10,000,000 people."

Is not this wonderful calculation rather an abuse of round numbers? To be sure, 5,000,001 may be said to be between five and ten millions.

BEST STONE FOR THE CONSTITUTIONAL FABRIC.—GLAD-STONE.

TRAPPED. (A CAUTION.)

VERY DELIGHTFUL TO HELP NERVOUS LADIES IN THE WOODS, PARTICULARLY WHEN HOUNDS ARE RUNNING.

FUEL SAVED BY FELT.

PROFESSOR JEVONS, and other men of science, differ in their estimates of the time which we shall take in using up all our coal, at our present rate of consumption. Is there no remedy for this consumption of the coal? Economy, if the Government could enforce it; but Government can't. All that we can do, therefore, is to economise, as well as we may, our own private and particular coal measures, namely, certain quantities, deposited from sacks, in cellars not containing more than a few tons. One way of doing this is that of adopting a method of dressing meat, most truly described by a contemporary as—

"SENSIBLE COOKING.—The Norwegian felted boxes now on sale in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, deserves notice. When a leg of mutton is to be boiled, instead of its being kept on the fire for three or four hours (on the good old English method, which wastes fuel and hardens the meat), it is sufficient to keep it boiling for only ten minutes; and when it has been boiled for that time, the fire is no longer needed, but the saucepan containing the meat is to be inclosed in the felted box till three or four hours later, when dinner-time arrives. The heat in the saucepan is prevented from escaping, as it cannot pass through the non-conducting felt, and the process of cooking therefore goes on gently for hours with no new application of heat. A leg of mutton eaten by the Food Committee is stated to have been quite hot three hours and a half after it was taken from the fire and inclosed in the box."

Another leg is said to have been brought from Paris to London in a Norwegian box without getting cold. The Norwegians know the value of fuel, and they have also known how to make fuel go as far as it can in boiling meat. Their felted box is a contrivance for boxing heat up, so as to compel a given quantity of heat to do all the cooking that it can, and to render the generation of any additional heat and therefore the combustion of any more fuel, needless. Your felt, you see, Ma'am, keeps your boiling water hot. How? Because it is what you may call a cad on the step of an omnibus—a bad conductor. The Norwegian felted box must be a real blessing to servants as well as to housekeepers, in summer no less, if not more particularly, than in winter. During hot weather your cook would like to put the fire in the kitchen out as soon as possible. In the case of boiled meat your felted box makes this possible as soon as the meat has been boiled ten minutes. In these days there are many persons who find it a very hard matter to make the pot boil. The difficulty of effecting that object, occasioned by the present extravagance in female dress, under a thousand a year, keeps many young people single. It certainly has been simplified, and persons about to marry are enabled to do so on proportionally lower terms, by the invention of the Norwegian felted box.

THE MEMBER FOR GREENWICH.

THE graceful GLADSTONE has been rejected in Lancashire for a gentleman who is so large in the girth that when he had to be girt with the sword it was impossible to make the ends of the belt meet. The electors have preferred a big man to a great one. However, if MR. GLADSTONE ever condescends to stand again for the district that has shown such bad taste, he had better previously go through a long course of the dinners the idea of which is the only one that arises when his present borough is mentioned. We shall have great pleasure in dining with him at Greenwich, (at the national expense, of course,) four times a week until further notice. The hotels are kept open in the winter. The splendid conceptions which MR. GLADSTONE and MR. PUNCH will strike out during these repasts will amply repay the country for the six or eight guineas which each may cost; and should the latter gentleman happen to recollect any part of the conversation, he may give it to the world in his own columns. He heartily congratulates Greenwich on the honour which has been conferred upon her, and respectfully advises her to tidy herself up a bit, as she is now going to be Somebody.

Acts of Courtesy.

DISAPPOINTMENT teaches useful lessons—politeness, for instance. How many rejected candidates during the last fortnight have been bowing to the decision of the Electors!

A VOTIVE URN.—A Ballot Box.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, December 5, 1868.

THE NEW HOUSE.

WHAT a promising House! YOUNG, STRONGE, HARDY, BIRLEY, BRIGHT, WYLLIE, and WISE, with MANNERS, POWER, and HOPE!

What a useful House! With its SMITHS, TAYLORS, POTTERS, CARTERS, CARTWRIGHTS, ARKWRIGHTS, BAKER, BREWER, MILLER, COLLIER, FORESTER, TURNER, and GOLDSMID! (Who says there are no working-men in the new Parliament?)

What a Country House! Containing WOODS, WELLS, HILLS, BEACHES, CAVES, MOORES, MILLS, BOURNE, DYKE, LEA, CROFT, HOLT, GROVE, LOCH, FORDE, PLATT, BARROW, REED, HAY, and STONE!

What a familiar, free, and easy House! With its RICHARDS, WILLIAMS, EDWARDS, HENRY, PERCY, WALTER, SIMON, SIMEON, LAWRENCE, CECIL, CLEMENT, GREGORY, CHARLEY, DAVIE, and DICK!

What a Jolly House! TITE and MERRY, with RAIKES, GLADSTONES, good FELLOWES, and PORTMAN, with CAVENDISH and a CLAY, with LUSH, BASS, and GUINNESS, a GLASS, and a GUEST!

What a Serious House! Has it not PALMERS, MONK, CHAPLIN, VICKERS, KIRK, and GRAVES?

What an Accommodating House! With CHAMBERS, HUTT, BOOTH, DAVENPORT, LOCKE, and BELL, with CLOWES, COLE, and DYOTT, with PEASE, WHITBREAD, and a ROUND! N.B. PRICES LOWE.

What a Belligerent House! Supplied with WHITWORTH, ENFIELD, and LANCASTER, and dealing both in BALL and KNOX!

What a Sporting House! HUNT, DELAHUNTY, SCOURFIELD, MOWBRAY, FOWLER, BAGGE, BAGWELL, and, alas! POCHIN!

What an Intellectual House! BURKE, SHERIDAN, WALPOLE, ERSKINE, GRENVILLE, WYNDHAM, NORTH, PEEL, and RUSSELL; BAXTER, BERKELEY, CRICHTON, DISRAELI, HAMILTON, MITFORD, ROBERTSON, and SHERLOCK; BARRY, BLAKE, NORTHCOTE, and WEST; GRAY, COLLINS, COLERIDGE, HERBERT, HOOD, OTWAY, CAMPBELL, COWPER (not forgetting, GILPIN), SCOTT, GOWER, GORE, AYTOUN, MONTGOMERY, SHIRLEY, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, MILTON and PIM!

What an Odd House! With MURPHY, VANCE, E. T. SMITH, COX (without BOX), BRADY (parted from TAIT in the Upper Chamber), ADAM, and ABEL SMITH, READ and WRIGHT (and here and there a cipher), DOWSE, DE LA POER, and MACKINTOSH, TIPPING (although Bribery is strictly prohibited), a MAGNIAC, and a MELLY, a CHILD, a DON, and a FRENCH-man!

FELLOWS AND FELLOWS.

IN the case of a Duke, an Earl, a Bishop, a Nobleman of any rank, a Baronet, a 'Squire, a Barrister, a Clergyman, an Alderman even, the victim of a railway accident, what would be thought of a reporter writing as follows?—

"It was at first thought that some of the unfortunate fellow's ribs were broken. Such is not the case, though he has sustained some internal injury about the chest."

This is an extract from a contemporary's account of an "Alarming Railway Collision." The sufferer described as "the unfortunate fellow" was the driver of an express run into by a mineral train. No doubt he was an unfortunate fellow. Every fellow who meets with a bad accident is an unfortunate fellow. But that is not what a reporter would call any fellow, who had come to grief in a first-class carriage. He would describe any such fellow as "the unfortunate gentleman." A small shopkeeper, in a similar case, but second class, he would probably term "the unfortunate man." First Class and Second Class passengers, correspond, in his nomenclature, respectively, to gentleman and man. Third Class, mechanics and their like, answer to Fellows. When he speaks of an engine-driver, hurt by a collision, as "the unfortunate fellow," he inspires us with mere sympathy for the engine-driver, whereas, if he applied the same description to a bruised tradesman well-to-do, not to mention a peer or a prelate, he would amuse some of us, shock others, and rather astonish everybody. Yet, on the principle of equality, we are all fellows, only some are finer fellows than others; but they are fellows never reported as such in our British journals.

RESIGNATION OF MR. D'IXION.

THE following letter speaks for itself:—

MY DEAR PUNCH,

MONTAGU CORRY is the best fellow in the world, but he does not know everything yet. I find that he has sent you the same circular as that which I told him to furnish to the daily papers. Of course you would know that there was a mistake. I hasten to send you the one I want you to be kind enough to publish.

Ever yours,

Grosvenor Gate, 2nd December, 1868. B. D'IXION.

"If Parliament were sitting, I should not have adopted this course, because I do not very well see how I could have done so. You don't write to a man while he is in the same room with you. I should have made a dignified speech, with some compassionate references to the Member for Greenwich, and some professions of almost unspeakable reverence for the House of Commons, and then I should have announced that we held our places only until the Member for Greenwich and his followers could arrange the disposition of their plunder.

"But having resolved to retire as soon as the election returns could be got in (I might certainly have waited to see whether there were a re-action in Orkney and Shetland), I decided on doing so in the most gentlemanly manner. I not only gave up office at once, but I did not advise HER MAJESTY to send for my dear and valued, if effete, friend, the EARL RUSSELL. I advised that a telegram should be dispatched to Hawarden Castle, and I can fancy the Member for Greenwich sitting in a turret commanding the portcullis, and immediately on seeing the electric boy, thundering out his orders that the bridge should be let down in three ways at once. No doubt he had a gig waiting to take him to the Station instantly.

"When, in the spring of this year, Her Majesty's Government were placed in a minority on the Irish Church question by a Parliament which had been elected in the name of LORD PALMERSTON, who can hardly be described with exactitude as a violent reformer, of course I could not believe that a new Parliament to be called together, in the name of the Member for Greenwich, from a new constituency to which thousands of Liberals had been added, would confirm the vote of the Palmerston Parliament. For people seldom do what they may reasonably be expected to do.

"Having a right to dissolve, I dissolved, and not only were all means taken by the Ministry to expedite the appeal to the people, but all means were taken by the Carlton and other clubs, and by all agencies at their disposal, that such appeal should be decided in our favour. I am told that the eminent judge, MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN, is likely to be able, from information which he will receive, to confirm this latter statement. On this subject I know nothing. If there has been excess of zeal I regret it, but no follower of mine ever learned it from my teaching.

"We have fought the election desperately hard, have floored a good many notorious Liberals, and have secured a strong and compact working minority—I suppose about 280. But the most rudimentary acquaintance with arithmetic will enable even a Parliamentary Colonel to comprehend that what remains, when the above sum is deducted from 658, places the Member for Greenwich in command of the situation—my situation.

"He has it. But 280 'great-hearted gentlemen singing one song,' as MR. BROWNING writes, will make their voices heard in due time; and I strongly advise a wise statesman, like the Member for Greenwich, not to disregard their possible harmony. Meantime, like DEMOSTHENES, we will improve our vocalisation out in the cold.

"I wished to give no unnecessary trouble. I go out with a politeness which has won me popular plaudit; and I may just remark that, as if there is no division there can be no defeat, it will be competent to me in some future stage of proceedings, to state that I am unaware that the defenders of the Irish Church have ever been condemned by the British Legislature.

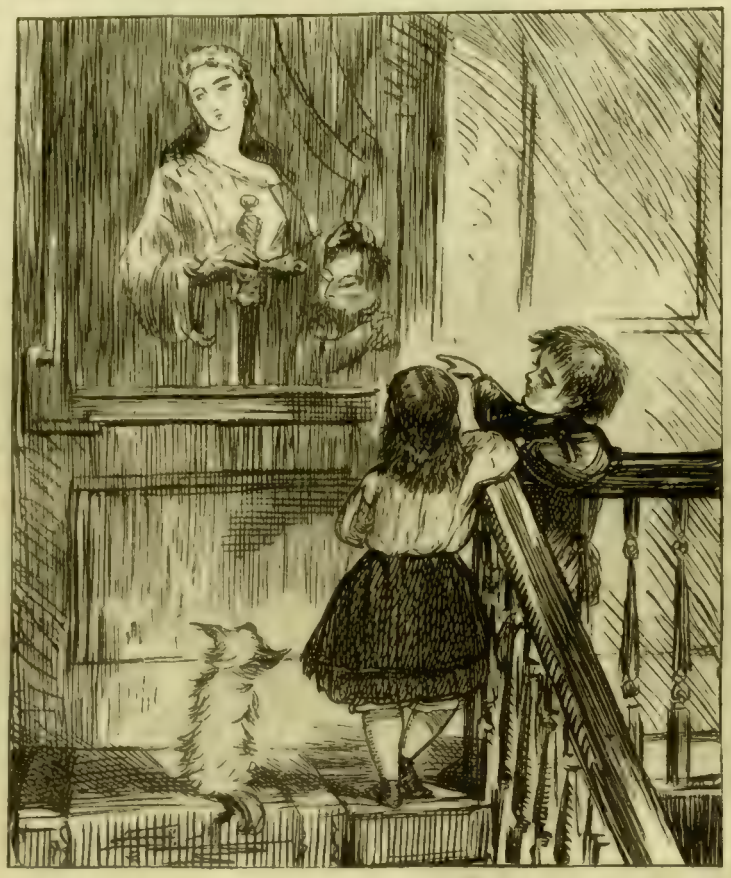
"We shall be perfectly ready, and I may say, happy, to discuss, at any length, any proposition that may be submitted to the House; and, while I think it probable that it may conduce to the just influence of the Conservative party to debate with calmness, I shall be perfectly prepared to avail myself of any weakness along the enemy's line, and to execute any Napoleonic strategy which may appear likely to be beneficial to Religion, and to the Constitution of these happy Realms.

"I will only add, having named NAPOLEON, that I did not select this date for my own *coup d'état* in compliment to my friend the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, but that the coincidence is as fortunate as it was fortuitous.

"*Downing Street, Dec. 2.*" "BENJAMIN D'IXION."

MILITARY EXAMINATION QUESTION AND ANSWER.

WHEN does a man's case lie in a nutshell?
When he 's a Colonel.



BIBLICAL HISTORY.

Boy. "THAT'S DAVID."
Girl. "NO, IT'S A WOMAN."
Boy. "BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER. LOOK AT THE SWORD!"

RUSSIFICATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in one of its occasional notes, publishes the very natural complaint of a conscientious Russian school-inspector in Lithuania.

Russia is benevolently anxious to Russify—another, and rather different word for civilising—this part of her Holy Empire.

Now, it is notorious that *polish* can't be diffused without extirpating *Polish*, and accordingly Russ law forbids the use of that demoralising language in the Polish schools of Lithuania. But the perverse little wretches who attend them are guilty of talking Polish with their fathers and mothers when they go home, and thus all the Russ varnish so laboriously laid on in their school-hours during the day is rubbed off every night. M. BATOUSCHKOFF, the zealous school-inspector who makes the complaint, draws the obvious conclusion, that unless the Polish children are entirely removed from the influence of their parents, there can be no real Russification. Still, he does not propose to punish the parents, as one might expect, for talking to their little ones in what he mildly calls their "pernicious" native tongue. He contents himself with the charitable observation, that "these imprudent parents do not understand what a demoralising influence they exercise on their children."

For the present he contents himself with recommending, "as a preliminary measure, that all children, except those who live with their parents, should, after the hours of study, be placed under the *surveillance* of committees composed of educational officials."

Happy little Lettish-Poles! Blessed with the perpetual guidance and example of their Russ pastors and masters—not only in, but out of, school-hours! Ah, if we had but the paternal Czarism of Russia established among us for a Session!

But we cannot understand why M. BATOUSCHKOFF, who sees the evil so clearly, stops so lamentably short in the remedy. He proposes, we have seen, to put all the Polish little ones under official *surveillance*, "except those who live with their parents." Why, it is just the unhappy children who *do* live with their parents who are poisoned by the "pernicious" Polish element!

What M. BATOUSCHKOFF ought to have recommended is the substitution of Russ *remplaçants* for Polish parents throughout Lithuania. Thus he would have struck at the root of that "pernicious" national feeling which neutralises all Russia's benevolent efforts at Russification. She will never stifle the language unless she can put down the parents. Till she has done *that*, her mission of civilisation will be but half accomplished.

BOBBY'S DOG-DAYS OVER.

Bravura.

RELIEVED from service mean and low,
That shamed ROBERTO's pride;
With Valour's former warmth I glow,
And thrill again inside.
Rescinded's MAYNE's canine behest,
I feel a man once more:
And, whilst I slap my swelling chest,
A Briton to the core!

No longer I, the street along,
With whoop and with halloo
Derided by the jeering throng,
The vagrant cur pursue.
No longer yield the multitude
Amusement and delight,
Him when they see my grasp elude,
Or caught, my fingers bite.

No more of these ignoble scars,
All marked with sable brand,
With snapping foes which oft, in wars,
I took in either hand!
And all, O surgery severe!
Had first to be excised,
Of Hydrophobia for the fear,
And after—cauterised.

From task to clutch dog's collars free,
By edict of thy Chief,
My right hand, thy sole game shall be
To collar rogue and thief.
To grasp the foul garotter tight,
To gripe the Fenian fell,
And drag the wretch, with main and might,
Away to station-cell.

O would I had the power to seize
The burglar on his way,
With "jemmy," and with picklock keys,
And balk him of his prey.
O would I might o'erstep my beat,
The bolting prig to chase!
The House should then be safe—the Street
Not what is now the case.

Enact me but the law I need,
Arm me with legal right;
The caitiff, bent on felon's deed,
I'll stop by day or night.
In Home's defence, and Beauty's aid,
Meanwhile my staff I wave.
Move on, ye Roughs, or you'll be made,
By X, Policeman brave!

SEQUELS.

(*In the Press.*)

To follow *Nature's Nobleman* (by the author of *Rachel's Secret*), *Society's Snob* (by the author of *Beautiful for Ever*).

To follow the *Sunshine of Greystone* (by a Lady), *The Dulness of Blackstone* (by a Law Student).

To follow *The Log of my Leisure Hours* (by an Old Sailor), *The Bore of my Business Moments* (by an Old Clerk).

To follow *Wrecked in Port* (by EDMUND YATES), *Swamped in Claret* (by HAROLD POWER).

To follow *A Thorn in his Side* (by the author of *Edith's Marriage*), *A Flea in his Ear* (by the authoress of *Edwin's Disappointment*).

SEVERE.—Somebody having broken some windows at New College, Oxford, all the Undergraduates have been punished with rustication. *Panes* and penalties this with a vengeance!

"MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN."

Mamma (alarmed). "WHAT IS IT, MY DARLING?"

Pet. "YA—AH, BOO—OOH—AH!"

Mamma. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, THEN? COME AND TELL ITS OWN——"

Pet. "BA—H-OO-H—SHE—SHE DID—WASH ME ONCE—AN'—SAYS—SHE DIDN'T—AN'—SHE'S BEEN—AN' GONE AN' WASHED ME OVER AGAIN!!"

BAITED CIRCULARS.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM old enough to be the father of grown-up daughters; but I am neither a father nor a husband. It is well. A wife of nearly my own age would most likely not be so hale and strong as I am. The only delight she could well afford me would be that of alleviating her numerous complaints, and of this pleasure I should be very much deprived by narrow circumstances. The same limitation would forbid me to make my children happy. As for my daughters, if I had any, they could not, for anything I could do, but be the reverse of happy. My means would not enable them to appear in the expensive dresses now exacted by society, and as necessary, with any view to matrimony, as the silk, and hackle, and gold and silver thread, with which hooks are adorned to make artificial flies, and catch trout.

Puffing linen-drapers, however, Sir, are unaware both of my indigence and celibacy. At least they are ignorant of the latter; knowledge of the former would probably not prevent them from sending their circulars to my abode, on the chance of tempting thoughtless girls, or a foolish old woman to mis-spend money, run me up a bill, or coax, or badger me into extravagance.

MESSRS. TAGG AND RAGG, the other day, sent me one of their announcements of sales of depreciated stock, accompanied by three different specimens of silk, with their respective prices. The least costly was 60*s.* the dress, the next 75*s.*, the highest 78*s.* 6*d.* "WALKER!" was the exclamation which audibly burst from my lips, as, winking mine eye at TAGG AND RAGG in idea, I pressed my thumb hard on the end of my nose, and forcibly twiddled my fingers.

"Ah!" thought I, "how many a poor fellow like myself, and having incumbrances which I am not saddled with, has been let in by means of that circular and its enclosed patterns for from fourteen or fifteen to twenty or thirty pounds, if not more!"

"Matrimony," said DR. JOHNSON, "has many pains, and celibacy few pleasures." Sir, I experienced one of its pleasures as I cast the silken baits for my imagined females into the fire, and proceeded to convert the paper which had contained them into spills. Which whilst I used from time to time in lighting my pipe, I tried to work myself into a state of mind approaching to content with my lot by comparing it with what it might be if I were poor PATERFAMILIAS, and not

DIOGENES TUBHOUSE.

P.S. Whenever a weak sense of loneliness comes over me, I comfort myself with the reflection that, whilst others are necessitated to incur linendrapers' charges, my whole expenditure on apparel is limited to infrequent transactions at the ready-made clothes-shop.

News from Newgate.

AGAIN two base garotters, stripped,
Have been tied up in turn, and whipped
At Newgate, but, the truth to tell,
The rascals uttered ne'er a yell,
Though each did forty stripes receive;
This failure to report we grieve.
More power, in paying savage crime,
To CALCRAFT's elbow the next time.

Snug.

CHESHIRE's six County Conservative Members have but three names amongst them. There is one TOLLEMACHE, two LEGHS, and three EGERTONS.

Another curiosity is, that there are two Boroughs which return M.P.'s with the same names—Devonport and Marylebone both send a CHAMBERS and a LEWIS.

AN ARCHIDIACONAL FUNCTION.

From ARCHDEACON PUNCH *to all Ritualists in his Archdeaconry.*

GENTLEMEN,

I KNOW, and you will not deny it, that you avowedly and openly hear confessions. I feel it my duty to make a few remarks upon a letter to the REV. JAS. A. ANDERSON, O.S.A., a Catholic priest, from his Bishop, DR. O'BRIEN. Here is the letter:—

"Waterford, Nov. 9, 1868.

"REV. JAS. A. ANDERSON, O.S.A.,—I hereby withdraw from you all faculties and approbation to hear confessions from the date hereof within the limits of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore.

"Yours faithfully,

+ D. O'BRIEN, Bishop."

You see from this, Gentlemen, the system of the Roman Church. The clerical practitioner is licensed to hear confession on the premises, not off them, and that licence can be revoked by his superior. Your Archdeacon, Gentlemen, is no admirer of the Confessional, and he looks upon the Rubric as vaguely permissive in an extraordinary case, while the form in the Visitation Service is, demonstrably, for a special case. If the English Church Reformers had intended confession to be generally and usually practised, it would have been guarded as jealously as it is in the Roman Church. But your Archdeacon wonders who is to restrain you? You have no confessional boxes in open church, in the sight of the entire congregation. No; your studies, your libraries, your friends' rooms, your vestries, your sacristies, these be your holes and corners.

Would you not be astonished to read:—

"*To the* REV. MACHONOCHIE (*e. g.*), *St. Albans.*

"I hereby withdraw from you all faculties and approbation to hear confessions, from the date hereof, within the limits of the diocese of London. "T. LONDON."

Of course you would be astonished.

But I, as your Archdeacon, must put a prior question; namely, "Have you ever received 'such faculties or approbation' from your Bishop?" No. "Have you ever asked for them?" No. I advise you to ask for such licence at once. Let all Ritualistic clergymen apply for their licences to their respective diocesans.

I do not, I will not, anticipate the answer, but if the powers exist you will obtain your licences.

Everybody can keep wine and spirits in his cellar, but everyone may not retail them to customers.

Gentlemen, as your Venerable Archdeacon, I agree with you that, having due regard to your liberty, you are better placed as Anglican Clergymen than if (which with your opinions you might easily do) you joined the Church of Rome. There you'd be laymen, and have to *make*, not *hear* confessions.

There you'd be taught, not allowed to teach.

There, if you would be Priests and hear confessions, 'twill be under grave restrictions.

Or if you are, as I trust most of you happily are, married, you could not, if you would, be a Priest at all.

But, Gentlemen, why move, when you can hold all Roman doctrine, hear confessions, absolve, expound antiquity, and be married? *Vos estis Di, dixi.* Better to be Popes all, than serve one.

Gentlemen, may your Priestesses convert you to an honest mind, or if they will not, but on the contrary, be inclined to agree with you (as even good wives sometimes will) why then do you be FATHER DARBY, let her reverence be POPE JOAN, and hear the young ladies' confessions. But, ah, me! I tremble to think of the penances. I am, faithfully,

Your Venerable Archdeacon,

PUNCH.

P.S. And to you, my dear BISHOP OF ELY, yours and many of 'em. You are wrong, my dear Lord, in your supposition that because Prayers *de mortuis* were officially pronounced not illegal in that celebrated case that *therefore* "A Mass for the Repose of a Soul," as performed by that Clergyman of the Established Church in your Lordship's diocese, at Cambridge is permissible as a corollary. If you think so, my Lord, then permit me to say that on this point you are no theologian, and perhaps don't want to be.

Acclimatisation Overdone.

So, Australia is in danger of being eaten up by the progeny of rabbits imported from the mother country. The Australians should import foxes to keep them down. It must be understood that the too prolific rabbit of New South Wales is a totally different creature from the Welsh rabbit.

UNPOPULAR OPERA JUST NOW.—The Trova-tory.

IXION'S FALL.

IXION scaled Olympus; with the Immortals
Like an Immortal sat, and held his own:
Made mocks at Jove, and even passed the portals
Of the Great Queen and whispered by her throne.

Flung topsy-turvy the Olympian board,
And taught its gods their natures to reverse:
Made Bacchus drop his cup, and Mars his sword,
Turned Venus vestal, and Minerva worse.

Daring—for what had he not braved, defiant
Of low beginnings, to reach realms so high?
As tough in purpose as in practice pliant;
Still keeping on his goal a single eye.

Merging all arts in one, the art to rise,
Holding no way forbid that upward led:
Scorning all bars between him and his prize—
And leader most, when seeming to be led.

Marking his feats of wit, his force of will,
His victories o'er scorn and low estate,
We own, were greatness but successful skill,
Ixion well had earned the title "Great."

But as men's greatness never yet has stood
Gauged by the height they oft reach but to fall;
As will and power to do great things and good,
Make mortals great, who wanting these are small,

Ixion, at his highest, stood but low;
And few there are will grieve his fall to see,
Who nought beyond himself e'er seemed to know;
And, not being god-like, claimed a god to be.

And if, when he aspired to fold a Queen,
A phantom cloud to his embrace was given;
If, when he thought Jove's master to have been,
He found himself hurled down by Jove from Heaven,

'Tis only Justice, nor can we desire,
Nor he hope, to Olympus his return:
His fate is in the nether world of fire,
Bound to a wheel, to turn, and turn, and turn.

That wheel, *his* fitting punishment who taught,
The Ruler's Art was but to turn in time;
That nether world, with keener suffering fraught,
For him who had the strength so high to climb.

But hark! Ixion's voice,—whose courage strove
With pain, defiant still though faint and floored:—
"Deem me not from Olympus kicked by Jove,
If I've come down, 'tis of my own accord."

A LONG SHRIFT.

THE POPE, waking up with a Happy Thought, suddenly cut off the heads of a couple of men who were sentenced about a year and a quarter ago. Their crime was a dastardly one, worthy of Fenians, and their fate needs no pity. But the Italians are making a grievance of it, and calling it an insult to Italy, because these criminals blew up a barrack of sleeping soldiers who were among the guards of Rome. With all *Punch's* desire to see that done for the POPE which Catholics desire to see done for the Irish Church, he cannot applaud the Italian demonstration, which is justified only by the dogma that we may do evil that good may come. Only, we should have thought that short shrift might have met the justice of the case. As our friend SIR GEORGE BOWYER has leisure from Parliamentary duties (and we are sorry for it, as also that the two excellent English Catholics, LORD EDWARD HOWARD and SIR JOHN ACTON, are out), perhaps he will, taking competent time to ascertain, tell us why it took fifteen months to "justify" a couple of assassins.

See Advertisement.

"WHO'S YOUR LAWYER?" I haven't required one since I took the law into my own hands, kicked out my landlord, and told my servants that if they brought in any bills, I would discharge the bringers.

ELECTION RIOTS.—The elections made England for the time being a perfect Bear-Garden, with candidates at the top and bottom of the Poll.


MAJORITY

IXION OUT OF HEAVEN.

(*Being a Tail-piece to* Mr. Disraeli's *delightful Novelette, "Ixion in Heaven."*)

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EYE.

In the kingdom of the blind the Man with an Eye would be king. But as it doesn't happen to the Man with an Eye to live in a "Blind Country"—which I suppose a hunting man would define as a country full of blind hedges and blind ditches—he erects himself into an absolute monarchy, and pities those who with their two eyes are not blessed with such correct powers of vision—which are indeed but visionary powers—as he is with his one.

Not that he hasn't got two good useful serviceable eyes. He has: but he always prefers to speak of them, as the French republic, one and indivisible.

He will tell you that he has "an eye for colouring." Which eye it is he doesn't say. He has also "an eye for effect." Perhaps it's the other eye; not the one he uses for colour.

He has got "an eye to the main chance," like a raven "twigging" a worm upon which he'll presently come down sharply, as with our One-Eyed Calendar in his character of early bird on the main chance.

He has "an eye for comfort," he has, generally speaking "an eye for this sort of thing," whatever it may be at the moment, and such an eye as no one else possesses for the same thing, nor can he conceive the possibility of there being another eye belonging to any other person equal in any kind of way to his.

The question may occur to some, isn't he rather an Argus, speaking of every one of his eyes individually, than a man of only one eye?

This he may be, but to all intents and purposes he is, in every case, the one-eyed man.

Benton, my one-eyed friend, is most annoying.

When he comes into the room, nothing is straight in his opinion.

You have a headache, perhaps, and having given up business for one day only, you are sitting comfortably before your fire, with the tea and toast of invalid tradition, when in comes Benton of the Eye.

"My dear fellow, sorry to find you seedy; what is it?" And while you are answering, his eye is commencing a tour round the chamber. It makes you fidgety; you know that something is wrong; you would almost like to ward off the blow by telling him that "you know what he is going to say," only that this course you foresee may just draw on you the attack you want to avoid. For this power of the Eye makes Benton the most particular man you ever met. He is so neat in himself that he wouldn't even cock his hat on one side, not on account of the raffish look, but because it would put his entire self, as it were, out of the perpendicular. His rooms are the perfection of neatness and good taste; there is no doubt about it. And while his Eye enables him to pick holes, or rather to point out the holes, and then, by picking at 'em, to make 'em larger in other people's habits, yet there's not one of all his acquaintance who can honestly point out a hole in his domestic arrangements; that is, as to furniture, *bric-à-brac*, articles of *virtu*, or the colour and position of any chair, curtain, stool, sofa, fire-screen, or what-not from kitchen to attic in Benton's chambers.

Therefore, being encased in mail himself, he can charge others fearlessly; but at the same time it is less in the spirit of a knight of the tourney than in that of the crusader that Benton brings his lance up to the rest against you; for he wants to convert you from the error of your ways. He would have you all as he is—all Benton. "If his standard of taste is correct, and it is admitted by his friends and enemies to be admirable, and nearly perfect, what is not up to his standard," he argues, "comes short of it, and is not correct; that is, is incorrect. If I am right," he says, "You are wrong. There *is* a right and a wrong in these matters, and it is wonderful to me," continues Benton, "how men can go on as you do, allowing their rooms to be all higgledy piggledy anyhow, and not taking a pride and pleasure in seeing them look neat and artistic."

This is dreadful when you're unwell. You can only say, "Oh, dear, it doesn't matter," or the here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow theory, which, Benton will at once (being a High Churchman and strongly Gothic) tell you is not the way to look at anything however small; such a view being the lowest old Pagan morality known to the ancients. Whereupon (if your headache is really bad) you will say you "prefer being an old Pagan moralist," and will try to show by your manner that this is where the full stop comes (stop, and count four) in the conversation.

"Not a bit," Benton says, standing up and putting his glass in his eye (*the* eye), "my dear fellow; you haven't got that lamp straight." It is a hanging one, and the chains somehow or other never will remain the same length for two days together.

"I couldn't stop in the room with such a thing as that," says Benton, fidgeting. "It quite upsets me. 'Pon my life, I don't wonder you're ill."

"Well," you say, feebly, "Betty shall put it to-rights; in fact," you add, suddenly admitting to yourself that you haven't been strict enough about these matters, and *they* ought really to take more care, "I'll speak to her sharply."

"I wouldn't make a row about it," says Benton—which is just his annoying way—after stirring you up with a long pole as it were until you're only too glad to get some one on whom to let off your anger,—he says, "Oh don't make a fuss about it."

"Fuss!" you growl, "surely 'tisn't making a fuss to ask them why the deuce they don't hang a lamp properly—it's too bad." Here Betty enters in answer to your bell. She looks as if she had been suddenly disturbed in commencing the colouring operations on her face to qualify herself for a part in the Female Nigger Minstrels.

"Betty," says her master, in a tone enough to bring a pallor even to *her* cheek, and the more startling seeing she had only expected to be summoned either for more tea and toast, or to remove the tray, or for a bottle of soda-water, or some such mild and gentle order in the way of stimulants with which the headachy bachelor is apt to regale himself. So Betty looks for one second as if she'd seen a ghost, and the next she braces herself up to meet "what's a comin'!"

"Betty, why on earth can't you keep this lamp straight? I've been going to speak to you about it every day,"—this is your excuse to her for being so suddenly furious; a mere excuse, which she sees through, and you know she does too, and would give something if Benton hadn't come in with his confounded eye—"but I haven't, because, somehow, it slipped my memory. Just see to it *at once*." And you look across at Benton, as much as to say, "See what a Turk I am when I like—there's a man of business for you!"

Betty advances towards the lamp, and examines it cautiously.

"She don't think there ain't not much the matter with the lamp, it's the chains as 'olds it: the man 'ad better come and do it, as she only might break it a touchin of it, and that's why she aven't liked to do it before."

"Then why not," you ask still severely, for you feel you are answered, and that Betty has the best of it—always confounding that fellow Benton, who *will* interfere—"why not mention it to me, instead of letting it go on in this way?"

Betty replies that "I'd ave a mentioned it, Sir, before, only that Mr. Ripps up-stairs 'aving a friend for a week, and Mr. Wigglesworth down-stairs 'aving just left down-stairs in order to let Mr. Blassone as is going to 'ave a brass plate on the door; he's a dentist, Sir, and cleaning the house down, and one thing and another, it quite slipped out of my thoughts."

"Slipped:" a quotation from your own speech a while ago. Things have not hitherto gone so well for you during this scene that you can afford a side-attack from Benton, who says, as if remonstrating, mind, with you for your harshness to the poor maid about such a petty matter as the lamp not being straight, "I dare say," observes this traitor, "Betty has quite enough to do without looking after your lamps hanging exactly as they ought," (the double-faced villain), "and after all it's the proper hanger's business, not hers."

You can't say, before *her*, that Benton oughtn't to talk like this, making you appear like a tyrant lodger to the servant.

When she is gone you will talk over this seriously with Benton; and you will also find that you have, up to this time, forgotten your headache.

Of the Man with an Eye more hereafter.

OLD COLLEGE LAW AND NEW COLLEGE JUSTICE.

A New College man breaks a New College window,
The Dons won't admit "an excuse for the glass":
And as they can't hit on the midnight offender,
They rusticate all of their students *en masse*.

That none can touch pitch without being defiled,
The Dons of New College still hold a wise saw:
And while sin of the parent's paid off on the child,
Who can grumble if such is, and was, Oxford law?

As that law was of old, so it is now-a-days:
And all England, beholding the act, must acknowledge
That Oxford's still Oxford, and stands on old ways,
And that Old College justice is dealt at New College.

"Up in a Balloon."

Mr. William Finnie is elected for Ayrshire, but surely it is Mr. Green, the celebrated aëronaut, who ought to have been the fit and proper person, knowing more about Air-shire than any one else, bar Coxwell. How many gentlemen might have stood for this seat, by right of property in Ayr, generally *castles!* However, Mr. Finnie's good health! I've no doubt, as Lord Lytton would say, that the present Member is the *Rightful Ayr*, and as I've finished what I've got to say, *c'est fini*.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will some one satisfy the curiosity of "A Puzzled Reader," and tell him what "Powers's Oiled Feather Tracts" are?

"(NOT) THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES."

Cat's-Meat Man. "WHAT 'A YER GOT FOR DINNER TO-DAY, JOE?"

Crossing-Sweeper. "OH, A BIT O' ROAST WEAL, SENT ME UP FROM NO. 6 IN THE CRESCENT 'ERE—AN' YER WOULDN'T B'LLEVE IT!—NOT A MOSSEL O' STUFFIN—AH, AN' NOT SO MUCH AS A SLICE O' LEMON!—AND (*with a sneer*) CALLS THEIRSELVES RESPECT'BLE PEOPLE, I 'VE NO DOUBT!!"

CONSERVATIVE CALCULATIONS.

(*After the Latest Models.*)

IT certainly happens that the Liberals have a numerical majority of one hundred and ten, or some trifle of that kind, in the new House, and that, just as matter of form, MR. D'IXION has resigned the Premiership. But we need hardly say that the state of parties is to be estimated in another way. Of course, nothing more can be done to the Irish Church; that is beyond doubt. The majority of one hundred and ten is easily disposed of—thus:—

Irish Liberals who could not think of voting on a Protestant Church question	66
Scotch Liberals, who could not think of interfering with a question between England and Ireland . .	50
Total . . .	116

There, of course, the majority is done away at once. But, if we add that there are 7 Jews, who cannot vote on a Protestant topic, and 11 Liberal Quakers out of the 12 who cannot have anything to say to a Church at all, and about 50 Dissenters to whom the same remark must apply, and SIR JOHN SIMEON, who is a Catholic, and therefore will have too much good taste to vote, we get 69 more, which, added to 116, reduces the Liberals by 185; and, leaving them with only 199, places MR. D'IXION in the magnificent majority of SIXTY-NINE! We see no reason why he should not at once resume office.

WIN HIM AND WEAR HIM.

WAREHAM if an eminently respectable, is not, as far as we know, a particularly distinguished borough. It has at this moment, however, a rare and ready chance of distinguishing itself. Its newly-elected Liberal Member, CAPTAIN CALCRAFT, is dead. Let its Liberal majority offer the vacant seat to the Right Honourable H. A. BRUCE, whom Merthyr Tydfil has discredited itself by rejecting—and thus Wareham may win the honour of being represented by the steadiest and staunchest promoter of education, and about the most sensible and unpretendingly capable public man who sat in the last House of Commons, and who now represents a good deal more than the 658th part of the collective wisdom, still missing from the present Parliament.

AN ILL-TIMED THING.—A Doctor's stop-watch.

IDE YER DIMINISHED EDS.

THE British Puffer is impudent, and much disfigures the journals. But his most audacious blare is as the croaking of a frog to the roaring of a bull, when he is contrasted with his American brother. In the last Transatlantic paper that has come to our hand we find an invitation to join a Telegraph Company on the ground that it has a grant to lay cables

CONNECTING ALL THE PORTS ON THE

ASIATIC COAST,

WHOSE FOREIGN COMMERCE AMOUNTS TO

ONE THOUSAND MILLIONS ANNUALLY!

Even the fellows who send linen-drapery puffs to our wives when we are away are fools to these Yankees.

A BIT OF BRIGHTNESS.

THOSE who totally deny that England has ever behaved worse to the United States than the United States have to England, may nevertheless entirely approve of the suggestion thus made at the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, when the pacific American Minister dined there the other day, by MR. BRIGHT:—

"Then let us here, if we can, originate or help on a new idea, which is, that the American people are the same people, and that every man, be he a Member of Parliament, or a mere private citizen, or Minister of State, and every writer who endeavours to create jealousy between the two nations, is an enemy not only to those two nations, but is an enemy to the human race."

As above, at any rate, ditto to MR. BRIGHT. His proposal, endorsed, has hereby the advantage of a world-wide circulation. Copy, however, and approve, likewise, American newspapers.

SINGING SMALLEY.

MR. SMALLEY, the London Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, has written a long letter, by way of opening JOHN BULL'S eyes to his Cousin JONATHAN'S indignant repudiation of all the HON. REVERDY JOHNSON may say or do, to promote peace and goodwill, heal old sores, and settle irritating differences, between BRITANNIA and COLUMBIA. MR. SMALLEY assures us, that MR. REVERDY JOHNSON absolutely stinks in the nostrils of the United States, that his negotiations with LORD STANLEY are to be bootless, his convention repudiated, and himself ignominiously recalled, as soon as GENERAL GRANT takes office, because he has been wicked enough to dine at the same table with MESSRS. LAIRD, ROEBUCK, and LORD WHARNCLIFFE, and has not thought it necessary to make himself personally disagreeable to these black and bloody "Southerners."

Punch can only say, that if the Correspondent of the *Tribune* really represents American feelings and intentions in this matter, such susceptibilities are so small that their organ could not well be other than SMALLEY. For his own part, he will not believe it of UNCLE SAM till he sees it.

The Real Court for the Ladies.

WHY should women their rights protest
The Court of Common Pleas in?
Women's rights are most confest,
When they are *un*common pleasin'.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

AT the Annual Meeting of the Royal Society, the Romford Medal was awarded to DR. BALFOUR STEWART. Was not this a mistake? Ought not the Romford Medal to have been awarded to IND, COOPE & Co.?

DELIGHTFUL FOR A BALD HEAD.

Gent in the Ditch. "Hullo! Hi! Stop, Sir! You've got my Hat!"

WE ARE NINETEEN.

Twelve Jolly Quakers, or those who were such,
Are elected M.P. not a Quaker too much.
Twelve jolly Quakers, and Seven jolly Jews,
Were the right sort of birds for electors to choose.
For none than a Quaker's more ready to fight,
When he thinks, as he usually does, that he 's right,
And none than a Jew is more ready to pay,
When he sees that the money will go the right way;
And when our War-Estimates come, will come too
The pluck of the Quaker, the sense of the Jew.
We look to them both, though the Colonels may storm,
For liberal provision, but searching reform.
So hooray for the voters with wisdom to choose
Our Twelve Jolly Quakers, and Seven Jolly Jews!

ANTHROPOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

In a report of a paper lately read before the Anthropological Society by Mr. L. Owen Pike, M.A., on "The Claims of Women to Political Power," occurs a passage announcing an indisputable truth:--

"The various fields in which women have won distinction were surveyed; and the conclusion arrived at was, that however great the capacity of the female mind may be, it has a natural tendency to occupy itself with those pursuits that most adorn the mother."

The study of the fashions, especially, for example. It is true that this pursuit adorns the daughter no less than the mother, and perhaps generally rather more of the two; yet, as the daughter is adorned by it with a view to matrimony, in adorning her it adorns, in intention at any rate, the future mother: so that the truth of Mr. Pike's statement about the tendency of the female mind is as plain as a pike-staff.

Bad Backer for the late Government.—The Election Returns.

TO THE YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

We do not take unqualified delight in all the writings of Mrs. Fanny Fern, but she often talks good sense in plain English. For instance, denouncing the follies of dress, which runs as wild in Broadway as in Bond Street, she says:—

"Oh, how I wish that a bevy of young, handsome girls, of good social position, would inaugurate a plain lady-like costume for street and church wear. I say young and handsome, because if an old woman does this, the little chits toss their heads and say, 'Oh, she has had her day, and don't care now—and we want ours.'"

A very good suggestion. If a bevy of young and handsome English girls would like to act upon it, and will send us their photographs, and an intimation of their wishes, our office shall be at their service, and *Punch* will be happy to preside. Cigarettes and maraschino—tea constantly ready. No old ones, please; not that we consider age a crime, exactly, but we prefer the little Chits.

A Card to the Corrupt.

I do hereby give notice that I have taken off my bandage, and taken up my scales, for the purpose of looking into and weighing evidence in charges of electoral corruption. Bribers and bribees will take warning that henceforth their cases will be cases for

"My Eye, and Baron (not Betty) Martin!"

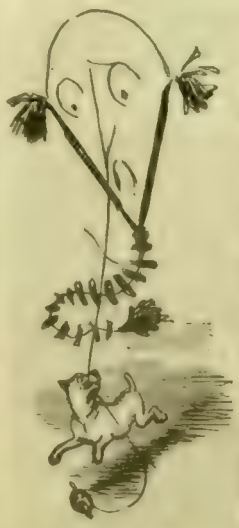
Justitia.

The Latest Quotation.

Mr. Disraeli, though beaten and forced to retire, is manly and uncomplaining, as his Election Speech at Aylesbury and his Address on resigning office, show. There is a line of Shelley's which seems to suit the ex-Premier's present position:—

"Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!"

PERAMBULATOR RACES.



LOCIPEDES are all the go at Paris, and, unless some check be put to the proclivities of nursemaids, we may expect, ere long, in London to see races with perambulators. We shall not be surprised to hear that MARY JANE has backed herself to wheel two babies round Hyde Park in five-and-twenty minutes, and doubtless matches will be made in most adjacent nurseries, and winners will be handicapped by having heavy babies added to their load. Indeed we doubt not that ere long perambulator races will be noticed in *Bell's Life*, and we shall read that SUKEY SCROGGINS, *aliàs* "the Flying Spider," is open to a race with SALLY SKEGGS, the Brompton Pet. Or the sporting world will learn, with mingled wonder and delight, that MRS. LEAVECHILD'S "Novice," on Monday afternoon, raced her perambulator alongside of a hansom, for upwards of a mile upon the Hampstead Road.

As nursemaids now, when told to take the children for an airing, desire invariably to stop and stare at all the bonnet-shops, it becomes of course their object to go at a good pace over the pavement intervening, that they may have fair time for their flirtation in the park. By having periodically races with perambulators, they will learn to keep in training, and acquire both speed in progress and skill in steering quickly through the crowded streets. The chief business with our nursemaids being mostly their own pleasure, their object naturally is, when ordered out for exercise, to get to their flirtation-grounds as quickly as they can, after wasting a good time in the allurements of the shops. They pay little heed of course to what accidents may happen, while they recklessly are urging on their wild career. Caring little for the little ones entrusted to their charge, they trust to their good luck to prevent bones being broken, and keep ever at their tongue's tip a whole volume of excuses, to account for the upsettings their stupidity and carelessness are certain to induce.

A PAPER FOR THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. PUNCH,

I KNOW I am stupendously ignorant, as I have more than once confessed penitentially in your ear, but is it absolutely indispensable to be versed in the geography of Central Asia? I read in an evening Gazette, the very one which drove me to confide my uneasiness on the same subject to you before, the following:—

"So preternatural a blunder in the veriest elements of Central Asiatic geography as the confusion of Little Thibet or Baltistan with the newly consolidated Turkish realm of the Kushbegi of Yarkand can hardly be the result of anything but mere oversight."

In my case I felt it would have been the result of mere ignorance, as I could not remember ever to have heard of the Kushbegi or his dominions before, and the only way in which I could comfort myself was by reflecting that the paragraph did not refer to the usual ignoramuses like myself, but to a correspondent's letter in another paper. My complacency, however, such as it was, was soon disturbed, for not many nights had passed when the same journal plunged into Central Asia again, saying:—

"We cannot possibly tell whether the two events—that is to say, the defeat of a force of the Kushbegi in a collision with a Russian force on the Narym, and the demand of the Russians for a post at Gumah—be well authenticated or not, &c."

The easy familiarity with which all this was treated, as though the journalist were writing of the defeat of MR. DISRAELI, or the widening of the Cam, or the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, convinced me of the disgrace it was not to be as thoroughly acquainted with the Kushbegi and the Narym (assumed to be a river, but which may be a cape or a promontory) as I am with the movements of the PRINCE OF WALES and the course of the Thames, and I deplored more than ever the unfinished state in which my education had been left.

During the elections it was sufficiently embarrassing to be asked at dinner where Eye or Cricklade was, and to be expected to know the exact position on the map of Linlithgowshire, and the names of the places forming the Wick District; but if the conversation is going to turn on Yarkand and its ruler, on Gumah, and Ilchi, and the Changchenmoo route—and we know that people will talk newspaper, and this particular journal is a good deal in society—I must procure the latest Gazetteer, and refuse all invitations, until I am as well up in the towns and rivers of Central Asia as I am in the Stations of the Metropolitan Railway.

IGNORAMUS.

A BEER REFORM BILL WANTED.

I SAH *Punch* owd frind ha' yow sin that there speech o' LORD EUSTACE CECIL my bor JIM he call him LORD MOUSTACHE CECIL cos he say his lordship be a member of the hairy stockracy, but blame me! he du talk like a book he du particlar what he sah 'bout them adulteraation blaggards who goo an' rob a poor man of his beer an' gone [give?] him rank pison to drink when he step into a pothouse—

"The national drink—the drink that the labourers looked upon as both meat and drink, was systematically poisoned. He had taken the trouble to look into a few of the ingredients that were commonly put into the liquor; and among other articles, there were *cocculus indicus*, grains of Paradise, and copperas, the latter being nothing less than green vitriol. He would leave it to those who understood these things better than himself, to calculate how much harm such things as these must do to the physical strength and health of the labourers. As employers of labour it was a serious question for them to consider, for it not only depreciated the value of their labourer, but it also depreciated his whole capital—his health and strength. It was commonly said that the great curse to the country was the beerhouses, but he believed a much greater curse was the stuff that was sold in them."

Brayvo yar lordship! thats what I call speakin right down sensible! Nex time I git the chance o' gittin half a pint blame me if I dont drink yar lordships right good health and success to yar election! Taint the beer as make us drunk—tis the drugs as there be put in it and if yew pison men in this way yow rob em of their health and drive em to the poor house or it may be to the horsepittle Taint their fault if they git drunk A labrer who work hard on nine shillun a week he aint much overfed and he harnt got the stamminer for to bear up agin bad beer and the first sup as he take it git into his head which aint nit overstrong and it make him right down duzzy. Then may be a frind drop in and GILES and he they have a half pint both thegither and poor GILES he git right drunk all through the beer a bein drugged and nex mornin master tell him he may goo about his bizness So I hope yow 'll sah a word for us pore labrers and git a Beer Reform Bill passed for to purwent our bein pisoned and me and my bor JIM we 'll be right proud to drink yar health if so be as yow ull stand a half pint when nex yow come to Suffuk

So I remain yar most obedient

CRISTOFER CLOD,

More nor forty year a labrer workin far owd Farmer Skinflint down by Halser way in Suffuk.

PS My bor JIM he sah he allys thowt green witriol was used only for Blue Ruin.

FRENCH MEDITATIONS.

SIR HENRY BULWER (*Punch* is very glad to see Tamworth had the sense to elect him) has made a tremendous sensation by his revelation of a diplomatic secret. In 1840 he says that the French Government was so angry with us, that "it was considering whether England should not be attacked without giving her any warning." This amiable meditation has been denied by M. THIERS; at least, he says it was not in hand at the time LORD HOWDEN, who had asked him about it, mentioned. But, with all respect for M. THIERS, we incline to think that SIR HENRY BULWER was sufficiently well served to ensure first-class information as to the plans of his enemies; and, though it is highly proper and decorous for M. THIERS to deny the statement diplomatically, we should not from the whole case exactly deduce the moral that England ought to disarm, in confidence that no friend will ever play her a trick. AS SHAKSPEARE remarks—

"Nought shall make us rue
While England keeps a stick, and pistol too."

Colonial Rule.

IN a leader relative to New Zealand the *Times* judiciously remarks:—

"The scale must be revised according to which it would appear that one Maori's life is computed to be worth the lives of ten Englishmen."

Yes, truly, it should be revised; and had it not better also be reversed?

Parliamentary Nightwork.

WHEN women have got the franchise, one use which they will make of it may be expected to be the exaction from candidates of a pledge to keep earlier legislative hours. They cannot but sympathise with the wives of Honourable Members who very often do not come from the national public house till half-past two or three in the morning.

CUTTING HIM SHORT.

Hair-Dresser. "WE CAN 'IGHLY RECOMMEND THIS——"

Grim Customer. "YOUR COMMISSION 'S ABOUT TWOPENCE ON THAT RUBBISH, ISN'T IT?"

Hair-Dresser (taken aback). "YE—YES, SIR."

Customer. "THEN HOLD YOUR TONGUE, AND FINISH CUTTING MY HAIR, AND I 'LL SEE IF I VE GOT ANY *HALFPENCE!!*"

EXPLOSIVE PROJECTILES LIMITED.

THE Millennium may appear to many of the sincerest wishers for its advent to have been postponed by the decision of the St. Petersburg Conference to forbear from the use of rifle-shells in warfare. It may, with great reason, be argued that the more frightful and murderous warlike weapons are made, the more destructive the means of destruction, the sooner will war become so terrible that nations will shrink from incurring its horrors. There is a good deal to be said why the Peace Society, instead of meeting, talking, and agitating for the direct accomplishment of their object, should devote themselves to the encouragement, by adequate prizes provided by subscription, of inventions such as Armstrong and Whitworth guns, Moncrieff's battery, Palliser's chilled shot, and all manner of torpedoes and naval or military infernal machines. Suppose, for instance, a joint-stock company (limited) were established for the purpose of catching rattlesnakes, copper-heads, marsh-mocassins, puff-adders, cobras, and all other kinds of venomous snakes in the world, extracting their poison, and enclosing it in swan-shot, with which bombs being filled might scatter certain death, killing everybody whom they so much as grazed. It might very plausibly, if not justly, be maintained that the Peace Society would do one of the best things it could towards gaining its end by promoting such an enterprise.

On the other side there is no denying that the idea of disusing a projectile because it hurts dreadfully, is perhaps a step to the disuse of all projectiles used in war, and therefore to the abolition of war. All projectiles hurt dreadfully when they smash bones or inflict lacerated wounds. The wonders worked by the Chassepot rifle at Mentana hurt those on whose limbs they were performed very dreadfully indeed. The St. Petersburg Conference has decided that the pain given by shells under one pound's weight is something too horrid for humanity to permit. If sovereigns and peoples think a little further in this way, they will possibly get in time to apprehend that the effects of a jagged lump of iron, or even a smooth one, impinging on the shins with a certain velocity, or tearing up any sentient region of the human frame, are not so much less horrid as to be allowable. Is it altogether absurd to suppose that the time may come when civilised mankind will think of smashing one another in battle as an obsolete atrocity, even as they now look back on breaking criminals on the wheel?

THE CHARGE OF THE BLACK BRIGADE.

Freemasons' Tavern, Tuesday, December 8, 1868.

HALF a day, half a day
Sped the clocks onward,
While in Freemasons' Hall
Roared the six hundred.*
Frantic, the Black Brigade!
"Charge for the Church!" they said:
In the Freemasons' Hall
Roared the six hundred.

Frantic, the Black Brigade!
Fearful the row they made!
Some day they 'll know too well
How they have blundered:
Theirs not to hear reply,
Theirs throat and lungs to try,
Theirs to bawl, Low and High:
Round the Archbishop's chair
Roared the seven hundred.*

Canons to right of him,
Canons to left of him,
Canons in front of him
Shouted and thundered;
Stormed at with groan and yell,
Really they stood it well,
Till they were out of breath,
Till an Earl tried to quell
Howls by the hundred.

Flustered the laymen's hair,
Flushed all the clergy were,
Scaring the waiters there,
Hooting and hissing, while
York 's prelate wondered:
Guides of us sinner-folk,
Precept and law they broke;
Curate and Rector spoke,
Dealing the Church a stroke,
Shaken and sundered.
Then they divided, and
Lost the six hundred.

Clergy to right of Chair,
Clergy to left of Chair,
Clergy before the Chair
Shouted and thundered;
Stamping with groan and yell,
Past any power to quell,
They who had roared so well
Went blessed and out of breath,
Back to their flocks to tell
All that was done by them,
Nice fourteen hundred!

When will the scandal fade?
O the wild row they made!
All the world 's wondered
Why such a noise was made
All by the Church Brigade—
Blind fourteen hundred!

* The votes were taken on the amendment:—

For the Amendment . . .	674
Against it	765
	1439

Bernal Osborne's Last.

AT the dinner lately given him upon his having lost his seat, our dear friend BERNAL OSBORNE might have said, if he had thought of it, "The M.P. who can make a joke when made an Ex-M.P., may surely gain the credit of ex-M.P.-lary behaviour."

SENSATION FOOD.

OOD MR. PUNCH,

YOU recollect who said that he "once tasted a pea," when you told him if that was all, he was a fool; and GEORGE THE FOURTH agreed with you. I might so far imitate the honourable BRUMMELL in affectation, as to say, that I once tasted a snail: but the fact is, I have eaten two snails. I bought them at the capital charcutier's shop in Princes Street, Soho, out of a lot in a bowl, of course, set in the window for the foreigners of Leicester Square; cost me, as MR. PEPYS says, a penny each. I have the honour of reporting to you that they were excellent.

Yes, Sir, they were real snails. I thought, myself, at first sight of them, knowing what allurements to exotic appetite are dainties modelled in repulsive forms, that they were some sort of kickshaw *en limaçon*. But no. *Limaçons* they were simply, or *escargots*, as, I believe, our neighbours particularise the edible snail, or chief of the edible snails, technically called *Helix pomatia*. This addition, *pomatia*, your *escargot* gets from πῶμα, a lid, the sort of scale that you pick off winkles, by science termed *operculum*. His name has nothing to do with apples, though he may sometimes be found in orchards. But he lives more commonly among the grapes; and has, accordingly, the *aliàs* of the great vine snail.

Do you get a sensation from eating a snail? Yes. That of biting through a capsule of soft unctuous gristle. A capsule, I say, for the snail is hollow; you find that you are eating a gasteropod. The cavity can be stuffed with seasoning, like the inside of a morel; was so in my two instances: the whole—I mean no pun—flavoured with garlic. Your snail, thus prepared, boiled first, as mine had been, and then warmed through in the oven, is truly a savoury morsel, a tit-bit, a *bonne bouche*, as they say. What does it look like? A large, fat, periwinkle. As that popular mollusc is extracted, you hook it from its shell, and it comes plump out, about as big as your little finger, a buttery black plug of sapid substance. It is, as the vestryman pronounced the workhouse-soup, decidedly "succulent;" but not at all so in the sense suggested by the living creature.

Do I fancy myself a rook, a blackbird, a thrush, a captive curlew, or sea-gull kept in a garden, a tame duck? Have I dreamt I was a low style of owl, or that ignoble member of the *Falconidæ*, a buzzard? No, Sir, not although I have eaten snails. Nightmares may come of eating horse, but snails do not breed them: have not, anyhow, bred any such chimeras for your

VITELLIUS.

P.S.—*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, say you. Yes, Sir. Nothing goes into V.'s interior, but what he knows to be wholesome. He holds that the worst place into which you can shoot rubbish, is your stomach.

OUT AND IN.

GONE is DIZZY;
From the busy
Cares of State repose he can.
In comes GLADDY,
Who of PADDY
Means to make a loyal man.

Sing ye, JOHNNY
BULL, and SAWNEY;
Loud hurrahs of triumph shout.
Onward, ever,
Britons; never
March we to the right-about.

SUITABLE.—Not a bad name for the Proprietor of a Menagerie (American)—"MR. FOREPAUGH."

A FRENCH LESSON FOR US LONDONERS.

CERTAINLY in some respects our French friends are ahead of us. Their Paris is, for instance, a far finer city than our London, and not only are its streets more grand, but more convenient and cleanly than those of our Cockaigne. The nuisances we tolerate would not be suffered there. Mud and dust and van demons in Paris are unknown; and steam rollers for the roadways of Macadam there abound.

Imagine BARON HAUSMANN installed as our Lord Mayor, and gifted with authority to beautify the City! What a widening of narrow streets, and sweeping out of holes and corners, and pulling down of ugly buildings, and sending to the right-about of vested rights and interests would infallibly ensue! Give HAUSMANN full command for a single year in London, and he would build a dozen boulevards to meet at Charing Cross, and would there erect a Second Louvre worthy to adorn "the finest site in Europe;" Holywell Street would be absorbed by the Boulevard of the Strand, and Temple Bar be carted off to the South Kensington Museum.

Moreover, our French friends not merely make good streets, but take the pains to give good names to them. In Paris several new thoroughfares have recently been christened after men of art and science and philosophy and state-craft, and poetry and medicine; and not France alone, but England has helped to furnish names of eminent distinction to distinguish these new streets. Now, this surely is a precedent we Londoners might follow at a very little cost. If LORD MAYOR HAUSMANN were installed here, some of us might grumble at the price of his improvements; but to christen a few score of streets would only cost a little paint. Let us scrape away the titles of nine-tenths of King Streets, and our Queen Streets, and our Princes Streets, and George Streets, which only serve to puzzle postmen, and drive strangers to despair, and in their place let us paint up such names as Shakspeare Street, and Newton Street, and Herschel Street, and Hogarth Street, and Punch Street, which would be easily distinguished by their distinguished names. Should English history and biography fall short of the demand, we might well return the compliment our foreign friends have paid us, and follow "La Rue Faraday" with Bouffon Street, Voltaire Street, Montaigne Street, and the like.

In some cases indeed we might improve on our French precedent, by adapting in a measure the name to the locality. City streets, for instance, might have names of civic note, such as Dick Whittington Street, Wat Tyler Street, and so forth. Streets christened after lawyers might be clustered round the Inns and Courts where lawyers mostly congregate, and Blackstone Street and Sugden Street might lead thence to Chancery Lane. Near the hospitals such names as Abernethy Street and Brodie Street would find a fitting place; while in the neighbourhood of St. Stephens, names such as Chatham Street and Pitt Street would clearly be appropriate, to be followed by Peel Terrace, and Palmerston Place.

THE PRIVY COUNCILLOR UNSWORN.

THE *Court Circular* of Wednesday the 9th instant, contained an announcement which History will call memorable:—

"MR. JOHN BRIGHT was introduced to her Majesty's presence at the Council, and made the affirmation prescribed by law on being appointed a Member of her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and kissed hands on his appointment as President of the Board of Trade."

It may be noted that this occasion was the first on which admission into the Privy Council was solemnised by simple affirmation. Let us hope that her Most Gracious Majesty will find her new Privy Councillor a true Friend.

QUOTATION REVISED.

A LIBERAL friend assures us that he feels perfectly comfortable now as to the safety of the Vessel of State, with "BRIGHT on the prow, and GLADSTONE at the helm."

A THOUGHT IN THE DIVORCE COURT.—There is a wide difference between the Judge Ordinary and an ordinary Judge.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THURSDAY, *December 10th*. The "Leap in the Dark" having been taken, *exit* MR. DISRAELI, and *enter* MR. GLADSTONE, with a majority of about 110 behind him.

To-day the Houses met for the first time since the Dissolution.

It may be convenient to the thousands who read nothing else but *Punch*, and are therefore the salt of the earth, to be told in a few words who are the new Ministers, and what are their functions. *Mr. Punch* has desired his little boy to make a Ministerial Alphabet, and the poor child seems to have earned his orange:—

A is ARGYLL, who will mind the East Indies,
And AYRTON, who looks out of Treasury windies.

B is JOHN BRIGHT, who 's to see after Trade,
And BRUCE, who will now the Home Office pervade.

C is LORD CLARENDON, Foreign Affairs,
CARDWELL, who 's troubled with War Office cares,
COLLIER and COLERIDGE, the A. and S.-G.,
And CHILDERS, who sends out the Ships to the sea.

D is GRANT-DUFF, from the north of this isle,
And he 's to be under the DUKE OF ARGYLL.

F 's MR. FORSTER, who 'll see to the Schools,
While FORTESCUE virtually Ireland rules.

G 's MR. GLADSTONE, the Captain on Deck.
GLYN, same as AYRTON, Joint Treasury Sec.
DE GREY, the Lord President (perhaps you think he
Should have come in before, as beginning with D).
GOSCHEN at Poor-Law an absolute Solon is,
And GRANVILLE the courtly 's to manage the Colonies.

H is LORD HATHERLEY, learned and good,
He 's Chancellor now, he was known as PAGE WOOD:
And HARTINGTON, Marquis, who writes a good hand,
So will see to the Letters in Martin-le-Grand.

K, KIMBERLEY, Lord Privy Seal, doth produce,
Besides KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, Home, under BRUCE.

L, dear Papa, is the L oquent LOWE,
He takes the Exchequer where taxes do grow.
And LAYARD, of Nineveh, partial to Turks,
Succeeds LORD JOHN MANNERS in charge of the Works.

M 's MONSELL, who under LORD GRANVILLE has got.
And MR. MONCRIEFF, the Lord Advocate, Scot.

O 's MR. OTWAY, an excellent man,
Who under LORD CLARENDON does all he can.
And JUSTICE O'HAGAN, of whom you 'll be glad:
First Catholic Chancellor Erin has had.

S is LORD SPENCER, of Wimbledon, Sire,
Where you took me to see all the Volunteers fire.
To Dublin he goes for to play the L.L.
(And there 's no doubt he 'll do it uncommonly well).
MR. STANSFELD, created a Treasury Third Lord,
And SYDNEY, with elegant Chamberlain Sword.

Those are the Ministers, and some of them have to be elected, and some to be re-elected. The Houses met this Thursday, and MR. DENISON, proposed by SIR GEORGE GREY, and seconded by MR. WALPOLE, was unanimously re-chosen Speaker, and he read the Commons a very proper lecture on the duty of moderation in the use of strength and respect for the rights of Minorities. He was subsequently approved of by the QUEEN, who confirmed all the rights of Parliament.

Since then the Members have been swearing.

Prodigy Peabody.

WHAT ought MR. PEABODY to have for his addition of another £100,000 to his previous gift of £150,000 to the London poor? A statue, if we had a PHIDIAS to make such a thing; but we haven't. One as good, nearly, as could be made in England, except as to durability of material, will probably be erected in his honour by MADAME TUSSAUD, if there has not been already. For the credit of human nature, to balance the monsters of crime, MR. PEABODY ought, if he still remains, to be added to her collection.

A Bow at Parting.

WE regret to lose our amiable and zealous Chief Commissioner of Works, LORD JOHN MANNERS. Let it be said of him that he found the Regent's Park Lake of mud, and he left it of concrete. He remains, however, as a legislator, and this is essential to the Constitution: for what says the maxim? *Leges sine Moribus vanæ*—laws are vain unless signed by LORD JOHN MANNERS.

OUR OWN FUDGE ADS.

JEREMIAH.—Pipe out, and bird's eye winking. She never told her love. Nature's Nobility. Give an address that will not find you. This day twelvemonth. Oysters and treacle.

B*B*L*W*H.—The lady and the fortune are yours for the asking, and the title may be had when the new Government is settled. But you must pay the one-and-ninepence. Punch's Private Enquiry Office, box 365.

JOB LOT.—These are not proper names. The father softens, but the Governor is resolved. I fear you will have to be honest and industrious, but while there is tick there is hope, so keep up your spirits. Also keep your boxes locked, or the landlord may discover the true value of their precious contents. Frightened at a skeleton key? No bones about that.

ELGITHA M——.—The mine is charged, and one word from you will blow them into ten thousand pieces. Say it, or for ever hereafter hold *your* peace. Private Enquiry Office, M.R.

LAURISTINUS.—The baby is very ugly, and has been christened Bonassus. The family are not anxious for your return. Would not a voyage to Australia do you good? You need not expect any remittances. *Pourquoi non couper votre baton?*

CRACK.—"Too deep for tears." In fact, much too deep, they spoil the eyes you once said were so fair. Do not mock a broken heart with opera tickets. If used, only that they may not be lost. May you never know the united agonies of bereavement and indigestion! Forgive you. Yes, until my lawyer succeeds in serving the writ.

PERSECUTED BILL.—It is false. I am no lunatic. I have bathed in the holy light of the Seven Stars. I live on glycerine and onions. Yah! You set your comet to spy on me, but I nailed his tail to a moon-beam in the wall. I have eaten your gold fish. To-night at 12, look for a black-beetle under your pillow, and beneath his left wing find a letter from Julius Cæsar. The creak of my boots has been set to music, and my soul sings to you. Why should I be sad, when the Cattle are gone to the Show? Mary, call the cattle home. Yah! Private Lunatic Enquiry Office, but don't direct letters on the outside, the postmen are spies.

THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE.

SIR,

WHY can't the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council stick to one thing at a time, and finish that off, instead of muddling themselves with all sorts of cases, running into one another?

For instance, I am fond of Ecclesiastical squabbles, and therefore I look with pleasure for the continuation of those Ritualistic Causes which were only partly heard.

Well, Sir, say on Monday I read MARTIN *v.* MACHONOCHIE, it reaches an interesting point, and is to be continued in to-morrow's paper.

I take up to-morrow's paper, and turn to Judicial Committee Privy Council. Instead of MARTIN *v.* MACHONOCHIE, I find EMILY ANNE *v.* AMELIA JANE, which turns out to be not a question of people utterly at sea about lights, but of people not having lights at sea. After this is THE BOOMERSUND *v.* ALLEN BAY, a dispute about a collision, unworthy of the Great Judicial Privy Council! The next day I again turn to the Judicial Committee and expect MARTIN *v.* MACHONOCHIE or some such serious ecclesiastical trial, which is more befitting the J. C. P. C.'s consideration than the horrid swearings and counter-swearings of a lot of reckless mariners. No, Sir, I read that the Court was occupied in investigating whether RUMTUM JELLY BAG of Badhapoorlooror was right in appealing against a decision of a Judge in Calcutta who had directed a verdict in favour of BABOO BRODLECURT TUBAHOY BHOY. A thoroughly heathen case is allowed to put the Christian out of Court. Collisions are taken the next day, and BARRY LULLABY LALLA RHOO has his turn next day. I believe they've forgotten all about the important Ecclesiastical questions awaiting their Lordships' final decision.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A MAN.
(*Clerk to St. Simon's Without.*)

Anything but the Right Wood for the Work.

To make CHARLES WOOD—LORD HALIFAX, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, would be really going beyond the large licence allowed to Cabinet-makers of putting round pegs into square holes. *Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius*, perhaps. But, "*Ex quovis ligno non fit prorex*,"—you can't make a Lord-Lieutenant out of any Wood.

WILL HIS SECRETARY TELL US?

AT one stage of the elaborate rites and ceremonies which protect the British Constitution, when a New Parliament is provided with a Speaker, he presents himself in a "bob-wig." The question has been asked, whether it is so called as only costing a shilling?

REMINISCENCES OF THE FARM-YARD.

"MY *DEAR* CHILDREN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE NINEPINS?"
"MILKING THE COW, MAMMA!"

SEE THE CARTOON OPPOSITE.

WELL, tell us why should he not dance in the hall,
A right welcome guest at his Mistress's Ball?
Because he's a Quaker? Such bosh makes us ill.
WILLIAM PENN would not turn from a gracious Quadrille.
Does not *Steady* himself bid the lady be gay,
Join the Lads of the Village, and caper away;
And does not the song tell us how to the fife
So merrily danced both the Quaker and wife?
Those who think him a Scowler, with brow black as night,
Don't know our new Minister, jolly JOHN BRIGHT,
Whom *Punch* was delighted to see Kissing Hands,
And loyally taking his Monarch's commands.
He's as ready as *Punch* with a laugh and a joke,
A slayer of salmon, a smoker of smoke.
And we don't know a man, be he lion or lord,
We'd be gladder to see at THE CIRCULAR BOARD.
We've fought him right often, and fought him right hard,
But never denied him the name of trump card;
We may fight him again, and the fight may be tough,
But to say we don't love him were nonsense and stuff.
We rejoice he embarks for a spell with the Crew,
For the good will be done him, the good he will do.
And like JOHN of the Funnels, though fond of his ease,
He'll work like Gumdragon in battle or breeze.
And when the Panurges are howling and beat,
He'll be heading the boarders, or hauling the sheet.
But when he's ashore, and in elegant dress,
Why shouldn't he dance with our lovely Princess,
And tread the proud halls of his Mistress's Sires,
As welcome at Windsor as now at Whitefriars?

PUNCH.

PUNCH'S PERFUME.—"Essence of Parliament."

UP AND DOWN TRAINS.

"Those who had assembled to speed the parting Ministry remained to welcome their successors, and scarcely had the one train fairly left the station before the other arrived."—*Times' Report, "Ministers at Windsor," Wednesday, December 9th.*

Two trains that bore two Cabinets
Met close to Windsor town;
One was the *in*-train *up*,
And one the *out*-train *down*.

This train was two-eight-six,
That two-seven-two horse-power;
And the fares in this looked sweet,
And the fares in that looked sour.

Steam shrieked, and brakes were busy,
But they kept time with precision;
And, thanks to down-guard DIZZY,
There wasn't a collision.

TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.—"A Bewildered Musician," who has been constrained to hear a great deal about the Cattle Show, would be glad to be informed what sort of an instrument the "Scotch-Horn" is.

A "FRIEND" AT COURT.

What we have Read. "MR. BRIGHT ATTENDED YESTERDAY AT WINDSOR, AND KISSED HER MAJESTY'S HAND ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE BOARD OF TRADE."

What we may Read. "THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT ATTENDED LAST NIGHT AT THE COURT BALL, AND WAS HONOURED WITH THE HAND OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES IN A QUADRILLE."

LOOK AFTER LUNATICS.

COULD it be presumptuous to ask LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN to reconsider part of the subjoined passage in his summing-up on COTHAM *v.* JOHNSTONE, action for false imprisonment in a lunatic asylum:—

"It could scarcely be doubted that the plaintiff was labouring under delusions which showed an unsound state of mind; but it did not follow, because a man was subject to delusions, that therefore he was dangerous either to himself or to others, and was a fit subject to be placed under restraint, and, above all, under restraint in a lunatic asylum. Many persons who suffered from delusions were in the habit of writing to him as Lord Chief Justice of England, calling upon him to protect them, or to vindicate their imaginary rights. Amongst them were two or three ladies, one of whom claimed to be Queen of England, and called on him to establish her claim to the throne; and another was under the impression that she was nearly allied to royalty. These persons were evidently under delusions; but he should be extremely sorry to say that his amiable and interesting correspondents should be placed in a lunatic asylum."

Does it not follow that, because a man is subject to delusions, he is dangerous to himself or to others, and is a fit subject to be put under restraint? Not exactly, perhaps. He may or may not be dangerous. But must there not always be great fear that he is? Would the Lord Chief Justice be at all surprised if one of his amiable and interesting, but insane, correspondents were to take a mad freak into her head some day, and commit suicide or aliicide? If, instead of adorning the Queen's Bench, he honoured the chair of an insurance company, what would he think of the rate of payment requisite on the lives of such persons going at large? When a slate is left loose in the upper storey, without safeguard, who can tell what mischief may not very likely creep into it or breed inside?

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EYE.—CONTINUED.

THE Man with an Eye dines with you: *tête-à-tête*. He puts his glass in his eye, and jerks his head on one side, still standing up after *you* have taken your seat.

"What is it, eh?" you ask. With BENTON, you are, you will notice, always asking, "What is it?" as he is discovering some fresh fault every minute.

"Well, dear fellow," he replies, having a finniking way with him; "Well, dear fellow, I *don't* think the table is *quite* straight, eh?"

"Yes," you say, you think it is, and you give it just the slightest move to the left or the right.

Whichever it is, BENTON has the same objections, namely, that you've got it "too much *that* way," meaning the way in which you've just shoved it: and he will add, that it ought to be—there—more like (*shove to left*)—more like (*shove to right*)—just a—(*shove at* YOU)—beg pardon—(*a pull back again*)—there (*shove to right, and a reference to its position under the lamp*)—that's ——Yes (*with certainty*), that's it!"

"Very good! Then 'praps he'll sit down; will he?"

He will, and does; but somehow he can't settle himself into his place yet. While you are bending over your soup, you notice the slightest motion in the table, which reminds you of the indication of a coming gale at sea, and, if of an imaginative turn, you will not enjoy your dinner any more for this idea having been suggested. You will thank your stars when something on the table attracts his attention, which in the first place are almost safe to be the spoons, or knives and forks.

These he will find placed either crooked, or so near his plate as not to form the picture he is in the habit of realising to himself of a symmetrically arranged dinner-table. The cruets will worry him: so will his piece of bread. The introduction of a salad-plate requires from him an entire re-adjustment of everything within his reach.

"You ought to have some *colour* on your table," he will say, "besides hock glasses."

He will point out the rainbow effects to be obtained by a judicious choice of real majolica salt-cellars and mustard-pots (value about fifty pounds each, in various original designs), and he will try to raise your ambition and envy, by describing, with exaggerated praise, the table of a friend of his fitted up with an *épergne* for flowers, in the centre of which is a magnificent fountain playing rose-water, and shone upon from above by coloured media placed under the suspended globe-lamp, while round the base of this elaborate ornament swim small gold and silver fish in a stream flowing, as it were, between the banks of the clearest crystal overshadowed by the most curious ferns.

He finishes by observing that "for anyone who cares about a table *looking well*," depreciating you and yours, "or who has an eye for effect, this sort of thing is charming."

You object to the expense. Of this he makes light; and on being asked if *he*, then, has one of these magnificent articles, he will reply that he is thinking of ordering one when he has hit upon some thoroughly original design.

Now this serves the Man with an Eye just as well as the real thing; and its imaginary possession costs nothing.

The conversation flags, and immediately his glass is in his eye, peering about in every corner, frowning and examining, considering and finally speaking, but, ten to one, not before you have again become sufficiently fidgety to inquire, "Well, what is it?" "Well," he says slowly, "I really think you could arrange this room much better, if you only took a little trouble."

You don't mind its being arranged better if *he'll* take the little trouble, and to that effect you express yourself.

"No," he returns, "I can only suggest. I can't interfere and turn things topsy-turvy;" which would evidently be a novel arrangement, albeit its advantage over your present system is not at the instant apparent. "But," he continues, "though you have capital things—really valuable things," you feel flattered, and more ready to listen to his proposals,—"that is, some of them,"—which you feel is a true but not a polite reservation; "you don't display them to advantage." Suddenly, as if by inspiration, he comes down upon you with a particular charge. "That picture there," he says, cocking his eye up at it, "isn't straight."

"Isn't it?" you ask, turning round to look at it, and wondering where the deuce it is crooked.

"My dear fellow!" he remonstrates in a tone of almost intense pity, "can't you *see?*" You can't help rising to look at it; and once being up, you feel you may as well give it a push to the left, which elicits a cry almost of pain from the Man with an Eye.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaims, "to the *right!* to the *right!* Not that way!"

You push it to the right: and he shakes his head "You've over-done it now; it's too much," he exclaims. You bring it to a position which appears to you to be a fair compromise, that is neither more nor less crooked nor straighter—('pon your word you can't tell now you're so bothered)—than it was as it hung at first.

"That's it," says BENTON, satisfied.

You can't help remarking that, in your opinion, the picture *is* simply as it originally was, which is denied flatly by the Man with an Eye, "for, hang it! any one with half an eye could see the difference."

The piano, he points out, placed as it is, entirely destroys the general appearance of your room.

"Well," you naturally ask, "where should it be, then?"

He can't directly answer this, he replies, without removing everything, and beginning, as it were, *de novo*. But, he adds, if he did this, he should choose a new carpet, as the large pattern and the glaring colour is enough to ruin any furniture. From this he gets to the walls, and here he sees that nothing can be effectively, or effectually, done without new paper.

"No pictures can possibly show up on such a paper as you have now."

All this somewhat unsettles you, and you apologise for the general condition in which this Social Inquisitor finds your apartment, by saying that it will do very well for *you*. Which admission humbly implies that you are an object of far less consideration than is the Man with an Eye.

Experimental Reform.

A CONTROVERSY is going on between some of our contemporaries about the ballot. There is one way of settling it which nobody seems to see, and yet it is obvious. Why cannot the working of the ballot be, by special enactment, tried upon some constituency? Of course, in accordance with a well-known proverb, the worst of all our constituencies would be the one most eligible for the experiment.

MAY HE BURN HIS MOUTH.—We observe that a Bribery petition is presented against an election in one of the southern counties. Ha! Has the Man in the Moon been visiting the Man in the South?

THE LETTER BUT NOT THE SPIRIT.

OLD MR. DE CRAMWELL, BEING BILIOUS AND OUT OF SORTS, IS ORDERED TO GO TO THE SEA, AND TAKE PLENTY OF EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR. (HE BEGINS AT ONCE.)

MRS. DURDEN ON SCIENCE.

(*Inspiration derived from Zadkiel's Almanack.*)

ASTRONOMY! Geology! and Chemistry! Drat all your science,
On which you han't a got no doubt, but places sitch entire reliance!
Ah, there, now mark my words, I say you 'll all on you one day awaken,
And when you thought how wise you was, you 'll find how much you was mistaken.

I don't deny but what you may foretell eclipses and the weather,
But as for your vain therios I disregards 'em altogether.
I don't believe the world a year more older than of old 'twas reckoned,
Nor yet that it goes round the sun, not I, not for a single second.

Your tree of science is a tree which there grows good-for-nothin' fruit on.
In *Zadkiel's Almanack* I 'm glad to see there 's a show up of NEWTON.
And there 's a book wherein a man the courage has the truth to utter;
This earth 's a dixt, for all the world exactly like a pat of butter.

Your monsters with them crackjaw names described by LYALLS and JOE MILLERS,
What if they was but dragons slain by early saints and giant-killers?
And how if somebody, by 'nd by, beyond a doubt succeeds in provin'
As how the earth is standin' still, the sun is, as he looks, a movin'?

'Tis very fine to say as how one truth can't contradict another;
When facts proves what they didn't ought, I say 'tis best sitch facts to smother.
Don't talk to me, don't say a word agin what is my firm conwiction;
Because, if so, I always turns a deaf ear to sitch contradiction.

Your scientific wonders is, in my opinion, the invention
Of one whose name it is n't thought polite and proper for to mention.
I thinks when he found out that folks in witches had got unbelievin',
That he put into wizards' heads them other methods of deceivin'.

Suppose that everythink as is by science of late years asserted
Was showed to be all stuff, no doubt but some of you would be conwerted;
And if feelosifers professed my views about the world's creation,
Say what you like, I'm certain sure there would be joy in Convocation.

I lives expectin' for to see delugions on a suddent banished,
Gash, electricity, and steam, like dreams, all into nothin' wanished:
The good old times come back agin like what they was as I remember,
When but with ile and candles we lit up the nights of dark December.

Respect for a Chief Magistrate Elected by the Nation.

SCENE—*The American Senate.*

Official. A Message from PRESIDENT JOHNSON.
Senate. We won't hear it. [*Adjourn.*
Mr. Punch. H'm. Kalkilate as it air a fact that where them chaps war raised there warn't no schools of manners. Anyhow, it aint my bizness, which Bourbon air. [*Exit and liquors up.*

An Escape.

BEALES and his lot meant to glorify themselves by asking MR. REVERDY JOHNSON to dinner. But a great many Leaguers saw no glorification, but only a subscription in their share of the fun; so they have protested, on the ground that everybody in America is not pleased with MR. JOHNSON. The banquet is given up. On inquiry in Great Portland Street, we were happy to hear that MR. JOHNSON was as well as could be expected after such a blow.

A Division in the Church.

AT the special and specially noisy Meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, 674 members voted for the High Church Amendment, and 765 against it. These numbers are exactly what might have been expected at a meeting which, from beginning to end, was at sixes and sevens.

OUT OF PLACE.—A Vegetarian at the Cattle Show.

THE SWELLS AND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

A BALLAD OF BREAM'S BUILDINGS.

(*See the "Times," Police Report for Wednesday, December 9th.*)

A PLEASANTER party ne'er got into Queer Street
Than the gallant ex-Captain CHARLES LEVESON LANE,
Unless 'twas his neighbour next door in that dear street,
The gallant ex-Captain MACARTHUR RALPH PAYNE.

Two more out-and-out bricks ne'er scored honours and tricks,
Or floated more paper at forty per cent.:
Kept opener houses, ran up larger ticks,
Or in riding or rowing the pace faster went.

But spending, worse luck, can't go on without earning,
And the wind 's hard to raise when the pace is so fast:
And, as 'tis a long Lane that hasn't a turning,
CAPTAIN LANE was brought up with a round turn at last.

CAPTAIN PAYNE, who ne'er craned before "bullfinch" or "double,"
But took them as straight as his horse he could ram,
Came a cropper like LANE, but like LANE, when in trouble,
Drank his Moët, and cried, "What true Pain but stands Sham?"

Two Captains like these 'twas an honour to SLOMAN,
To receive at his snug box in Chancery Lane:
Where if swells *can* and *will* pay, 'tis certain that no man
Can say SLOMAN 's shabby, or stints his Champagne.

For your snob, when he 's "tapped," into Whitecross Street passes,
But SLOMAN'S Hotel your swell debtor receives;
If its windows are barred,—'tis to guard their plate-glasses,
If its yard 's grated o'er,—'tis to keep out the thieves.

So SLOMAN'S Hotel LANE and PAYNE took their ease in,
For a private room stood their two guineas a day;
Their habits were sociable, chatty, and pleasing,
They ate, smoked, and drank, and ne'er asked what 's to pay.

They had in MR. SLOMAN'S young man, JEMMY LUCKETT,
In the affablest way for a glass and a song,
Made him sit down to supper, and in bade him tuck it,
And life in the lock-up sped gaily along.

Brim-full of the Swell's wine and friendly attentions,
LUCKETT bowed himself out in the state known as "tight;"
Used to bolt in the day, he felt no apprehensions,
Such out-and-out nobs would e'er bolt in the night.

The next morning came, with the milk and the muffins,
And LUCKETT looked scared, when the window he found,
Bars wrenched from their sockets, for all they were tough 'uns,
While those swells through the opening had dropped to the ground!

They were gone, he was done, done were BOWER and SLOMAN,
That brace of caged captains were loose on the wing;
Free as sea, or as air, which ne'er pay what they owe man,
On the pier at Boulogne they were taking their swing.

Oh, wild was the outcry of SLOMAN, the sold one!
Not that out of apartments, and dinners, and wines,
They had done him, who deemed him a match for the old one,
But that worse might be still in the wind he divines!

For SLOMAN, so long as he holds debtors' bodies,
For their care must to creditors answer at law;
And if they escape, English justice so odd is,
Their creditors' claims out of SLOMAN to gnaw!

He has steamed to Boulogne by the morning's mail packet;
He has found LANE and PAYNE at its snuggest hotel;
Made appeal to their feelings, and offered to back it,
With a handsome *douceur* to each hard-hearted swell.

One hundred! two hundred!! three hundred!!! four!!!! five, Sir!!!!!
So ran up the bidding, but coolly quoth PAYNE,—
"We 've got *you* in Chancery now, all alive, Sir,
More safe than you had *us* in Chancery Lane!"

"Only think of our creditors," added the Captain,
"What chance of a copper, poor devils, have they,
If we were again your hotel safely clapt in,
To pass through the Court, and go whitewashed away?

"Whereas you are good, you delightful old SLOMAN,
For twice the five thousand for which we were 'in:'
And as you 've let us slip your fingers, you know man,
The creditors *must* look to you for the tin.

"They 'll own that our conduct is full of good feeling,
Shows we 've come to a sense of our duty, though late;
P'raps—I 'd not be surprised—with a little appealing,
If they vote us a teapot or service of plate.

"In debt, as in love and in war, all is fair,
And yourself you 've to thank if you 've giv'n us the pull,
And found us the means, which we don't mean to spare,
Of our numerous creditors paying in full."

So they chaffed and they laughed, and they fleered him and jeered him,
While sorely-sold SLOMAN, with agony wild,
Prayed they 'd think how he 'd dined 'em, champagned 'em, and beered 'em,
Prayed they 'd pity himself and his wife and his child.

In vain through Boulogne with entreaties he followed 'em;
The more he besought them, they chaffed him the more,
Till the *matelottes* and *gamins* derisively hollooed him
From the quay to the station, the pier to the shore.

At length outspoke LANE, with a mock'ry of pity,
"E'en the woes of a SLOMAN o'er right shall prevail:
I'll return and surrender myself in the City,
If you 'll pay me a hundred down, here, on the nail."

Oh, a glad man was SLOMAN, as, out of his pocket,
He thrust two crisp fifties in LANE'S ready palm—
Ah, little he knew that already LANE'S docket
Was struck in the Court that is bankruptcy's balm!

But PAYNE, more obdurate, a new and last proffer
Of five hundred down still refused with disdain,
So, thankful one Captain had closed with his offer,
Sad SLOMAN took steam back to Chancery Lane.

To the carcase full soon the grim vultures were gathered—
The creditors came upon SLOMAN *en masse*—
And LANE'S debts upon him, with PAYNE'S he found fathered,
While LANE through the Court was preparing to pass!

SLOMAN'S crib had been cracked ere LANE took to "the Act,"
So his debts lay, like PAYNE'S, at the officer's charge;
And the creditors sung, as they welcomed the fact,
"One SLOMAN in hand 's worth two fast men at large."

Vain, vain his lamenting to duns unrelenting,
Their detainers perforce wretched SLOMAN paid down;
With his own hand thus whitewashed those swells unrepenting,
Lost costs, clients, cash,—and, what 's worse, was done brown!

THE PEABODY FUND.

DEAR SIR,—Look here, PEABODY again. Upon my word, one hundred thousand pounds given to the general poor of London. I don't say one word against MR. P. for this: no it 's his own and he has a right to do what he likes with it. But why fritter all this away among the poor when a fiftieth part per annum would have done some genuine and real good to

Yours ever,
G. RUMBLER.

SIR,—All very well these Munificent Gifts. But if it goes on, where will the Poor be? Why as rich as a ROTHSCHILD without the trouble of having worked for it. The Poor, in fact, will be the Rich man's Heirs.

Yours,
WON'T DOO.

SIR,—Suppose the PEABODY Money be thus applied:—

1. In disposing of hardened professional thieves and sending them to people the interior of Africa.
2. In providing for the children of the above at home, educating and making them industrious, honest members of society.
3. If Interior of Africa won't do, get some other place. Part of the money might be used for this purpose. Buy Spain. Buy Tartary, and call it Crim Tartary, short for criminal.

At your service,
BUZ.

Beginning Well.

IT appears probable that the American office-seekers will be disappointed, if they take it for Granted that the General-President will comply with all their demands.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW EVENING PAPER.—"Do but start an ECHO." *King John*, Act, v. Sc. 2.

IT'S ALL VERY WELL

TO ENJOY RUDE HEALTH AND TO LOOK FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A SUBSTANTIAL COUNTRY SQUIRE, BUT THE CONSEQUENCE IS, THAT DURING THE CATTLE SHOW WEEK THE ATTENTIONS OF THE LONDON POPULACE ARE MORE EMBARRASSING THAN PLEASANT!

PUNCH IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

MR. PUNCH extracts from the *Standard* the following report of what took place in the Court of Queen's Bench, one day last week, in the course of a case which will now become immortal, MORRIS *v.* RALLING. The plaintiff, a doctor, complained of having been caricatured.

"MR. SERJEANT PARRY said it was nothing more than what appeared every week in *Punch*.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—BUT 'PUNCH' is privileged.

"MR. SERJEANT PARRY.—I should be sorry to say anything to the contrary.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—We have all appeared there more or less.

"MR. SERJEANT PARRY.—I am sure your Lordship never appeared there except in a complimentary manner.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—I once saw myself there; and if I believed I could have appeared in so ruffianly a form I should have been very much ashamed of myself."

For the earlier remarks of the Lord Chief Justice of England, *Mr. Punch* simply tenders his thanks. The declaration from the Bench is useful as a notice to any foolish persons who do not comprehend that *Punch* can do no wrong. The sharpest attorney will hardly venture a letter after SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN'S dictum, not that *Mr. Punch* ever cared for attorneys' letters. Further, he offers to MR. SERJEANT PARRY his acknowledgments for the admirable way in which he conveyed *Mr. Punch's* own sentiments in reference to the Chief Justice. But in reply to his Lordship's last remark *Mr. Punch* has a word to say. SIR ALEXANDER was upon one occasion depicted by a hand that dwelt more upon the situation to be illustrated than upon the *vraisemblance* of the portraiture—let that pass, and let it be noted that on a later occasion, when the Chief Justice was again delineated, his Lordship was represented in all the dignity of his high office, manifesting a noble and judicial disgust at the appearance of a Briber and Corrupter. There full justice was done to one whom *Mr. Punch* delights to honour, and of whom he hath ever spoken in a befitting way. He has, however, a complaint to make against SIR ALEXANDER for involuntarily cutting him out of a capital picture and quotation, which would certainly have followed the above remark of the Chief Justice, if he had only happened to be an individual of Vanity. In that case it would have been *Mr. Punch's* obvious duty to depict himself conducting the judge to a mirror, and saying, from *Henry the Fourth*,

"My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that Vain Man."

But as SIR A. COCKBURN has more right to be vain than ninety-nine people out of a hundred, and yet does not exercise that right, *Mr. Punch* is debarred from this exercise of his wit, and he is glad of it. Finally, and in all the seriousness which is becoming when a Christmas wish is uttered, he wishes SIR ALEXANDER all the good wishes of the coming season.

Spiced Beef.

WE knew, and have commented upon it in these pages, that with the spread of luxury, Cattle were indulged with Cocoa; but a visit to the Great Fat Show at Islington made known to us, that they are also tempted to eat by having their food seasoned with "Cattle Spice" and "Condiment," and, probably by way of dessert, are pressed to partake of "Date-Farina Meal." Happy Herefords! Lucky Devons! How enviable your lot, if it were not for the final attentions of MESSRS. GIBLETT, MUTTON, COMFORT, &c.!

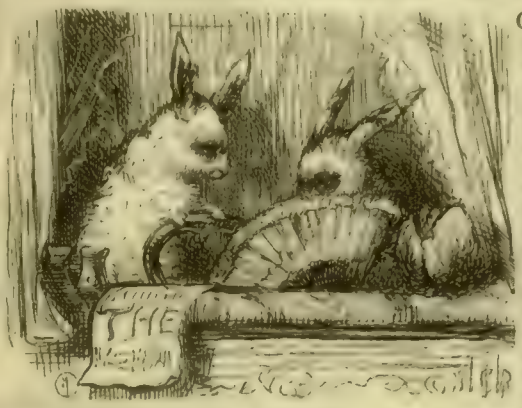
Mr. Peabody.

WE have been thinking how to word an acknowledgment to the noble-hearted American who has just increased his donation to the London poor (not paupers) to 350,000*l.* We think this will do. "He may have the BODY of a PEA, but, by Jove, he has the SOUL of a BEAN!" (*For the information of posterity, a* Bean *means the same as a* Brick, *and that is the highest form of eulogy known to the nineteenth century.*)

MUCH TO BE DESIRED.—It is an advantage to the Ministerial Party in the House to have PLAYFAIR. Let us hope they will have the further advantage of Fair Play.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, December 19, 1868.

THEATRICAL REFORMERS.



OLD playgoers may complain of the decline of the drama, and say that nothing on the stage is ever nowadays worth seeing; but considering that all the old theatres are flourishing, and that a brace of new ones have been lately built and opened, it would seem that people generally differ from old playgoers. The more playhouses the merrier, let us hope will be the case: and may the Globe and Gaiety succeed for many a season in pleasantly contributing to the gaiety of the globe. That success is well deserved in the instance of the Gaiety should be allowed by all who read this comment in the *Times*:—

"One reform deserves special notice, and it is that all fees, donations, or gratuities to attendants are under any and every pretence prohibited. There is to be no fee for booking, no charge for bills, no charge for taking care of coats, cloaks, or hats. The one payment at the door clears everything. This is a radical improvement, and one which will soon force other theatres where the attendants live by open mendicancy, and where a programme is often not to be had at a less price than a shilling, to follow an example which should have been set long before."

Theatres, like Tories, are slow at all reforms: and a century or so hence, when all the playhouses in London will have followed this example of abolishing all fees for cloak-rooms, bills, and box-keepers, the critics of the period may dispute as to the theatre where this reform was started first. If they will turn then to their *Punch*, they will find it here recorded that it was not at the Gaiety, but at the New Adelphi, where fees for bills and box-keeping were primarily abolished; and for being the only other manager to follow the precedent of MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, MR. HOLLINGSHEAD of the Gaiety will share with him the honour of living for posterity in the immortal page of *Punch*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

DECEMBER 14: *Monday*. Ninety-three oaths were taken, making above five hundred which Members had fired off as a salute to the QUEEN. Then MR. GEORGE GLYN swore he would have no more of it, and cleared the House.

Tuesday. The Lords met, and sent for the Commons. Then did LORD HATHERLEY, the new Lord Chancellor, *olim* SIR PAGE WOOD, deliver a neat little Message from the QUEEN without spilling any of it. He informed his hearers that divers vacancies had occurred in the House of Commons, by reason that divers Members had accepted offices. It was HER MAJESTY'S pleasure that an opportunity be given for supplying these vacancies, and that, after a Suitable Recess, Parliament should proceed to the consideration of such matters as would then be laid before it.

Then did the Commons walk off, and the CHANCELLOR went out and made a magnificent toilette, and re-appeared in all the glory of full robes. He then knelt down before the Royal Chair, but to show that he was not afraid of that handsome piece of furniture, he rose, and then kneeling down again, gave it a playful poke with his patent of peerage. Next he got up and went to the table, but did not kneel to that, or even poke it, but only swore. Then he went to a back bench and sat down humbly as a mere Baron, but he promptly got up and took his seat haughtily on the Dukes' row, to show his right, as Chancellor, to precedence. Sticking to neither of these seats, he then went and got upon the woolsack, which we hope he found pretty comfortable. This pleasing pantomime being over,

EARL GRANVILLE came out in a very little farce. He told everybody a grand piece of news, namely that MR. DISRAELI's administration had been succeeded by that of MR. GLADSTONE, and his Lordship hoped that their Lordships would not think it unreasonable if his Lordship moved their Lordships' adjournment until Thursday the 11th February, 1869. Apparently their Lordships did not think it unreasonable at all, at any rate nobody objected, and they all went away.

On the whole *Mr. Punch* is inclined to be glad that the Intelligent Foreigner was not present at these performances.

The Commons, three hundred strong, returned to their own House, and the SPEAKER reported what had taken place during their presence in the other. This was a delicate but not precisely a necessary attention, as they had all heard the message. Then there was more swearing—about fifty oaths were taken.

MR. AYRTON, for the first time in office, made a speech about Election Petitions, and a great number of gentlemen visibly shuddered. He reminded the House that the Judges of the Common Pleas were thenceforth to judge election grievances. In the absence of MR. GLADSTONE and his other chiefs, it would be inconvenient to discuss anything, and he should move for new writs only in cases where the time for petitioning had expired. Then they would adjourn until the 29th, and on that day the other writs would be moved. But where a petition had been presented, but the seat was not claimed (you'll see what this meant, directly) the course was to let the writ issue.

Then, amid enormous cheering, he moved the Greenwich writ, for MR. GLADSTONE.

He moved Oxford, London University, Pontefract, and when he came to Birmingham, there were loud cheers, on both sides of the House, at mention of the Right Honourable JOHN BRIGHT.

He moved London. But there is a petition against the three Liberal Members, and MR. GOSCHEN, President of the Poor Law Board, is one of them. Some discussion took place, but SIR ROUNDELL PALMER

[*Punch* hopes that you understand, foreigners especially, that this gentleman might have been Lord Chancellor, if he had only chosen to resign his conviction that the Irish Church ought not to be destroyed. How many people with so splendid a prize dangling within reach would not have modestly felt that their conviction must have been wrong, since so many good and clever men held a different one—and taken the office and coronet?]

said—the House on both sides had the grace to cheer him vehemently—that it was clear that the writ ought to issue. It did, and MR. GOSCHEN was re-elected on Monday last.

Writs for MR. LAYARD, MR. CHILDERS, MR. STANSFELD, and others—thirteen in all—were issued, as was one for Wareham, where death made a vacancy.

A great many Notices of Motion were given, some most desirable, some utterly absurd. But sufficient for the day is the debate thereof. When the motions are made, *Punch* will know how to deal with them.

The House rose until the 29th, and it will be particularly jolly for forty gentlemen to have to be in town on that day, instead of being out of it with their amiable wives and lovely families; or, in the case of bachelors, flirting in country houses. But we dare say that a Residuum will be found to listen to MR. GLYN's Whip. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ought to give these patriots a jovial dinner in the Tea Room at the national expense, by way of commencing his promised reduction of expenditure. We'll come, if we're asked, as we shall be bored with family parties by that time—or earlier.

Mr. Punch wishes you all a Merry Christmas—not that this has anything particular to do with Parliament—but he appears just forty-eight hours before the Festival, and likes to be polite. However, you needn't accept the compliment unless you like. He's sure he doesn't care.

"De Amicitia."

SPEAKING of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, the Paris Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says,

"His Majesty was visited the other day by an old and bluff-spoken friend, M. LAITY. He was about to consult that gentleman on public opinion when the EMPRESS intervened," &c.

Remembering the influence under which the EMPRESS is supposed to act, the obvious comment on the above is, that the EMPEROR's friend is LAITY, the EMPRESS's—Clergy.

A Great Compliment.

"It is said that the decree which fixes 75 years as the limit, on attaining which the First President of the Court of Cassation is obliged to retire from the Bench, is about to be revised for the sake of M. TROPLONG, who has long held that office. M. TROPLONG, though 75, is still with his faculties unimpaired, and, moreover, he is too useful to be dispensed with. In any case, his retirement from the Court of Cassation would not necessarily require him to give up the Presidency of the Senate."—*Paris Correspondent of the Times.*

PUNCH congratulates the venerable President, for it is evident that long as he has served, he is not thought to have served too long.

THE EASTERN BORE.

IT is said that, "when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." Never mind that; but, for the peace of Europe, let us hope that, when Greek meets Turk the case will prove otherwise.

FLIES IN AMBER.—Yellow Cabs.

POT AND KETTLE.

Friend. "WELL, STUFFINS, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE CATTLE SHOW?"

Mr. Stuffins. "PRETTY FAIR. BUT THE WAY THEY FEED UP THOSE POOR BEASTS I CALL A DISGRACE TO HUMANITY!"

PERILS OF THE PRESS.

A TALE of Araby relates
How once upon a day,
A traveller sat eating dates,
And threw the stones away.

A Genie, and the Genie's son,
Unseen were passing by;
Our friend unwittingly threw one
Stone in the latter's eye.

So, Journalists, unless you mind
How cases you report,
In Equity, yourselves you 'll find—
In for contempt of court.

If Judges, when they read the news,
On your remarks should light,
They may, by some which they peruse,
Be warped from judging right.

The Courts of Equity exalt,
Then, British penmen, ye;
Truly 'tis not the Judges' fault
If England's Press is free.

Dark Doings in Westminster.

DEAR WHALLEY,

WHO can doubt the machinations of the Jesuits in Westminster?

I say they 've the "sacrifice of the mass" there already—which his name is MILL.

Yours, ever affectionately,

PUNCH.

Enemies of Mankind.

SOME evil-minded persons, with the view of preventing the establishment of a good understanding between England and the United States, have introduced into Congress a resolution for the recal of MR. REVERDY JOHNSON. Let us hope that they will be defeated in their malevolent design to make REVERDY *reverti.*

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY CHILD,

AT this time of the year, when fond parents are preparing holiday amusements for the Children of the Period, it behoves a British matron and patriotic mother like myself to say something about both.

Are there indeed any children of the period?

Fashionable young ladies and young gentlemen there are of all ages, from four years upward; but the Children—where are the children gone to? I see very few in the West End streets decked so gaily for Christmas; I see very few among the Christmas Trees at Covent Garden Market; I see very few in the places of amusement especially opened for the young; plenty of richly-dressed, supercilious little men and women; but are these children?

Picture to yourself the holiday life of a little lady of six or seven years. She is supplied with an expensive toilette, consisting of morning-dress, afternoon-dress, ball-dress, fans, flowers, and feathers; she issues and accepts invitations for evening parties; she drinks tea, eats ices, dances, coquettes and sups in hot rooms hours after all little people should be in bed; she goes to theatres, concerts, and private theatricals; she is taught to discriminate between those who are of "her set," and those who are not. She looks down with contempt upon child's play and childish children, and grows up the veriest little snob in the world.

Where will all this end? Shall we soon have children going into Committee on the rights of minors, children sending up petitions for Nursery Reform, children's newspapers, children's clubs, &c.?

And where will the extravagance end which is being imitated by all ranks!

A lady lately writing in a popular monthly magazine, made the somewhat inconsiderate statement that no gentleman could dress upon a sum under £100 a year. How much would she allow for the dress of a young lady aged six years? How much for the dress of the said young lady's dolls?

Really, these calculations are enough to afflict any married man of moderate means with all sorts of terrifying visions, and to make him wonder where these costly vanities of the drawing-room, the school-room, and the nursery will end. If the Children of the Period cause him to tear his hair at the influx of Christmas bills now, what will he do when they have grown up into young ladies and gentlemen?

I must confess to you, my dear daughter, a nervous dread of the Children of the Period. Supposing that *Mr. Punch* and I were to deck a Christmas-tree for them, would they enjoy it, would they care for our sixpenny toys, would they play Blind-Man's Buff, and be content to go home at eight o'clock, after partaking of your mother's home-made cakes and goodies? I fear not. I fear they would criticise us, and think us shabby, and declare they would never enter such a dull house again.

But how to pass the Christmas-tide without children? That is quite impossible to children-loving old souls like your papa or myself, so let us gather the dear little people about us, the rich as well as the poor, make merry with them, after our own way. I cannot but believe that this fashion of young ladies "coming out" at the early age of five years, will soon be put down, with other monstrosities, such as children's "Revivals," and that the toilettes, recreations, and sociabilities of the nursery, will soon cease to parody those of the drawing-room. I once heard two little French children talking to each other at a juvenile party, and this is was what they said, "Do you know those little girls yonder?" asked one. "Oh, no!" answered the other, with a shrug of the shoulders, "(*Ils ne sont pas de notre monde*)—they are not of our set!"

Do we want this sort of worldly wisdom in our children? Do we want them to be little satirists and little snobs? I say, no! and that is why I want to see the children's Christmas kept in a simple fashion. Bless them all.

Your affectionate Mother,

MRS. PUNCH.

THE JUNIOR ATHENÆUM.—MR. DILKE, M.P. for Chelsea.

MASTER OF THE SITUATION ?!

SCENE—*Mr. Tethershort's Sanctum.* ENTER *Mrs. T. and her Cook.*

Cook (with her usual promptitude—SHE never kept anybody waiting). "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I WISH TO COMPLAIN OF MISSIS! WHICH SHE COME A DICTATERIN' AND A HINTERFERIN' IN YOUR KITCHING IN A WAY AS I 'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T APPROVE ON, &c., &c., &c."!!

[*T. confesses he felt (for the first and last time) a delicious sensation of being apparently master in his own house. She was an admirable Cook, and altogether a most excell*—— *BUT HOWEVER SHE HAD TO GO!*

CABBY AND BOBBY.

(*A Police Eclogue.*)

O CABBY, good Cabby, permit me to state
You must by the kerb-stone not crawl at that rate.
It can't be allowed; 'tis SIR RICHARD's command
You ply for hire nowhere except on your stand.

O Bobby, dear Bobby, I was not, indeed,
Aware I was driving at too little speed.
The fact is my horse is fatigued, and I know
You 'd not have me whop him because he can't go.

Ah! Cabby, you seek to delude me in vain;
Your animal 's quite fresh; that 's perfectly plain.
Invent no excuses for further delay,
I beg you; but give him the rein, and away!

Oh! Bobby, come Bobby, now don't be unkind;
Thwart not mine endeavour employment to find.
What harm can I do, what conceivable wrong
To anyone, gently thus driving along?

Oh! Cabby, how *can* you talk so? Need I say
How people you hinder from crossing the way?
And passengers also their omnibus keep
From reaching, the pavement beside whilst you creep?

O Bobby, no thought to me ever occurred
That I got in anyone's way, on my word.
And folks out of 'busses the notion, I vow,
Of keeping, my head never entered till now.

Perhaps so; but, Cabby, at once mend your pace,
Because you 'll the painful necessity place
Me under, unless you forthwith get you gone,
Of taking your number. Please do, then, move on.

A SENSIBLE WELSHMAN.

A GENTLEMAN, who states that he has hitherto been known by divers Welsh appellations, as GRIFFITH AP REEVE and AP GRIFFITH, apprises the universe that he renounces the muddle, and in future intends to be APSLEY GRIFFITH, and nothing else. It would be well if Welshmen generally would consider this example, and discover that, though in barbarous ages, it suffices to have *genera*; civilisation introduces *species*. Wales is at present inhabited by wild creatures known as JONES, MORRIS, EVANS, and about three other names; but *Kelly's Directory* is at the service of the Welsh; and, when they tame, a choice of distinctive appellations will be desirable, if their zoology is to be respectable.

Our Ocean Dragoons.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* points out the inexpensiveness and value of the Royal Marines, under the title of "The Royal Marine Light Infantry." What, then, are there any Royal Marine Light Cavalry? In that case their chargers may be supposed to be sea-horses of the hippocampus breed—if there are any big enough. We venture to say that there is not a finer set of fellows in her Majesty's service than the Horse Marines, if they are equal to the Foot.

OXON AND THE ARTICLES.

S. O. says the thirty-nine articles *all but fortify* the Church.

A COAT OF ARMS.

A HINT TO THE GORGEOUSLY-LAPELLED SWELLS OF THE PERIOD.

THE POLITICAL EXCHANGE.

THE late elections showed us how candidates for the honour of adding M.P. to their names appear in very many cases sadly puzzled what to call themselves. If they be True Blue, Church-and-State, and No-Surrender Tories, or if they be Root-and-Branch, and Out-and-Out Reforming Radicals, they are thereby saved much pains in framing their election addresses. But the moderate men seem frightened lest they be mistaken for either of these classes, and are terribly afraid of offending their constituents either by avowing too little or too much. With the moderate Conservative the perplexity is greater than it is with the moderate reformer, and he is far more puzzled to determine what principles to acknowledge, and what promises to make.

What a blessing it would be, then, at any future election, for a Candidate thus puzzled, if some one were to start a Political Exchange, whereby old principles and seats might be exchanged for new ones, and political aspirants be relieved from the expense of a contested election, and from the cost to their conscience of fabling glib excuses for pledges unfulfilled, and of flourishing fine promises whereof the right of violation is inwardly reserved! The following examples will suffice to show the reader how the project might be worked:—

I have a seat for a close borough, which has for several ages belonged to my ancestors. As I wish to enter Parliament untrammeled by their pledges, and freed from the absurd and bigoted high Tory traditions of my family. I should be glad to hear where I can have a good, sharp, savage, radical contest in exchange. SIMON PURE.

I inherit a large stock of old Tory principles and prejudices, which, as I am anxious to enter the Reform Club, I am willing to exchange for some advanced ideas. VIRTUOUS WILLIAM.

Will anybody give me a few classical quotations, commending free trade and liberal institutions, in exchange for some in praise of a protective policy, for which I am obliged to say I have no further use? RATTING RICHARD.

I have the offer of a nomination for a Radical constituency, but as I hitherto have always called myself a Tory, I am afraid some rotten eggs will be thrown at me on the hustings. Will some kind person give me a snug borough in exchange? CAVENDO TUTUS.

I have a common-place book nearly filled with clap-trap sentiments, well suited to be used in a Conservative canvass, and to be spouted after dinner to the addle-pated farmers at an agricultural meeting. I am desirous to exchange it for a volume of more liberal opinions, containing some statistics on the progress of free trade. AN ASPIRING REFORMER.

As I have no fortune, to speak of, and am gifted with but little industry or intellect, and can therefore see no other chance of earning a good living, I am willing to exchange very precious liberty for the confinement of a close attention to the business of the House. Any borough that is willing to pay me for my public services will confer a private favour by electing me its Member. CHEEKY CHARLEY.

I have invented a good Tory party cry, serviceable alike for the hustings or the House. As I have no hope of obtaining any election, will anybody give me a good dinner in exchange? SPARTACUS ESURIENS.

I have discovered a sad case of Presbyterian backsliding, which would tell well as an argument against the Irish disendowment. My canvass having failed, I have no further use for my discovery, and am willing to exchange it for a week's good pheasant-shooting. A MODEST EX-M.P.

I am plagued with poor relations, who, because I happen to have a seat in Parliament, are always pestering me to help them to a snug place under Government. If any one can aid me to get rid of those annoyances, I shall be delighted to exchange addresses with him. A LOVER OF A QUIET LIFE.

I have been solicited to let myself be nominated for a rotten borough. The cost of my election, it is thought, will not exceed, much, £11,000. As I vastly prefer yachting to sitting in a stuffy house, and hearing stupid speeches, I will exhange my nomination for the loan of a good yacht during three months of next summer, on condition that the expenses of my cruise shall be defrayed. A HUMBLE-MINDED MAN.

I have some old-fashioned notions about honesty and honour, and the great value of virtue in a public man. As I hope to make my seat in Parliament the means of my becoming a director of a lot of railway companies, I shall have no further use for these old-fangled bars to progress, and am therefore willing to exchange them for some good financial "wrinkles," and novel fraudulent devices for swindling the public, without incurring any risk by violation of the law. ARTFUL DODGER.

A rich uncle of mine, with whom I recently have quarrelled, has at his disposal a close borough in a capital hunting country. Not feeling myself quite equal to undergo the labour of sitting upon committees, I will exchange my chance of his returning me to Parliament as his—I mean the borough's—political representative, for the use of a good house in Grosvenor Square next season, provided that an opera-box and latch-key be supplied. CONTENTUS PARVO.

Toast of Toleration.

THE season for dinners of a specially festive character being now at hand, people who shall have dined may be expected to be uncommonly facetious. Very likely if the Right Honourable Gentleman, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, should happen to be present at a Christmas feast of which the founder is a buffoon, that buffoon will venture to be so absurd as to propose the toast of "Ministers of all Denominations," coupled with the name of MR. BRIGHT.

A CRY OF DISTRESS.

HUNDREDS of afflicted fathers of families, who have heard of an announcement of "The Musical Infant," are clamouring to know where such a welcome addition to domestic happiness can be found. Expense no object, if the luxury is only procurable.

A Golden Rule from Homer.

(*Punch's "tip" for his Boys going to School.*)

"Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη, εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω,"

"MANY sovereigns are no good. Have one sovereign, and let it be."

THE DELUGE COME AT LAST.

POOR dear old TORIMAN writes in great agitation. He is quite sure now that the Radicals have ruined the country, and that we are all going to the dogs, for he has seen in a public advertisement this most awful announcement, "The Last Night of *Society*"!

NEW TRANSLATION OF A PHILANTHROPIC SAYING.

Siamo tutti Fratelli. We are all Siamese Twins.

LONDON ON LYNE.

(*Some eccentric Lines.**)

FATHER IGNATIUS the Deacon!
This is the subject to speak on,
He isn't a Priest,
No, not in the least,
Only FATHER IGNATIUS the Deacon.

Dear me! at some time or other
This gentleman called himself "Brother;"
Now he would rather
Call himself "Father;"
He's *Father* IGNATIUS the Deacon.

There lately has been a slight row,
I think it is all settled *now*,
'Twas a lady who would make a vow—
She was but a young and a weak 'un:
So when she had made it, she took it
To FATHER IGNATIUS, to book it,
Said she, "He's a Saint—don't he look it?"
Dear FATHER IGNATIUS the Deacon.

Oh Good Gracious!
FATHER IGNATIUS,
Even young women are *men*dacious.
For after this girl had made a vow,
To do or to don't, I can't tell now
What was its object, or how she spoke it;
Whatever it was, it's certain *she broke it*.

Then FATHER IGNATIUS rose up in a rage,
And paced about like a man on a stage;
He called for his book,
And he called for his candle,
He called for his bell,
Which he held by the handle;
When, just as the Acolyte lighted the taper,
Cries IGNATIUS, "Stop! bring to me pen, ink, and paper."

With extracts, in Latin, made from a Missal,
IGNATIUS indited a sacred epistle.

The sum of the translation
Was "EXCOMMUNICATION!"

What did she do? this girl of a vow?
Did she at once to the sentence bow?
Or grovel in ashes?
Or answer with *dashes?*
Or hang herself in a couple of sashes?

No: she did nothing at all of this sort:
She simply behaved as a good child ought.
She went to Mamma and showed her the letter,
Says Ma, "I should just like to see him!! *he'd better!!*"

"It's like his impudence," says she,
"He's not heard the first nor the last of *me*.
She called for her bonnet,
She called for her shawl,
She called for her servant
A cab to call,
And away they went to Fulham to see
The Bishop of London, TAIT, A.C.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT is he
Who's just appointed to Canterburie;

"I've half a mind," said he, with a frown,
"To take away BROTHER IGNATIUS' gown;
If MR. LYNE
Were a Deacon of mine,
I'd very soon take him a peg or two down.
His teaching's not bad,
But his practice is awful,
This Excommu—— 'tis quite unlawful."

So he writes to the Rector, MR. HILL,
Whose church IGNATIUS used to fill,
To say the days of IGNATIUS are numbered,
"I won't have him preach in the street of the Lombard.

"The world is spacious,
BROTHER IGNATIUS
Can go and preach just where he may please;
But he doesn't come here,
That is, my dear
MR. HILL, while I'm master in this diocese."

Postscript ad Linum.

MISTER LYNE, you're a Christian, be a meek 'un,
Behave as becomes a man and a Deacon.
You're only a Deacon, think of *that*,
With just as much right
That note to indite
To that young lady, as my old hat.
Come, no more scandals,
Drop your sandals,
Your flowers and candles,
And be to our flocks a flaming Beacon,
AS PARSON LYNE,
You yet may shine,
If you drop this FATHER IGNATIUS the Deacon.

* The story of how FATHER IGNATIUS excommunicated a young lady, who appealed to her mother, who appealed to the BISHOP OF LONDON, has appeared in several papers within the last fortnight.

A LITTLE WORD FROM A LITTLE BIRD.

PLEASE, *Mr. Punch*, why should a canary not be treated as kindly as a cat? This is not a riddle, but a question which was asked the other day at Bow Street, where the Magistrate was requested to state if he could punish a brute who "tamed" canaries by breaking both their wings, and then showed the little crippled creatures in the streets, where people paid their pennies to see how tame they were, and how fond they seemed, because they did not fly away from him. I should have thought that cruelty like this was legally forbidden; but, alas! I find that—

"MR. VAUGHAN, after consulting the statutes, said that a bird was not an animal within the meaning of the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, even if the specific act of cruelty alleged in this case could be proved."

I often hear young ladies sing, "Oh, would I were a bird!" but, until the law be altered, they are surely very silly for expressing such a wish. How would they like the cruel torture of having their poor wings broken, so that they might seem tame, and then the further torture of gaining a good living for the wretch who had thus crippled them, and whose cruelty the law as yet is powerless to prevent! I know that it is often rather hard to ascertain the "meaning" of an Act of Parliament, and, of course, I am aware that "a bird is not an animal." But I can't see why the law should not prevent a man from being cruel to canaries, as well as dogs and cats; and I hope SIR RICHARD MAYNE will get it altered for the sake of his small namesake,

POOR DICKY.

A BREAK-DOWN IN COURT.

THE wisdom, humanity, and utility of keeping jurors confined all night long, pending their detention on a trial for felony, has been beautifully illustrated again. At the Central Criminal Court, the other day, before MR. BARON CLEASBY, a man was indicted for forging a will. The case not having concluded that day, the jurors were all locked up for the night, of course. The next morning it was found when they were placed in the jury-box, that one of them was too ill to continue to perform his duty. A medical witness deposed that the man was suffering from "disease of the lungs," threatening hæmorrhage, and pronounced the opinion "that his life would be endangered if he, was compelled to continue his attendance in the jury-box." Accordingly, the Judge discharged the jury and ordered a fresh trial, of necessity *sine die*, to the relief of the prisoner's mind, in case of his innocence, no less than to the advantage and accommodation of the witnesses and prosecution, whose time may be of no value to anybody, not even to the owners.

All this is as it should be in all, if in any, judicial proceedings which comprise juries. But what should be is only in cases of felony, and is not, once more let us repeat, in cases of misdemeanour, though punishable with penal servitude. How long will the Legislature need to have beaten into their heads the equal necessity of locking up juries together every night in cases of misdemeanour too, and together with the gentlemen of the jury, of locking up my Lord Judge?

New Work on the Turf.

A PARTY by the name of BROWNING has just published *The Ring and the Book*. Judging by the turfy sound of the title, the author must be the MR. DUNN-BROWNING "well known in racing circles," not the MR. ROBERT BROWNING better known in literary. As both are of the book-making fraternity, such a confusion is conceivable.

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS DREAM.

Mr. L. Figuier, in the Thesis which precedes his interesting Work on the World before the Flood, condemns the practice of awakening the Youthful Mind to Admiration by means of Fables and Fairy Tales, and recommends, in lieu thereof, the Study of the Natural History of the World in which we live. Fired by this Advice, we have tried the Experiment on our Eldest, an imaginative Boy of Six. We have cut off his "Cinderella" and his "Puss in Boots," and introduced him to some of the more peaceful Fauna of the Preadamite World, as they appear Restored in Mr. Figuier's Book.

The poor Boy has not had a decent Night's Rest ever since!

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

DRAMATIC COMPETITION.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,

I PICKED the accompanying parcel up in the street some time back. It contains some manuscript dramas without any names attached. What does it mean? I have asked a theatrical friend, who says they are evidently specimens of style, and intended to assist Managers in forming an estimate of the writer's ability. I send them to you—I don't exactly know why, but I am a little confused after their perusal—as I have no doubt you will be, but I imagine their appearance in your universally-perused pages will be the best means of letting the disconsolate author or authors know where their property has found its way.

Yours sincerely,

A WELL-WISHER.

[We cannot publish the whole of each piece, but willingly give insertion to a selection.—*Ed. Punch.*]

THE REALISTIC DRAMA.

The SCENE *represents an Office. Desks in reckless profusion, Charts in heaps, Maps, Iron Safes, Waste Paper Baskets, Lists of Sailing Vessels, Almanacks and Ledgers scattered about with a liberal hand.* THINGUMMYBOB, *the Senior Partner,* L. *wrapped in thought.*

Enter LOUD-VOICED CLERK, C.D.

Loud-Voiced Clerk (announcing large batch of failures). European Cosmopolitan Button Makers' Benevolent gone. All the colour from MISS WINTERTON's pale green *glacé* silk (in consequence of Young ROPER's awkwardness with the claret-cup) gone; last quick train to Greenwich gone; MRS. COLONEL CARRAWAY's inimitable cook gone; H.M.S. ship *Coon* gone; BROWN's hopes of inheriting his Uncle's business gone; all the seats for BUCKSTONE's benefit gone; most other things in the commercial world gone. [*Exit* LOUD-VOICED CLERK.

Thingummybob. Terrible. But it doesn't touch *our* firm. Having taken advantage of the temporary absence of my partners and the clerks to commit several forgeries, to tamper with all the books I could collect, and embezzle as widely as was possible during the hour devoted to luncheon, I am enabled to snap my fingers at the commercial crisis. But am I happy? No. That girl is still my wife, and I cannot marry the honourable MRS. FITZSWINDLETON. Oh, father ADAM, father ADAM, if——but I anticipate. This very night I must break the chain which galls me so. I must be free—free.

[*Music. He puts on his overcoat, then a slouch hat and comforter, and takes a life-preserver, a metallic note-book, a thermometer, and a box of pepsine lozenges from secret drawers, shakes his fist at the Portrait of the Junior Partner, over the fireplace, and exit through sliding panel with a triumphant sneer. Six detectives rise simultaneously, and shake their forefingers. Scene closes.*

SCENE 2.—*Shebeen in the Mountains.* FATHER PHIL *and* EILEEN *seated.* FATHER PHIL *slightly elevated.*

Father P. EILEEN, if you ever part with your marriage lines, I've done with you. A little more of the potheen, my darlint. Sure whiskey was the raal nectar of Olympus, and I'll give you a little snatch of a Song proving that same.

(*Sings*) Sure whiskey was the crater
To delight celestial natur',
And that downy fellow, Ganymede, knew how to pour it out;
And the goddesses pretended
To be shocked, but always ended
By the laste taste in existence, I have not the smallest doubt.
Oh, tare-an-ages, faix, my dear,
It cures all pains and aches, my dear,
Hurroo, Bedad, and Musha, girl, Musha Bedad, Hurroo.
An inimy to rheumatiz,
A sworn foe to all gloom it is,
Oh shan van voght, alanna, omadhaumn and philliloo.

Chorus. Hurroo! &c.

Eileen. That sneeze! 'Tis my husband.

[*Pantomime rally played in orchestra.* FATHER PHIL *rushes out with kettle.* EILEEN *puts the whiskey out of sight. Enter* THINGUMMYBOB, *disguised as a gentleman. And so on.*

NATURAL FARCE.

White. Ha, THOMPSON. I mean BROWN!

Brown. Who are you calling mean BROWN?

White. You know my way. When I say THOMPSON, I mean BROWN.

Brown. When you mean BROWN, you should snow Brown; that's to say, *say* BROWN. Calling a man out of his name is post mersonal, I mean most personal.

White. Well, say no more. I forgive you. I just met KNOX.

Brown. KNOX!—What KNOX?

White. No, not WAT KNOX. The other KNOX.

Brown. Not Equi-nox. Ha! ha! Had you there. No relation of the Gales, eh?

White. BROWN, your friends had better take care of you.

Brown. Wish they would. But don't look black, WHITE. Remember there is a tide in the affairs of man which, by the way, talking about Man, have you been there lately?

White. There, where?

Brown. Man. The Island. Manx. You know.

White (aside). Ha, ha! He knows my secret.

Brown (aside). He suspects me.

White. You have heard from FLOUNCER?

Brown. You have received a communication from TROUNCER?

White. Don't deny it.

Brown. Confess it immediately. Once on a time relict of ROBERT RICHARDSON RATTLETOPS?

White. Relict of ROBERT RICHARDSON RATTLETOPS.

Brown. Of Ryde?

White. Of Cowes?

Brown. Ryde!

White. Cowes!

Brown. Ride cows yourself, *I* shan't.

[*And so on until change of Scene.*

UNCONVENTIONAL COMEDY.

SCENE—*Railway Arches (nothing conventional, mind). Early Breakfast Stall* R.C. *Diving Bell* L. *Rank and fashion promenading.*

Colonel Quaggett. You *must* remember him, dark man, very shy, spoke through his nose. PUNNITT called him the Nasal Reserve.

Lord Slopley. Think I do—hah—ye-es. Used to dress himself like a cad who'd come into somebody else's property—hah! Was always about with the Febrifuge girls.

Col. Q. Febrifuge? Don't remember the family.

Lord S. Lanky women with scorbutic brother. BOB FEBRIFUGE—man distinguished himself—Crimea—hah!

Col. Q. Bah, everybody distinguished himself there: now-a-days, everybody's somebody.

Lord S. How comfortable you must feel in being nobody. Hah! Wish I could drop my title, I'd marry KITTY SLIGO directly—sooner.

Col. Q. Why not, as it is.

Lord S. My dear fellow, we live in the world—uncommonly hard to have to do it, but we *do*. The world being stronger than you, you can't defy it—at least, if you do you must go to the wall. Now, I for one don't care for wall—so—hah!

Col. Q. So KITTY SLIGO suffers from your want of courage in facing the world, as you call it. You're a peer, LORD SLOPLEY, but you're none the less a snob: good day.

[*Exit (in an unconventional manner) R.*

Lord S. Hah! snob—ye-es. Shall I call him out? Fellow's father was a soap-boiler. A SLOPLEY fight with the son of a soap-boiler! Hah! Shall I cut him? I owe him a hundred or two, by the way. I *will* cut him. [*Exit (unconventionally) lighting a cigarette.*

ODE TO DECEMBER.

DECEMBER, final month of all the year,
Now 'tis when claret and when bottled beer
Should placed be by the fire, but not too near.
Now 'tis when frost nips nose and lip and ear,
And cold congeals to ice the trickling tear.
Old parties promenade the road for fear
Of slides! The year has past its phase of sere
And yellow, and is very black and drear;
And those whose rents are greatly in arrear
Bring in their bills, declaring food 's so dear,
And business altogether is so queer,
They really must request that you will clear
The old account. Now don't be cavalier
To poor relations' shabby clothes, nor jeer
At sentiment, let charity flow freer
At Christmas time, nor check its glad career.
Let Christmas cheering ring with Christmas cheer,
Defying the old dictum of SHAKES-PEARE,
"Two stars keep not their motions in one sphere."

CHARGE OF A PROTESTANT BISHOP AGAINST ALTAR CANDLES.—"*Alter Candles.*"

PATERFAMILIAS'S SPECIAL CHRISTMAS BOOK.—His Banker's.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Waiter (to nervous invalid). "THERE'S THE OLD CHURCH, SIR, CLOSE BY, BUT SOME VISITORS GOES TO ST. WOBBLEOE'S, SIR. THERE THE CLERGYMAN PREACHES *DISTEMPERY!!*"

[*Clearly not the place for him, the old gentleman thinks, with a shudder.*

A FOGEY'S CONTENT.

THERE was never a blessing invented
To compare with a mind that's contented—
We've all often wished what,
If our wish we had got,
Having wished we should soon have repented.

In my young days a girl once I sighed for.
Had I then married her whom I tried for,
I might have a fat wife,
I, at my time of life,
And grown-up girls and boys to provide for.

Now myself I have only to care for.
I rejoice most exceedingly therefore;
For my means are so small,
That I've nothing at all,
Any others with comfort to spare for.

To my lot I but need the addition
Of more money to purchase fruition.
"You were better without,
You'd perhaps get the gout;
Fond of burgundy." True, O Physician!

There is something in that observation,
Let me add it to my consolation,
SMITH cut me out of ANN,
SMITH, poor family man!
There, I'm not in old SMITH'S situation!

You young fellows in love unrequited,
Lads rejected, or jilted, or slighted,
Very likely you may
Live, as I do to say
You are glad your affections were blighted.

Fine Writing.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, a correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*, speaking of the new Lord Chancellor, states that Westminster Abbey "witnesses his daily entrance at an hour when a third of the Metropolis is in a position of recumbency." Translated from fine English into plain English, these last words are supposed to mean "when a third of the Metropolis is in bed."

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EYE.—(CONTINUED.)

THE Man with an Eye when out of doors is always picking out what he calls "pretty bits," and exhibiting nature or art to you like a showman.

The Crystal Palace was a great boon to the Man with an Eye, being a "point of sight" from everywhere. The Man with an Eye is never tired of the Crystal Palace at a distance. He discovers it in Piccadilly, and when you are in the middle of *your* good story, or are about to make your bow to LADY SUMBODDIE, he stops you suddenly with, "There it is! Look! You can see it from here!" adding, cunningly, "You didn't think you could see it from here?"

"See what?" you exclaim, inclined to be unphilosophically annoyed.

"Why," he returns, almost indignant at your supposing that there *could* be two distant objects of equal interest, "The Palace, to be sure. The *Crystal* Palace," he explains, so as to remove all chance of your saying, "Yes, I see, Buckingham Palace," and looking in a wrong direction. The Man with an Eye, being generally a thorough Cockney, will, when pointing out some unexpected peep at the Crystal Palace from the Seven Dials or Great Coram Street, generally lecture in this fashion:—

"Lor', talk of country and beautiful views, you only want to *know* London well, and you'd never care about going out of it. Look there! What's finer than *that?*" meaning, of course, one of the above-mentioned glimpses of the Crystal Palace.

If you are a great traveller and have seen the principal cities and countries of the world, you will suddenly find yourself entirely at fault and utterly unable to produce at short notice a rival to the scene which he puts before you. Your memory for comparisons fails you before the stupendous impudence of the Man with an Eye.

He is immense on light and shade. He takes you to the corner of a street craftily, as if you were going to catch a weasel asleep, or were afraid of disturbing somebody at prayers, and exclaims—

"There! Isn't that a good little bit! Quite a DORÉ effect, eh?"

The effect in question being a ray of sun-light on the left side of a lamp-post.

You reply depreciatingly: I *used* to do so before I knew my man, or I disputed the phenomenon on principles of art, of which I flattered myself my knowledge was at least equal to his.

Both processes just mentioned are equally good if you've the whole day to yourself; but equally bad if you haven't, for they lead him into discussion and disquisition. The better way is to say: "Yes, capital," if he *will* stop you. But the *best* mode of dealing with him is not to allow yourself to *be* stopped.

I am in the Strand with BENTON. He halts, and I find myself face to face with a dirty little boy selling oranges.

"There!" exclaims BENTON; "there's a study for a MURILLO."

The study for MURILLO soon discovering that our object is not commercial as regards his oranges, asks BENTON: "What he's a twiggin of a cove for?" and treats him to some kind inquiries as to his poor feet, and announcements of his intention to possess himself at some future time of his (BENTON'S) hat. I point out to BENTON that studying MURILLO in this fashion will bring a crowd about us, and we move on.

I have noticed that ladies stand in some sort of fear of BENTON. Why? Because BENTON, in his capacity of The Man with an Eye, sets up for a critic on dress, its style, cut, and colour.

He will click his glass into his eye (he always does this as if by machinery), and from some safe stand-point will examine a lady's toilette in detail. If BENTON knows her very well—(he is not a marrying man, but they *think* he is, and the wish is father to the thought, for he's worth catching)—the lady will ask him point blank if he does or does not like her costume. BENTON will reply cautiously at first, but, overcome by the compliment paid to his judgment, will end (in all probability) with a sweeping condemnation. If unasked, he will advance smilingly, and beg to be allowed to congratulate MISS or MRS. SKIMMERY upon her dress. "It is," he says, "perfect! charming!! in *exquisite* taste!!" and so on; and, if you are of opinion that such matters had better be

RATHER IRRITABLE.

Friend (*on quiet horse*). "BUT WHAT IS YOUR REASON FOR SELLING HIM?"

Ditto (*on hot chestnut*). "REASON! WHY, THE BRUTE HAS KNOCKED MY HAT OFF FOUR TIMES IN TWO HOURS. ISN'T *THAT* REASON ENOUGH?"

left to "all those whom it may concern," you will be astonished at his knowledge of jupes, trimmings, petticoats, moiré antique, bodies, satins, silks, velvets, and will, indeed, scarcely like to ask him whence his intimate acquaintance is derived.

Don't take the Man with an Eye with you to your tailor's. Don't ask him his opinion on your coat or any other article of attire.

You have just had a neat thing in velvets, made of a quiet colour, almost black with wooden buttons in relief, of such a convenient length as will neither incommode you in riding, nor interfere with your suddenly sitting down.

The pockets are most thoughtfully placed; and, in fact, MISTER PARFITT has done for you all he knows. You are pleased with the result, and wear it, say, on your visit to the Man-with-an-Eye's house.

You are glad to see him. "My dear BENTON," you say, rushing at him and gushing: "How *are* you? So glad to see you!" But as he shakes your hand you feel by the line in which his eye travels, that *he is going to say something unpleasant about your new coat*. You feel inclined to *run* away again, only that that would show *the* part of your coat which will invite (you *know*) the severest criticism. Driven in a corner, at bay, you would like to *dare* him to pick a hole in it *if he can*, or to say the worst, and have done with it. All you know, for certain, is that the remarks *are* coming, that they won't be flattering, and that, as a guest, you are bound to keep your temper.

"Well?" you ask, just to give him a chance. There are plenty of people present, and *they*, too, notice that BENTON has something in his eye besides his glass.

BENTON sniggers, not *sneers*, sniggers, *i. e.*, half a kindly laugh, one quarter satirical smile, one quarter unfriendly sneer.

BENTON sniggers, and then he says—

"*Where on earth did you get that coat?*"

No matter what your answer, that gay garment is condemned—publicly condemned. In vain will fellow-guests take secret opportunities of informing you that *they* "rather like it;" that it "really isn't bad, only that BENTON is *so* QUEER about *some* things." All to no purpose, for you can't quote them at dinner out loud as against BENTON, who is at the head of his own table, without their imputing to you a desire to make mischief, even if they do not deny their own words to your face. I have known such cases, and indeed it was upon such a matter that I quarrelled with a very excellent young man who was a toady of BENTON's, and nearly quarrelled with BENTON himself simply because I did not allow infallibility to his Eye.

The Man with an Eye must be considered under another aspect, and then I conclude.

Seasonable.

Christmas Bell(e)s . . .	The handsomest girls you know.
Christmas Books . . .	Cheque-books.
Christmas Boxes . . .	At the Pantomimes.
Christmas Cards . . .	Good Hearts.
Christmas Cheer . . .	Hip! Hip! Hurra!
Christmas Fare . . .	Return Ticket.
Christmas Numbers . . .	Family Parties.
Christmas Periodicals . .	Roast Beef and Plum Pudding.
Christmas Tree . . .	Mistletoe.
Christmas *Weights* . . .	Of the Turkey and Goose.
Christmas Presents . . .	*Punch's Pocket Book* and *Almanack*.

Impromptu

(*In answer to my Host's Question, "Why I hadn't slept well?" by Impecuniosus*).

'TAINT that on feather-beds I frown;
'Taint that upon pork-chops I sup:
But what's the advantage of *soft down*,
When he that lies on 't is *hard up?*

FASHIONS.—The Ladies are still wearing "diadem" bonnets. They have long only worn crowns?

HOW TO STOP STREET OUTRAGES.

MY DEAR MR. BRUCE,—Allow me to congratulate you on your seat in the Cabinet, and on the many pleasant hours of good hard earnest work in store for you. As Secretary for the Home Department, you will find enough to do to prevent your time from ever hanging heavy on your hands, and you never need anticipate the bore of being idle. What millions of memorials you will have to read, and what hosts of deputations you will have to bow to! And this reminds me, by the way, that the Vestrymen of London (who are not quite such fools, all of them, as some people imagine) propose to call upon you shortly for a little quiet chat about the increase of street robberies, and the inadequate protection of our system of police. Now, Vestrymen in general, are beings to be snubbed, but I hope this deputation will not be cold-shouldered on the score that you are busy, and have more important matters to attend to. To you and me and others of us carriage-keeping people, it is of mighty little consequence if the streets be safe or not, for of course we seldom condescend to walk in them. But it really is no joke for a poor devil of a clerk, who is forced to go afoot, to be knocked upon the head, or tripped up and laid senseless by a brute who creeps behind him, and then robbed of watch and purse, which holds, may be, his quarter's salary. One wouldn't so much mind if one's pocket were picked neatly, without the slightest violence, though one might call oneself a precious fool to be outwitted. But, I repeat, it is no joke to be knocked upon the head, out of which one's jokes must come, if one is forced to live by them. Who steals my purse steals cash—a few sovereigns or shillings; but he who thumps me on the brain robs me of my livelihood, it may be, for a twelvemonth.

At the meeting of the vestry delegates where the memorial to yourself was the other day proposed, it was suggested, with the aim of diminishing street robberies :—

"That while pointing the law against criminal capitalists, they should strengthen it against the operative criminals; that landlords should be enabled to eject bad tenants by an easy and inexpensive process; that all persons letting their houses to the predatory classes, and thus deriving their rent from the plunder of their neighbours, should be indictable; that in case a house proved to be a harbour for criminals, the Magistrates should be able to authorise the police to take possession of the house while endeavouring to discover the person guilty of harbouring the thieves; that the names, &c., of all offending persons should be made public; and that the law should be so altered that, where the overt act or intention to carry out a crime was fully proved, the conviction should follow, although the offence had not been completed."

To these suggestions I would add that, as the cat has checked garotting, it might be well to try its influence in all cases of street robbery accompanied with violence, and I hope that you will give all our Magistrates the hint. If you could find time now and then to glance at the police-cases reported in the newspapers, and call over the official coals all "beaks" who seem too lenient in dealing with street outrages, you would much gratify the public, and earn the praise of

PUNCH.

P.S. As bulldogs breed bulldogs, so human brutes will bring up their offspring to be brutes: and I can't help thinking that the race of our street ruffians would sensibly diminish were their children taken from them at their first conviction, and trained for emigration, or the army or the navy, at the national expense. Prevention in such cases would be far cheaper than cure. To feed and clothe and teach a lad would really cost less money than to feed and clothe and keep him safe in prison, when a ruffian mature, and grown to be so dangerous that society demands his extrusion from the streets.

NO APPARENT CONNECTION.—MRS. MALAPROP, whose head is still running on politics, cannot make out why the New Ministers are obliged to go and be elected again, because of a statue of QUEEN ANNE!

MINISTERIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

THE Paris Press are writing about the New Ministry and its foremost chiefs with good taste, knowledge, and discernment, and with a friendliness which it is agreeable both to read and record. Should they continue and extend their observations, we can imagine that there are some functionaries and offices, some changes and appointments, which will be the occasion of natural mistakes and pardonable perplexity. For example, the First Lord of the Admiralty. If you, a Briton, did not possess that accurate knowledge of the history of your country which the training of our Public Schools and Universities has amply supplied, you might reasonably suppose from the wording of his title, that this Minister was invariably, at least a Baron, and from the nature of his duties, as a matter of course, a naval officer. You will not, therefore, wonder if the French are surprised when they find that the new First Lord of the Admiralty is neither a Lord nor an Admiral, but, simply, MR. CHILDERS, a name which in verse has an obedient rhyme in "bewilders"—as probably our Minister of Marine (who, we venture to predict, will not be at sea at Whitehall) does his French critics. As a contrast, dwell in thought on the Postmaster-General. The postman's knock and Christmas box, the rough leather sacks bulging with newspapers, the mail-carts, the N.E. district, the penny stamps, the pillar-posts—do these things suggest a Marquis now and a Duke to be, a Cabinet Minister who, when he can leave the sealing-wax of St. Martin's-le-Grand for the red tape of Downing Street, must pass from the Irish mails to the Irish Church, and think about abolishing posts instead of extending them, forgetting for a time the cares of money-orders and telegraphs in the lighter duties of protecting the interests of sextons and vergers? Excuse, then, the astonishment of the Frenchman when he reads that the Postmaster-General, with a seat in the Cabinet, is the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, the eldest son of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Lord Privy Seal! What a grandeur, what a seductive mystery about this title! How many of us Englishmen could say what his duties, his responsibilities are? How many could give *any* information about him except that he is always a Peer, always one of the Sacred Conclave or Cabinet, with a salary of £2000 a year, and most probably an irreproachable Deputy? There are incendiaries who think he might be abolished without danger to the Constitution. Monstrous! Imagine a Cabinet without a Lord Privy Seal! We are a decaying nation, a lost people when that happens. Still, if the French in their researches can discover why he is essential to the happiness and welfare of England, we shall be more than ever pleased with the interest they have shown in our New Ministry.

To complete the quartett, enter the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, towards whom there is shown a capriciousness of conduct quite unaccountable, for he is sometimes taken into the bosom of the Cabinet, and at other times left to stay outside. Some eminent and experienced lawyer, the French may conjecture, selected to decide all the disputes and difficult questions that must arise in such a vast and important county, one of your great manufacturing provinces, the Palatinate of industry? We can but confess again that we know almost as little of his duties and doings as of the Lord Privy Seal's, and can only suppose the necessity for them is equal, their salary being the same. Perhaps the Judge-Advocate-General, who is popularly supposed not to be overdone with work, will supply the needful information.

Do the French writers explore the *London Gazette?* If so, we can fancy the *Journal de Paris* or *La Liberté* asking why the Mistress of the Robes is changed? Does the Wardrobe go with the Cabinet? Must the custodian of ermine, and velvet, and miniver be sound on the complex Irish Church question, and to be depended upon when the battle rages over the Compound English Householder? Or perhaps the inquiry is, why must you have a new Master of the Horse? The Royal Mews, the State Equipages, the Queen's Plates, the Highland Shelties, there is no dark design to disendow or disestablish them, is there? What statesman would be daring enough, whatever his stability might be, to interfere with their stalls and appointments? The Master of the Buckhounds—yes, there does appear to be a reason why he should retire, for is he not a Government Whip? But that the Captain of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard should be compelled to give up their salaries and uniforms because they are conscientiously of opinion that Ireland cannot do without Archdeacons, is a political conundrum which even at this season, in the midst of Christmas hampers and illustrated periodicals, we are unable to answer. What then must be the despair even of the best-informed Frenchman?

The Retort Courteous.

THE French Bar gave a dinner to the English at the Grand Hotel. M. GRÉVY proposed "The Health of the Foreign Barristers," MR. HUDDLESTONE, Q.C., responded to the Toast. Bravo! If the French Bar gave the English GRÉVY; the English Bar gave the French Sauce in reply.

VIVID DESCRIPTION.

Aunt. "NOW, JIMMY, TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR DAY."

Jimmy (*who has been out visiting*). "WELL, AUNTY, WE HAD DINNER DIRECTLY WE GOT THERE, THEN CAKE AND WINE, AND TEA BEFORE WE CAME AWAY."

THE NEW YEAR'S HAIR.

OH, what shall I do with my hair
When this present fashion is o'er,
And we shall continue to wear
These wonderful chignons no more?
Of course we shall never escape
From ridicule, do what we may,
To put, as we must in some shape,
Our flowing locks out of the way.

Suppose that in Cybele's towers
My tresses I venture to braid,
By pens of satirical powers
What fun of poor me will be made!
Still more if, what trouble it takes
No matter, I twine them anew,
Medusa-like, all into snakes,
Though that would be classical too.

How silly a creature is man!
How hard his vain fancy to please!
But stay, I have hit on a plan;
Long pigtails as worn by Chinese.
Yet, charming as we shall appear,
Men still will deride us as now.
I know this remark we shall hear—
In pigtail the pig should be sow.

New Vestments.

"A Correspondent from Natal writes to us:—'There is a general expectation here of BISHOP GRAY'S arrival with MACRORIE in tow.'"—*The Echo.*

NOT the most becoming material for a Bishop-expectant to be seen in for the first time by those whom he hopes to call his people! What would the Caffres think when they gazed on one who wishes to be their Diocesan, not arrayed in lawn, not even dressed in broadcloth, but—in tow!

LEFT HIS EMPLOYMENT on Thursday afternoon, a Lawyer in large practice, endowed with handsome whiskers and commanding intellect. Went out for the purpose of buying *Punch's Almanack*, and, it is presumed, has since been so much occupied in the enjoyment of its humour, that he has utterly forgotten to return to his disconsolate clientelle and clerks.

CHEEKY GREECE.

THE impudence of the Greek Cabinet, in pretending to plead inability, as a constitutional Government, to prevent the enlistment of volunteers in aid of the Cretan insurgents against Turkey, is wonderful. It is all very well for a State which is great and powerful in comparison with another to take no cognisance of war levied within its boundaries against that other. Our Spanish Legion, which helped to place the EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN on the throne whence she had just been driven by her people, was very properly permitted, and even encouraged, by the British Government of the day; because if DON CARLOS had triumphed we should have been in no danger of a second Armada, or even of so much as a little and inexpensive war. Our rulers were quite right in winking hard at the enrolment of Englishmen under the flag of GARIBALDI, and that of Irishmen under the banner of the POPE. Neither VICTOR-EMMANUEL on the one hand, nor PIO NONO on the other, was capable of calling us to account. But it is intolerable that a weak and diminutive kingdom like that of Greece should presume to take the liberty exercised in parallel cases by its greaters and strongers. The example it should follow is that which they exhibit pending hostilities between Powers whose strength equals or exceeds their own. We tried to enforce the neutrality of our fellow-subjects between the Northern and Southern belligerents of America, and are preparing to pay for having in a measure failed. It is as we behaved to the United States, not as we behaved in the case of Spain, and Rome, and Italy, that the Greeks should behave to Turkey.

LOST.—Probably dropped in a cab, a toothpick, a live rattlesnake, a chignon, a cigar-stump, and a purse of untold gold. Whoever will restore, intact, the latter article, is perfectly at liberty to pocket all the others, and will in addition, be presented with a copy of *Punch's* famous *Almanack* by way of a reward. Address "Moonshine," next door to Aldgate Pump.

MARTIN *v.* MACHONOCHIE.

IN the presence of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, LORD CAIRNS, evidently after a careful perusal of *Mr. Punch's* judgment in this case published four weeks ago,* delivering the decision of the Committee of the Privy Council, condemned MR. MACHONOCHIE *toto cœlo:* and in him the Ritualistic party within the Protestant Church of England. No one knows better than the Ritualists themselves that the word "trivial" cannot be applied to any ceremony in the public worship of the Church. The "intention," that is, as *Mr. Punch* pointed out, "what they *mean* by it," is *the* point; and as doctrines utterly repugnant to the *expressed* and *implied* teaching of the Anglican formularies underlay the outward ceremonies and actions, so the Privy Council in condemning these rites and ceremonies, have thereby condemned the doctrines which these were known and understood by the initiated to signify. And now, MR. MACHONOCHIE and Gentlemen, *what next?* The compliments of the Season to you all. From yours truly,

PUNCH.

* See *Punch*, p. 242.

ODE TO JANUARY.

(*Written on Boxing-Day.*)

OH, January, Janu-January,
Twelfth-Cake is thine and New Year's Eve as well
I have a passion for the name of MARY.
Just so. I never loved a young gazelle.
She danced—at least the song says—like a fairy.
The warmest welcome at an inn,—hotel,
I beg its pardon—terms have grown so swell,
And freedom shrieked when KOSCIUSKO fell

WHERE TO SPEND YOUR HONEYMOON.—"The United Hotel."

A NEW DODGE.

OUR attention has been called to a new dodge for Advertising, employed this Christmas. It may be called the Double Dodge, and is now used for advertising a Theatre and a Shopkeeper.

The Ballet Costumes for Drury Lane Pantomime were exhibited at STAGG AND MANTLE'S. STAGG AND MANTLE, you see, made them. A notice of this interesting Exhibition appeared in the "Publicity Columns" of various newspapers. Mightn't MR. WEBSTER or MR. BUCKSTONE take a hint from this? Or, rather, might not the tailors, shoemakers, hatters, supplying these gentlemen, avail themselves of the novel idea? For instance, we might see announced in the leading journals:—

The Hat worn at night by MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER on leaving the Theatre, after playing in *Monte Cristo*, is on view daily from 10 till 5 (where it has to be taken to be brushed) at MESSRS. SO-AND-SO, the Eminent Hatters.

The Coat designed by MR. SNIPP for MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE, and worn by him nightly after performing, amidst rapturous applause in the *Hero of Romance*, is on view daily at MESSRS. SNIPP & CO'S. Emporium, Middle Window.

MR. SEFTON PARRY'S Old Shoes, worn by him every night as Manager of the Globe Theatre, are on view at MR. SOLE'S, daily from 11 till 4. N.B.—A man in attendance to explain them.

In the case of the Actresses, the Exhibition might be carried to almost any extent.

AIDS TO REPLETION.

A LITTLE paragraph, not headed "Advertisement," is wont to appear annually at this time in the *Morning Post*. It informs the sumptuous classes that:—

"The little silver saucepans for warming brandy for mince-pies, plum-pudding, &c., so successfully introduced by MR. HYPHEN, the Silversmith, of New Blank Street, are again in great demand, and suggest themselves not only as most useful, but also appropriate gifts for the approaching festive season. They are made in three sizes, at 30*s*., 35*s*., and 40*s*.; with silver lamp and stand, 40*s*. extra. Forwarded carriage free, on receipt of a post-office order."

These elegant Christmas conveniences must be highly recommended by the Faculty. Medical men are interested in the diffusion of facilities for saturating plum-pudding and mince-pie with brandy. The more of mince-pie and plum-pudding there is brandied, the more there is eaten; for the good of physic. The little silver saucepans for warming brandy make work for the little brass and mahogany machines for grinding pills, and the little glass graduated vessels for measuring out draughts. Perhaps this consideration may lessen the envy with which many persons regard the opulent, who are enabled to afford silver saucepans, with silver lamp and stand, by the fortunate circumstance of having entered the world with spoons of the same metal in their mouths.

A PRIZE FOR THE POLICE.

HAS any reward been conferred on the brave policeman who, with the assistance only of a passer-by, took those three old offenders, SUMMERS, BENNETT, and SMITH, into custody, receiving in the attempt "most serious injuries" from the ruffian SUMMERS? What exploit can be deemed more gallant than one such as this? The apprehension of a desperate British savage, at the risk of life, and the cost of wounds and bruises, is surely no less honourable a feat than that of doing equivalent service on an alien enemy. Let it have the same credit, outwardly and visibly symbolised. An illustration of national advancement in intelligence and morality would be exhibited in the spectacle of a police-constable on his beat displaying the reward of valour on his breast decorated with the Victoria Cross.

WHERE YOU WOULD EXPECT IT.—YULEBY, going into his Chemist's, looked down and read on the door-mat—"Salve;" a word which, in that place, seemed to him singularly appropriate.

MY VISION OF THE YEAR.

I saw where a-dying the Old Year was lying,
And the weight at his heart mocked the green at his door:
He heard pauper-voices, for bread hoarsely crying,
He heard soldiers' tramp, and low thunders of war:
There were no friends to cheer him, and small comfort near him,
And his life's lamp burnt low, and his breath laboured sore.

Yet, unloved as he ended, his deathbed was tended—
A cloaked shadow sat in the sick nurse's room,
Nor speaking nor sighing, like the dead by the dying,
That mute, muffled shade seemed to deepen the gloom:
Did it bring mirth or mourning, come for sorrow or scorning?—
Was 't veiled spirit of light, or cowled angel of gloom?

As midnight was nearing, the presence uprearing
To its height, lowly bent by the dying one's bed,
And a hand from the folds of its mantle appearing—
Who could say if to bless or to ban was outspread?
Did the shudder that crept through the Year ere he slept,
Speak of horror or hope, from that hand o'er his head?

Even thus the last stroke of December outspoke,
And I knew with the sound the Old Year was no more,
And I saw where from darkness the Young Year awoke,
And heard its clear pipe and light step at the door;
And the great shadow gathered the folds of its cloak,
And stood by the bed, muffled, mute, as before.

Then I knew 'twas the shade of the Future, arrayed
By the Dead Year with new might to bless or to ban;
But the darkness upon the cowled features that played,
Still baffled the effort their promise to scan.
And I waited the Young Year's encounter to see
With that awful presence past reading of man.

With his childish laugh ringing like silver bells swinging,
Came the Year to his heritage frolic and free,
Nor shrank as its broad shadow over him flinging
That dark presence fronted the child in his glee:
No fear froze the joy of the jubilant boy
As he faced the cowled features, and climbed the veiled knee.

Then I knew that, though dim, not unlovely to him
Was the face of that presence, nor threatening its eye,
And that under that veil was no aspect more grim
For the Year I saw born than the Year I saw die. . . .
And I woke as from clouds rose the sun's crimson rim,
And the fair light of morning enkindled the sky!

CHARITY AND COVERT SHOOTING.

Is it the gamekeeper, or the butler, or the toad-eater, we wonder, who, when the DUKE OF PHEASANTON has had a big battue, is so foolish as to advertise the details in the newspapers?

Advertise? Well, yes; such paragraphs must surely be inserted as advertisements. Unless they were paid highly for, assuredly no editor would spare for them a corner of his valuable space. Can it in the least degree ever interest the public to learn that LORD BLAZEAWAY and half-a-dozen noble swells have butchered in cold blood a pyramid of pheasants and a hecatomb of hares? True sportsmen shrink with horror from such wholesale acts of game slaughter, and no one but a toady or a snob could find delight in hearing of them. "What great men do, the less will prattle of:" and snobs and toadies love to read about a lord, be it but a tame description of his slaughter of tame pheasants.

We could suggest a way, however, by which the list of birds and animals that have been bagged in a battue might be rendered less repulsive and more pleasant to the public. Snobs and toadies surely will not sneer at the suggestion, for it was the PRINCE OF WALES who first gave us the hint. Just before he went away for a Copenhagen Christmas and a month's cruise in a Nile boat, the Prince bagged a lot of game upon his Sandringham estate, and sent it to the sick folk in the Charing Cross Hospital. Now, we recommend all noble swells who like to see their battues recorded in the newspapers, to take a leaf in future from the PRINCE OF WALES'S game-book. The account of the big bag the EARL OF BREECHLOADER has made would not merely be pardonable, but indeed be really praiseworthy, if a postscript were appended stating that nine-tenths of the game that had been butchered had been forwarded to hospitals, one-tenth having been reserved for the friends and poor relations and larder of the Earl. Being exceedingly nutritious and most easily digestible, game is of great value for the diet of sick people: and battues would well-nigh cease to be disgusting in our eyes if their produce were thus put to a charitable use.

AMATEUR THIEVES.

R PUNCH,—We have been hearing a good deal lately of professional criminals, and of the difficulty of dealing with them. It will be long, we suspect, before we hear the last of amateur pilferers, or hit upon any hopeful plan of treatment for those pests of a large community. In a village, or hum-drum watering-place, one is not obliged to be perpetual watchman over his own portable property; the smug, sneaking kleptomaniac would think twice before committing an act of petty larceny which would have but a small chance of escaping detection. But in cities and large towns your highly respectable thief will walk coolly away with anything belonging to you, and carry it on Change or into chapel with a perfect sense of security, and all the outward show of a clear conscience. Advertisements in the papers lately have shown that the practice of pilfering has gained ground. "If the Person who took the sable muff by mistake will send it to such and such an address, the Other (with a capital O) will be returned." Of course the Person will *not* restore the sable muff; but some purpose is nevertheless served by the advertisement. The sable muff will be spoiled spoil for the Person. A similar advertisement calls upon some amateur thief who snapped up a not unconsidered silk umbrella, with a buck-horn handle and twisted silver-wire mount, to return it forthwith to its disconsolate owner, who would seem to have placed it confidingly against a chair in a city tea-shop. The pitiful rogue who could not keep his hands from picking and stealing, when he saw that umbrella momentarily unwatched, was probably not of the class of professional shoplifters, nor would he have stolen a publican's pewter pot from the railings of a back street in the suburbs. But he is as fit a subject for the prison hair-cutter to operate upon, notwithstanding. The buck-horn handled umbrella with silver mount will not be given back; but its new possessor will be unpleasantly troubled to account for the strange acquisition, to people who have the dishonour of his intimacy.

HONESTAS.

Kept on the Premises.

"The new Banking Establishment [NORTON & Co.], possesses, moreover, what no other private bank in Paris can boast of, viz., a burglar and fireproof room, where depositors can themselves lock up their valuables, &c."—*Paris Correspondent of the Illustrated London News.*

DETECTIVE TRACKHAM observes that this is the first time he ever heard that it was an advantage—something to "boast of"—for a bank, whether private or public, to possess—a burglar!

ONE OF THE MISERIES OF LONDON.

MR. PUNCH's Compliments of the Season to the First Commissioner of Works, and hopes that he will do something to make the streets of this Dirtopolis a little more passable; that, as a new broom, he will sweep clean. Some people have to walk.

SENSELESS SUGGESTION.

A GENT said he supposed that opera buffa would be performed at the Gaiety Theatre. He suggested that, for the performance of oratories and sacred music there should be a Melancholy Music Hall.

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE of the gentleman of the name of SMITH, who was dining somewhere in London on the first of April last, he is entreated by his friends to purchase *Punch's Almanack*, and to benefit his health by having a good hearty laugh at its enjoyable contents.

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EYE.—(CONCLUDED.)

THE remaining aspect under which the Man with an Eye is to be considered may be looked upon as scarcely within the classification under this genus. And yet it is a species legitimately placed here, as it seems to the present writer, who would name it the Man with Half an Eye. This *Half an Eye* is not in reality physical, but mental, and its power is properly applied to taking cognisance of motives and intentions rather than of external actions. For, though it must in most cases of necessity depend upon the outward deed for its judgment of the inward thought, yet is it equally true of the Half-Eyed Man that his half-organ habitually receives such impressions as the visible action was not intended to convey. Hence it may be taken for granted that nine times out of ten the Half Eyed Man, while priding himself upon his acute perception, is utterly at fault in his conclusions. It will also be at once seen that the Half Eyed Man has something more than "a blind side": it is indeed a blind three-quarter face.

The Half-Eyed Man is, in consequence of this blind three-quarter face, intensely suspicious.

He is also painfully self-conscious: as self-conscious as is a man with an iron-mould on his evening shirt-front, or a middle button off his dress waistcoat at an evening party.

He uses his Half-Eye to see that every one is going to "do" him.

He sees what he calls the "little game" of the man whom he is obliged by society to greet as his friend, or, at least, as an acceptable acquaintance.

When congratulated upon his success in any line, he will tell his confidential friend that "he saw with half an eye that you didn't mean what you said."

He is a mischief-maker, for he promulgates his half-eyed opinions as certainties.

He sees young MRS. BLAIZE in a box with CAPTAIN DU SIDSWELL, while MR. BLAIZE is engaged at the House or on some important business which prevents his attending in his place by his wife's side at the Opera. Immediately our friend "sees with half an eye what's up in *that* quarter," and intimates that he could put the scandal beyond a question were he so minded.

He is fond of alluding to himself as "Any one" and "One." For, mistrusting everybody, as a person so gifted must, it is most unlikely that these terms should be applied by him to any other individual than himself.

Thus he will listen to your friend expatiating upon the beauties of some horse which you are thinking of purchasing, and will tell you afterwards that "Anyone could see with half an eye that THUMPER was humbugging you."

Naturally annoyed at this construction put upon your friend THUMPER's description, which *you* had taken to be strictly true, you ask your Half-Eyed Man his reason for such an opinion.

You will find *he has none;* and, in lieu of a reason, will give vent to a pooh-poohing laugh at your inexperience, and will repeat, as he goes away (he *always* contrives to go away at this point), "Lor' bless you, anyone could see it with half an eye." And then he leaves you with a variety of pleasant impressions upon your mind to the effect that—

1st. You yourself are an ass.
2nd. That THUMPER is a knave.
3rd. That the horse is unsound.
4th. That the Half-Eyed Man *ought* to have warned you in time; and, finally you "wish to goodness that people wouldn't say these sort of things:" and if you are going to dinner you sit down "with what appetite you may."

He sees with half an eye that the object of your affections is a flirt.

He sees with half an eye that "something is going on" between MISS CUMLEY and MR. FOPP.

He sees to the bottom of a mine, and cautiously keeps his money out of it. If it succeeds,—well then anyone can see with half an eye that it won't last.

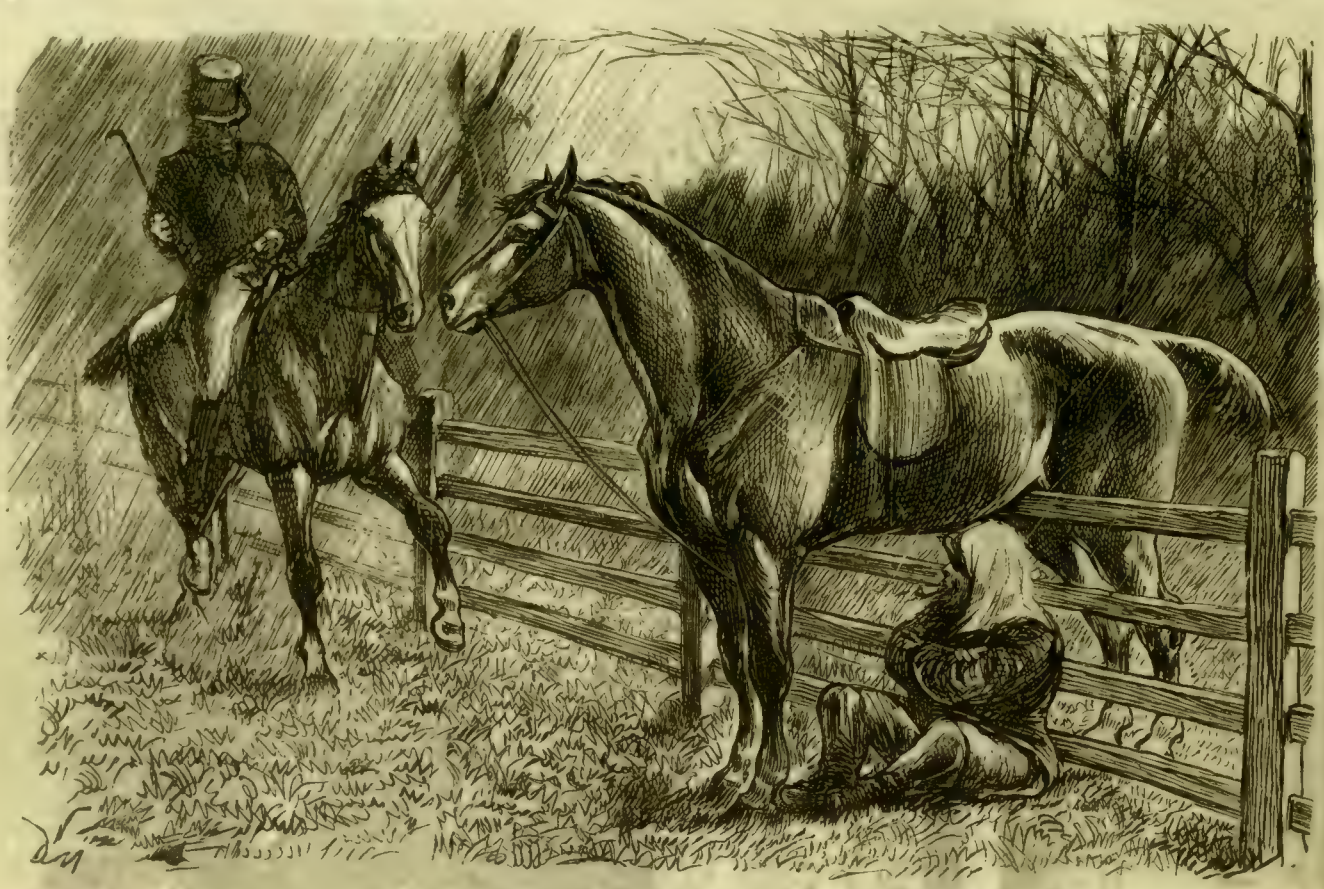
His motto, in fact, is, that of a ready-money dealer's—"No credit given to anybody."

And so with this agreeable sketch I close the series; and upon the public table, side by side with my collection of a Few Friends, I lay my album of Odd Men Out.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!

A DOUBLE DAY.—The last of 1868 Christmas Days came on a Friday. Was not Christmas Day, then, Good Friday too?

GO TO JERICHO! or if you prefer it, go to Paris, or Calcutta, or Owyhee, or Jerusalem. Go where you will, in fact; but first of all be sure you purchase *Punch's Almanack* to amuse you by the way. Better still, buy a few thousands to distribute on the journey, and thus help to civilise the savages you meet.



WAITING FOR HELP.

(INCIDENT THAT BEFELL A HEAVY MAN IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.)

TURKEY AND GREASE.

(*A Song of the Season.*)

ROAST Turkey is a standing dish
For festive Christmas season;
Is oftener served than most folks wish,
Punch thinks beyond all reason—
Though to receive it with a "pish,"
To Christmas were high treason.

No wonder, if Yule fires a-glow
Make Turkey drop its juices
Into the dripping-pan below,
To hold in Grease its use is.
But, if Grease catches fire, we know
Its blaze the very deuce is.

To keep this Turkey and that Grease
From coming to a flare-up,—
Which might to such wide blaze increase,
As must stir common care up,—
And, breaking Europe's Christmas peace,
Bid her big engines tear up,

The cooks of Europe, her Great Powers—
(Cooks *are* great powers, we know)—
Spend anxious and laborious hours,
And their best squirts bestow;
Diplomacy's cold *douche* in showers
On this hot Grease to throw.

BRITANNIA, cook-maid fat and fair,
Though fain to stand aloof,
And see to her own bill-of-fare,
Must rouse, on BULL's behoof;
That blaze, once lit, she feels might flare,
And catch *her* master's roof.

French cook and Russ, Pruss, Austrian—each
Has his own cause of fear.
Who knows where fire, once raised, might reach,
With so much loose straw near?
All with one voice "cold water" preach—
Let 's hope all are sincere!

Meanwhile the Turkey spits and spumes,
Grease frizzles and fumes high,
And fitful flashes light the glooms,
Are quenched, and, sputtering, die;
And the Cooks' Conference foredooms
"No blaze—till by-and-by."

Ritualist Fal-lals.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You laugh at FATHER IGNATIUS for wearing sandals. It is funny of him, and more than we do, even—out of doors. But then why does he shave his head? Why, when he wears sandals, does he not also wear a fanchon on his crown, and a chignon at his poll?

Ever your affectionate ROSA.

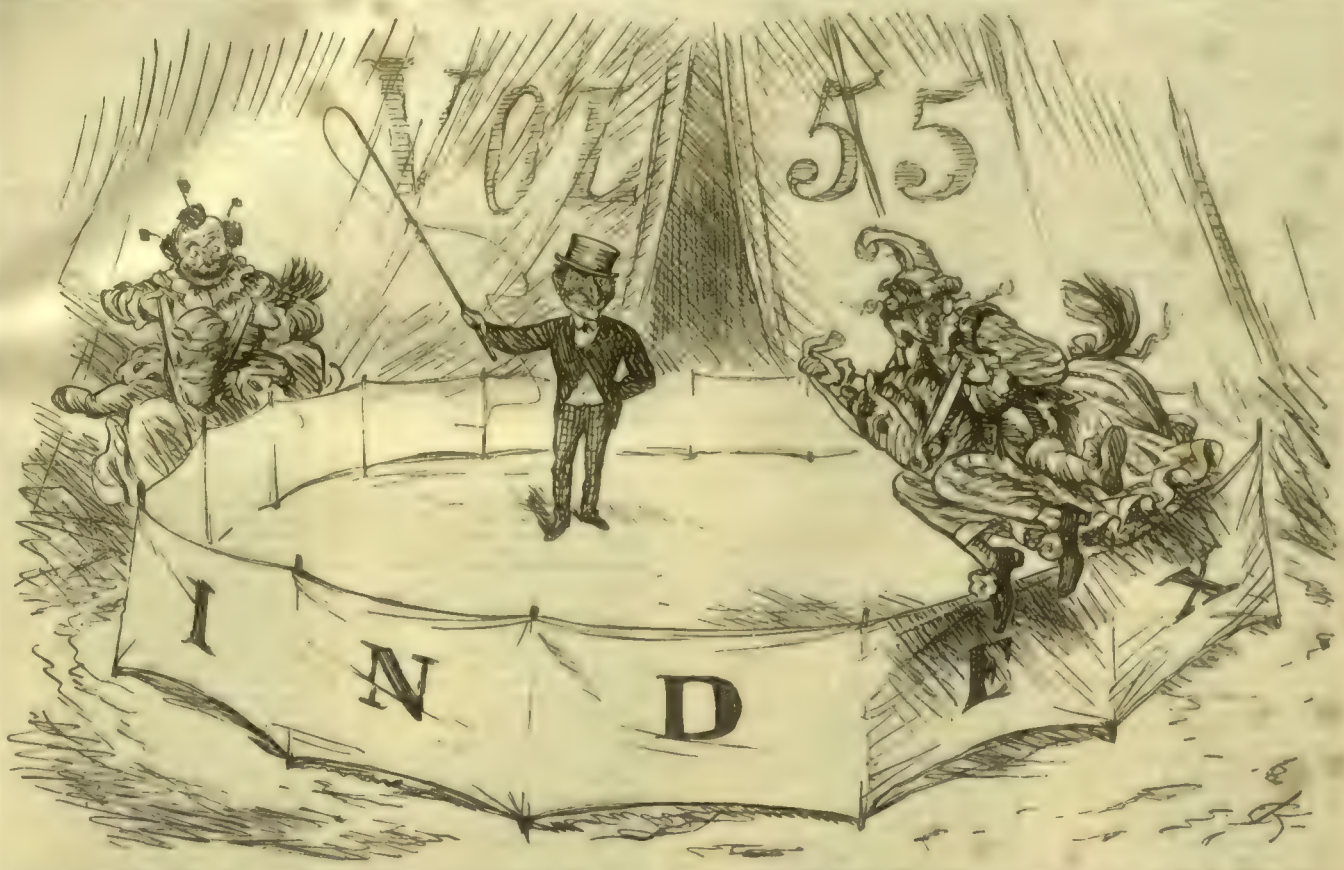
P.S. Now, don't you think a Ritualist *Follet* would be very pretty?

Female Suffrage.

GREAT news for the Champions of the Rights of Women! It seems there is one country at least in the world where the gentlemen are not so churlish as to refuse the Ladies a share in the Franchise. MR. DILKE, in his book, *Greater Britain* says:—"In the election of Magistrates they have Female Suffrage." MR. DILKE is speaking of that important territory Pitcairn Island, the population of which is over—Fifty!

TURKEY AND GREASE.

(SCENE FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO THE GRAND NEW ORIENTAL PANTOMIME OF HARLEQUIN POLUPHLOSBOIO THALASSES AND THE BEWILDERED BULBUL OF THE BOUNDLESS BOSPHORUS.)



LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—

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